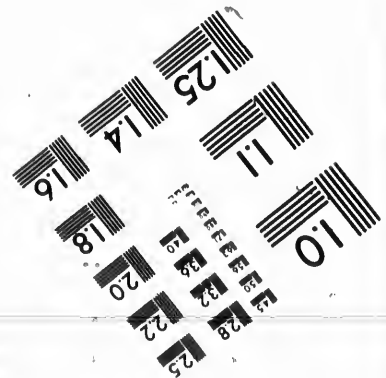
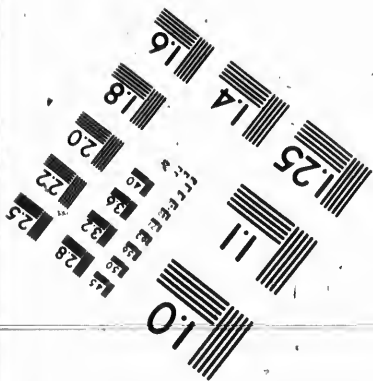
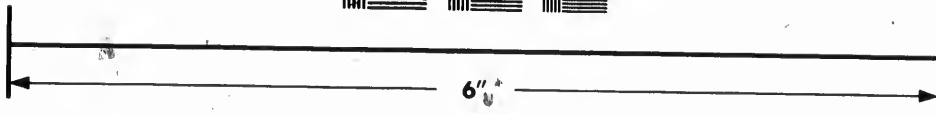
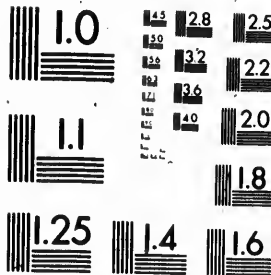


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

18  
20  
22  
25  
28  
32  
36

**CIHM  
Microfiche  
Series  
(Monographs)**

**ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches  
(monographies)**



**Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques**

10

**© 1991**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

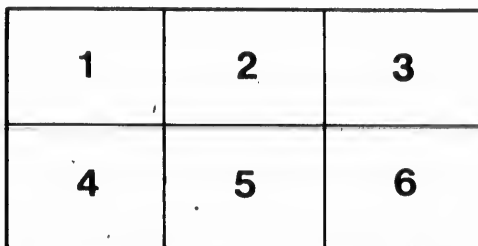
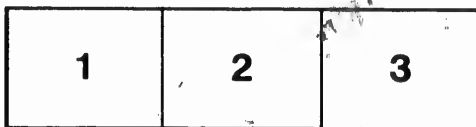
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

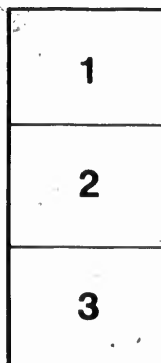
Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.







Price 3d.]

[By Post 4s.]

ROMANCES FOR THE MILLIONS

**GRAYBEARD & SORCERER**  
OR THE RECLUSE OF MOUNT ROYAL.



"IF THE SWORD HAS FAILED THE PISTOL SHALL NOT"

No. 4.



Doct  
Edw  
7849  
5

**GRAYBEARD,  
THE SORCERER;**

OR, THE

**RECLUSE OF MONT ROYALE.**

BY

**C. DUNNING CLARK.**

---

LONDON :

THE GENERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
280, STRAND, W.C.

PS 1299

C 18

G 7

1870

GRAYBEARD

THE SPECTATOR

PRINTED BY ROBERT CLAY

15, BUNYARD LANE

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
ROBERT CLAY, 15, BUNYARD LANE, LONDON.

GRAYBEARD,  
THE SORCERER;

OR, THE

RECLUSE OF MONT ROYALE.

CHAPTER I.

A SOLITARY figure stood upon a height, now Mont Royale, overlooking the city of Montreal, as it stood in the early colonial days. He was past the middle age, and though plainly dressed, showed in his face and manner that he had not sprung from the poorer class. His figure was erect and stately, and his hair was dark, slightly touched with silver, and curling about his temples in thick masses. His dress was of sober brown, with knee-breeches, white stockings, and the conical hat of the period. The belt about his waist was of black leather, with a silver buckle supporting a long rapier of the most approved make, upon the hilt of which a white, patrician hand unconsciously lingered as he looked down upon the city at his feet with a stranger's fixed, intent gaze. "Is there, Montreal," he muttered, "Bask in your supposed safety, and keep within your walls your infamous robbers and traitors. But beware of me, for my day of vengeance

will surely come. I wish Chastellar would appear."

He sat down upon a loose boulder of gray stone, with his eye still fixed upon the distant city, and as he looked a mournful light showed itself in his firm set face.

"Who would have said, when I was in the zenith of my power fifteen short years ago, that I should be an outcast and a wanderer, homeless, hopeless, with a blot upon my name? I, who never dreamed of wrong—I, whose only thought was to build up in this wilderness a nation which should be a refuge for all mankind, oppressed by the strong hand of power. It drives me mad to think of it. Ha! who comes now?"

He sprung to his feet, and quick as thought buried himself in the depths of the undergrowth about the crest of the mountain. Directly after he heard the sound of voices, musical laughter, and the deep tones of a man's voice, and there appeared upon the platform which he had just left a lady and a French officer, who stopped to get breath after the ascent. They had come up the mountain from the southern side, and had nearly taken the lonely man unaware. But his ears, trained to catch the slightest sound, had heard even the light step of the girl, and he now lay hidden in the bushes, resting upon one knee, gazing at them from the cover, with a face which seemed to have been suddenly transfigured. His eyes were fixed upon the girl with an expression of adoring admiration which could only proceed from perfect love. And indeed she was well worthy of it.

Picture to yourself a patrician face, cut in

P  
C  
G  
18

Chastellar would

e boulder of gray  
upon the distant  
rnfal light showed.

When I was in the  
rt years ago, that I  
anderer, homeless,  
ny name? I, who  
whose only thought  
lderness a nation  
all mankind, op-  
f power. It drives  
who comes now?"  
t quick as thought  
hs of the under-  
mountain. Dir-  
d of voices, musical  
of a man's voice,  
platform which he  
rench officer, who  
he ascent. They  
from the southern  
he lonely man un-  
imed to catch the  
even the light step  
dden in the bushes,  
ng at them from the  
seemed to have been  
is eyes were fixed  
sion of adoring ad-  
roceed from perfect  
well worthy of it.  
trician face, "out in

perfect outlines, with a complexion of marvel-  
lous delicacy, ripe, red lips a little full, eyes of  
heaven's own azure, and a profusion of shin-  
ing brown hair blowing free in the breeze  
of the mountain; a perfect figure, moving with  
a willowy grace, peculiar to some women, and  
only to a chosen few, and you have some idea  
of this girl as she appeared to the eager watcher.  
She was richly dressed, and was evidently of  
the higher order, and had the ease and grace of  
motion which only the best education and  
society can bestow. She held a staff in one  
hand, with which she had assisted her steps up  
the slope, and, in the other hand, swung by the  
strings a jaunty riding-hat, with a pure white  
feather wreathed about the crown.

Her companion was a man nearly forty years  
of age, also of her order, wearing the uniform  
of a lieutenant-colonel of foot, one of the most  
showy uniforms in the world. As handsome as  
Apollo, with a dark face, flashing black eyes,  
and hair of the same colour. Upon the first  
glance he had a very pleasant face, but, looking  
at him closer, there was something in the eyes,  
and about the lips, which was not so pleasant.  
He seemed to have a love of display in dress,  
for his sword-hilt was of chased gold, of great  
value, in which flashed a ruby of fabulous  
price. His hat was looped up with a large  
diamond, and he showed more gold lace and  
gullion than even the uniform of his regiment  
allowed. Tall and strong, with the limbs and  
shoulders of a Hercules, he looked an invincible  
antagonist to meet in a battle.

"You have not deceived me, Colonel Lefebre,



P  
C  
G  
18

when you said that this view was magnificent, and would repay the trouble of the ascent," said the lady, in a mellow voice, "It is surpassingly fine."

Those who have stood upon the slopes of Mont Royale, looking toward Montreal, can well indorse this encomium. The fertile plains are there yet, but the miles upon miles of waving pines, the changing scenery of verdure, are there no longer. The whole island upon which the city stood was in full view; the two branches of the river, joining again just below the city, and the frowning fortress with the sentries on the ramparts, are changed in our day. The lady stood, with rapt gaze upon the beautiful scene, while the officer evidently enjoyed her surprise and pleasure.

"I hoped that you would like it, Mademoiselle Lavalle," he said. "You know that I would do anything to give you pleasure."

"*Merci, mon colonel!*" she said, with a mocking courtesy. "Do not compliment me, but your own good taste, which has led you to show me this grand scenery. I wonder if the day will come when we shall see a great city where Montreal now stands. Frenchmen build great hopes upon the future of this colony, but they may come to naught."

"Never! The future of Canada is assured at least in my eyes. Year by year you will see our strength increase, until we are a vast nation including all the land which lies to the south between this and the Spanish colonies. But, had something to say to you—another object than the scenery—when I brought you to this place."

was magnificent,  
ble of the ascent."  
oice, "It is sur-

upon the slopes of  
ard Montreal, can  
The fertile plains  
upon miles of wav-  
nery of verdure, are  
e island upon which  
; the two branches  
just below the city,  
with the sentries on  
d in our day. The  
upon the beautiful  
cently enjoyed her

d like it, Mademoi-  
"You know that I  
you pleasure."

"she said, with a  
not compliment me,  
which has led you to  
y. I wonder if the  
shall see a great city  
s. Frenchmen build  
re of this colony, but

of Canada is assured  
r by year you will see  
all we are a vast nation  
which lies to the south  
ish colonies. But,  
—another object that  
ght you to this place.

"But I will listen to nothing else," cried  
Mademoiselle Lavalle. "How dare you change  
a subject until I give you leave?"

"But you must hear me, mademoiselle.  
No, not that cold name, Coralie; I will call  
you by that name. You know that I love you,  
and that you have given me hope."

Her face began to cloud at this.

"Colonel Lefebre, you are a man of honour,  
high in power and in the good-will of the  
Governor of this province, and you have been a  
friend to me. But, if you design to take ad-  
vantage of my rashness in giving you this op-  
portunity, you will find yourself mistaken in  
your estimate of my powers of resistance. I  
think it will be well for us to return."

"Not yet, I beg you," he said. "I do not  
wish to offend you, and my passion may have  
led me astray, but I love you dearly, and would  
give my life for your sake."

"I have a mission to perform, and, until  
that mission is accomplished, I will not listen  
to words of love from any man. I am one  
without a name, and until the time comes when  
I have a father to give me his name, to give my  
hand to the man who loves me, I shall never  
marry."

The colonel looked at her in wild amaze-  
ment, as one who saw a vision. His hands  
clenched and unclenched themselves in a spas-  
modic way, and he bit his lips until the blood  
started.

"Destruction!" he muttered. "Will my  
own act recoil upon me? Can the grave give  
up its dead, and her father rise out of it to give

his daughter to me? Mademoiselle," he continued, raising his voice, "you do yourself and me a great wrong: Have you any reason to know that your father lives, or who he is?"

"My heart tells me that he lives, and that I shall discover him, and regain a name which is mine by right."

"Monsieur Lavalle is an honest gentleman, and loves you like a daughter. He has given you his name, and when he dies you will receive his fortune. What more can you desire?"

"To know who and what I am! The man I can love will be a man of honour, and I cannot consent to blot the name of such a man by giving him a hand which may be linked with dishonour. Let this suffice and say no more about it, Monsieur Colonel. I esteem you highly, but, until the purpose of my life is accomplished, I can not consent to give you any hope. You have been kind to me, have honoured me in your choice, and it is better for you to know that there is little hope."

"You pursue a hopeless chimera, Coralle. You cast aside the love of a man who adores you for a dream which may never be realized. You know nothing of your parentage, and the only man who could have spoken is now in his grave, the old soldier in whose care Lavalle found you. How then can you hope to find your parents?"

"It may be a task of years, but I shall succeed in the end."

He struck his hand angrily upon his sword-hilt, and his face darkened visibly, but, as she

looked a  
assumed  
stood in  
heard, th  
came ou  
old, bent  
low upon  
culty, le  
as to be  
both han  
the pair  
The  
cried, in  
fair lady,  
Wh  
surprise.

"A n  
the Mou  
dotard, h  
Sile  
the earth  
past, whi  
I comman

"Wha  
replied  
amongst  
you!"  
"Colo  
"I do no  
not mean  
way is m

"He  
will avail  
your par  
my name

looked at him quickly, it cleared again, and he assumed a look of extreme humility. As they stood in this attitude, a shambling step was heard, the bushes parted, and a strange figure came out upon the crest of the mountain—an old, bent, decrepit man, whose white hair hung low upon his breast, and who walked with difficulty, leaning upon a staff. He was so bent as to be almost a hunchback, and stood, with both hands clasping the staff, looking fixedly at the pair.

"The dove and the vulture in company," he cried, in a shrill, cracked voice. "Leave him, fair lady, lest a great evil come to you."

"Who is this?" said Coralie, recoiling in surprise. "From whence did he come?"

"A madman, whom men call the Recluse of the Mountain," said the colonel. "Here, old dotard, how dare you interrupt me?"

"Silence!" shrieked the old man, striking the earth with his staff. "In the name of the past, which is a book you do not care to read, I command you to be silent."

"What do you know of the past, old wretch?" replied the colonel. "Back to your den among the rocks before a worse thing happens to you!"

"Colonel Lefebre," said Coralie, quickly, "I do not understand you. Surely you cannot mean to threaten an old man, whom you say is mad."

"He insults me, and only harsh measures will avail with him," replied Lefebre. "I beg your pardon, but I have heard that he has used my name before."

"You ask me what I know of the past?" cried the Recluse. "Shall I open the book of fate and read the past to you, Colonel Lefebre? Shall I tell of the tragedy at Quebec, of the forged letters, of the infamy by which a nobleman was sacrificed? Do you ask me to speak of all this?"

Lefebre turned ghastly pale, and staggered like a drunken man, his eyes dilated, and his breath coming in quick gasps through his closed lips. Coralie looked at him in astonishment, and the old man laughed in demoniac glee.

"The time is not yet, Victor Lefebre," he said. "I have looked into the book of fate, and it says that you are to enjoy the wages of sin for a season, but not long. When the time comes, when the cup of happiness is dashed from your lips by a hand which has been dust for years, when the dead come out of their graves to witness against you, think of the Recluse of Mont Royale, and remember his words!"

He turned and seemed about to leave them, but came hobbling back, and addressed himself to Coralie.

"Men say that I am mad, lady," he said. "Perhaps I am, but there is method in my madness yet. That man knows it, for you see his small soul shrink and tremble at my words. Beware of him! Think my voice the voice of the one whom you seek, and respect my warning. This man's heart is black with many crimes, although he cloaks it under a subtle mask. When he seems to speak the truth, he lies the most foully."

"You cannot blame me now, Coralie,"

gasped  
your cal

His s  
moment  
Recluse,  
terror.

staff, wi  
at the w  
appalled  
remains  
the hilt.

"Aw  
no power  
avenging  
come.

"If t  
cried Le

"Down

Quick

and it

above th

with the

for in on

nerveless

to the es

weapon,

object of

"You

to me, C

a man of

one so ol

you to c

"Foul

cluse.

me."

the past?"  
 he book of  
 Lefebre?  
 bec. of the  
 ch a noble-  
 ne to speak

staggered  
 d, and his  
 rough his  
 n astonish-  
 oniac glee.  
 febre," he  
 ok of fate,  
 wages of  
 n the time  
 is dashed  
 en dust for  
 heir graves  
 ne Recluse  
 words!"  
 eave them,  
 ed himself

he said.  
 hod in my  
 or you see  
 my words.  
 e voice of  
 my warn-  
 with many  
 r a subtle  
 truth, he  
 Coralie,"

gaped Lefebre. "Die, old villain, and croak  
 your calumnies in the lowest pit."

His sword was out as he spoke, and the next  
 moment was thrust straight at the heart of the  
 Recluse, while Coralie uttered a shriek of  
 terror. But the old man stood leaning on his  
 staff, with his face unmoved and stern, looking  
 at the would-be assassin, while Lefebre stood  
 appalled before him, holding in his hand the  
 remains of his fine Toledo blade, shivered to  
 the hilt!

"Away!" cried the Recluse. "You have  
 no power to harm me, villain, and I will be an  
 avenging fate, to follow you until the end shall  
 come. Go!"

"If the sword has failed me, this shall not,"  
 cried Lefebre, snatching a pistol from his belt.  
 "Down on your knees and beg for mercy."

Quick as thought the old man lifted his staff  
 and it fell upon the arm of the colonel just  
 above the elbow—a scientific blow, delivered  
 with the force and address hardly to be looked  
 for in one so old, and the arm of Lefebre fell  
 nerveless to his side, while the pistol dropped  
 to the earth. Before he could draw another  
 weapon, Coralie glided between him and the  
 object of his wrath, facing the colonel boldly.

"You are showing yourself in a new light  
 to me, Colonel Lefebre. I at least thought you  
 a man of honour, but no such man will assail  
 one so old as this with deadly weapons. I order  
 you to cease."

"Fear nothing for me, lady," said the Re-  
 cluse. "It is not in this man's power to harm  
 me."



"You shall see," hissed the colonel. "For the present you are safe, but a time will come when you shall know who has the power, you or L. Mademoiselle Lavallo, do you return under my escort?"

"Go with him," said the Recluse. "Watchful eyes shall be upon him at every step he takes, and he shall not offer you an injury."

## CHAPTER II.

WHILE Coralie Lavallo and the colonel were returning in silence toward the place where they had landed, the Recluse was making his way slowly among the rocks which were plentifully strawn about the summit, until he reached a sheltered spot in the woods, where a sort of hillock of a broken ledge cropped out of the surrounding surface. Here he paused, and struck three times upon a stone, and waited. A moment after, a being drew himself slowly out of the rift in the hill and revealed a Herculean figure, clad in untanned deer-skin, his head uncovered, and a huge club in his right hand. The face was very dark, but not exactly the face of a negro; rather one of the northern tribes of Africa, perhaps a Moor.

"I have seen him again, Abah," said the Recluse. "The villain and myself stood face to face, and I did not kill him. I could not while he holds the secret I would know."

A ferocious joy gleamed in the swarthy face as Abah lifted his eyes and hands toward heaven in a solemn and impressive gesture.

"Has Recluse.

The M did so, a

and the l

"The Abah."

The I gave utter wildly th repeated ing.

"Go Recluse,

As he was out club, stro direction might be. stone and to time.

man in a besides his beautiful was slung nearly fac purpose, s shows.

"Ha, What new to perform

The Mo he had coe

"I don said the y

WOT 12 1111

Colonel. "For  
me will come  
e power, you  
you return

se. "Watch-  
every step he  
n injury."

Colonel were  
place where  
making his  
were plenti-  
l he reached  
re, a sort of  
out of the  
caused, and  
and waited.  
self slowly  
aled a Her-  
er-skin, his  
n his right  
not exactly  
ne northern

" said the  
stood face  
could not  
ow."  
rthy face  
ds toward  
esture.

"Has Chastellar been here?" demanded the Recluse.

The Moor shook his head, and, even as he did so, a signal-whistle sounded from the woods, and the Recluse started.

"There he is now. Give the answer, Abah."

The Moor lifted his hand to his mouth and gave utterance to a strange cry, which rung wildly through the forest. The whistle was repeated near at hand, and evidently approaching.

"Go out and meet him, Abah," said the Recluse, "and bring him to me."

As he spoke he stepped into the fissure and was out of sight. The Moor, picking up his club, strode away through the forest in the direction of the approaching person, whoever it might be. After a while he sat down upon a stone and waited, giving his signal from time to time. Soon after, he was joined by a young man in a hunting-dress of green cloth, carrying, besides his sword and pistols, a short but beautifully finished rifle of polished steel, which was slung upon his back. He had a bold, manly face, strong and true, full of earnest purpose, and was a compact mass of thews and sinews.

"Ha, old Abah," he cried. "There you are. What new mischief have you cooked up for me to perform? Where is your master?"

The Moor pointed in the direction from which he had come.

"I don't know how it will end with me," said the young man, signing to the Moor to



14 GRAYBEARD, THE SORCERER; OR,

lead the way, "but my life has been full of desperate chances, and I will not hesitate now. Chastellar, the outlaw, is not Louis Chastellar, captain of musketeers, and he must do any work which falls to his share."

The Moor led the way in silence, and reached the tumbled mass of rocks from which he had first appeared. He entered the fissure, and the young man followed him without question. They kept on by a crooked way until the faint glimmer of a light was seen in front, and they came into a small irregular cave lighted by a lamp which hung from a wooden bar fixed into the rocks. The Recluse was seated upon a rock waiting for them.

"You have come then, Chastellar," he said in a sad tone. "I began to fear that some evil had befallen you, for I did not think Louis Chastellar the man to desert a friend as unfortunate as himself."

"You have judged me rightly, by heaven, De Lambert," said Chastellar. "Pah! How can you stay in such a hole as this, when you have the free woods outside? By our lady they did me a service when they drove me out of Montreal for a crime of which I was innocent. I never was so happy as I am now, knowing that these men fear me, and that the sound of my name will bring the garrison of Montreal to arms as quickly as the war-cry of the Iroquois. They fear me now; I warned them."

"You know to whom you are indebted for the iniquity put upon you, do you not, Louis Chastellar?"

"Know him! Let me once get him at my

sword's  
make an  
I trust  
have tr  
He seen  
whom a  
impossib  
Lefebre.

"I h  
said the  
been ope  
Do you  
stood fa  
minutes  
And  
feet?"

"I da  
know be  
"Yes,  
good, ki  
known, I  
do you w  
"I wa  
errand."

"Um  
"You  
can pene  
scoundre  
breast; a

"Ha;  
the prot  
myself, a  
guard on  
fencing.

Just t

been full of  
hesitate now.  
is Chastellar,  
must do any

and reached  
which he had  
sure, and the  
at question  
til the faint  
nt, and they  
lighted by a  
ar fixed into  
ited upon a

he said  
at some evil  
think Louis  
nd an unfor-

by heaven,  
Pah! How

when you  
ur lady they  
e me out of  
an innocent  
w, knowing  
be sound of  
Montreal to  
re Iroquois.

ndebted for  
a not, Louis

him at my

sword's length and he shall know what it is to make an enemy of me. Look you, De Lambert, I trusted that man in everything. I would have trusted him with my life—with my soul. He seemed to me an open honourable man, to whom a bad action would have been a thing impossible. That was my conception of Victor Lefebvre."

"I have seen the time when I would have said the same, but, like you, my eyes have been opened to his baseness only by my ruin. Do you know that I saw him to-day—yes, stood face to face with him for full ten minutes?"

"And you did not strike him dead at your feet?"

"I dared not. He holds the secret I must know before he dies."

"Yes, yes; he cannot die yet. Oh, my good, kind, considerate friend, when that is known, how small your chances of life! What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to go to Montreal upon an errand."

"Umph; it is risky."

"You shall have a disguise which no one can penetrate. I proved the temper of the scoundrel's blade to-day, for he struck at my breast, and the steel shivered in his hands."

"Ha; then Ahah has not deceived you about the protection? I think I will try his skill myself, for a sword point may get within my guard one of these days in spite of my skill in fencing. I—"

Just then a wild cry was heard, and Ahah

dashed into the cavern holding by the waist a diminutive, weazen-faced Frenchman, whose small countenance expressed the utmost terror. They knew him in a moment as a sly, treacherous scoundrel, who did the spying of Lefebvre. His name was Antoine Castor.

"Ha," cried Louis, starting to his feet. "You black-hearted dog, do you know that you have sealed your fate by spying upon me? Away with him, Abah, You know what to do."

"Oh, *mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" screamed the spy. "You do not, cannot mean to give me up to this black devil? Have mercy upon an innocent man."

"Innocent! By heaven, if you dare profane the name of innocence again you are no better than a dead man."

The wretch was on his knees, grovelling like a snake, and crawling to clasp the knees of the young outlaw, who regarded him sternly.

"Oh, Monsieur Louis—ah, Monsieur the Recluse, have mercy upon an unfortunate man, and save me from this black demon. I was forced to do it, Monsieur Louis—I was, indeed."

"You know me then," said Louis, knitting his brows. "Sir, do you think we dare take the great risk of allowing this man to live?"

"I am afraid not," replied the Recluse. "Since he has forced himself unbidden upon our privacy, he must bear the penalty of his presumption. Abah will attend to him."

"Wait. In the name of the Holy Virgin, wait. I can make myself useful to you if you will spare my life. I know my master's secrets and I will know more. Spare me, and I will

only live  
in all the  
than my  
*Diabes!*

"Star  
Recluse,  
man to o  
betray  
certain  
ago you  
upon Bo  
Do you h

"I?

speaking  
"How  
can thro  
and I wil  
Chambly  
Quebec,  
sary to  
disgrace.

allow Lou  
killed the  
Do you v  
who kille

"No,

"Do

ried Cha

"I thi  
poor wret

"You  
your ser

you shal

Labour f  
have alwa

by the waist, a  
man, whose  
utmost terror  
sly, treach-  
ing of Lefebre.

to his feet.  
know that you  
g upon me?  
what to do?"  
screamed the  
to give me up  
cry upon an

dare profane  
are no better

travelling like  
knees of the  
ernly.

monsieur the  
fortunate man,  
non. "I was  
was, indeed."  
his, knitting  
o dare take  
to live?"

he Recluse.  
idden upon  
nality of his  
him."

oly Virgin,  
you if you  
ter's secrets  
and I will

only live as a spy upon him, do your bidding in all things, work for your interests rather than my own. Send that black man away.

*Diable!* "How he grins at me."

"Stand aside for a moment, Abah," said the Recluse, solemnly. "I think we may bind this man to our interests so closely that he dare not betray us. Now, Antoine, let me recall a certain thing to your memory. Three years ago you were in Quebec, and a man was killed upon Point Levi on the night of June 12th, 1754. Do you happen to know who killed him?"

"I? I know nothing of this which you speak, monsieur."

"How very lucky for you. Fortunately I can throw some light upon this little matter, and I will do so. This man had been sent from Chambly to Montreal, and from thence to Quebec, with a paper in his possession necessary to save Captain Louis Chastellar from disgrace. It was not the cue of your master to allow Louis to escape, and he sent a man who killed the messenger, and the paper disappeared. Do you wish me to tell the name of the man who killed the messenger?"

"No, no; spare me."

"Do you know where that paper is now?" cried Chastellar, eagerly.

"I think I could find it," stammered the poor wretch. "I would try hard."

"You may have the opportunity. Transfer your services from Colonel Lefebre to me, and you shall never have reason to repent it. Labour for my interests as zealously as you have always done in those of my enemy, and I

shall have no reason to complain of you! But hesitate, dare to show by a word or act that you think of rebellion, and that moment you are doomed, past all redemption. Do you promise to join me?"

"I promise. What am I to do?"

"You are to go back to Montreal, and remain in the service of the colonel. You can act for us far better there than if you remain with us outside. Your first act will be to possess yourself of the paper which will prove my innocence, and bring it to me."

"I will do it."

"And remember one thing. Watchful eyes are on you, move where you will. The least token of yielding on your part will be the signal for your destruction. If at any time you see the sign of two crossed daggers placed before you, be sure that we are displeased with you, and that danger is very near."

"I shall be careful."

"You will do well. Once before death has been very near you, when you knew it not. It will follow you close if you do not beware."

"I will be very careful."

"In the day when you are slack, look for Abah to come to you."

"I shall not give him occasion," replied the other, casting a terrified glance at the gigantic figure of Abah, as he leaned against the wall. "Give me my instructions and let me go, and if I do not your will in all things, I shall deserve a visit from you."

"Agreed. You may go as soon as you like. Of course Lefebre sent you here."

THE  
"Yes  
and wher  
"Mur  
"Ah  
"Ant  
ave a car  
om fath  
Antoin  
er, abiec  
ook up t  
ize of ab  
ected wi  
The Recl  
nd began  
rapidly, b  
athe up S  
hemselve  
began to t  
gony bro  
started fr  
about, utt  
"Oh  
Help: rel  
your bos  
erish wh  
Oh!"  
There  
the old m  
looking as  
of which  
at with t  
"Do  
exhibition  
"The M  
little stool

"Yes; he told me to follow the Recluse, and find where he lurked, and—"

"Murder me if you got the chance."

"Ah, no, surely."

"Antoine" said the Recluse, quietly, "you have a certain respect for me, but you are far from fathoming me yet. Come here."

Antoine approached him in a cringing manner, abject humility upon his face. The Recluse took up two small pieces of wood, about the size of chisel handles, which seemed to be connected with a strangely shaped box at his feet.

The Recluse set his foot upon a small wheel, and began to turn it slowly, and then more rapidly, by means of a contrivance like a foot-staple. Spasmodic contractions began to show themselves in the face of Antoine, his arms began to twitch, and short yells of surprise and agony broke from his lips. The perspiration started from every pore, and he danced wildly about, utterly unable to drop the sticks.

"Oh, murder, *mille diables!* *Sacre bleu!* Help; release me, if you have any manhood in your bosom. Release me, or by the saints I perish where I stand. Oh! ha! ha! ha!—he! Oh!"

There was a slight movement of the foot of the old man, and Antoine dropped the handles, looking askance at the dangerous instrument, of which he had no conception. The Recluse sat with that unchanging smile upon his face.

"Do not go yet. You must see another exhibition of my power. Abah, come here."

The Moor came forward, and brought out a little stool elevated upon three glass legs, and



took one of the handles in his hand, and the wheel again began to turn, while Antoine looked on curiously, expecting to see the same contortions upon the part of the Moor which had so surprised him. But Abah made no sign except this: his long elf locks began to rise and separate, and a strange crackling sound proceeded from it. Abah dropped the handle and turned towards Antoine. "Strike him," whispered Louis, who was watching the proceedings with a keen relish. Abah raised his hand and struck the spy a slight blow upon the nose. Instantly the sparks flew from the proboscis of the terrified Frenchman, and he rolled upon the earth, uttering cries of the most wildest terror.

"That will do," said the Recluse, quietly. "He will not trouble us again soon by coming to this place. Abah, show him out." "Don't let him touch me," screamed Antoine. "The devil is in this place, I believe from my soul."

He darted out of the cave, followed more slowly by Abah, while the Recluse and Louis sat looking at each other with amazed faces.

"Yes, Louis," said the Recluse, "we have done a good work. This man dare not act against us, for his life is in danger. Fear not; we shall be sure to triumph in the end."

### CHAPTER III.

COLONEL LAWRENCE, upon reaching the place where he had left Antoine, had sent that worthy as a spy upon the Recluse, and had then re-

turned to  
Antoine's  
and expr  
had trust  
attern o  
only and  
ver, wh  
and while

"You  
one; "h  
that old  
might not  
"Noth  
upon a m  
"He s  
muttered,

"As th  
also there  
ion nor p  
as. Enou  
we cannot

"You  
iated stat  
ld man?

"You  
without fo  
or the bat

"I mus  
This is n  
ot a man  
Goralie

to the  
"Push  
Why are  
The bat

hand, and the earned to Montreal, his heart full of evil pas-  
 sions. Coralie walked by his side in silence, a  
 see the same sad expression upon her beautiful face. She  
 Moor as those had trusted in this man, had believed him a  
 it Abah made pattern of honour, and her idol had been sud-  
 locks began to only and rudely shattered. They reached the  
 racking sound ever, where the colonel signalled for a bateau,  
 and the handle and while they waited he turned to Coralie:

"Strike him," "You hate me now," he said, in a mournful  
 thing the pro- one; "but if you only knew how much cause  
 ah raised his hat that old fiend has given me to hate him you  
 blow upon the might not blame me so much."

w from the "Nothing can excuse your murderous assault  
 man, and he upon a man so old, Colonel Lefebre."

cries of the "He angered me beyond endurance," he  
 uttered, savagely.

fuse, quietly. "As there is a limit to human patience, so  
 i by coming also there is a point beyond which neither pas-  
 it." sion nor prejudice should be suffered to betray  
 "I screamed as. Enough of this; you will understand that  
 ce, I believe we cannot be friends after what has happened."

ollowed more "You cast me off then, upon the unsubstan-  
 and Louis tiated statements and accusations of an imbecile  
 ed faces. old man?"

"we have "You have proved that his charges are not  
 are not act without foundation, sir. Let us say no more,  
 Fear not; or the bateau is here."

nd." "I must speak," he said, lowering his voice,  
 This is not the end of my suite to you. I am  
 not a man easily baffled, and you shall find it so."

Coralie stepped forward as the bateau swept  
 to the bank, and took her place in it.

"Push her off, men," he said, hoarsely.  
 Why are you wasting time?"

The bateau swung away from the shore, and



the oars dropped together into the water. The boatmen set up a rowing song, for which the Canadian voyageurs are so famous, but the colonel stopped them fiercely.

The song immediately ceased. The boat quickly rounded the spur of the mountain which lay in their way. The party then disembarked and Coralie was assisted to her saddle, for horse stood waiting upon the bank.

"Listen to me," he said. "I beg your pardon for what I have done."

"I am not the one injured," she said.

"I repent deeply that I suffered my feelings to lead me astray. Say that I have not completely lost your esteem, and that I may visit you."

"As a friend of my reputed father you will always be welcome at my home," she answered quietly, "but not upon the same terms as before."

He sprung into the saddle, and they rode side by side into the growing city. They stopped in front of a stone building more pretentious than the rest, where Coralie dismounted.

"Am I to come in?" whispered the colonel.

"As you like, sir; but I would not advise at present," she answered, coldly.

The colonel touched his cap, with a grim smile, and rode rapidly away, and Coralie entered the house. She threw aside her hat and stepped into a room on the right of the great hall, where a white-haired man was writing.

This was Monsieur Gabriele Lavalle, the

puted fa  
lence, an

"Ah, r  
u retur  
ur ride.

"The s  
her," sh  
that.

"Not s  
on of my  
What is

"You  
ou would  
e," she

"Why  
"I will  
ear father

ou can te  
"That  
chair ne

I hope y  
"You h  
cted girl,

ad throw  
ashes hav  
ardly the

o more fo  
e. I was  
at I am r

"You a  
e name o  
old one,

en and tr  
ears ago,  
quarter of

the water. The  
g, for which th  
amous, but th  
ed. The boat  
mountain whic  
on disembarked  
addle, for horse  
beg your pardon  
she said.  
red my feeling  
have not come  
at I may visit  
father you will  
she answered  
ame terms  
and they rode  
city. The  
ding more pro  
Coralie dis  
red the colonel  
ld not advise  
with a grin  
and Coralie  
aside her ha  
ie right of th  
ired man  
Lavalley, th

puted father of Coralie, a man of wealth and in-  
fluence, and famous for charity and good deeds.  
"Ah, my dear," he said, looking up. "Have  
you returned so soon? I hope you enjoyed  
our ride."  
"The scenery is very fine from the mountain,  
her," she said, "but I did not come to speak  
that. Are you very busy?"  
"Not so busy but that I can give you a por-  
tion of my time, my dear child," he said, fondly.  
"What is it you wish?"  
"You promised me, a short time ago, that  
you would tell me all you know of my parent-  
age," she said. "I claim your promise now."  
"Why do you wish it?"  
"I will tell you that at some other time,  
my dear father. At present I am eager to know all  
you can tell."  
"That is very little, my dear one," drawing  
chair near him and asking her to sit down.  
"I hope you are not tired of me?"  
"You have been only too kind to an unpro-  
tected girl," she said, taking the seat at his side  
and throwing an arm about his neck. "My  
father has been law in a house where I have  
hardly the claim of a servant. No father could  
do more for a daughter than you have done for  
me. I was not thinking of that, but the thought  
that I am nameless makes me very sad."  
"You are not nameless, Coralie. You have  
the name of Lavalley, an honourable name and  
an old one, handed down by a long line of good  
men and true. I will tell you all I know. Ten  
years ago, I was walking alone in the poor  
quarter of Quebec, in the middle of the day.

A ragged boy, seeing me passing by, ran on and called to me, and entreated me to come in and see his father, who was very sick. I went in, and found a man lying upon a rude pallet in the last stages of consumption. His skin had that transparent waxen hue so often seen in those who are the victims of that terrible disease, and his lips already bore the ashy hue of death.

"I drew a chair and sat beside his bed, and as I did so I recognized him. He was at one time colour-sergeant in a cavalry regiment in France—a wild young blade, with a good heart—a man who would do anything for a friend and who never forgot a kindness. His name was Jacques Crillon.

"Jacques," I said, "I am sorry to see you so low."

"It is nearly over, Monsieur Laval," he said, feebly. "Almost over; the old soldier of France is very near his end. I did not expect when the boy ran out to call you in, that it would prove to be the man who has been so kind to me in the times long past. I cannot talk much, but have a duty to perform. Louis!

"The boy came in, and knelt weeping at the bedside.

"Do not weep, my boy," he said. "Remember that I have little time to spare and much to do. Bring the small brass-bound box from the chest."

"The boy sprang up and hurried into a little room which opened into the one in which the sick man lay.

"'Tis a good lad, monsieur," said Crillon

Be kind  
child of  
ough in

"Then  
ame out

ed. Ye

ere beau

r you w

lost, ma

"You

ear child

een more

ot a dau

have no

himself

rom the

"I call

ny knee,

reast. It

estled th

nd a hope

ve me, a

st. I can

peak. g

"I th

rich this

"Yes,

are of, an

ope for o

"You

"No.

You

"I can

contains

small box

ing by, ran out  
me to come in  
sick. I went  
a rude pallet  
His skin had  
often seen in  
that terrible  
the ashy hue  
le his bed, and  
le was at one  
y regiment in  
h a good hear  
; for a friend  
s. His name  
y to see you s  
Lavalle,' he  
old soldier of  
did not expect  
you in, that it  
has been so  
t. I cannot  
orm. Louis!  
I weeping a  
said. 'Re  
to spare and  
es-bound box  
d into a little  
in which the  
said Crillon

Be kind to him when I am gone, for he is the  
child of a soldier who has fought for France,  
though my sins are many. 'Coralie, come in.'

"Then a beautiful child, yourself, dear one,  
came out of the little room and stood beside the  
bed. Yes, in poverty, in that poor hut, you  
were beautiful, and I loved you from that hour,  
if you were the living image of a little daughter  
lost, many years ago.

"You see her, monsieur?" he said, "this  
dear child. She is eight years old, and has  
been more than a daughter to me, but she has  
not a daughter's claim upon me. For the boy  
have no fear, for he is old enough to take care  
of himself, but who will shelter this frail flower  
from the evils which are in the world?"

"I called you to me, and you eloped upon  
my knee, and laid your golden head against my  
breast. It had been so long since a little child had  
nestled there, that I felt my heart warm again,  
and a hope came into my heart that you would  
love me, and take the place of the child I had  
lost. I stopped Crillon as he was about to  
speak.

"I think I understand you, sergeant. You  
wish this child to be provided for?"

"Yes, yes; that is it. Let her be taken  
care of, and there is nothing more for me to  
hope for or to wish."

"You say that she is not your child?"

"No."

"You do not know her father?"

"I cannot tell you that. All I know of her  
is contained in this box," he said, pointing to a  
small box in the hands of the boy, who had come

out of the room with it in his hands. 'Give  
to the gentleman, Louis.'

"The boy laid it on my knee, but I did  
open it.

"No need to look at this now, sergeant.  
As you say, you may die soon, and I wish  
set your heart at rest. Would it satisfy you  
I took this child to be my own, and reared her  
up as one of my class?"

"Would you do that?" he gasped.

"If you will give her to me."

"She is yours. This is more than I hope  
for, and I am content to die. Louis, look  
this gentleman, and remember his name.

the time ever comes when you can be of use  
him, and that time may come—for strange  
things happen in this world—do it, even  
laying down your life for his sake."

"I will remember, father. But is the  
gentleman about to take Coralie away?"

"Yes."

"He need not take that trouble. Coralie  
and I have arranged it already. I am to take  
care of her and get rich, and when we are old  
enough she is to be my wife."

"Hear the boy," said the sergeant, laying  
his hand upon the boy's dark hair. "He would  
do it too, if he had his will. Listen to me,  
Louis. It is a long and hard path by which  
fame and riches are gained, and in that path  
this tender child would see much sorrow. The  
gentleman will give Coralie a home at once, and  
a happy one, and you can work out your own  
future. You will not stand in her way?"

"No," replied the boy, with a sob, "but

ralie lo

if I go

"You

m, and

"No,

get you

me, an

"The

pu, and

"Tak

e said.

er sake

ou or

yourself, an

"An

oy, I sa

can give

"He v

his fathe

nough i

While we

on was n

lamp of d

to bend ch

"Kee

o the chi

ne, boy;

Wife!

"And

oved upo

After the

time to th

come to n

me a mess

and to th

hands. 'Give Coralie loves me now, and he will let her forget  
me if I go away.'

'You sprang down from my knee and ran to  
me, and held up your hands:

'No, no, Louis,' you said. 'I will not  
forget you, and when you are rich you will come  
to me, and I will be your wife.'

'The boy raised you in his arms and kissed  
you, and then set you upon my knee again.

'Take her, monsieur, and be kind to her,'  
he said. 'It is hard to give her up, but for  
her sake I can bear it. I promise not to trouble

you or her until I have made a name for  
myself, and when that is done I will come to you.'

'And you shall be welcome, my brave  
boy,' I said. 'But why not come with me now?  
I can give you much help.'

'He would not agree to that; neither would  
his father allow it. They said I would do  
enough if I gave you a shelter and a home.

While we talked of your future I saw that Cris-  
tion was nearly gone, and took his hand. The  
lamp of death was on it, and he beckoned me

to bend closer.

'Keep the box,' he said, 'it may be of use  
to the child. Take my other hand, Louis. Kiss  
me, boy; your father is going home. Mother!  
Wife!

'And with the names of those whom he had  
loved upon his lips, the soldier of France died.  
After the funeral I missed Louis, and from that  
time to this I have never seen him. He has not  
come to me, but from time to time he has sent  
me a messenger to say that he was doing well,  
and to thank me for my care of you.'

"I remember him as a child remembers she said. "I was only eight years old, and was fifteen. He is a man now, and I think noble one. But why does he not come to us?"

"I do not know. For two years I have not heard from him in any way. God be with him wherever he may be, for he had a noble heart."

He went to a sort of safe or cabinet in the corner of the room, and revealed a number of articles of value, plate, and jewellery, and from the darkest corner he took a small brass-bound box with a key hanging to it by a string.

"You shall open it," he said, putting the key in her hand, and dropping his head upon his palm. "I have not the heart to do it."

He heard the key turning in the lock, heard the grating of the rusty hinges, and Coralline uttered an exclamation of surprise. Looking up quickly, he saw the box open before her, and she was looking wildly into it. The box was empty!

#### CHAPTER IV.

ANTOINE, the spy of Colonel Lefebre, did not love his master. He was bound to him by no common tie; for his secrets, which were many and bloody, were in his master's hands, while he knew enough of the past life of the colonel to work him great evil. Upon his return to the city after his encounter with the Recluse and his friends, he went at once to his master. But the colonel was in a bad humour, having just



ERER; OR,

THE RECLUSE OF MONT ROYALE

ild remembers  
years old, and  
w, and I think  
not come to us  
years I have no  
God be with him  
e had a noble  
cabinet in the  
nd a number of  
ellery, and from  
small brass-bound  
a string.  
id, putting the  
his head upon  
rt to do it."  
the lock, heard  
s, and Coralie  
rise. Looking  
en before her  
it. The box  
febre, did not  
to him by ne  
h were many  
ands, while he  
the colonel to  
return to the  
Recluse and  
master. But  
having just

ted with Coralie, and his first greeting of  
voine made the man angry.  
"Ha, you have come back then, you scoun-  
d? Why did you wait so long?"  
"I came as soon as I could. I tried to find  
lurking place of the Recluse of Mont  
vale, but could not."  
"You are a natural liar, and I cannot tell  
en to believe you," said the colonel. "Let it  
be for the present. Go to Major Leslie's  
quarters, and tell him that a suspicious char-  
ter, whom I believe to be a spy, is lurking  
on Mont Royale. Order him to send out a  
ard of twelve men to take the person prisoner,  
ve or dead."  
"Your orders shall be obeyed, sir."  
Half an hour after the detail started in the  
ection of Mont Royale, under the lead of a  
y-haired sergeant, a man who had served  
nce well for over forty years. Antoine was  
th them, though he had no real wish to be  
viceable to his master, and was far from any  
ign of laying a hand upon the terrible  
cluse. The guard proceeded at a brisk pace,  
as they crossed the plain which intervened  
ween the city and the mountain, they were  
by a young Indian, in the war dress of the  
rona of the lakes—a stalwart, muscular young  
n, carrying a gun, knife, and hatchet.  
The sergeant, having been in the country  
twenty years, demanded "Who are you?"  
"I am Gehardo the Huron, and have come  
smoke a pipe with my white brothers at  
ntreal. I have news for the great war-chief  
febre."



“Have you crossed Mont Royale?”

“Gehardo would not make a longer path because the way is rough. He came by path.”

“Did you see any one upon the mountain?”

“Yes. A spirit walks upon the mountain the ghost of a white man with white hair upon his face, which comes down to his knees. It is the spirit of the rocks and trees, and his face was under a cloud. Gehardo, who fears the man, trembled in the presence of the White Spirit.”

“Where did you see him?”

“He stood upon a rock leaning upon a rock. His eyes were living coals; his voice was the voice of the Great Spirit when he speaks to the clouds, and the Indians bow themselves. Let my brothers turn back,” he said, persuasively, laying his hand upon the breast of the sergeant, “and let him not face the White Spirit when his anger is hot.”

“We must go on,” said the sergeant. “If you are not too weary, I would have you go back with us and show us where you saw the White Spirit.”

“Gehardo cannot go back. His face is turned toward the great wigwam of the French, and he cannot go back until his work is done. Do not my brothers be angry with Gehardo because he does as his chief commands.”

“Pass on, then,” said the sergeant, “we have a duty to perform.”

The Indian moved off with a rapid step, and was quickly lost to sight, and the sergeant

order t  
ozen st  
or, and  
hand a  
se of  
ting fro  
What  
om his  
it?”  
It wa  
Antoin  
Where  
How c  
e out of  
It look  
t of tha  
r lips a  
illy pale.  
Nothin  
and rece  
Recluse  
k in his  
is all.”  
We are  
ward a  
They qui  
bing the  
ading th  
oine had  
ugh a dec  
hey had  
to look  
lying pr  
on his  
him wit

CERER;   
 Royale?"

ake a longer p  
 He came by t

upon the mo

on the mounta

h white half u

o his knees. Y

rees, and his f

o, who fears

nce of the W

"

ning upon a s

; his voice wa

when he speak

bow themsel

"he said, p

pon the brea

ot face the W

e sergeant.

ould have yo

here you saw

His face is

ne French, an

rk is done

with Gebardo

mands." edl

ergeant, "we

a rapid step,

the sergeant

order to advance. They had scarcely taken  
 dozen steps when Antoine uttered a cry of  
 or, and, turning, they saw him holding in  
 hand a small piece of silver, worked into the  
 of two crossed swords, his eyes half  
 ting from his head.

"What is that?" asked the sergeant, taking  
 from his hand, quickly. "Where did you  
 it?"

"It was hanging on the skirt of my coat,"  
 Antoine, with pale lips trembling with fear.

"Where did it come from?"

"How can I tell? It was not there when I  
 e out of the city."

"It looks like the jewel of a secret order, but  
 at of that? Why, man, you are frightened;

r lips are white as ashes, and your face is  
 ily pale. What does this mean?"

"Nothing," stammered Antoine, appalled at  
 on receiving the signal of warning which

Recluse had promised to send, if he became  
 k in his duty. "I—I don't understand it,

is all."  
 "We are wasting time," said the sergeant.

ward all."  
 They quickened their pace, and were soon

bing the smooth sides of the mountain,  
 ading their way through the thick trees.

oine had fallen behind, and as they passed  
 ough a deep thicket, he suddenly disappeared.

hey had noticed his departure and gone  
 to look for him, they would have seen  
 lying prostrate on the sod, with the foot of

h on his breast, and the Recluse standing  
 him with a stern face. The footsteps of

the soldiers died away in the distance, Abah, obeying a sign from the Recluse, moved his foot from the breast of the fallen man, and suffered him to rise.

"You have broken your faith early, Antoine," said the Recluse. "What have you say for yourself to save your life?"

"I swear by the saints that I have not been faithless," pleaded Antoine. "The Colonel was dissatisfied with my report, and ordered me to accompany the guard to the mountain."

"For what purpose?"

"To take you prisoner."

"Upon what ground?"

"Upon the ground that you are a spy in the service of the English," replied the man.

"I could do nothing to stop him," said Antoine. "I ordered me to go back to him, and of course he would not listen to me."

"I believe you," said the Recluse. "When you return to your master, take this paper and lay it on his table. Do not let him see you with it there, but keep a watch upon him, and tell me what he does when he reads it. Make him know, and rejoin the soldiers, and have no fear of anything they can do to me."

Antoine hurried on, and found the soldiers clustered together, eagerly discussing the future course.

"Diab!es, Antoine!" cried the sergeant. "What a fright you have been in. You must not hang back in this manner, or you will feel the weight of my hand."

"I hurt my foot and had to stop," replied Antoine. "I am no more frightened than

THE  
self,  
You  
of wh  
fools  
back  
use of  
as he  
the voi  
at ha  
the ser  
of the  
rt dist  
the  
had ju  
n and  
What  
t. "I  
You p  
e from  
petty  
ers of l  
Recluse  
Let us  
and  
r can  
less,  
soldier  
as to  
treat.  
at in th  
plemn s  
out in

self, sergeant, and we are wasting time  
 You will never catch this Will-o'-the-  
 of whom you are in pursuit."

"Fools!" cried a hollow voice close at hand.  
 back to your master and tell him that the  
 use of Mont Royale is not to be taken by  
 as he."

The voice seemed to come from the woods  
 at hand, and, shouting to his men to fol-  
 the sergeant sprung forward in the direc-  
 of the voice. They penetrated the woods  
 a short distance, when a burst of savage laugh-  
 the same voice sounded upon the spot  
 had just left, and all paused in utter con-  
 fusion and dismay.

"What means this?" whispered the ser-  
 geant. "It is witchcraft."

"You pursue a phantom," cried the same  
 voice from another quarter. "Dogs, minions  
 of a petty despot, fly for your lives! The  
 soldiers of Lefebvre shall never lay a hand upon  
 the Recluse of Mont Royale!"

"Let us go back, Antoine. The Indian was  
 right, and we are fighting a shadow. You  
 cannot take this strange being. It is  
 useless, I fear," and the sergeant led  
 his soldiers down the mountain-side, eager  
 as to who could be first in the city of  
 Montreal.

## CHAPTER V.

Darkness reigned in the city of Montreal, deep and dark.  
 A solemn stillness rested upon it. The lights  
 burned out in nearly every house, but one burned

in the library window of Monsieur Lavallo he was there, but not alone. Lefebvre with him, seated at the other side of the table with a savage look upon his handsome face.

"Once more I ask you, Monsieur Lavallo, if I obtain your daughter's love, will you give your consent?"

"I make no promises in advance, my colonel. If Coralie should love you, far be it from me to stand in the way of her happiness. But, from what I have heard her say, I do not see if there is any hope for you."

"Have your own way, monsieur," said the colonel, sullenly. "But you must beware of one thing. Look out that her father does not come to life to dispossess you of the daughter you love."

"What do you mean? Who told you that?"

"Never mind that now. I am not easily baffled, and I have sworn to make this lady my wife. No one shall come between us, and if he does he goes down. Look to yourself, you have made me your enemy."

"This interview had better end, colonel," said Lavallo, rising. "I am not accustomed to threats, nor will I endure them, even from you."

"I have not threatened you, sir, nor have I any intention of doing so. As you desire to terminate this interview, I will leave you, with the understanding that you soon hear from me again."

Lavallo rang a bell at his elbow and a servant entered.

Monsieur Lavalley show Colonel Lefebvre out, Henri, and bear  
one. Lefebvre and that I am not at home to him at any  
er side of the until further orders. You may instruct  
handsome face fellow-servants in this respect. Colonel  
Monsieur Lavre, good-night."

love, will you e colonel bowed low, and walked out  
y. In the corridor he met Coralie, who  
advance, my passing him with a quiet nod, when he  
love you, far b ed her by a gesture.

y of her happi Excuse me, mademoiselle; I have some-  
d her say, I de to communicate."

onsieur," said Be as quick as possible, colonel, as it is  
u must beware g late."

er father does I shall not detain you long. I merely  
u of the daug to inform you that your father has for-  
n me the house. Was this done at your  
est?"

Who told you a I know nothing of it, but no doubt you  
him good cause."

I am not ea Then you uphold him? That is all I  
ake this lady ed to know, and I bid you good-night."

tween us, and s the door closed upon him, Lefebvre stop-  
k to yourself, and looked back at the house. There was  
y." thing fearful in the look with which he

er end, colon ded it, and, if Coralie had seen him then,  
not accustom must have been satisfied that he was a bad  
hem, even fr at heart.

Now that I have been insulted," he mut-

, "I shall have the heart to go to work.

this Recluse is a heavy burden on me.

and what is he? What does he know of

ollies and crimes of my past life? I would

ten thousand Louis to know that he is

er the sod.

Done!" whispered a low voice. "Con-

sider him under the sod whoever he be."

Lefebre wheeled quickly, with his hand on his sword, and saw a man standing close watching him.

"Who are you?" he cried.

"A desperate man," replied the other. "You mentioned a large sum of money should be glad to earn it."

"Your name?"

"What are names to you or me? Call any name you like, but employ me. I give my word that when you spoke your thought aloud just now I was on the point of knocking you down for the sake of any valuables you might have about you. I have changed my mind, and would like to have you employ me."

"Do you know the way to Colonel Lefebre's quarters?"

"Yes."

"Have you the word?"

"I have."

"Then proceed at once to the colonel's quarters and show this ring to the guard. Tell him that you were instructed by the man who gave you this to wait in the hall until he comes. I think you are the man I want, but I can tell better when I see how you look."

The man took the ring and strode rapidly away, while the colonel stood for a moment in deep thought, and then followed the stranger slowly. The moment he was gone a dark figure stole out of the shadow of the building and



and whoever he  
with his hand  
standing close

ed.  
replied the o  
sum of money

or me? Call  
employ me. I give  
take your thou  
point of knock  
any valuables  
have changed  
have you em

Colonel Lefel

to the colo  
to the guard  
ucted by the  
in the hall  
the man I w  
I see how

nd strode rap  
for a momen  
wed the stran  
rone a dark fig  
building and

ved him with a rapid, noiseless tread, far  
ough behind not to be easily detected. But  
the colonel was a wary man, and he had not gone  
ny steps when he became satisfied that some  
was following him. He made no sign to  
licate this knowledge, but kept on his course,  
h his hand upon the hilt of a pistol ready  
action, until he met the patrol, who stopped  
n. Having given the word, he beckoned  
e sergeant in charge of the patrol to come  
ser.

"Some one follows me," he said. "See  
o it is, and if he is one who cannot give an  
ount of himself, bring him to the guard-  
use."

The patrol moved away, and the dark figure  
hich had followed the colonel came to a stand,  
d looked quickly about him.

"*Halte la!*" cried the patrol, as he saw this  
sitation. "Advance, and give the word."

Instead of obeying the summons, the person  
rned upon his heel and ran swiftly down a  
arrow street to the right. The patrol instantly  
arted in pursuit, but they might as well have  
ased the wind. When they reached the en-  
ance to the street the object of their suspicion  
as already out of sight, and they could not  
ar the sound of his feet.

"The devil!" muttered the sergeant.  
Now, what shall we say when we report this  
the morning?"

"My advice is to say nothing about it, my  
ergeant," said one of the men. "It can only  
us into trouble, and it is not our fault if we  
annot catch a fellow who runs like a fox."



"That is true," said the sergeant. "Let us agree then upon one story, in case the colonel should make inquiries. The person turned out to be a citizen who knew the word, and gave good account of himself."

"Agreed."

"Forward, then, *mes enfants!*" said the sergeant, in a cheerful tone. "Let us do our duty."

The feet of the patrol had scarcely ceased to sound when the same dark figure stole out of the narrow street, and before the colonel had gone a dozen squares he was again followed and watched. But this time the spy was more careful, and the colonel did not detect him until he stopped in front of his own quarters and received the salute of the guard at the door.

"A man came half an hour ago and showed your ring, and now waits for you in the hall, *mon colonel*," said the man.

"Very well," replied the colonel. "I sent him here to await my orders. Has Antoine come in?"

"Yes, *mon colonel*."

"Has Sergeant Darnay been here to report?"

"He has, *mon colonel*, and now waits in the hall."

The colonel passed the guard and entered the hall, where he found Sergeant Darnay and Antoine conversing in eager tones, and the man he had sent in seated in one corner of the hall fast asleep.

"Follow me, sergeant," said Lefebre. "You are to come also, Antoine."

ergeant. "Let us  
in case the colonel  
person turned out  
word, and gave

*fante!*" said the  
"Let us do our

scarcely ceased to  
figure stole out of  
the colonel had  
s again followed  
he spy was more  
not detect him  
s own quarters  
to guard at the

ago and showed  
you in the hall

olonel. "I sent  
Has Antoine

here to report?"  
ow waits in the

rd and entered  
nt Darnay and  
es, and the man  
ner of the hall.

Lefebre. "You

The two men followed him submissively to  
private room, and stood awaiting his  
ers. The colonel was in no hurry, for he  
out a bottle of brandy, filled a bumper for  
a man, and poured out a little for himself.  
"Drink that off before you begin, my men,"  
said, and then I will hear your report. "I  
nk to you."

"And I to you, mon colonel," said the ser-  
gent. "Are you ready to hear my report?"  
"Have you been successful?"

"No."

"Then make your story as short as you can,  
get it done."

Sergeant Darnay was not a man to waste  
eds, and in as brief space as possible he told  
that had happened that afternoon upon  
nt Royale. Lefebre heard him in silence,  
ing carelessly with his glass as he proceeded,  
occasionally taking a sip from the contents.

"I am not surprised that you failed, Ser-  
gent Darnay," he said, when the report was  
shed. "You had no common man to deal  
h, and I am far from certain that I should  
e succeeded any better in person. I be-  
e that you have done all that was possible  
er the circumstances, and I reflect no dis-  
lit upon you for your failure. You say that  
had a fair shot at this strange being?"

"At twenty paces, colonel. You know  
I am not likely to miss a fair mark at that  
ance, and I am sure the bullet struck him  
r the heart."

"Yet he plucked it from his clothing and  
g it back at you?"

"He did."

"What became of him then?"

"He disappeared, faded out of sight in vision. I am not ashamed to say that I did not stop to look for him after that."

"Your report is accepted, sergeant, and you may return to your quarters. If I need you again I will send you word. You may go to Antoine, and as you pass through the hall awake the man who is sleeping there, and bid him to the door of my room. And, look, do not dare to spy about my door after that, but retire to your room at once."

"Yes, colonel," said Antoine, humbly.

A moment after the man who had been waiting rapped at the door and was admitted at once. The colonel looked keenly at him as he entered, and pointed to a chair. The stranger took the seat indicated, and the two looked at each other in silence for full five minutes. The stranger was clothed in garments which he had once been of rich stuff, but were now faded and worn. A certain jaunty air indicated that he had once moved in the higher rank of society, but his face was that of one made prematurely aged by excess and riot. The prominent expression was of complete recklessness, as if of a person who cared nothing for his future comfort. His frame was powerful, and he was still active and strong.

"I have obeyed your orders, and I am here," he said. "What do you require of me? I have told you beforehand that I am so careless of my fortune that it matters nothing to me whether I undertake the adventure I am called upon

then?"  
 I out of sight li  
 ed to say that  
 ter that."  
 ed, sergeant, and  
 ers. If I need  
 l. You may go  
 ss through the  
 ping there, and b  
 n. And, look  
 ny door after  
 once."  
 toine, humbly.  
 n who had bee  
 and was adm  
 d keenly at his  
 a chair. The  
 the two look  
 full five min  
 n garments w  
 but were now f  
 y air indicat  
 igher rank of  
 made premat  
 The prominent  
 cklessness, as  
 r his future cov  
 he was still ad  
 rs, and I am be  
 uire of me? I  
 so careless of  
 hing to me  
 m called upon

rtake if the success of the enterprise is  
 d in money to a sufficient amount."  
 Move your chair up the table, sir," said  
 colonel. "You overheard what I said  
 I came out of that house to-night. Could  
 take upon yourself to put an obnoxious  
 on out of the way?"  
 I said so. What is a man's life? I have  
 my own in my hand, ready to yield up for  
 ast ten years. I care nothing for the life  
 ny one, if it stands in my way. Who is  
 you wish to see put under the sod?"  
 There is a person who haunts Mont Royale,  
 s known as the Recluse—an old man, who  
 ts with a staff, and has a long gray beard  
 hing to his waist. This creature has in-  
 ed me by references to events in my past  
 which I would keep secret, and I will give  
 rge sum to know that he is no more."  
 How much will you give for this know-  
 e? Of course I know that you will not  
 the amount which you named to-night,  
 her will I exact it. But say for yourself  
 t you regard this man's life as worth."  
 "Two thousand Louis'."  
 "Paid down?"  
 "Paid when you bring me certain evidence  
 t he is dead."  
 "What would you regard as certain evi-  
 ce?"  
 "I must see the body or a part of it."  
 "How much time do you give me for the  
 k?"  
 "It must be done quickly. The longer ha  
 s the more danger I am in. He must not

be allowed to come to Montreal, or to see the lady who resides here, who is called Cora Lavallo."

"Are you particular as to the manner which he meets his death?"

"I am not. By steel, bullet, or poison, you like."

"You are a cool hand; mon colonel," said the man, quietly. "It is a pleasure to talk with you, for you come to the point at once and call things by their right names. I agree to your terms, and will endeavour to carry out your plans at once. You say that he lurks at Mont Royale: may I ask if he has a habitation of any kind there?"

"I do not know. You must lie in wait for him until he shows himself, and then do your work. What shall I call you?"

"Call me Neville. I had a name once, as proud as the proudest; but I have lost my claim to it long ago—am nameless, homeless, friendless, the tool of any man who is willing to pay me for the strength that is in my arm. I had better keep this ring you have given me as a means of gaining access to your work."

"Yea. Let us drink to the success of your work."

The brandy was poured out, and the man called Neville held his glass up to the light and watched the gleams in its clear depths.

"Ay, sparkle and shine, seducing liquid! This it is that led me astray; this it is which drove me out from the society of my kind, and made me a murderer and outlaw. This my

ontreal, or to see east. To the speedy death of the Recluse of  
o is called Cora Mont Royale."

to the manner royale," repeated Colonel Lefebre.

ullet, or poison, "Fools," cried a solemn voice. "His life is  
ot at the mercy of such villains as you!"

mon colonel," sa

a pleasure to ta

the point at onc

t. names. I agr

avour to carry o

y that he lurks

e has a habitati

ust lie in wait f

and then do you

?"

a name once,

I have lost m

neless, homeless

who is willing t

t is in my arm

you have give

access to yo

success of you

t, and the ma

to the light and

depths.

educing liquid

this it is which

f my kind, and

aw. This my

## CHAPTER VI.

THE glass dropped from the raised hand of  
Colonel Lefebre, and was shivered to fragments  
at his feet.

"A spy," he said, in a whisper, "By the  
owers we will have him out, whoever he may  
e."

A hollow laugh filled the room, and the  
colonel sat trembling, not strong enough to  
raise his hand from the table. His fear was  
infectious, for Neville began to look blankly at  
his employer.

"Do you recognise the voice?"

"Yes; it is the voice of the man you are to  
kill, the Recluse of Mont Royale."

"Ha! you say well that this is no common  
man," said Neville, springing to the window.

"I will see to this."

He flung open the blind and looked out.  
As he did so a flash illuminated the darkness  
outside, and he received a blow which sent him  
reeling to the floor. He recovered in an in-  
stant, sprang at the window, and leaped to the  
earth, eight feet below. Lefebre heard him  
running to and fro in eager haste, but he soon  
came back, and climbed into the window with  
a look of deep surprise upon his face.

"If I were not a reasonable man I should say that this was the work of the devil himself," he hissed. "I can find no trace of one about the house, and the guard says nobody has passed his post. No old one dealt such a blow as that which I received minutes ago."

"He nearly broke my arm once," said the colonel. "Pick up that paper on the floor was not there before."

Neville stooped and raised the paper, cast his eyes hastily over it and laid it down before Lefebre.

"For you," he said, quietly. Lefebre drew the light nearer and looked at the document with wildly dilating eyes.

"Beware!" it said. "The measure of your guilt is full, and your doom is near at hand. The ghosts of your murdered victims have come and asked me why you are spared so long, and I cannot answer them. Do wrong to Coralie Lavallo, or to the old man who gives her a home, lest a worse thing happen you. Your new tool will find to cost what it is to deal with—THE RECLUSE MONT ROYALE."

"He is a bold fellow," said Neville, bringing his clenched hand down upon the table.

"It will be worth my while to pit myself against him, but I shall conquer in the end."

"I do not fear him," replied the colonel.

"He need not think to frighten me."

"Is there any other work for me to do as he is under the sod?"

"Plenty of work, if you can accomplish



reasonable man I should  
work of the devil I  
find no trace of  
the guard says  
st. No old one  
which I received

arm once," said  
aper on the floor

aised the paper,  
it and laid it do

etly. Lefebvre d  
ed at, the docum

The measure of y  
m is near at ha  
dered victims h  
you are spared  
ver them. Do  
or to the old m  
est a worse th  
ool will find to

—THE RECLUSE

said Neville, brin  
n upon the tab  
ile to pit my  
uer in the end."  
plied the colon  
ten me."  
for me to do af

I can accompli

You shall roll in riches if you can do  
you have promised."

"I shall do it," replied Neville. "Come  
to me and I will tell you my plans."

and the two sat by the table drinking  
, and perfecting the plot which was to  
the downfall of their enemies.

Meanwhile, those enemies were not idle.  
In the darkness three figures stole softly to  
back part of the building, and the door

was opened and admitted them. The one  
who opened the door was Antoine, who cast

glances at the three sombre figures.  
They followed him through the silent house,

going with cautious steps, and he did not  
relax until the door of his own room was

opened. One of them let his hood drop from  
his face and he saw the long, white beard, pale

and gleaming eyes of the Recluse.  
"So far you have been faithful, my friend,"

he said; "but woe to you if you break faith.  
The men are still over their bottle?"

"Yes."  
"Do you think they will call for more  
wine?"

"In an hour's time my master will call for  
your favourite wine, which is kept in yonder  
cellar."

"Do you uncork it, or does he?"  
"I generally do that."

"Very good. You will take this small  
bottle, and, without being seen, drop the cork  
into the bottle."

"I—I dare not."

"You dare not; beware!"

"Is it poison?" gasped Antoine.

"No, fool! I give you my word only put them to sleep and leave me at to search the room before I leave this. Come, do you obey or not?"

"I obey."

"You will do well. Obey me in everything your fortune is made. You are labouring in behalf of the innocent against the guilty. Is that well?"

"From my master's room. It calls for."

"Go then, but be cautious."

Antoine hurried out, and was gone in a few moments. As he expected, the Recluse had sent him for wine.

"Do you think he will be angry if you take the bottle here?"

"No."

"Then open it, and since you are so nervous, I will put the narcotic in with my own hand."

Antoine went into the closet and appeared with a bottle of wine and a cork. He threw off the wire and lead and drew the cork. The Recluse emptied the contents of the vial into the bottle, shook it up well, and replaced the cork lightly.

"That will do. In twenty minutes he has taken that and will be asleep. Wait here until you return, Antoine."

The servant went out with the wine, and shortly returned with a pale, scared face.

"Did they drink of the wine?" asked the Recluse, sternly.

"Yes," he said. "Oh, if it turns out to be poison!"

sped Antoine.  
"You are my word  
and leave me at  
ore I leave this  
not?"

bey me in everyth  
You are labour  
ainst the guilty.

room. It calls for  
ations."  
; and was gone  
expected, the

ll be angry if yo

nce you are so se  
in with my own  
e closet and o  
wine and a cork  
d lead and dr  
tied the conte  
hook it up we

wenty minute  
ill be asleep.  
n, Antoine."  
with the win  
le, scared face  
the wine?"

if it turns out

ison, you blockhead! Am I likely to  
t murder?"

don't know—you hate this man so much,"  
ured Antoine. "But, you promised to  
e blameless."

He will so arrange that it will seem to be  
rk of robbers," said the Recluse; "you  
e bound when we leave."

After an hour passed, and the three stole  
y to the door of the colonel's room and  
d. The Recluse looked through the  
e, and saw that the two men were sitting  
ble with their heads resting upon it, as  
p.

"All safe," he said. "Come in, all of you,  
very careful."

They entered the room, and to make sure  
he sleeping men did not awake too soon,  
ere bound and gagged, and laid upon  
or. The shutters had been closed after  
e leaped out in search of the owner of  
ce who had interrupted them over their  
ous plans. The Recluse set to work upon  
abinet which stood in the room. It was  
A mass of papers were tumbled out  
he table, and two of the men began to  
them over, evidently searching for par-  
ones. The search for a time seemed  
to be unsuccessful, for nothing rewarded  
earch. At last one of them took up an  
hioned miniature and tossed it to the  
e.

"That is something," cried the strange man,  
y. "The papers must be here, for they  
together."

"Does this look like it?" said the Recluse, throwing a parchment across the table. Recluse unfolded it, looked hurriedly at the contents, and uttered a low exclamation of joy. "Found!" he cried, "after years of sorrow and pain—found at last! Come away, friend; our work here is done!"

## CHAPTER VII.

COLONEL LEFEBRE was found by the servant next morning lying upon his back, his arms stretched across the body of Neville, who was in a state like unhappy strait. When Lefebre saw the cabinet in confusion, papers tossed about the floor, gold and jewels gleaming everywhere, he uttered a cry of dismay, and sprung to collect the scattered papers. He knew exactly which papers he should miss, and his face was as pale as ashes as he searched for them in vain.

"What have you lost?" demanded Neville.

"Something which I value dearer than my life, and which I must have at any sacrifice."

"Who do you think has it?"

"The man most likely to use it against me—the Recluse of Mont Royale."

"Ha!" said Neville. "I must get to work if I am to earn two thousand Louis' to-day. By the way, do you remember whether your wine was touched or not when your friend brought it in last night?"

"I think it was," said the colonel.

"The bottle," said Neville, "was unopened for I remember that the fellow had the cork screw fixed in the top when he came in."

"... it?" said the colonel, as he drugged, I can find it out, as I have a  
 across the table. "I will find in St James who is a chemist, and with  
 ed hurriedly at the door. "With your permission I will take this down and get  
 exclamation of joy. "I will go to test it."

"after years of sorrow." "Do so; prove to me that Antoine has  
 "Come away, friend," said the man, "I have deceived false and his doom is sealed."

Antoine, who had been released some time  
 fore, was now spying at the key-hole, and he  
 knew his danger if that liquor ever came into  
 the hands of a chemist.

"The bottle must never go to the chemist's,"  
 he muttered. "At any hazard, I must stop  
 it."

"Never mind it just now, Neville," said  
 Lefebre, putting the bottle in the cabinet.  
 "We have not time to waste upon such small  
 things as Antoine."

While they were yet in consultation, a man  
 came up to say that an Indian wished to see  
 the colonel. He went, and found the young  
 Huron, whom the guard had met at the foot of  
 Mont Royale, waiting for him.

"What do you wish with me?" demanded  
 the colonel.

"The war-chief sent me to say that the  
 Senegees know that our French father is about  
 to drive them out of the Mohawk country. A  
 white chief who is with the Huron sent this."

And from beneath his blanket the young  
 chief drew out a paper, which he handed to the  
 colonel. It was a dispatch from a scout who  
 had been working in the section to the west of  
 Picconderoga. The news was unimportant, and  
 Lefebre tore the paper with an exclamation of  
 disgust.

"Have you nothing more to say, Huron?"

"Yes; yesterday, as I crossed the mountain I met your young men, who were searching for the Graybeard. I told them I had seen him, and they went their way. My father, I have seen him again."

"Where?"

"In the path between the great wigwams of the white men. He came like a shadow, and spoke words of terror in the ears of Gehardo. Listen, my brother. I have seen the sky when the Great Spirit is angry. I have looked on the big water, Ontario, when the stormy wind was at play, and I did not tremble. Yet, Gehardo fears the Graybeard. He spoke and the Huron heard his voice, and trembled, and obeyed his commands."

"What were they?"

"He said: 'Go to the war-chief, Lefebre, and give him this.'"

As he spoke he put his hand into his bosom and drew out a ring, which he placed in the hand of the colonel. Lefebre started, and uttered a cry of agony terrible to hear. The immovable face of the Indian did not change, and he looked quietly at the colonel, evidently surprised at his emotion.

"You red villian," he screamed, "How dare you bring this to me?"

"Does my brother ask the question. Who would dare to disobey the words of the Graybeard? Gehardo has done his bidding, and now he will go."

The Indian wrapped his blanket and stalked away, unheeding

colons  
and lo

"T

dust s

it com

life c

beaut

your

I was

from

injury

falter

your

He

slowly

Half s

and r

island

to per

At

Mont

sitting

they

perfec

Englis

York,

a pint

and st

and th

"I

Chast

somev

one of

and ev

I cann

to say, Huron?"  
 "I had seen him  
 y father, I have

reat wigwams of  
 a shadow, and  
 ars of Gehardo.  
 n the sky when  
 e looked on the  
 ormy wind was  
 Yet, Gehardo  
 and the Huron  
 and obeyed his

chief, Lefebre,

nto his bosom  
 placed in the  
 started, and  
 o hear. The  
 not change,  
 nel, evidently

ned. "How

stion. Who  
 ords of the  
 his bidding.

et

colonel to return. Lefebre picked up the ring and looked at it closely.

"The hand which wore this ring has been dust and ashes for fifteen years. How then has it come back to me? Must all the evils of my life come home to me now? Poor, wronged, beautiful Juliette, the man who sent you to your grave will never know a happy hour. Yet I was not all to blame. He came—he stole you from me, and I never forgot nor forgave the injury. I must go on in my work, and never falter nor turn back, even though you rise from your grave to accuse me."

He hid the ring in his bosom and went back slowly to the room in which he had left Neville. Half an hour after, the accomplice left the city and moved toward the northern end of the island, walking swiftly as one who had a duty to perform.

At the Three Lilies, the principal inn of Montreal, a gay party of young officers were sitting over their wine, and talking of the deeds they were to do when the Great Marquis perfected his plans for the destruction of the English settlements and forts in upper New York, when a young man came in and called for a pint of wine. The young officers looked up and stopped their conversation for a moment, and then went on as before.

"I was telling you about this Louis Chastellar, whom I knew in Quebec," said one, somewhat older than the rest. "I thought him one of the noblest young fellows I ever knew, and even now, with the plain proofs of his guilt, I cannot think of him as a felon."



"What was his crime?"

"He was not only a spy of the English, he robbed the soldiers of their pay by means of false certificates and orders from the adjutant."

"Was not our colonel adjutant at the time, Erne?"

"Yes; and he thought no one in the world equal to Chastellar. He was one of the count's pets, a fellow who had fought his way up from the ranks, and reached the grade of captain by good conduct. I liked him immensely, and was cut up sorely when he went to the bad."

The young man at the table poured out a glass of wine and looked fixedly at the speaker. Some unknown emotion seemed struggling in his breast, but he kept silent.

"He was a deadly swordsman, too," said the speaker again. "You know that I play well for some of you have tried me, but I was once an infant in his hands. A Le Sabreur himself would have had trouble to keep that deadly point off his breast; poor Louis."

"Was there no doubt of his guilt, then?"

"The count did not find it so, and he was condemned, but managed to escape that night. Since then I have never seen him, but if he has living good luck go with him, for the best of men will sometimes go astray."

At this moment the door opened, and a small, compactly-built person, with a sinister face, came swaggering in. He looked about him with a sneering smile, and sat down at the table, and was occupied by the young stranger.

"I have not fought this week, gentlemen," said, boisterously. "Here, waiter; a pint their pay by mesenary."

orders from the young men bent forward, and a sentence in the ear of the young adjutant at the door, who answered by a quiet nod, and the comer laughed boisterously.

no one in the world. That's right, lieutenant; warn him against was one of the for he needs it. I must fight some one to- had fought his wife if I can find a man who knows how to turn- reached the grade of a birdle."

I liked him in the stranger made no reply, but quietly orely when he was ed his wine to the next table, and turned back upon the bully. He had scarcely done

table poured out when the fellow rose, and snatching the edly at the speaker from the table, drank off the contents and emed struggling w the empty vessel upon the floor. The

moment he was lying in the opposite man, too," said the er, with the bottoms of his shoes exposed y that I play we he public gaze. A murmur of applause was

me, but I was dly heard when the stranger sat down. e Sabreur him- ing calmly at the angry bully. keep that dead Your attention, if you please, monsieur,

uis." ever your name is," said the man who his guilt, then? been knocked down. "As a favour it so, and he wou, I permit you to die by my sword. escape that night will, therefore, rise and receive your him, but if he h."

n, for the best A moment, sir," said the young man, n. "This young officer has kindly

opened, and a small tioned that you are called Le Sabreur, and a sinister fac the famous, or rather infamous, duelist of oked about his name. I have no one here who can give

sat down at the help if I am imposed upon." stranger. "If you will beg my pardon on your knees,

I will not let you escape. Come: to the guard, and quickly."

The stranger rose, and threw off his coat, revealing in his powerful muscles long arms, the model of a swordsman. He did not seem in the least discomposed, and took his position as carelessly as if about to play the buttons on the foils.

"I will stand by you, if you will permit, monsieur," said the officer, who had spoken in the name of Louis Chastellar. "You need a friend."

"He needs enough to carry out his avowal of body," said Le Sabreur, fiercely. "Am I not ready?"

"Ready!"

The steel blades crossed with a sharp report, and the stranger, with no motion of any kind, held his person, except his waist and forearm, perfectly steady under the terrible blade of Le Sabreur with the greatest ease. The duelist began to look doubtful soon after he gave the stranger an opportunity which he only took advantage of by touching the duelist lightly over the heart.

"I had you there, monsieur. Pah! you do not wish for life."

"You must take it or lose your own," said Le Sabreur, fiercely.

"You are tempting your own fate," said the stranger, changing his tactics and beginning an assault in his turn. For a single moment the blades intertwined, and then the stranger took a backward step and bore hard upon his opponent. The sword of Le Sabreur was torn from his grasp, and struck the floor with a dull clatter.

escape. Come: t  
 and threw off hi  
 powerful muscl  
 a swordsman.  
 composed, and to  
 if about to pla  
 , if you will per  
 er, who had spok  
 need a friend."  
 carry out his ac  
 fiercely. "A  
 ed with a shar  
 motion of any  
 t and forearm, p  
 reur with the gr  
 to look doubtfu  
 nger an opport  
 ntage of by tou  
 heart.  
 eur. Pah! you  
 not wish for  
 e your own,"  
 own fate," sa  
 cs and beginni  
 single moment  
 n the stranger  
 hard upon his  
 was torn from  
 with a dull cl

done so suddenly that only one man saw  
 the work was done, and that was Erne.  
 "I know the trick," he muttered. "Only  
 man could do it."  
 The stranger stooped and picked up the sword  
 Sabreur and handed it to him, holding it  
 the blade. The villain seized it, and thrust  
 the unprotected bosom of his antagonist so  
 ly, that nothing but his own wonderful  
 ess and lightness saved him. He held his  
 sword by the hilt with the point down, but,  
 dexterous swing of his body, he allowed the  
 to pass under his arm and the next mo-  
 Le Sabreur lay senseless on the floor.  
 "Pick the man up, some one," he said. "I  
 have no more to do with him."  
 one of the officers would help the cowardly  
 e, but, at an order from the landlord, three  
 ers lifted the senseless form and carried it  
 another room.  
 "Gentlemen," said the stranger, "you have  
 sincere thanks for giving your support to  
 unknown man, who has not the pleasure of  
 personal acquaintance with any of you. At  
 her time I shall take delight in knowing  
 Landlord."  
 "Yes, monsieur."  
 "Can you give me a bed here? I am fatigued  
 long journey, and desire rest."  
 the landlord obsequiously led the way, and  
 he looked after the stranger with a long-  
 n breath.  
 "How dare he come here?" he muttered,  
 heaven, it is death to him if he falls alive  
 the hands of Lefebre."

"What is the matter with you, Erne?" one of his companions, gaily. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

Erne laughed it off, but was evidently ill at ease. They were still talking over the matter when Le Sabreur came slowly from the room. His face was drawn with pain, and blood was still oozing slowly from a cut in his eye.

"You have not seen the last of me, gentlemen. I shall have the pleasure of seeing a fine swordsman shot before a week is out, know him, Lieutenant Erne Celestin."

Without another word he walked quickly out of the room. Erne Celestin watched the comfited duelist until he was certain that he was making his way toward the colonel's quarters; then he turned quickly on his heel and went back to the Three Lilies. He did not enter at the front, not caring to meet his companions, but passing through an alleyway, came into the house by the back way, and found one of the scullions busy at work in the scullery room to the right of the kitchen.

"Please take this card, and find the room of the gentleman who fought just now with Captain Le Sabreur."

The boy hurried into the house, and came back directly, saying—"The gentleman will see you."

"Take me up by the back staircase," whispered Erne. "I do not wish to be seen."

The boy nodded, and led the way by the dirty staircase, used only by the servants,

with you, Erne?"  
gaily. "You look

It was evidently ill  
king over the man  
slowly from the r  
n with pain, and  
wly from a cut o

last of me, gen  
measure of seeing  
a week is out  
e Celestin."

He walked quickly  
in watched the  
was certain that  
the colonel's qu  
ly on his heel  
ilies. He did  
g to meet his co  
h an alleyway,  
ack way, and fou  
work in the sm  
hen.

and find the room  
st now with C

house, and ca  
e gentleman w

back staircas  
not wish to

l the way by  
the servants,

upper part of the house, and stopped at a

"This is the room, monsieur."  
Erne took out a Louis and placed it in the  
s hand. "Keep silent about this and I  
remember it in the time to come. You can

He opened the door without ceremony, and  
stranger rose to meet him.

"You cannot hide yourself from me after I  
e seen your sword-play, Louis Chastellar,"  
Erne, holding out his hand. "Have you  
greeting for an old friend?"

Chastellar, for it was indeed he, grasped the  
ended hand warmly.

"One thing which made the enforced exile  
m enduring more terrible, was the parting  
n you, Erne. I am glad to be able to press  
r hand again."

"You are in danger here," said Celestin.  
The man you fought knows or suspects who  
n are, and has gone to Lefebre's quarters,  
u must escape, and at once."

"I have met dangers before," said Chas-  
lar, beginning to buckle on his sword-belt.  
Hark!"

The clatter of armed feet was heard upon  
e floor below.

"Away, for your life!" cried Celestin. "I  
ll show you the way. The guard is here  
eady."

They darted through the narrow passages,  
st taking the precaution to lock the door.

"Go back now, Erne," whispered Chas-  
lar; "you can serve me better by delaying

them all you can. Do not hesitate, for I will do the way."

He sprung down the narrow staircase, and Erne hurried back. Just as he came into the *salle à manger* he heard the clatter of swords at the rear of the building. Chastellar had his enemies there!

## CHAPTER VIII.

CORALIE was in the library at Laval's house trying to fix her attention upon a book. Then a tumult arose and alarm bells rung; she heard the rush of hurried feet, and a man panting for breath, and bleeding from several wounds, came staggering by. Seeing her at the open window he sprung forward at once. "Lady," he gasped, "in the name of God and common humanity, I ask you to give me a shelter."

"Come in," she whispered.

He entered the window slowly, and she closed it behind him. It was not done a moment too soon, for they heard the rattling of arms, and a patrol passed quickly, meeting another patrol just below the house. They carried torches, and the foremost of the first party addressed the last.

"Have you seen him?"

"Non," but he cannot escape, for Lefebvre has set a cordon about him. Every street is guarded close."

"Then he is either in the Rue Paris or Rue Montcalm. Take the Rue Paris; we will take the other."



not hesitate, for I parties separated, and Coralie, who had  
 narrow staircase, ed. As he saw her face by the light  
 t as he came into amp he uttered a low cry of surprise.  
 he clatter of sword at lui," he muttered. "Oh, have I seen  
 . Chastellar had ast?"

was wounded slightly in several places,  
 re was something in his noble counte-  
 which struck her forcibly.

VIII.

y at Lavalle's ho nis Chastellar," he replied. "I am fol-  
 upon a book. y the hounds of Lefebre, and have only  
 arm bells rung; with my life. But, perhaps Lefebre is  
 d feet, and a friend?"

eeding from sev is not; he is my enemy."  
 by. Seeing he am glad of that. It would grieve me to  
 g forward at onc hat one who can be so kind to the unfor-  
 n the name of should have such a friend. What am I  
 you to give They will miss me, and return, I

ed. will go to my father, and tell him what  
 owly, and she cl opened."

done a moment s; go to your father and ask him to  
 ling of arms, a o me, and let him come alone."

ing another p left the room, and shortly after Lavalle  
 y carried torc a and grasped the hand of the fugitive  
 t party addre .

ou have nothing to fear, captain," he said.  
 you will be safe until we can find means

scape, for Lef you out of the city, into which you  
 . Every street never have come."

ou know me then, Monsieur Lavalle?"  
 do; and I know you to be a deeply

ed man, but one who cannot at present  
 his innocence. I heard something of

this affair half an hour ago. How did you escape?"

"You know that Erne Celestin came to me?"

"Yes. He is a gallant young man, and I do not easily forget old friendship."

"After he left me I ran down the stairs and was encountered by a party of four coming up. There was no time to retreat, so I fought at them, and managed to break through. I did not until I got these other hurts you see. In the meantime the alarm had been given, and I guarded all the avenues of escape, and I trapped myself in a net. By good fortune I saw your daughter at a window, appealed to her for help, and she gave it."

"You might be sure of that, captain, if you knew her as well as I do. Hark! they are gathering again. I must send you away before they may attempt to search the house."

He went to the door and called Corallie. "Show Captain Chastellar the room nearest yours, my dear. I do not like to trust any of the servants, for they might babble."

They hurried out, and he took his seat at the table and affected to write. Five minutes after came a thundering rap at the door, and he rose, threw open the blind, and looked out. Foremost among the soldiers stood Lefebvre, the duelist who had been worsted in the encounter with Chastellar.

"Come this way, gentlemen, if you have anything to say to me. My servants have been fired long ago."

Lefebvre left the steps and came to the window.

ago. How did

Celestin came to

nt young man, and  
ndship."

ran down the stair

a party of four co

to retreat, so I

to break through

her hurts you see

had been given;

of escape, and I

ood fortune I saw

ppealed to her fo

f that, captain, i

do. Hark! they

send you away

ch the house."

and called Co

ar the room nea

t like to trust a

ht babble."

he took his se

write. Five mi

p at the door, a

nd, and looked

rs stood Lefebre

worsted in the

emen, if you

y servants hav

came to the win

We are in pursuit of a ruffian called Chas-  
ar, who is doomed to death for a crime com-  
ted three years ago, and we wish to enter  
search the house."

"By what right do you make such a de-  
nd?" said the old man, turning to whisper  
Coralie, who had just entered the room, and  
it again to obey that low order.

"By my right as commandant of this post,  
I command you to open your door and  
it me."

"Your order shall be obeyed, Monsieur le  
onel," said Lavalle. "Any insult you may  
upon me must be put up with, I suppose.  
and Captain Le Sabreur will be sufficient to  
rch the house, unless you are afraid of this  
cealed man," said Lavalle, sneeringly. "Post  
r men at the doors and windows, for he may  
nge to escape."

They searched everywhere fruitlessly, until  
ry nook and cranny in the casement and  
t floor had been gone over. They then passed  
the staircase and searched the bedrooms  
n the upper floor, until they had entered all  
ept that of Coralie.

"This is my daughter's room," said Lavalle.  
f course it is useless for me to ask you to  
re it on that account. Coralie?"

Coralie appeared at the door of her room,  
looked with astonishment at the two men,  
o shrunk before the flashing glance of her  
ht eyes.

"What do you seek here, Colonel Lefebre?  
s last insult was hardly necessary to make  
despise you more."

"They wish to search your room, Coralie. Colonel Lefebre has so little confidence in you that he imagines you have a gentleman secreted there. Let them enter, if you please."

"Certainly. Colonel Lefebre, until this hour I have given you credit which you did not deserve."

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle Coralie for what I have been forced to do. *Bon-soir!*"

He went down hastily, followed by Captain Le Sabreur, while Coralie and her father followed to the head of the stairway and looked after them until they heard them withdraw the soldiers and march away. Coralie ran down and locked the doors, pushed the light bedstead aside and touched upon a part of the panelling behind the bed. A slight clicking sound was heard, a trap fell down, and Louis Chastellar stepped out.

"We have managed to get rid of them," said Lavalle. "I am glad that he did not make a very close search, for I am far from certain he would not have discovered the door."

"For what was this constructed?"

"A hiding-place for plate and other valuables in case of war," replied Lavalle. "Come into your room again."

"I have much to thank you for, sir, and also your noble daughter," said Chastellar. "I am poor and helpless enough now, but the time may come when even such as I may be of use to you. Oh, that I could get safely out of this city! I have work to do, and I must see the Recluse of Mont Royale."

• "Why do you wish to see him?"

your room, Coralie's confidence in your gentleman secret on please."

Lefebre, until this hour which you did not

Mademoiselle Coralie do. *Bon-soir!*"

followed by Captain and her father for

airway and looked them withdraw

way. Coralie re- pushed the light

upon a part of the A slight clicking

down, and Lou got rid of them

he did not make far from certain

the door." "Con- ducted?"

and other valuable le. "Come in

you for, sir, and d Chastellar.

now, but the time I may be of use

safely out of the I must see the

im?"

"That I cannot do you at present, but see I must, at any hazard."

"You will not be able to get out of the city," the other gravely. "Lefebre will set a

trap upon every outlet, until he is fully satisfied that you have escaped. I think you must

be quiet for a few days." "It cannot be done. Is there no one by

whom you can send a message to-morrow?" "To what place?"

"To Mont Royale." At this moment Coralie entered the room. "I will go myself if you really wish it, cap-

tain," said Lavalley. "But, I am somewhat expected myself, and I fear the result may be

But, as I have no other messenger," "You have one," said Coralie. "Whom can we trust, my daughter?"

"I!" cried Coralie. "I will take the mes- sage to Mont Royale and give it to the Recluse. No one will stop me."

CHAPTER IX.

LAVALLE had made his way out of the city, as we have said, taking the direction to the west,

did not pause until he reached the slope in the rear of Mont Royale, and buried himself

in the forest. Here he stopped and sat down to think.

"They say that he is an old man," he muttered. "Surely he cannot give me much trouble. I care nothing for legerdemain and clap-

net. And then, two thousand Louis! What

is a human life to that, to a man like me believes that death is annihilation?"

He looked furtively about him, for thought he heard a footstep stir the leaves. He darted behind a tree and watched and saw the man who appeared in the chapter of this work walking rapidly up slope.

"Not the man I wish to see," muttered the assassin, "but, perhaps he can give me information. I think I will risk it."

Stepping back out of sight, he made a circuit through the bushes and came out in front of the corner, meeting him face to face.

"A fair day to you, monsieur," said quietly. "Are you bound to Montreal?"

"Suppose that I am; what then?" said the stranger, looking at him fixedly, with a suspicious look of recognition in his face. "Can I do anything for you there?"

"No; it was merely a passing question. There is a man who lives somewhere in the forest whom I very much wish to see, and I thought if you were not a stranger here you might be able to tell me."

"What is the man whom you seek?" said the other.

"The Recluse of Mont Royale."

"Few men desire to see him for a season, especially if they are enemies of his."

"I am not his enemy; why do you say so?"

"I know nothing about that. If you wish to see him, you must come at eleven to-morrow to the great boulder whose top you can see from the

o a man like me  
 ivilation?"

about him, for  
 tstep stir the f  
 d a tree and wa  
 appeared in the  
 lking rapidly up

o see," muttered  
 e can give me s  
 ill riak it."

ght, he made a ci  
 ame out in-fro  
 ce to face.

monsieur," said  
 to Montreal?"

what then?" said  
 kedly, with a sud  
 face. "Can I

a passing ques  
 somewhere in  
 wish to see, a  
 stranger here

m you seek?"

oyale."  
 e him for a se  
 enemies of his.  
 why do you

that. If you  
 t eleven to-mo  
 top you can

gh the tree-tops. I shall see him to-night  
 ell him your wish. And now good even-

e strode away, and his form was lost among  
 rees. Neville looked doubtfully after him.  
 I am afraid I have done wrong," he said.  
 opose the two come in company, I shall  
 my hands full. But, let me once earth  
 ox, and trust me for the rest."

ying this he again sought the depth of the  
 s, and, scraping together a heap of leaves  
 loss, he lay down and slept as peacefully  
 he had never dreamed of guilt or the  
 ling of blood.

t an early hour next day Coralie Lavallo  
 climbing the sides of Mont Royale, toward  
 pot where she had been sent to meet the  
 use. After a difficult walk she reached  
 summit, and paused for breath before she  
 eeded further. When she had rested, she  
 oached a bowlder which lay half buried in  
 arth, and, taking away a few loose stones,  
 n lay near the base, she produced a conch-  
 upon which she sounded, three times, in  
 ular manner, and then sat down to wait.  
 minutes after, without any warning of his  
 ach, the Recluse stood beside her, looking  
 er mildly

You here?" he said. "Who taught you  
 signal which calls me from my resting-  
 ?"

Captain Louis Chastellar," replied Coralie.  
 ill tell you how it happened."

and she recounted the events of the past  
 t, and the danger which Louis had escaped.



She then took a paper from her bosom and gave it to him. He read it carefully twice, then tore it into fragments and scattered them to the winds.

"You have only to say to Louis that it is to be done; he may depend upon me. He will understand what I mean when I say 'Rue Dame; twelve o'clock—to-night.' Can you remember the message?"

"Yes."

"And now, a word for yourself, my child. I have seen you in the company of that specious villain, Colonel Lefebre. I have warned you against him before, and I repeat my warning now. Avoid him as you would avoid a pestilence."

"Colonel Lefebre and I are no longer friends," she said; "on the contrary, we are now open enemies. He would do anything to destroy you."

"I have no fear of him, my child. It is written in the book of fate that he is to conquer. One thing more; I know the mission you have set out to perform, and in the end you will succeed. I say to you—hope. The dark hour is just before the dawn of day. What is that? I could almost have sworn I heard a step. Abah!"

The Moor, who had been standing unserved behind a bowlder, showed himself at that moment.

"Keep good watch, Abah, for I thought I heard a sound just now."

The Moor disappeared immediately, and nothing more was heard. The Recluse

from her bosom  
it carefully twice  
ants and scattered

to Louis that it  
upon me. He  
then I say "Rue N  
-to-night." Can

r. yourself, my c  
pany of that spee  
I have warned  
repeat my war  
ould avoid a pe

I are no lo  
he contrary, we  
ould do anything

my child. It is  
that he is to conq  
e mission you  
the end you s  
nope. The dar  
of day. What  
e sworn I hear

en standing un  
nowed himself

n, for I thoug

Immediately,  
The Recluse t

in his bosom a packet of small size, which  
placed in Coralie's hand.

"Enclosed is something which you will be  
d to have. As a favour to me you must ask  
questions, but keep the packet and read the  
writing upon the inside of the paper when you  
reach home. In the hour of your greatest trial,  
when nothing else can save you, come or send  
me here, and give the signal, and if I live  
you shall have help. Farewell, and do not  
forget my message to Louis: Rue Notre Dame;  
twelve o'clock—to-night."

The next moment he was gone, and hiding  
the packet in her bosom, she began the descent  
of the mountain. Half-way down she paused,  
and looked back, and saw the Recluse standing  
beneath the great boulder looking at her.  
The silent majesty of his figure, as he stood  
resting upon his staff, was not without its effect  
upon her, and as she gazed she saw something  
which filled her with horror. A man had crept  
to the top of the boulder, directly above the head  
of the Recluse, and she saw him stoop and raise  
a great stone above his head. At that distance  
it was impossible for her to make her voice  
reach the Recluse, but she cried out and waved  
her hand, but he made no sign to indicate that  
he noticed the gesture. Just then the stone  
came crashing down upon the head of the  
recluse, and the figure staggered, and fell to  
the depths of the ravine through the tree-top,  
hundred feet below.

The terrible tragedy was scarcely enacted,  
when another as fearful took place. Coralie  
saw the dark form of Abah spring upon the

rock and seize Neville—for it was that villain who had done the deed—in the grasp of strong arms. A terrible struggle now took place—one which she remembered to her day. The two, unable to retain their footing upon the bowlder, slipped down to the platform below, locked in a death-grapple. Although not so strong as his antagonist, Neville was an iron-limbed man, and was fighting for his life.

Coralie covered her face with her hands, shut out the horrible sight. She knew Neville deserved any death; but something told her that he was only an instrument in the hands of another for the commission of a crime. She looked again, and saw that Abah had replaced the knife in his belt, and was engaged in binding the fallen man hand and foot. He then threw the body across his shoulder like a sack, and stepping lightly upon the rocks, soon disappeared.

He was gone but a few moments, when Coralie saw him making his way down the rocks toward her, and she ran to meet him.

“Why do you not go to find your master? Will you let him lie there, a prey to the wolves? Go, I say, and find him, for he may be living yet.”

Abah silently pointed toward the distant city. “Do you mean that I must go?” she said.

He nodded slowly, and still pointed.

“Your master gave me a message. Am I to tell Louis what has happened?”

Again he shook his head.

“Your master cannot come to him.”

for it was that vi  
—in the grasp of  
e struggle now  
embered to her d  
o retain their foo  
down to the platf  
n-grapple. Altho  
onist, Neville was  
fighting for his li  
with her hands,  
nt. She knew t  
ath; but someth  
n instrument in  
commission of  
and saw that A  
his belt, and  
len man hand  
dy across his sho  
ing lightly up

ments, when Co  
ay down the ro  
meet him.

find your maste  
prey to the wolv  
he may be livi

ward the dista  
"must go?" s

l pointed.

message. Am I

to him."

ah pointed to his own breast, and taking  
by the shoulder, with an angry gesture  
indicated, by that same motion, that she  
go, and at once. What could this mean  
e who had shown complete subjection to  
will of his master, and a species of savage  
for him?

he found the servant with the horses, and  
away at her best speed. As she ap-  
ched her father's house, she was conscious  
a strong guard was posted in front of the  
under the leadership of Captain Le Sab-  
who bowed low as she passed in, without  
ng a word. She hurried in, and, as she  
ed through the hall, the door of the library  
ed, and Colonel Lefebre came out, fol-  
d by three soldiers having Chastellar in  
body.

You see that we were not mistaken after  
said Lefebre, with an ironical composure.  
ou will know what it is to attempt to  
sure swords with me."

You see this man," said the prisoner, "this  
who claimed to be my friend, and who  
gives me up to death. Do not waste sym-  
y upon me, mademoiselle. I feel that  
even is too good to let me suffer for the  
he of another."

"A word with you, Colonel Lefebre, before  
take this gentleman to prison," said Cora-

"Will you step into this room?"

"See to him, guards," said the colonel.  
he attempts to escape, do your duty, and  
p him, dead or alive. Now, mademoiselle,  
n at your service."

He followed her into an empty room and closed the door.

"I wish you to set this brave young man free," she said.

"I cannot do it," he said, sullenly.

"Then take him if you will, but as you will be under arrest in three days upon a charge of sending a man to the old man known as the Recluse of Royale."

He turned for a moment, ghastly, nervously tapping the hilt of his sword, looking upon the ground. The bold accusation had taken him completely by surprise. Much or how little she knew he could not nor would she confess it.

"Do you tell me that this old wretch is dead?" he said at last.

"Your villanous accomplice performed his deed but too well," she said. "But he is in condition to witness against you, and will do it to save his life."

"I am glad that this gray-haired villain is dead," said Lefebre; "but, you accuse me wrongfully. I am not guilty of this crime."

"False! I will prove to the marquis that you are not, against the witnesses whom I shall bring with me. I account for it, if I let you go to prison."

"Your fertile brain can surely conceive a way. You find yourself mistaken in the matter or something of that kind. Choose your own way."

He left the room and called Le Sabre apart and conversed with him in low tones.

to an empty room

this brave young

said, sullenly.

you will, but as

st in three days'

ing a man to m

the Recluse of

moment ghastly

ilt of his sword

The bold accus

ly by surprise.

new he could not

at this old wret

mplice performed

d. "But he is

st you, and wh

ray-haired vill

ut, you accuse

ty of this crime

marquis that you

whom I shall bri

or it, if I let

surely conceit

staken in the m

Choose your

alled Le Sabre

n in low tones

moments. Le Sabreur appeared excited, in the end, his scruples were quelled, and nothing passed from hand to hand.

"You understand me, then?" whispered the colonel.

"Oh yes; we shall find a way to deal with you when your other work is done."

They entered the house together, and approached the prisoner.

"Captain," said Lefebre, "as you seem to have some doubt as to the identity of this prisoner, look at him well. Is he the one who insulted you at the Three Lillies?"

The Sabreur looked at him keenly, and returned a negative answer.

"Then we have been mistaken," said Lefebre, coolly. "Young sir, I beg your pardon for disturbing you, and you are at liberty. I will draw your men, and take them to the barracks."

Chastellar was surprised at the turn affairs had taken, but was not inclined to quarrel with good luck.

## CHAPTER X.

As after eleven that night when Chastellar, disguised by the use of a long cloak and wide-brimmed hat, stole out of Lavalle's house by the rear entrance, and made his way through the silent streets. After a half hour's rapid march he reached a secluded part of the street of the Dame, and stopped before a small house which was wrapped in complete darkness. He was looking anxiously about him, in order to

satisfy himself that he was not watched, he approached the door and tapped softly in a peculiar manner. The door was at once open for him, and closed noiselessly. He found himself in a small dark hall. Another door opened and a voice said:

"I was afraid you would not come, I doubt you have been in trouble since I saw you last."

"I have been," said Louis. "That foul villain, Le Sabreur, recognized me, and set his hounds upon me, and I escaped by the aid of Coralie Lavalle. Ah, *she* is not changed, if you are."

"The same noble girl as ever. Did she expect you?"

"Not at all. I have been strangely tempted to tell her, but for your sake I did not do so."

"The time is very near now," said the stranger. "Montcalm will be in the city in two days, and the proofs are already in his hands. Doubt not that he will do us justice, though a stern soldier, he knows how to be just."

"I must tell you that Lefebvre caught me this afternoon, but Coralie prevailed upon him—how I do not know—to make Le Sabreur deny that he knew me."

"The girl is shrewd," said the other, quietly. "She has her mother's face, a perfect copy. I cannot rest until all is accomplished. What do you say, Abah?"

The Moor pointed silently to the window, which was blind, and the stranger sprung forward and threw it suddenly open—so suddenly indeed



SORCERER; OR,

was not watched  
and tapped softly  
door was at once open  
lessly. He found  
l. Another door

could not come, I  
in trouble since I  
ouis." "That four  
sized me, and set  
escaped by the air  
is not changed,  
s ever. Did she

en strangely tem  
ake I did not do  
ear now," said  
l be in the city  
are already in  
will do us just  
he knows how t

Lefebre caught  
prevailed upon  
make Le Sabre  
l the other, quiet  
a perfect copy  
plished. What

ly to the wind  
ung forward  
suddenly ind

a man whose face was pressed closely  
at the panes outside had no time to with-  
and they saw that it was Le Sabreur!  
next moment he vanished in the dark-

A thousand curses light upon his spying  
Louis. He has tracked you to the house,  
we are in danger. Away, both of you, to  
place you know, for it will not be long be-  
fore he will return."

In minutes had hardly passed, when a party  
of soldiers surrounded the house, and both Le  
Sabreur and the colonel were with them. Their  
knock at the door was unanswered, and, after some  
time, it was broken in, and the guard poured  
into the little hall.

"You are sure you have marked the house,  
Lefebre?" said Lefebre. ♣  
"There is no mistake, colonel; I earthed the  
man here."

"Where is Neville?"  
"Here," said that worthy, coming forward.  
He walked feebly, and seemed to be in pain;  
indeed, he had not yet recovered from his  
interview with Abah.

"Would you know this man who told you  
to meet the Recluse if you saw him  
again?"  
"Yes."

"Describe the person you saw, Le Sabreur."  
The captain did so, and a sort of shudder  
passed through the frame of the colonel.  
"If the dead could rise from their graves I  
could say I knew him too," murmured the  
colonel. "Have you lighted that torch yet?"

Darnay? You tremble as if you feared to the sprite who calls himself the Recluse of Mont Royale."

"He has good reason to fear it," said the same voice which they knew so well, and which had terrified Neville and Lefebre on the night when they plotted the death of the Recluse. "The dead do come out of their graves to find such villains. Murderers, beware!"

The half-lighted torch dropped from the sergeant's hand, and was extinguished on the floor, and the stoutest held their breath.

"Demons or spirits, whatever you may come out and face me. I defy you and your arts. Give me a torch!" cried Lefebre.

One of the men at the door brought a torch, and Lefebre led the way, a naked sword in his right hand. Only Neville stood trembling on an aspen.

"Fool!" hissed Lefebre in his ear. "I will tell you that these men we seek saw you do the deed. You are doomed if they escape."

"That old man's face will never leave my eyes," whispered Neville. "I see it every morning and hear his hollow voice. It was he who spoke just now."

"Open that door, Darnay," cried Lefebre, "and see where it leads to."

The sergeant threw open the small door before mentioned, and looked down.

"It seems to be a cellar-way," he said, looking back.

"We have trapped them, then," said Lefebre. "Come forward with your bayonets and support us."

as if you feared to  
himself the Recluse

to fear it," said

new so well, and

Lefebre on the

death of the Recluse

of their graves to

murderers, beware!

ch dropped from

us extinguished

t held their breath

whatever you may

I defy you and

ch!" cried Lefebre

door brought a

a naked sword in

stood trembling

bre in his ear.

we seek saw you

l if they escape.

will never leave

me it every mo-

re. It was he

ay," cried Lefebre

en the small

ed down,

way," he said,

m, then," said

with your bay-

whole party crowded into the cellar-  
Leville, Lefebre, and the captain in ad-  
while the soldiers followed with levelled  
ets. They were all upon the frail stair-  
when it suddenly gave way, and the party  
a confused heap to the bottom of the

ey heard the sound of a closing door, and  
shot into their sockets.

We are trapped," cried the colonel. "By  
devils in hell, those who have done this  
early rue it. Open the door there; let  
of this, or suffer the consequences."

mocking laugh was the only reply, and  
ound of hammer and nails succeeded.

What shall we do?" said Lefebre, in a  
of blank dismay.

here is nothing for us but to take our im-  
ment as coolly as we can, and wait for  
ng," replied the sergeant.

Ten thousand devils! In the meantime,  
will escape."

Doubtless; we are dealing with some very  
ng persons, mon colonel. I doubt they  
rove too much for us in the end."

This is the work of the devil," hissed the  
el. "Death to those who have done it  
I once get out of this trap."

Man of blood," cried the voice which they  
heard before, "out of the earth in which  
victims lie they cry aloud for vengeance.  
re is Louise Vernay, where is her husband,  
man whom you betrayed?"

It is false! Man or spirit, whoever you  
be, I defy you! I loved Louise Vernay

before ever he saw her; she was to have my wife, but he came between us."

"Liar! She chose for herself and dinguished him by the gift of her love. I that hour you worked in secret, until drove him to his death. Then, when you robbed her of all she held dear, you folk her still, until she gave up the struggle died. Where is the Recluse of Mont Roy your last victim?"

"I—I know nothing of him."

"Ask the trembling coward by your side that is true. Walter Neville, stand forth answer: Did you kill the old man upon slope of Mont Royale?"

"No, no!" screamed the guilty wret

"It was not my fault. He fell into the ch by accident."

"False! your hand laid him low, and were hired to do the deed by that sup villain by your side. Behold your victim

A sort of door opened above them, and th standing in a blaze of light, was the figur the Recluse of Mont Royale, leaning upon staff! Then the vision faded, and Neville down upon his face upon the cold earth, se less as the clay on which he rested.

## CHAPTER XI.

CORALIE had opened the packet given her the Recluse, and found that it contained a milture, which she looked at long and inten A beautiful face, the face of a woman in bloom of her youth and beauty, bearing a wonderful resemblance to Coralie.

she was to have  
between us."  
for herself and d  
t of her love.  
in secret, until  
Then, when you  
ld dear, you foll  
up the struggle  
luse of Mont Ro

f him."  
oward by your a  
ville, stand forth  
e old man upon

the guilty wre  
e fell into the ch

d him low, and  
d by that supr  
old your victim  
ove them, and th  
t, was the figur  
le, leaning upon  
d, and Neville  
e cold earth, se  
rested.

XI.  
cket given her  
contained a mi  
ong and inten  
f a woman in  
y, bearing a w

She kissed the miniature, and took up the  
which had enfolded it. If her mother  
lead after all? The first words she read  
rmed her fears:

Your mother, an angel on earth, is an angel  
aven now. Bow down to her as to a saint,  
he suffered much. I who tell you this  
much to do before I can tell you all. I  
say, wait, and hope. THE RECLUSE."

She bowed her head upon the table and  
into tears. Half her mission was accom-  
ed, for she had sought her mother, and  
d only a grave.

Louis had asked her not to retire before his  
n. He came back about two o'clock, and  
red the house by means of a pass-key.

"I have only a moment to pass with you,"  
aid; "but I could not go away until I had  
you again. Lefebre is upon my track; I  
managed to escape by the aid of two con-  
t friends. If I can keep clear of him for  
days all will be well, but I dare not stay  
"

"It is better that you should go," she said,  
y; "and, though we part from you sadly,  
ust be borne. Why is it that I seem to  
w you so well, and why is your face as that  
ne I knew long ago?"

He averted his face for a moment.  
You have a good reason for it," he said.  
cannot tell you now, because my name and  
e must be cleared in the eyes of all men as  
as in yours, before I declare myself. But  
does not alter the fact that I love you, and  
one hope is to make myself worthy of you."

He pressed his lips to hers and was gone, and she retired to her room.

Next day she ordered her horse and rode out, and, as she passed the southern barrier of the city, she met a party of scouts coming, who had a prisoner among them—the Indian Gehardo—with his hands bound behind his back and a gash upon his forehead from the cut of a sword. She knew the sergeant in command, Darnay, and asked him whom they had taken for a prisoner.

“A spy, mademoiselle,” said the man, touching his cap.

“How do you know him to be a spy?”

“Because he has a white skin under his paint,” replied the man, “and uses his flats, no Indian ever used them yet. Behold him!”

The man parted the calico upon the arm of the prisoner, and revealed a skin as white as a woman's. At this moment the prisoner raised his head and looked intently at Coralie; she reeled in her saddle, for the eyes which looked at her were those of Louis Chastellar.

They marched on toward the barracks, and Coralie, after riding a short distance, turned back after them, sick at heart. Louis took after all he had undergone, captured on the day of his triumph!

A few paces further on she was met by a soldier, who halted and addressed her.

“I am ordered by Colonel Lefebre to send you safely to your own house,” he said.

“I do not need your escort, and so you may tell the colonel,” she answered.

The man made no reply, but fell into the

hers and was go

her horse and r

southern barrier

scouts coming

them—the Indi

bound behind hi

d from the cut o

reant in combat

om they had tak

" said the m

to be a

te skin under

d uses his fists

t. Behold him

o upon the arm

kin as white as

ne prisoner rais

y at Coralie ;

the eyes whi

ouis Chastellar

he barracks, a

keeping her in sight until she reached  
house, and she was not surprised to find  
re there.

I am forced to bring you unwelcome in-  
ference, mademoiselle. A deep-laid scheme  
foot in the interest of the English to  
y Montreal, and your father and yourself  
implicated. You must consider yourself  
r arrest, and retire to your room. A guard  
be placed at your door, but otherwise you  
be put to no inconvenience."

he looked at him scornfully, for she saw in  
only another plot to annoy her.

Are you aware that the gentleman whom  
arrested in this house has again been  
n, and is now on his way to prison, sir ? "

I am glad to hear it. Having foolishly set  
free once, it is hardly to be expected that  
ould do so a second time."

Yet I demand his liberty ? "

And your demand is refused. Your absurd  
ge against me is without foundation, and if  
is Chastellar is taken, he dies before two  
s are passed."

She went to her room, and a guard was  
ted at the door.

"So, so ; she is safe," muttered Lefebre.  
eville must now do his part."

Walter Neville had not yet quite recovered  
m the terrible fright of the night before, and  
eared before the colonel pale and haggard.  
e party had remained cooped up in the cellar  
the house into which they had forced them-  
ves until morning gave them light sufficient  
break their way out, which they did with in-

ut fell into t



finite difficulty. Of course they found birds flown, but Lefebre sent special guards outside the different barriers, with orders to arrest any suspicious persons who might fall into the hands of his enemies.

"Why do you come to me with such a story as that, Neville?" said the colonel, furiously.

"Must I find wit and courage for all my men?"

"No, no," said Neville. "Give me work to do. I must keep busy, or that horrible vision will not keep out of my head. What must I do now?"

Lefebre whispered in his ear, and then nodded slowly.

"It shall be done," he said. "Anything you wish to kill time."

In an hour Louis Chastellar was in a strong room of the Citadel prison, head bowed and with little hope of escape. Corde had seen him, however, and knew his position. She had saved him before—would she be able to do it now?

That question was soon answered, for the heavy door swung open, and Lefebre was admitted alone. At a signal the only outlet was closed and locked behind him, and he stood looking with a fierce glance at the unfortunate young prisoner, who returned his look by a look of haughty defiance.

"This is your work, Lefebre," he said. "I might have known you would not keep your word to me."

"You know what to expect, it seems," said Lefebre. "You cannot hope for mercy now."

course they found  
e sent special g  
rriers, with orde  
rsons who might  
ner Louis had  
is enemies.

o me with such a  
he colonel, furio  
rage for all my m  
"Give me wor  
r that horrible vi  
head. What mu

is ear, and the

said. "Anything

stellar was in  
del prison, hea  
of escape. Cor  
nd knew his pe  
would she be a

answered, for  
Lefebre was  
ne only outlet  
him, and he st  
at the unfortun  
l his look by o

re," he said.  
d not keep yo

t, it seems," s  
or mercy now.

do not expect it," was the quiet reply.  
may kill me, but from my ashes shall  
phoenix which shall make you tremble!  
friend, false lover, false to every good and  
thing, your triumph will be a short one.  
do not dream what a thunderbolt is hang-  
ter your head."

I care not," replied Lefebre. "So that I  
my revenge, let what will come. As for  
o-morrow you shall die."

What; without trial?"

I hold a standing order from the marquis  
execute you whenever you may be found.  
at were not enough, you were taken as a  
urking in the city, and I might make you  
the death of a spy if I chose. I prefer to  
you shot."

Thank you. It is the first favour you have  
n me, and I shall at least die a soldier's  
not the death of a dog. Why do you  
here? I have had enough of you."

I know what you hoped to do, Louis Chas-  
t, but your hope is in vain. You depend  
the Recluse to crush me after you are

He is dead and rotting, and I have  
ng to fear from him."

Dead! When did he die?"

Yesterday morning."

A strange look passed over the face of the  
ner.

Yes, and his spirit appeared to you last  
e. Fear him yet, villain, for his ghost has  
power to harm you than any other being  
treads this earth alive. Go!"

I am going. But, let me tell you one

thing, Louis. The woman you love, who have watched in secret for ten years, grew up from childhood to womanhood, my power, and nothing earthly shall prevent her being my wife."

The door clanged behind him, and he was alone in his prison, waiting for his. A few hours passed, and the door opened to admit a Jesuit priest, who extended his hands in benediction over the head of the prisoner.

"My sins are many, father, and I will confess them to God in prayer."

"But the crime for which you die—"

"I never committed. I will not die with lies in my mouth, and I tell you here, God, that I am as guiltless of this sin as you."

"My son, confession is good for the soul. As your priest, I ask you to repent and tell me by what sorcery you were led to turn traitor in France and take bribes of her enemies. I have here written a confession, to save your soul, saying that you are guilty. Sign your name to it."

"Dare you degrade a noble calling by asking me to do that, priest? Lefebre has sent me here to tempt me, but he does not know me. Away, before I forget what you are, and I will forgive you."

The priest started up suddenly and stepped forward, and the prisoner, stretching his manacled hands, caught him by the beard and gave it a tug. As he had posed, the beard came off, and revealed the visage of Walter Neville!

an you love, who  
for ten years,  
to womanhood,  
earthly shall p  
hind him, and  
waiting for his  
the door opened  
st, who extended  
ver the head of

ather, and I will  
r."

ich you die—"

I will not die w  
tell you here, b  
of this sin as you  
s good for the  
to repent and tel  
led to turn trait  
of her enemies  
ssion, to save  
r. Sign your

ble calling by as  
efebre has sent  
does not know  
you are, and s

ddenly and c  
er, stretching  
ght him by  
As he had s  
and revealed

, ha, ha! you a priest, good friend Neville.  
fore I brain you with my hand-cuffs!  
He uttered a savage curse, and, catching  
beard, sprung out and closed the door  
him, putting on the beard as he went.  
ocking laughter of the young prisoner  
d him.

one of the lower rooms he found Lefebre

as he signed it?" he cried, eagerly.

ot he! He has detected me, tore the  
from my face, and laughed at me."

urse him! But it does not matter.  
him and this accursed Recluse out of the  
have nothing to fear."

Why will you speak of him?" whispered  
ser villain. "I know that he is dead; I  
that I killed him, but his face will not  
me."

You escaped by a miracle. What do you  
se the black would have done with you if  
ad not slipped the buckle and escaped."

"I should be a dead man now," replied Ne-  
sullenly. "What is to be done with old  
le?"

Leave him under guard. You have  
ng to do with him whatever. Come  
nto the street."

They left the building, and walked out into  
main thoroughfare of the growing city.

## CHAPTER XII.

ALIE was a prisoner—the prisoner of  
nel Lefebre.

He knew that her lover was in danger, and

that the charge against her was trumped up, and to keep her out of the way, and to throw upon any testimony she might give against her enemy. Her father was also a prisoner in the room, and the only known friends of Chastellar were thus disposed of.

She tried to escape, but every movement was watched. Night came and found her a prisoner. The night was half gone when there was an alarm in the upper part of the house, and the guard ran down to report she had escaped, how, no one knew. Coralie Le Sabreur received the report calmly, and went up to look at the room. The evidences of a struggle were plainly manifest, the furniture was in disorder, and Coralie was gone.

"You may stay in the house," said the colonel, "and I will go down and report to the duke."

There was a lurking smile upon the face of the duelist. It was evident that he knew of the escape than he cared to say, and that he did not take him by surprise.

"Had Coralie indeed escaped?"

She had remained quietly in her room, and called to the window by a low tapping sound. Pushing the sash aside, she saw the face of a man close to hers.

"If you would escape," he whispered, "I will aid you. The guard has been drugged, and the way is open."

"Who sent you to me?"

"A friend of Louis Chastellar, and your friend as well. He desires your help in setting the prisoner free."

her was trumpeted  
ay, and to throw  
e might give again  
as also a prisoner  
known friends of  
sposed of.

, but every mov  
ame and found he  
t was half gone  
the upper part of

an down to report  
o one knew. Cor  
report calmly, and

The evidences  
manifest, the furn  
alie was gone.

"house," said the  
wn and report to

ile upon the fact  
nt that he knew  
d to say, and the

ise.  
aped?

ly in her room,  
low tapping so  
e saw the face.

he whispered,  
been drugged,

astellar, and y  
our help in sett

lie could think of nothing worse than  
in a prisoner in the hands of Lefebre,  
determined to take the proffered aid.

le she yet hesitated, he was joined by  
man, who came out of an alley-way  
hand. The last man carried something

his arm which looked like a cloak. Being  
pped, it proved to be one of those hooded  
worn by French women of the lower

they wait for you," said the last man.  
this on, lady, and make haste."

pushed him aside and uttered a single  
n, but before she could repeat it the cloak  
rown over her head, muffling her cries.

he was lifted in strong arms and carried  
y down the alley from which the last man  
ome. Shortly after a door was opened and

after them, and the man who carried her  
r down.

Help me, Neville," he whispered. "She  
gles like the devil."

"You may as well be quiet," hissed a voice.  
are in a trap, and no help can come to

he cloak was thrown off, and she found  
lf standing in a narrow, dimly-lighted  
held fast by two men, one of whom was

er Neville. He was laughing over the  
ess of his plot, and exulting in her agony.

The colonel has prepared a beautiful cage  
is fine bird," said Neville. "Make your-  
at home, lady, and excuse us if we leave  
somewhat abruptly."

"Do not leave me," gasped Coralie, seizing

him by the arm. "In the name of your mother I charge you not to leave me here alone."

He shook off her grasp roughly, and sprang from the room, followed by his companion. She heard the clatter of bolts and bars, and knew that she was a more hopeless prisoner than ever. What would be her fate, and what purpose had she been brought to this place?

Her doubts were soon changed to certainty. She heard the bolts withdrawn, and a moment after, Lefebre came in and closed the door behind him. She uttered a cry of horror, and sprung away, placing a table between herself and her enemy.

"Can you give me no better reception than that, my dear girl?" he said. "Is the offer of my love an insult?"

"Yes; the deadliest insult you could offer. Let me go free, and you may not have cause to repent it."

"Have your own way, hard-hearted girl. You have spoken the death-sentence of one who loves you. When the morning comes, and you behold the march of troops, and the sound of the military drum, you will then know that Louis Chastel is going out to his death."

"It will be a foul murder, for he is innocent."

"Grant that he is, no one can prove it against myself. I have in my possession proofs of that innocence, and could set him free in an hour. I will do it now, if you will promise to marry me. Having done that, I know you will keep your word."



SORCERER; OR,

name of your mother  
me here alone." "I  
roughly, and spoke  
by his companion,  
bolts and bars,  
re hopeless prison  
be her fate, and  
been brought to

changed to certain  
awn, and a moment  
nd closed the door  
a cry of horror,  
ble between her

ttter reception than  
d. "Is the officer  
ult you could obtain  
y not have caused

hard-hearted  
entence of one  
imes, and you have  
ound of the murder  
t Louis Chastellár

urder, for he  
can prove it  
session proofs  
him free in  
you will promise  
that, I know

will not do it. Go and do your work,  
rural man, but you shall not triumph

in this prison you shall stay until you  
nt to be my wife. In Montreal I am  
ate, as you shall find. Come this way."  
e opened a small panel in the wall, which  
erved to conceal a single thick pane of  
commanding a view of the extensive plain  
e rear of the city.

"When you hear the drum," said he, "look  
this window and you will see a sight  
h will please you—the execution of a  
inal."

He turned and left the room, locking the  
securely, and Coralie Lavalley was alone,  
ing for the coming of the morning which  
to bring such great evil upon her and hers.  
Morning came, bright and beautiful. She  
hed aside the panel and looked out. A bell  
tolling in a spire, near at hand—slow,  
mn notes, pealing through the clear morn-  
air. It was tolling for a death—the death  
Louis Chastellár!

An hour passed on, and the head of a march-  
column began to pass the house in which  
poor girl was confined. Not one among  
n could hardly believe Louis Chastellár  
ty, and yet, the condemnation was out  
inst him, and he must pay the forfeit.

Coralie stood with her eyes fixed upon the  
cession as it drew out upon the plain, wait-  
for the moment when Louis should appear.  
last she saw him marching between two  
es of soldiers, with erect head and haughty

bearing, as if he marched to his wedding to his death.

"Must I look on and see him die," g  
Coralie, clasping her hands in agony.  
too terrible; I cannot bear it."

She covered her face with her hands, fell face downward on the sofa. But the fell of the drum called her again to her feet she saw that the soldiers had formed hollow square, the open end facing mountain. Inside the square stood the of and staff of Colonel Lefebre, who was, fo time being, commandant in Montreal.

An officer approached with a handker and seemed about to bind it upon the eye of Chastellar, but he threw it off with a gesture. And now the firing party advanced and took their stations, while the young bent his knee a moment in prayer. Co saw him rise quickly, turn to Colonel Lefebre and cry out something in a manner of haughty defiance, and the colonel made an angry gesture. As he did so, Coralie saw, gleaming in the sun-rays, twelve long muskets levelled at her lover's heart.

### CHAPTER XIII.

LOUIS CHASTELLAR had accepted the fate store for him bravely, and was ready when the soldiers came to lead him out to death.

Lefebre did not waste time. He refused to allow any dying speech upon the part of the prisoner, and gave him only a moment

ed to his wedding

see him die," g  
nds in agony. "I  
ar it."

with her hands,  
e sofa. But the  
gain to her feet  
ers had formed  
en end facing  
quare stood the of  
bre, who was, fo  
in Montreal.

with a handker  
It upon the eye  
it off with a  
ring party adva  
while the young  
in prayer. Co  
to Colonel Lef  
manner of haug  
made an an  
ralie saw, gleam  
muskets levelled

### KIII.

cepted the fate  
as ready when  
to death.

e. He refused  
the part of  
y a moment

When he had prayed, Louis rose,  
looking fixedly at Lefebre, thundered

"Now, murderer, do your work."

Lefebre raised his hand, and in an instant  
the soul of Louis Chastellar would have  
out a great tumult arose, and a man  
d into the space before the colonel, hold-  
open paper in his hand.

"Montcalm sends you this," he cried.

The colonel snatched the paper and read  
in three words.

*Suspend the execution.*

*Montcalm."*

"Who sent this?" he cried, fiercely, turn-  
ing to the messenger.

"The Marquis."

"It is false, and the paper you have brought  
is a forgery—a trick to save this man from

"Let the execution go on!"

"This will not do, colonel," cried Erne-  
stin, spurring his horse in front of his  
cor. "None of us will stand here and see  
murder a man in opposition to Montcalm's

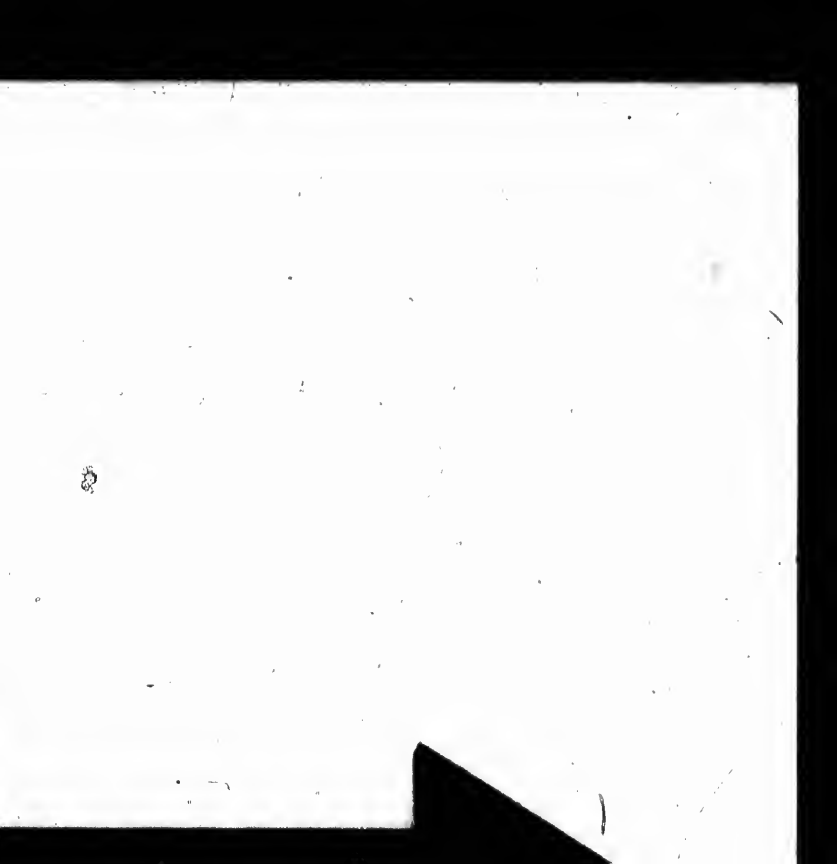
"Ground arms, men!"

The sergeant of the firing-party, who was  
Erne's company, gave an order to the men.  
They grounded arms briskly, evidently glad  
so.

"Treason here, by heaven!" cried Lefebre,  
and back, Lieutenant Erne Celestin, or you  
stand beside this other traitor. Riflemen,  
to the front."

The men refused to move, and while they  
in doubt a brilliant company of officers  
d up, and at their head rode that firm.

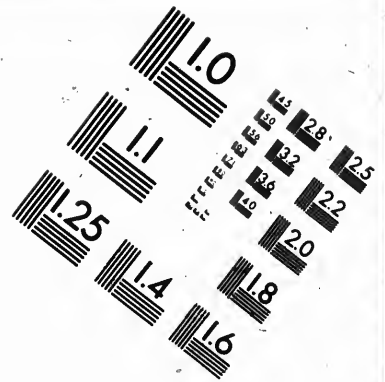
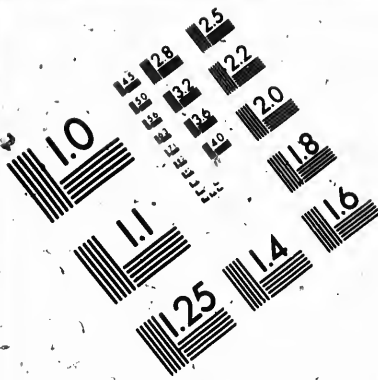




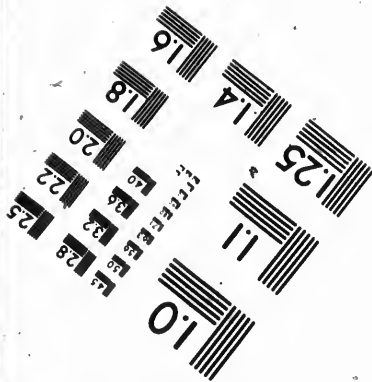
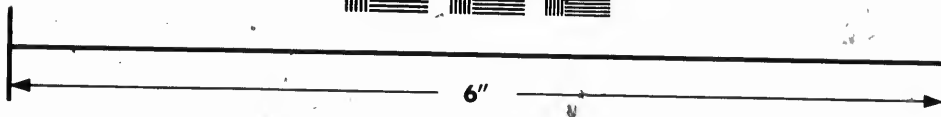
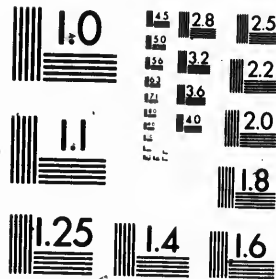








**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

18  
20  
22  
25

10

iron-willed man who ruled so well the de  
of Canada.

"Non!" cried Montcalm. "Attention  
cover arms, soldiers."

The butts of the rifles dropped together  
the earth, and a sigh of relief broke from  
breast of every soldier.

"Lieutenant Celestin, you will  
the prisoner from his bonds and bring  
forward."

Montcalm dismounted, and every offic  
the same. As they alighted an offic  
the uniform of a colonel turned a trium  
look toward Lefebre, and he saw the fa  
the man whom Neville had met upon  
mount—Aubrey De Lambert. A cry of h  
broke from his lips at the sight.

"You, you!" he cried. "Ah, then,  
doomed!"

"Yes, villain," cried De Lambert,  
man you have hunted almost to the  
turns upon you at last. The proofs you  
so long withheld are in the hands of  
marquis, and you cannot escape. The  
you designed for another you must taste."

"Not yet!" hissed the colonel, and, whe  
his horse, he dashed suddenly through  
crowd, overturning them right and left,  
before a hand could be laid upon him, he  
away on the plain, at full speed.

"Let him go," said Montcalm. "It is  
possible for him to escape. Guards are pl  
at every barrier, and he will be taken. S  
forward. Walter Neville. You, a year  
captain of Canadian irregulars, a disgr

doomed to  
7. Take  
ice, and le  
ville, hea  
ed away b  
Captain L  
have bee  
he finding  
now my  
or an unin  
u the com  
to you a co  
fles, now s  
But there i  
pered a maj  
There will  
our, advanc  
uct unbeco  
and may c  
ain Chastel  
resent. R  
lad to perfor  
ed, followed  
ed away th  
It now rem  
rs and sold  
the object of  
of Colonel I  
incorruptib  
peculation  
determined  
shoulders.  
letters to  
letters, whi  
ted, were fo

ed so well the de

aln. "Attention

dropped together  
relief broke fro

n, you will r  
onds and bring

and every offic  
ighted an offic

turned a triumph  
he saw the fir

had met upon  
ert. A cry of h  
sight.

"Ah, then,  
De Lambert,

most to the g  
The proofs you  
the hands of

escape. The o  
ou must taste."

Colonel, and, whe  
denly through  
ght and left,

upon him, he  
seed.

alm. "It is  
Guards are pl  
be taken. S  
ou, a year a  
ilars, a disgr

doomed to death if taken, shall have no  
r. Take charge of him, Lieutenant  
ice, and lead him to prison."

eville, heavily ironed, and pale as death,  
ed away by the guard.

Captain Louis Chastellar," said Montcalm,  
t have been accused of a dreadful crime,

the finding of the court was against you.  
now my pleasing duty to apologise to

or an unintentional wrong, and to restore  
u the commission so nobly earned, and

to you a company in the Twelfth regiment  
files, now stationed in Montreal."  
But there is no vacancy, your excellency,"

pered a major.  
There will be soon. Captain Jules Le

our, advance! You have been accused of  
uct unbecoming an officer and a gentle-

and may consider yourself under arrest.  
ain Chastellar will take your company for

resent. Remove him, Sergeant Darnay."  
lled to perform the duty, the sergeant ad-

ed, followed by two files of his company,  
led away the obnoxious captain.

It now remains for me to explain to you,  
ra and soldiers, that Captain Chastellar

the object of a deep-laid conspiracy on the  
of Colonel Lefebre and a man now dead.

incorruptible spirit was in the way of  
peculations of the public money, and

determined to throw their own guilt upon  
shoulders. Lefebre entrusted him with

letters to carry to a certain point, and  
letters, which were upon his person when

ted, were found to be directed to various

Englishmen of note, and contained information of the plans of our generals. These letters were carried unsuspectingly, and they proved their own downfall.

"The second person mentioned was a spy before the army at Québec, three days ago. He was an English spy. The day before his death, he made a sworn and witnessed statement in my presence, detailing the manner of this great villain's

"And now, for more of the work of this arch traitor," said Montcalm. "I am ordered by his condemnation, because the court-martial has acted upon his case and he is condemned. You see this gallant officer—" laying his hand upon the shoulder of the colonel, at the side of whose face Lefebvre had been so terrified, "you may not recognize him, but, when you see you that this is the celebrated Aubrey Lambert, you will know him."

Aubrey De Lambert! Many of the officers remembered him, ten years before, as one of the most promising officers in the service.

"De Lambert was a so condemned by court-martial, but his punishment was only 'dismissed from the service,' and an intimation from again setting his foot within the realm of Canada. The accusation was plotting to make himself the head of a realm, which he was found here, and the principal witness was Lefebvre and this man who died confessing his guilt. The proofs of his innocence he gave in a series of letters between Lefebvre and his coadjutor, which were in Lefebvre's possession. He has sought them for long years and found them at last, and I pronounce him free

contained information worthy to lead the soldiers of France  
 s. These letters upon cheer followed.

mentioned was shewn your excellency," said De Lambert, "I  
 three days ago, you to let me go. There is still work  
 re his death, he done, which only I can do. If you will  
 statement in my name, I will take Captain Chastellar along  
 e."

is great villain permission was given, and the two  
 of the work so lately restored to their rank, rode as  
 lm. "I am as they could through the crowd, pass-  
 ne the court-ectly under the windows of the house in  
 nd he is conde Coralie was confined. As they passed  
 r—" laying hi ard a woman's scream, a pistol shot, and  
 olonel, at the nd of heavy blows.

been so terrar voice," cried Chastellar. "Oh, God,  
 im, but, when es it mean?"

brated Aubre door opened as they rushed in, and in  
 ni." re, in a ghastly heap, lay the dead form  
 Many of the ore, his skull crushed like an egg-shell.  
 efore, as one elining on the floor, at a little distance, lay  
 he service. endeavouring to stanch the blood which  
 condemned from a wound in his breast, and Coralie  
 punishment was part, half-fainting, looking with dilating  
 ; and an int at the fearful sight. Recognising  
 within the rec lar, she threw herself into his arms with  
 as plotting to ery.

which he wou are not hurt," he said, clasping her to  
 cipal witness t. "Thank God for that."

died confessio ve her to me," cried De Lambert,  
 innocence he "My child, look at me. After many  
 n Lefebre a have come back to you. I am your  
 efeb're's poss Coralie."

g years and n instant she was in his arms, and he  
 ace him free t in a fervent clasp, close to his beating

heart. A sort of gasping sigh called attention, and they saw that Abah had nearer, and was trying to clasp the knee of Lambert.

"Oh, heaven," he cried, "my faithful, have I only come in time to see you?"

He raised himself with an effort, and exultantly at the dead form of Lefebvre at his own breast. Then his hand moved as if he asked a question.

"Yes, Abah," said Aubrey; "this is your daughter. But let me look at your work."

The Moor waved him aside impatiently, taking a fold of Coralie's robe, pressed it to his lips. Then, grasping his master's hand in his own, he pressed it to his lips and back, dead!

"Faithful unto death," said De Laval. "Let us leave this place, my daughter; it is a terrible place for you. In good time we shall understand how it was I did not claim you."

"Have you ever thought of the boy you promised to be faithful when Lavelle was with you, Coralie?" whispered Louis, as they went out together.

"Often; I fear he is dead," said Coralie softly. "Poor fellow, he loved me."

"No, Coralie; he is not dead, but he loves you still. Louis Chastellar will not forget what he promised the little maid long ago."

"Are you he?" cried the girl in surprise. "Surprises will never end."

They went to Lavelle's house, and



ing sigh called  
that Abah had  
to clasp the kn

ried, "my faith  
in time to see y  
th an effort, and  
orm of Lefebre  
his hand move

Aubrey; "th  
ook at your wo  
aside impatient  
robe, pressed  
s master's hand  
it to his lips

h," said De L  
my daughter;  
In good tim  
was I did no

ht of the boy  
when Lavallo  
Louis, as th

dead," said  
loved me."  
t dead, but li  
Chastellar  
e little maid

the girl in a  
ever end."  
house, and D

ced before the old man the box which he  
own aside as empty. Touching a spring,  
d paper was revealed which contained  
ords:

the intercession of my captain, I con-  
rear as my own the child whom he has  
to me. Her father was the celebrated  
De Lambert who was tried for conspiracy  
nished from the colony. Her mother  
o years ago of a fever brought on by her  
d's misfortunes. JACQUES CRILLON."

nd now, to explain some things which  
een mysteries up to this time, Coralie.  
ve been saddened for the fate of the Re-  
of Mont Royale, because you thought  
ally murdered. He lives and you shall

rose and left the room, and, shortly after,  
amp of a staff was heard, the door opened,  
e Recluse stood before them! Coralie  
up with a glad cry, and sprung to meet  
hen the white beard and cloak fell off,  
ey saw—Aubrey De Lambert!  
ou the Recluse," cried Coralie. "Is it  
e?"

and no other. In this disguise my plans  
een perfected at length."  
ut I saw Neville hurl you into the  
" gasped Coralie.

another delusion. The figure was not  
out a stuffed figure, wearing my clothing  
urposely placed there to tempt Neville.  
into the trap as you saw, and thinks to  
y that I have been slain by his hand."

Walter Neville hanged himself in prison. Le Sabreur was deprived of his commission and returned to France, where he perished after, in a duel which he had provoked, he had slain a French officer. The English toine fled to the English colonies, not daring to meet the indignation of Montcalm. Aubert Lambert gladly gave his daughter in marriage to the brave young soldier, Chastellar, and they led happy and blameless lives. Both the young men who had regained their ancient honours by Montcalm's side through all his wars were both with him when he died upon the blood-stained battle-field on the Plains of Abraham.

The story of Abah was a sad one. Before, when Lefebre was a subaltern in the army, he had surprised a camp of Moors of which he was chief. The women and children were slain to the sword, and Abah fell under a terrible sabre cut from the hand of Lefebre. It was a useless butchery, and when the Moor was slain himself he lay in a pool of his own blood surrounded by the lifeless bodies of those he loved. He registered a vow never to cease following Lefebre until he was dead. In that manner he came to take service with De Lambert need not be told, but it was for the sake of his servant that Lefebre had been suffered to live so long. When the time came, the Moors in that bloody camp were avenged.

THE END.

