

The house of some good man? You are, I presume, not," said the first man, "I since we are two and go no further. We must refer to the authorities, who searching the city for must, eh?" I cried, thrusting into my breast. "I have a weapon, and not himself changed his tactics. Nothing to do with detainees are desperate men," implying. "I am strong enough to get out of their yielding to her entreaties, it is to the gate, and proceeding my way. Presently, Madame St. Germain appeared herself, to greet us, which she did most heartily. I observed that she had grown much older since the days at St. Denis. After the destruction of her house, she had been glad to leave the place. When Jacqueline came back, the demoiselle was most demurely gowned in some dark-colored stuff. "Sweetheart, I have not yet thanked you for the help you have given us tonight," I said. "But for your would I scarce have found this refuge." We found her in my arms, I kissed her again and again. For the nonce I even forgot Ramon. Jacqueline now turned to him and pressed his hands warmly, looking up into his face in a manner that would have made me madly jealous were he not my best-loved comrade, and had she not already shown me that I possessed her heart. "Ah, my dear friend," she said to him, "daily have I thought of you, schemed to set you at liberty, and prayed for you, even as you would have found this refuge. I would not have been so happy as to see you here, but I am glad that you are here. For once Ramon's self possession forsook him. He could find no words to speak to her, but stood gazing into her eyes. At last, however, but still mutely, he raised her hands to his lips. "Ah, my dear, this is no time for love-making," cried Madame St. Germain, bustling in with a tray. Her misunderstanding of the situation caused him to turn away abruptly; Jacqueline blushed in confusion, and I could not but laugh. "Sir, I beg of you, do not give any more time to us," I said to Droulet, "but go at once, I entreat you, to the palace garden, where you will find our two men, who are biding their time. Take them to a place of safety." "I will go with Monsieur Droulet," said Ramon, who now, for some inexplicable reason, seemed eager to get away. "If you wish to go with me as far as Antoine Beaufort's, sir, well and good," answered Droulet, "you will be perhaps safer there than here." "It is not of that I am thinking," said my comrade, "but perhaps I may be of some service to the men." After we had taken a draught of the spirits our host urged upon us, and had done justice to the sandwiches made by our kind hostess, Ramon and Droulet set out. When they insisted upon putting a compress of linen on my injured foot and bandaging it. Jacqueline hovered near, the while, rendering any assistance in her power. The ladies wished me to go to rest in Droulet's room. As I would not hear of this, they sat with me in the parlor. Jacqueline in a chair beside me, and I listened with breathless interest while I related to her the details of our escape. When it was nearly daylight, Droulet came back but without my comrade. "Captain Ryerski was rash enough to want to go straight to the garden in search of the others," he said. "But I vowed I would not seek them at all, unless he agreed to let them go. I searched for them in vain. Nor could I bring the captain back here. Indeed, Major Adair, much as we should like to keep you with us, I fear, for your own safety, we must send you on. My gig is ready. I will drive you out to a safe place, and there you may lie concealed for a day or two." "Why, Major Adair is disabled; he must rest," protested Madame St. Germain. Jacqueline said nothing but looked at me with a frightful expression. "Madame if he remains here he is like to rest in the citadel before many hours," said Droulet, laconically. "Let us go at once," I urged, starting up. "Yes, go, Nial," begged Jacqueline. "Hasten on with all possible speed. My heart will not be at peace until I hear that you have crossed the border." I put my arms around her, kissed her passionately again and again, and having made my adieux to Madame St. Germain and thanked her for her kindness, went walking with difficulty, out into the night once more. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FOLLY OF ANNE.

BY ELLEN FARLEY.

As Anne March turned to seat herself on the top step of the tightly shuttered house, she first saw the key, its bright, round top striking up at her like a friendly eye. Her misery-sodden mind regarded it indifferently. It belonged, probably, to the door behind her. But the house seemed deserted—closed for the summer. Then some one coming in or going out had dropped it—she would ring the bell and return it to the caretaker. She pushed the button lightly at first, then vigorously, but no one appeared. The caretaker was away, she reflected, or perhaps there was none. Anne paused, dancing the key in her hand; then a mad idea flashed into her head. "A key in time is worth nine," she murmured. With a quick glance round, she fitted it into the tiny hole, and the boarded door swung out; a massive inner door of mahogany and silver opened readily. She stood, breathing heavenly, in the gloom of a wide hall filled with bulky, shrouded shapes. Only a moment she hesitated; then reckless daring super-

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McClary's Pandora Range. exclamation man straightened up from a suit-case, a silver-backed brush in his hand. "What the deuce—" He checked himself, gazing at the girlish figure behind the pink glow of the candle open-mouthed. Her fear-dilated eyes roved over the scattered clothes on the floor, the piled, open drawers of the chiffonier, the Taylorville, with its neat cottages, the toy schoolhouse, and her pig-tailed pupils. She rose, her arms thrust out gropingly, and advanced a few steps. Her fingers came in contact with something hard, big, round—the back of a chair. Another step—a little table tilted back a bit, then settled down with a jarring noise that seemed to reverberate in an endless void of darkness. Then her fingers, fluttering over its surface, touched a tiny box. "Matches!" With a suppressed gurgle of delight, she lit a tiny candle on the desk and surveyed the room more carefully. Before the wardrobe, where a Japanese kimono dangled lonesomely, Anne hesitated. "I believe I'd rather be hanged for a sheep than a lamb," she decided, and, unhooking her waist, she slipped into the kimono's cool, silken volutinuousness. "My inner lady is clamoring," she reflected then. "I wonder if the caretaker has returned—or perhaps there isn't any—and there might be a stray cracker in the kitchen." Blowing out the candle, but clutching the matches, she slipped through the door, and at last she reached the kitchen, lighted her candle, and placed it on the plain, scrubbed table. At the coating of dust her fingertips imprinted, her heart leaped joyfully. "I don't believe there is a caretaker," she whispered. Marooned on the empty shelves in the cupboard, a tin labelled "Sardines," a tall bottle of pickles and a glass jar of asparagus greeted her. "Poor lonesome things—they're positively begging me to eat 'em." In searching for a can-opener, she discovered a package of wheat biscuits, and climbed the stairs boldly, gleefully, hugging her prizes. "I don't care—it's wrong and selfish and wicked to shut up a big house—good heavens!" Directly opposite a shaft of light fell through a partly opened door; at her

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"I believe you," he said gravely. "Besides, you're just the person Shales is looking for—you'll be a gift of Providence to him!" "It's impossible—a miracle," she murmured. "But don't tell him about this weird adventure," he added. Despite his wonderful brain and marvelous work, Shales is—conventional. You might say you heard of the job through a friend of Miss Gilkin—his last secretary, who recently married. I dare say you can furnish references from your old town." "Oh, yes, yes." He took an envelope from his pocket and wrote an address rapidly on the back, which he tore off and handed to her. "You are very kind," she whispered. Joy at the wonder of this kindly Providence was mingled with a vague fear at its incredible strangeness. "Good night," he said. "Good night." She stood rooted to the floor, staring, overwhelmed. Then with a little rush she stopped him in the doorway, thrusting out her hands timidly. "I do thank you—and please believe—oh, I do thank you!" His dark eyes held hers for a moment, sadness and laughter in their depths. "Good night, little girl, and good luck," he returned, and slammed the door behind him.

Mrs. Gordon Shales stretched herself luxuriously in her bed chair, dropped the magazine she was reading to gaze dreamily into the red heart of the grate. Through the sweeping rose brocade curtains was the glimmering vista of a white, whirling snow-storm, but she was seeing the long length of a deserted summer street, jagged shadows on the cobbles, the round, winking eyes of a key starting up of all from before a tightly boarded door. What a magic day that had been for her! How brilliantly her life had developed since! "Anne—thou fool!" she murmured. Her slender fingers flipped the pages of the magazine restlessly, and a tiny frown troubled between her brows. Nowadays, in the lap of all this luxury with recurrent thrills on the memory of that rash, mad escapade. Strange she had never met the man since; nor gleamed a trace of him, despite her elaborately cautious inquiries. Day by day she had waited with the fluttering hope that he would walk into Shales's study in some unexpected moment. But he had never come. Then, in the wonder of the name and position—and love—the great writer

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