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CHAPTER XVI .- Continued. JEAN MACHU.

" Never tired joking, Naine," said a man in the uniform of the Vengeurs of the Commune. "Oh, it's you is it, Jean Machu?" said the Naine; "what will you take?"

"Something strong, as strong as you have It." said be. 🦟 The Naine poured out a tumbler of brandy. "Tô' your health, Naine," said he; "but come, keep me company."

"Your treat?" asked she.
"To be sure," said Machu; "you sell your wares but you don't consume them." The Name filled a second glass, clinking it

against that of the felon. "To your speedy marriage, Naine," said

Machu. The Name laid down the glass. "It's no jesting matter, Jenn," said she; there's none would have Methusalem's servant."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it." "You're not so sure, though, but there's one you'd like to have," said Machu, grinning.

A flush passed over the hideous face. "What put that into your head?" said she. "Oh," said the Commander of the Vengeurs of the Commune, "never you mind; but I met one the other day that you're very fond of.

" Methusalem ?" "No, you are his servant, but you're not in love with him for all that,"

"Well, who do you mean?" "Flour d'Echafaud!" "You saw him!" she cried, bending over the counter eagerly.

4 Where?" "At the prefecture. He's in the Vengeurs."

"Oh, if the Versaillists catch him," she cried. "He will scarcely have time to marry you Naine!"

"It's no joking matter," she said almost fiercely; " if they take him they'll kill him." "The very notion that he's in danger makes you show your teeth and claws," said

Machu, laughing. "I told you so." "And you're a tool for your pains," said she, sullenly. "I don't want him to be taken, it's true. But I sm the only one, do you hear, Jean Machu, the only one that knows why his life's precious to me."

"You ought to have more confidence in your friends," said Machu, still jesting. "Do you know where he is now?" she said

quickly. "How can we know from day to day what becomes of people?" said he. "The gun does its work quickly. You and I, Naine, may be dead to-morrow."

"Once I've seen the end of those gibbering fools that are braying their litanies in the cellar," said she, "I'll just be off to Methusalem's. If Fleur d'Echafaud wants a hiding-

place send him to me. I know one. You are welcome to it, too, Bar-de-Cave." "That's not my stamp, Naine," said Bat-de-lave, with sudden gravity. "I'll never Cave, with sudden gravity. "I'll never bide. I'll be behind the last barricades with the last Vengeurs of the Commune, and I swear the Versaillists Il never get me alive.

I'll defend my skin all I can; but once the game's up, I'll make an end of myself." Just then there was a stir in the crowd to make way for a young man in a dazzling uniform glittering with gold lace. He be-longed to Bergeret's Enlants Perdus. Jean Machu looked round to see what was going on, and the Naine mounted among the bottles and glasses on her counter. Her eyes hastily scanned the crowd,

and all at once lit up with a sort of fierce exultation as she muttered, "Fleur d'Echafaud." Hastily descending, she resumed her place

at the counter. Jean Machu meanwhile advanced to shake hands with the new comer.

"Well, Marc Maudult," said he, "what's going on down yonder?" "The Versallists are taking barricade atter

being defeated at every point. "Did you come here to fight?" "I came to look about me," said Mauduit, and to make sure of some hiding-place."

"You came to the right spot this time," said Machu. "Some one was speaking of you iust now."

"Who's that?"

"The Name. She knows a hiding-place." "That will be good for to-morrow," said Fieur d'Echaiaud.

" I think you might have the grace to thank her." said Machu. So the brilliant young man approached the counter, and accepted a cup of coffee from the

"To-morrow," said he, "I shall need you." "Ah!" said she, "you will need-" "Any disguise you like and a safe shel-

ter. "The disguise will be ready in an hour, and the hiding-place-Git-le-Cour."

"But Methusalem might betray me?" "He would if he dared," said she, "but he

dares not." "Who will prevent him?"

"I will." "You!" said Fleur d'Echafaud, laughing

heartily. "Yes, I," said the Naine. "Because] watched over you like a mother you think me only capable of love, and that I could not hate. You are wrong, boy, you are wrong. My hatred is terrible. I brood and brood over it till it bursts out."

"It's so very droll," said Fleur d'Echaiaud, laughing still more immoderately. "Droll!" cried she; "you think my hatred a thing to laugh at."

"Yes," said he, "because everything about you is ridiculous, my poor Fantoche. You are not a woman and cannot have a woman's feelings. Nature made you a monster, and a monster you will always be." She fixed such a glance on him as would

have terrified any one else. "Well," said she, slowly, "never incur the hatred of Fantoche, for you would find it terrible."

A solemn, mournful sound just then reached their cars. It was the prisoners singing the Miserere. This cry for mercy, coming as it did from the bowels of the earth, in the voices of men hourly awaiting execution, had so poouliar a grandeur that the bloodthirsty, drunken populace involuntarily shuddered. Surely the victims were stronger than their persecutors. A Communist soldier seized his gun, pointed the barrel of it through the bars and

fired into the cellar, saying :
"That will make them shut up." A groan was heard; one of the condemned had fallen. But this cowardly act only seemed to revive their courage, and the last versicles of the psalm arose more solemn and imploring than ever. It was literally out of the depths, that cry unto the Lord of "Missrere! Miserere !*

As the day waned the crowd, instead of diminishing, grew greater. The combatants of ALEX. BORS, 21 Lamb's Conduit street,

High Holborn, London, England by all Druggisst at 25 cents a bottle. [G26] ed thither, where there were still arms to load scanned their faces with a rapid glance, when come with me and amend your life."

them, tracked from street to street and from and covered one of them with his own body. house to house, asked only a corner ofground where they could die, crying "Vive la Comdrink lent courage to the one-half, while the other trembled at the fate which traordinar awaited them. The first paraded such of their quarters as were threatened, but is come."

Into yet inveded, while the second hashly cut. The A their hair or beard, assumed various disguises, tore the red stripe from their trousers, and broke the arms which would have doubly compromised them, first because they were stolen, second because they were stained with blood.

When it was night the Naine carried her table, bottles and her stove into an empty shop close by, and without even thinking of sleep, continued dealing out her wares, and seasoning her sales with the sinister language of the knitting wo-men of the Commune. The spacious apartment was soon filled with the birds of ill omen who prowl about at night, thieves by profession, young men more carefully dressed, the pillars of smoking-rooms and public balls, half-drunken Communist soldiers, hiccoughing out mutual exhortations to die for the Commune, and borrowing from each other in the name or sacred equality.

The distant growling of the cannon was as an undertone to all this. In proportion as its sound drew nearer, they knew that the regular army was gaining Paris inch by inch. At length, spite of anger, hatred and fear, sleep overcame some of the motley gathering in the Naine's shop. She herself nodded over the counter, while Fleur d'Echafaud and Rat-de-Cave spoke together of their near future.

"Ah, well," said Fleur d'Echafaud,
"I have had enough of the Commune and the rights of the people, It's all very fine, but dangerous. It sounds well at the club or in the newspapers to advance such ideas, but to sustain them with helmet on head and revolver in hand is an. other thing. I have only twenty-four hours more to wear my uniform, so covered with gold lace that it took half the money from the Pomereul safe to pay for it. Once tomorrow's drame is played I will make tracks, and turn up again after some time as Marc Maudult, the model Secretary. What about

"My way is different," said Rat-de-Cave, brusquely. "Cannons have been put in Pere Ia Chaise. I'll serve the last of them." "Why not try to save yourself?" asked

Maudit. "What use? What would I do afterwards?" said the felon.

What you have always done," said Manduit. "Steal and murder?" said Machu.

"I don't think you are destined for an embassy, it's true," said Mauduit sneeringly. "To steal, to kill," said Jean Machu. gloomily. "Always the same thing; besides, they leave thoughts sometimes that are

like-"What can your thoughts be like?" said Flour d'Echafaud. "Remorse," said Jean Machu, in a hollow

voice. "You know remorse? You?" cried Mau-

duit. "Call it what you like," said Machu. "I know what it is to pass sleepless nights, and always to see the face of a man accusing you. I know what it is to say, 'The air I breathe is stolen, and another is paying the debt I owe to Justice."

"Amen!" said Fleur d'Echafaud. He leaned both hands upon the table, as if weary of the subject, and buried his face. But the Naine, in her sleep, uttered a name: "Louise, my dear Louise."

Her sleep seemed troubled. Again she spoke: "You shall be avenged, Louise; you shall

be avenged!" Flour d'Echafaud raised his head looked at her. She was hideous; there was foam about her lips, her nostrils were dilating,

her brow furrowed with wrinkles. Fleur d'Echafaud almost fancied that she pronounced the name of Andre Nicois, but he thought himself mistaken. What link could exist barricade," said Mauduit; "our soldiers are between the rich banker and the deformed creature, who had begun by being the attraction of country fairs, and now served the kitchen of Methusalem? Night passed. At dawn the voices of the priests, somewhat more feeble, were heard again. All night long they had prayed the

prayers for the dying. Priests and gendarmes alike, awaiting the carrying out of their terrible sentence, were of one mind and one heart. They had but one hope. The condemned soldlers knelt before the priests, who, exercising their divine ministry, prepared them more and more for death. The hostages had been left entirely without food, and hunger was added to their other torments. Morning brought again to the air hole those who impatiently awaited the hour of the sacrifice. They felt that the progress of the army gave them scarcely time for this last crime, and that they had need of haste. However, whether because of the anxiety caused by the resolute advance of the Versaillists who were taking Paris, street by street, house by house, or from delayed some other cause, the fatal order was

Nearly another day passed in suspense. At last a young man wearing the red scari of a delegate of the Commune came to the headquarters at the Oite Vincennes, with instructions for detachments of Communists belonging to a battalion of the Eleventh District, and a battalion of the Fifth District. Immediately after some of Bergeret's Enfants Perdus went down into the cellar, and ordered the prisoners to come up. They obeyed without thought of resistance. Faith shed its ineffable calm over them, and the priests gave a final benediction to the soldiers, who walked to death as firmly as to

battle. At sight of the prisoners cheers of savage joy were heard, and the soldiers could scarce ly keep back the crowd. Not that they cared to protect the victims, but they feared lest in the tumult some should escape. The enclosure whither they were hurried was already occupied by the staff of different battalions. The fifty hostages and their executioners filled what was left of that narrow space. A portion of the crowd found it impossible ton assist at this last act of barbarity. The hostages were placed against the wall, and a squad of soldiers, with loaded muskets stood ready to fire on the word of command. Sulpice embraced his brother priests, exthe conclusion of the love-feasts was given

those about to die. Just as the Abbe Pomereul turned from the embrace of an old priest who had clasped him in his arms, two men covered with gold lace and bearing swords pushed their way resolutely through the crowd to obtain a position in the front rank of spectators.

"The Commandant Machu and Colonel Marc Mauduit," whispered the crowd, making way for them respectfully. Scarcely had Machu come face to face with | cursing me."

houses to burn, crimes to commit. Many of he sprang forward with the agility of a tiger,

... The soldiers who had just raised their muskets paused, and the officer in command mune!" The intoxication of anger or strong advancing to Machu, who was interrupting the justice of the people in a manner so extraordinary, said,

"Commandant, the moment of execution

The Abbe Sulpice's defender turning quickly faced the crowd, saying to the officers and soldiers who drew near with irrepressible curiculty, "I must have this man's life. I must

have it!" with him, Commandant," said a soldier, "if son and the swift vengeance of the multitude the justice of the people won't answer you."

who had come between him and death. "Jean Machu!" he cried, involuntarily. "Yes; I want his life," pursued Jean Machu, the felon.

"You want to let a priest, a deceiver of the people, escape from your justice? Never," cried the crowd. "He saved me," said Jean Machu, hoarsely. "I'll not be in his deht."

Fleur d'Echafaud whispered in his com-"Are you mad? Once he dies we're safe." "Death to him? death to him!" cried the

"Shoot the calotin !" cried a child.

crowd. "Comrades," said Machu, "you know me. I showed my patriotism well. I set fire to the Finance buildings, when the telegram came from Ferre. I was there when we shot the Archbishop. I've been all the week from one barricade to another. The friends of the people Delescluze and Milliere, were my friends.

I'm ready to fire the last gun with you, but for my services I want this man's life." "Bo that he can sell you later on, and get you shot by the Versaillists."

"If he promises not to betray me," said Machu, "he'll keep his promise." "He, a Jesuit, a calotin!" "You don't know what his word's worth."

said Machu. "I am a Communist, and a ruffian, and a robber besides." "You flatter yourself, Commandant," said a voice. "I pillaged Notre Dame de Lorette," pur-

sued he. "I helped to put a blaze to the old cathedral. I have robbed God and men. This priest knew all about it, and he never said a word." "He was atraid of revenge," said some one

in the crowd.
"Not he," said Machu. "You see he does not tremble even now before you." There were cries of "Back, Commandant?" Clear the way !" "Machu is a traitor!"

"Machu's not afraid of any of you," said the Commandant of the Vengeurs of the Commune. "The first who makes a step forward is a dead man." The felon cocked his pistol and waited,

No one stirred. "His life," said Machu. "Will you give me his life?" "Never!" cried they. "Well, I'll tell you the whole story," said Machu. "Just now it doesn't much matter

conscience. We may all be dead to-morrow. I not only committed crimes for the general good, but I robbed this man's father. I took a hundred thousand france out of his safe." " Bravo!" cried several voices. "He knew it, and never let up on me."

A murmur passed through the crowd as Jean Machu continued, still acreening Sulpice with his own body: " I killed his father, and he didn't give me

up." A murmur of incredulity was now heard in the various groups. " No," said Machu; " he didn't give me up, because the secret of confession scaled his but others put pistols to their heads to escape lips. You ory out against priests, but I being made prisoners. A band of Commurespect them. I've done many a bad deed in nists, hard pressed, surrounded, and unable my day, but I want to save this man to show longer to defend themselves, surrendered;

of us or neither. Once he's in safety I'll come back to die with you."

The Abbe Sulpice tried to detach himself from the felon's grasp. "Leave me to die," he said; "martyrdom is the noblest death for which I can ever hope. God in His mercy will take account of the efforts you have made to save me. Do not force me to desert my brethren. You have spoken some dangerous words, but they will be forgotten if you leave me to the

hatred of my enemies." "No," said Machu; "if they're obstinate about it we'll die together. But they daren't

As if to contradict this assertion the officer cried out, " Present arms!" Once more bulpice tried to escape from his deliver and rejoin his friends.

The soldiers of the Eleventh battalion made a rush forward, like a tumultuous wave flowing in on the strand. Machu felt his coat pulled; he looked down; it was the Naine. She made a mys-sterious sign to him, and held out a plain dark cloak, and as she, with a group of furious women eager to see the last act in the bloody drams, pushed into the front row, Machu wrapped the abbe in the cloak and

drew him aside, whispering hastily, "Think of your sister." These words went to his heart, and Machu, profiting by his momentary irresolution, and aided by the diversion which the Naine had purposely created, dragged Sulpice into the old cemetery, thence into a squalid-looking house and up the stairs. They had just reached the top, when a discharge of musketry proved that the people of Paris had com-

mitted the most iniquitous act of their reign. Though sheltered in the house, the priest and Jean Machu were by no means in safety. Going into an empty room they found some | see, and this illusion of the senses, arising workmen's clothes hanging on the wall. The felon seized them, throwing them to the priest

and orying : "Quick, quick These brutes will follow

At the same time he took a handful of gold from his pocket and threwit down, adding "That's for the owner of the clothes." Sulpice at length decided to accept the safety which Providence seemed to impose on him. He hastily donned the blue blouse and overalls, and putting a cap on his head, was so completely disguised that no one

could have recognized him. " Come," said Machu. They went down cautiously. The house had two exits. With the keen scent of a thief, and the agility of a burglar Machu changing with them what was indeed the kiss opened a door, climbed a little wall, and of peace of the primitive Church, which at assisted the Abbe Pomereul to do the same. All this had been accomplished so quickly that the savage crew without had scarcely yet

still gloating over the writhing forms of their

had reached a deserted part of Paris where the Commune no longer had sway. "Go," said the Vengeur of the Commune. "The Versaillists are there to protect you."

victims.

After this you can think of me without "Ah!" said the abbe, "if you would only

"It's too late," said Machu. "I'm going to play the last act."

CHAPTER XVII.

were thrown into a trench, and the populace intoxicated with blood, rushed from the fatal spot, thronging the Rue Hazo, Rue de Parla and the Boulevard des Amandiers.

Jean Machu's daring act, would no doubt the Boulevard of the Boulevard des Amandiers. bad he not, immediately on returning to the Sulpice in amazement recognized the man Communists, begun with indomitable energy and lightning-like resolve to sketch out the plan of action for the final struggle. The base of operations became more limited as the liberation of Parls was gradually being accomplished. They could no longer construct barricades by tearing up the pavement; on the contrary, they had to find barricade! ready made, and a space sufficient to contain the proper number of combatants, deposed in such fashion as to maintain a desperate struggle. The streets were being swept by the cannon, cleared by charges of cavalry, and carried by the infantry. The Community were looking around helplessly for a position

> Machu reappeared in their midst. A hoarse murmur of reproach was heard at sight of him.

> in which to intrench themselves, when Jean

"I know what you have to say," he cried. "I saved a priest. But it was my own affair, and the first one who accuses me of treason to the Commune I'll blow out his brains with my revolver. If any of you like the prospect step out."

Machu's resolute air awed the most daring, and the felon continued, " You're disheartened; the more shame for you! You hear the guns and know that your

turn's coming. For people like us the trial will be short; they'll thrust us against a wall and bang. Serve us right, too; but there are some of us prefer another sort of thing. Death is deatn. But it's better to defend ourselves, and give ball for ball, stroke for stroke. We are conquered, but let us die al good patriots and true Communists. We must fight; not in order of battle, for that would end too quick, but like poschers in the woods, or sharp-shooters in the hedges, and the scene of our last combat I have chosen. Will you

follow me there?" "Yes, yes!" cried a hundred voices. "To Pere la Chaise, boys. The tombstones will do us for barricades."

"To Pere la Chaise," repeated the crowd

like an echo. Machu's idea was halled as the inspiration of genus. In an hour's time a band of Communists, one and all resolved to meet death stoically, had possession of the cemetery; the last gans of the Commune were set up there, and preparations made to defend this last stronghold of the rebels unto death. After the many sacrileges they had committed, the Communists consummated a final one in bringing their fratricidal struggle to the city of death. The scene was more terrible than any that having one or two things more or less on our had preceded it. The soldiers soon carried the place by assault and the meles became general. It was rather a massacre than a battle. The Communists, expecting no quater, fought furiously, and the soldiers, exasperated by their losses, enraged at having to fight against such ruffians, marked their ad-vance by the heaps of dead strewn among the tombs. Every chapel was a fortress. The bullets flew fast and furious through the windows. When guns were broken the revolvers were used and daggers drawn. The blood stained ground was slippery to the feet of victor and vanquished alike. Some of the wretches at length gave themselves up, my gratitude. You must either kill both the terror of immediate death seemed worse than the more remote punishment of their crimes. Ammunition failed the cannon were silent, and those who served them had fallen dead among the empty powder casks. A single group remained, consisting of some twenty men, headed by Jean Machu. As long as he had a cartridge he fired; when he had no more he seized his revolver by the barrel and used it as a club. A soldier snatched it from him, but Machu, picking up a knife from the ground rushed upon his assailant. He hoped to gain at least this one last victory; struck by a ball in the right arm, he still fought with his left, but a blow from the butt end of a musket took him in the chest, blood gushed from his mouth, his teeth were already broken, and he fell upon a heap of dead, wherein soldiers and Communists were indiscriminately mingled. Four of his companions took to flight, vainly hoping to escape; others opened their coats and rushed forward to meet the balls. A volley of artillery swept the last of them away. In a few minutes all was still in the cemetery; the prisoners, with scowls of hatred and defiance on their faces, and blasphemies on their link

were led away by the soldiers. Somewhat later litters were brought for the wounded. It was dark night when Jean Machu, recovered consciousness. Bruised in every limb, a sabre gash upon his forehead and his chest crushed in by the last blow, the poor wretch felt that death was inevitable. Nor did he dread it, for he knew that life could give him nothing more, and abhorrence of the past arose now predominant over every other sentiment. To his enfeebled mind came the recollections of his past life like visions. He would fain have shut them out from his sight and closed his ears against them. But no, he was doomed to hear and from the fever of his wound, occasioned him mental suffering much more terrible than all his physical pain.

He was a child again, sporting in a great mossy wood thickly peopled with birds, which his mother tamed. His mother! he saw her, too, a pretty peasant woman, active and industrious, who, in the midst of her own poverty, had always a kind word for the afflicted and a crust of bread for beggars. His father was a wood-cutter of the forest, a rude trade, but one which had many compensations. It was good to see how Michel Machu threw by his axe at noonday, when his young wife brought him his meal, sitting on the trunk of a tree and opening her basket, wherein were hot soup, tempting meat, ripe fruits and wine. Together they took their repast, while the child sported under the trees and sang with the oriole. The father, seizing the child, tossed him in the air, or sought birds' nests for him, or caught him a live discovered what had transpired. They were equirrel. When the mother was not too busy in the house she brought her sewing out of doors, while the husband worked and the Meanwhile the Abbe Sulpice and Machu | child laughed for glee. At nightfall they all went home under the waving branches; the bell on the village church rang out the Augelus, the father raised his hat, the mother blessed herself, and the child grow grave soeing the gravity of his elders. Yes, those were haloyon days in the shadow of the

woods, when the wood-cutter earned their Continued on 3rd page.

With a sort of despairing energy he wrung the merciful hand held out to him, and ran THE BARRICADES OF DRATH. The bloody tragedy was ended. The bodies of the priests and gendarma