

all who were in any way obstacles to his designs. Suddenly he saw that the marquis had perceived him. He fancied he was discovered, but as the marquis had tranquilly lowered his eyes, he gave up the idea of flight, and was glad when the marquis dismissed everybody from the room, and retired himself.

Certain of his ability to escape unperceived, Dominique awaited the approach of night, when he slid down the wardrobe, and darted towards the door, but it was locked. He was about to force it when the door opened, and Dominique found himself face to face with the marquis.

"You are a worthless fellow," said the latter, "Go! the doors are open. I may perhaps be wrong in not having you arrested."

Saying this, the marquis stood aside, and Dominique, seeing the way clear, darted through the door.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE GIPSIES.

Cartouche was scarcely out of the college when he busied himself in putting the hundred crowns in his pocket; and throwing the box into a corner, he took the road to the Fontaine de l'Echaudé, in the neighbourhood of Courtille, where his father lived, and who happened to be the first person he met.

"Father," said Dominique, "do not scold thy son; I will confess all to thee. I have found a situation as clerk with Monsieur Courtran, bailiff at Petit Châlet, who pays me two crowns a month. He has already given me one; here it is, take it. It is for this that for the last two days I have left the college. Have I not done well, dear papa?"

"A bailiff's clerk?" exclaimed the good cooper, looking at his son; "thou art then very clever?"

"Very clever, papa; I know everything that a boy of my age can know; I have escaped from study to tell this, and to inform thee that I shall sleep at home to-night."

The simple cooper departed one way, while the pretended clerk went the other. As to where Dominique went is a question; but towards evening, as he was about to enter his home, he saw his brother running out to meet him.

"Everything has been discovered," said the latter, believe me. Do not come into the house, for papa is awaiting thee with a cudgel to break thy bones, and the school-master has sworn that he will have thee placed in the Petit-Châtelet till thy majority."

"Thanks," said Dominique, and instantly turned back.

Disappointed and sad at the intelligence just conveyed to him, Dominique walked away from Paris, and passed through the village of Reine-Moulin; leaving which, he entered a wood. It was night. He tried to sleep, but in vain. Suddenly he heard voices and bursts of laughter, and a gang of gipsies appeared. Then an old woman, the eldest of the tribe, approached Dominique, took him by the collar, and holding him with a firm hand, said:—"Come, come, hold thy tongue." And she emptied his pocket of the money, piece by piece.

"Thieves!" cried Dominique; "return me my money or I will have you all arrested."

"Softly," said the old woman; "do not agitate thyself so. But with thy rough dress thou canst not have so much money without having stolen it. We only required to understand one another, for thou art a little thief and we are great ones, that's all. Now, if you will join our band we shall agree very well, no doubt."

Cartouche joined the band, and from that moment became one of their associates.

Several years elapsed, when one day a young abbé, seeing Cartouche, he stopped, eyed him attentively, and cried, "Dominique!"

"Charles!" replied Dominique, raising his eyes to the young priest.

The two children of the College of the Jesuits had recognised each other. Assuming a piteous look, Dominique said to the young Marquis of Jumiège, "I regret seriously what I have done to you, but I did not profit by your money, for it was stolen from me on the night of the very day I robbed you of it. From that time I have wandered from village to village, working whenever I could obtain employment.

"Why dost thou not return to thy father?" asked Charles.

"I dare not," replied Dominique.