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ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

BELOW WE MENTION A FEW OF THE SPECIALS FOR
MONDAY, JUNE 10.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 case Apron Gingham, best quality,
Only 2½c | 1 case Gents' Balbriggan Shirts and
Drawers, worth 39c., Only 29c |
| 1 case Merrimack Light Shirting Cal-
ico, Only 2½c | 50 doz. Gents' Unlaundered Shirts, reg-
ular 50c. quality, Only 32c |
| 1 case American Calico, indigo blue,
Only 3½c | 100 doz. Ladies' Silk Mitts, worth 39c.,
Only 22c |
| 1 case Bleached Muslin, 1 yard wide,
Only 3½c | 500 doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, worth
5c., Only 2½c |
| 40 pieces Japanese Wash Silks for Shirt
Waists, worth 50c. yard, Only 29c | 1 case Corsets, all colors, sizes 18 to 30,
worth 50c., Only 35c |
| 18 pieces Silk Velvet, all colors, worth
\$1.00 yard, Only 59c | Ladies' Muslin Underwear, Skirts, Gowns
and Chemise, worth 75c. to 98c.,
Only 50c |
| 62 pieces Cashmeres, all colors, worth
35c. yard, Only 20c | Infants' Caps, Sacks, Dresses, etc.,
At One-Half Price |
| 35 pieces Cheese Cloth, all the leading
shades, worth 10c. yard, Only 5c | 500 Boys' Suits, all sizes, worth \$2.00
to \$3.00, Only 98c |
| SATIN RIBBONS. | |
| Nos 5 and 7, worth 8c. only | 5c. |
| Nos 9 and 12, worth 12½c. only | 7½c. |
| Nos 16 and 22, worth 19c., only | 10c. |

TABLE LINENS, TOWELS, NAPKINS,
White Bedspreads, etc., at greatly re-
duced prices.



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DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, MILLINERY,
LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, BOYS' CLOTHING, ETC.
AT LESS THAN ONE-HALF PRICE.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES:

- | | |
|--|---|
| Coats' Spool Cotton, worth 4c.,
Only 2c | Ladies' Ribbed Vests, worth 10c.,
Only 5c |
| Pins, all sizes, worth 3c.,
Only 1c | Ladies' Ribbed Vests, worth 25c.,
Only 12½c |
| Pins, all sizes, worth 5c.,
Only 2c | Ladies' Hose, all kinds, worth 12½c.,
Only 7c |
| Sewing Silk, worth 8c.,
Only 4c | Ladies' Hose, all kinds, worth 25c.,
Only 12½c |
| Knitting Silk, worth 22c.,
Only 10c | Ladies' Gloves, all kinds, worth 25c.,
Only 12½c |
| Children's Lace Caps, worth 50c. to \$1.,
Only 25c | Ladies' Shirt Waists, worth 50c. to 75c.,
Only 25c |
| Children's Gingham Dresses, all sizes,
worth \$1.00 to \$1.50, Only 50c | Boys' Waists, worth 50c.,
Only 25c |

ALL OTHER GOODS IN SAME PROPORTION.



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CHAPTER IV.

I put on my military overcoat, as I did not know how much of the night I might have to spend in the woods, and I fastened my sword on inside of it. I put off my hussar boots also, and wore a pair of shoes and gaiters, so that I might be lighter upon my feet. Then I stole out of my quarters and made for the forest, feeling very much easier in my mind, for I am always at my best when the time of thought has passed and the moment for action arrived.

I passed the barracks of the Chasseurs of the guards and the line of caecae all filled with uniforms. I caught

lights upon which Leonie would be waiting for me. The poor child would have died of terror at the sight of the emperor. He might have been too harsh with her—and, worse still, he might have been too kind.

There was a half moon shining, and as I came up to our trying place I saw that I was not the first to arrive. The emperor was passing up and down, his hands behind him and his face sunk somewhat forward upon his breast. He wore a gray great coat, with a capote over his head. I had seen him in such a dress in our winter campaign in Poland, and it was said he used it because the hood was such an excellent disguise. He was always found, whether in the camp or in Paris, walking round at night and over-
hearing the talk in the cabarets around the fire. His figure, however, and his way of carrying his head were so well known that he was always recognized, and then the talkers would just say whatever they thought would please him best.

I was afraid that he would be angry with me for having kept him waiting, but as I approached him we heard the big church clock of Fontainebleau clang out the hour of 10. It was evident, therefore, that it was he who was too soon, and not I too late. I remembered his injunction that I should make no remark, so I contented myself with halting within four paces of him, clicking my spurs together, rounding my sabre and saluting. He glanced at me, and then without a word he turned and walked slowly through the forest.



I Saw That I Was Not the First to Arrive.

a glimpse as I went by of the blue and gold of some of my comrades amid the swarm of dark infantry coats and the light green of the guides. There they sat, sipping their wine and smoking their cigars, little dreaming what their comrade had on hand. One of them, the chief of my squadron, caught sight of me in the lamplight, and came shouting after me into the street. I hurried on, however, pretending not to hear him; so he, with a curse at my deafness, went back at last to his wine bottle.

It is not very hard to get into the forest at Fontainebleau. The scattered trees steal their way into the very streets like the tirailleurs in front of a column. I turned into a path which led into the edge of the woods and then I pushed rapidly forward toward the old fir tree. It was a place, which, as I have hinted, I had my own reasons for knowing well, and I could only think the fate that it was not one of the

I keep always about the same distance behind him. Once or twice he seemed to me to look apprehensively to right and to left, as if he feared that some one were observing us. I looked also, but although I have the keenest sight, it was quite impossible to see anything except the ragged patches of moonshine between the great black shadows of the trees. My ears are as quick as my eyes, and once or twice I thought that I heard a twig crack, but you know how many sounds there are in a forest at night, and how difficult it is to even say what direction they come from.

We walked for rather more than a mile, and I knew exactly what our destination was long before we got there. In the center of one of the glades there lay the scattered stump of what must at some time have been a most gigantic tree. It is called the Abbot's Beech, and there are so many ghostly stories about it that I know many a brave soldier who would not care about mounting sentry over it. However, I cared as little for such folly as the emperor did, so we crossed the glade and made straight for the old broken trunk. As we approached, I saw that two men were waiting for us beneath it.

When I first caught sight of them they were standing rather behind it, as if they were not anxious to be seen, but as we came nearer they emerged from its shadow and walked forth to meet us. The emperor glanced at me, and showed his face a little, so that I came within arms length of him. You may think that I had my hit well to the front, and that I had a very good look at these two people who were approaching us. The one was tall, remarkably so, and of a very spare frame, while the other was rather below the usual height, and had a brisk, determined way of walking. They each wore black cloaks, which were slung right across their figures and hung down upon one side like the mantles of Murat's dragoons. They had flat black caps, like those which I have since seen in Spain, which they threw their faces into darkness, though I could see the gleam of their eyes from beneath them. With the moon behind them and their long, black shadows walking in front, they were such figures as one might expect to meet at night near the Abbot's Beech. I can remember that they had a stealthy way of moving, and that as they approached the moonshine formed two white diamonds between their legs and the legs of their shadows.

The emperor had paused and these two strangers came to a stand also within a few paces of us. I had drawn up close to my companion's elbow, so that the four of us were facing each other without a word spoken. My eyes were particularly fixed upon the taller one, because he was slightly the nearer to me, and I became certain as I switched him that he was in the last state of nervousness. His lean figure was quivering all over, and I heard a quick, thin panting like that of a tired dog. Suddenly, one of them gave a short hissing signal. The tall man bent his back and his knees like a diver about to spring, but before he could move I had jumped with drawn sabre in front of him. At the same instant the smaller man bounded past me, and buried a long pointed in the emperor's heart.

My God, the horror of that moment! It is a marvel that I did not drop dead myself. As in a dream I saw the gray

coat whirl convulsively round and caught a glimpse in the moonlight of three inches of red point which jutted out from between the shoulders. Then down he fell with a dead man's gasp upon the grass, and the assassin, leaving his weapon buried in his victim, threw up both his hands and shrieked with joy. But I—I drove my sword through his wrist with such frantic force that the mere blow of the hilt against the end of his breastbone sent him six inches before he fell, and left my reeking blade ready for the other. I sprang upon him with such a lust



An Instant Afterward He Was in Full Flight.

for blood upon me as I had never felt, and never have felt in all my days. As I turned a dagger flash before my eyes, and I felt the cold wind of it pass my neck and the villain's wrist jar upon my shoulder. I shortened my sword, but he wined away from me, and an instant afterward was in full flight, bounding like a deer across the glade in the moonlight.

But he was not to escape me thus. I knew that the murderer's pony had done its work. Young as I was I had seen enough war to know a mortal blow. I paused but for an instant to touch the cold hand, "Sire! Sire!" I cried in an agony, and then, as no sound came back, and nothing moved save an ever-widening dark circle in the moonlight, I knew that all was indeed over. I sprang madly to my feet, threw off my great coat and ran at the top of my speed after the remaining assassin.

Oh, how I blessed the wisdom which had caused me to come in shoes and gaiters. And the happy thought which had thrown off my coat. He could not get rid of his mantle, this wretch, or else he was too frightened to think of it. So it was that I laid upon him from the beginning. He must have been out of his wits, for he never tried to bury himself in the darker parts of the woods, but he flew on from glade to glade until he came to the heath and which leads up to the great Fontainebleau quarry. Thus I had him in full sight, and knew that he could not escape me. He ran well, it is true—ran as a coward runs when his life is at stake. But I ran as Destiny runs when it gets behind a man's heels. Yard by yard I drew in upon him. He was rolling and staggering. I could hear the rasping and crackling of his breath. The great ruff of the quarry suddenly yawned in front of his path, and glancing at me over his shoulder, he gave a shriek of despair. The next instant he had vanished from my sight.

Vanished utterly, you understand. I rushed to the spot and gazed down into the black abyss. Had he hurled himself over, I had about made up my mind that he had done so, when a gentle sound rising and falling came out of the darkness beneath me. It was his breathing once more, and it showed me where he must be. He was hiding in the toolhouse.

At the edge of the quarry and beneath the summit there is a small platform, upon which stands a wooden tub for the use of the laborers. It was into this, then, that he had darted. Perhaps he had thought, the fool, that in the darkness I would not venture to follow him. He little knew Etienne Gerard. With a spring I was on the platform, with another I was through the doorway, and then hearing him in the corner, I hurled myself down upon the top of him.

He fought like a wildcat, but he never had a chance with his shorter weapon. I think that I must have transfixed him with that first mad lunge, for though he struck and struck his blows had no power in them, and presently his dagger tinkled down upon the floor. When I was sure that he was dead I rose up, and passed out into the moonlight. I climbed up onto the heath again, and wandered across it as nearly out of my mind as a man could be. With the blood singing in my ears and my naked sword still clutched in my hand I walked aimlessly on, until, looking round me, I found that I had come as far as the glade of the Abbot's Beech, and saw in the distance that gnarled stump which must ever be associated with the most terrible moment of my life. I sat down upon a fallen trunk with my head across my knees, and my hand between my hands, and I tried to think about what had happened, and what would happen in the future.

[To Be Continued.]

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