

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE USUAL PROCESS OF ROMANCE HAD BEEN RE- VERSED—HE HAD NOT SAVED HER LIFE, BUT SHE HAD SAVED HIS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
HE ADMIRER, YET HE WISHED TO BE ADMIRER; HE SIMPLY WANTED PEOPLE TO SAY, "HERE COMES JEAN JACQUES BARBILLE"	<i>Facing p.</i> 8
"MOI—JE SUIS M'SIEU' JEAN JACQUES, PHILOSOPHE"	" 44
"TO-MORROW EVENING, BY THE FLUME—COME. I WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOU. WILL YOU COME?" HE WHISPERED	" 172
AT THE SIGHT OF THE COCK OF BEAUGARD, UPRIGHT IN THE RUINS, JEAN JACQUES' HEAD WENT UP, TOO. "I WILL BUILD THE MILL AGAIN"	" 240
"STAND BACK. I WON'T HAVE MY CHILD DIS- TURBED"	" 342