

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARNOLD DAMPIERRE had moved from his lodgings in the Quartier Latin at the outbreak of the insurrection, and had taken up his abode in one of the streets leading up to Montmartre. There he was in close connection with many of the leaders of the Commune, his speeches and his regular attendance at their meetings, his connection with Dufaure, who was the president of one of the revolutionary committees, and with his daughter, and the fact that he was an American, had rendered him one of the most conspicuous characters in the Quarter. He would have been named one of the delegates of the Council of the Commune, but he refused the honor, preferring to remain, as he said, "the representative of the great republic across the seas."

More than once Cuthbert met him as he rode about, but only once did they speak. Cuthbert was crossing the square in front of the Hôtel de Ville, when he saw Arnold Dampierre. The latter was on foot and did not notice Cuthbert until he was within a few yards of him; as his eye fell on him he hesitated and then walked on as if about to pass without speaking; Cuthbert, however, held out his hand.

"Why, Dampierre," he said, "you are not going to cut me, are you? There has been no quarrel between us, and the last time we met was when we were lying next to each other in the ambulance."

Dampierre took the offered hand. "No, no," he said with nervous quickness, "no quarrel at all, Hartington, but you see we have gone different ways, that is to say, I have gone out of your way, and thought that you would not care to continue the acquaintance."

"There is no such feeling on my part, I can assure you. There need be no question between us as to the part you have

taken. I am sorry, but it is no concern of mine, and after living in the same house for a year or so, and having faced death side by side at Champigny, no difference of political opinion should interfere with our friendship. Besides, you know," he added with a laugh, "I may want to get you to exert your influence on my behalf. Events are thickening. In troubled times it is always well to have a friend at court, and if I come to be treated as a suspect, I shall refer to you for a character as a peaceable and well-intentioned student of art."

"There is no fear of anything of that sort, Hartington; but should you, by any possibility, get into trouble, you have but to send to me. However, this state of things will not last long, the people are fairly roused now and will soon sweep the butchers of Versailles before them, and a reign of perfect freedom and equality will be established, and the world will witness the spectacle of a free country, purging itself from the tyranny of capital and the abuse of power, under which it has so long groaned. But I have much to do and must be off," and with a hasty shake of the hand he hurried away again.

Cuthbert looked after him. "The poor fellow is fast qualifying for a mad-house," he said; "he has changed sadly, his cheeks are hollow and his eyes unnaturally brilliant. Those patches of color on his cheeks are signs of fever rather than of health. That woman, Minette, is responsible for this ruin. It must end badly one way or the other; the best thing that could happen to him would be to fall in one of these sorties. He has made himself so conspicuous that he is almost certain to be shot when the troops take Paris, unless, indeed, he becomes an actual lunatic before that. Wound up as he is by excitement and enthusiasm he will never bring himself to sneak off in disguise, as most of the men who have stirred up this business will do."

The time passed quickly enough in Paris, events followed each other rapidly, there was scarce a day without fighting, more or less serious. Gradually the troops wrested position after position from the Communists, but not without heavy fighting. The army at Versailles had swelled so rapidly by the

arrival of the prisoners from Germany that even in Paris, where the journals of the Commune endeavored to keep up the spirits of the defenders by wholesale lying as to the result of the fighting outside its walls. It was known that at least a hundred thousand men were now gathered at Versailles.

"There is no doubt of one thing," Cuthbert said, as standing with Mary on the Trocadero, they one day watched the duel, when the guns at Meudon were replying vigorously to the fire of the forts, "I must modify my first opinions as to the courage of the Communists. They have learnt to fight, and allowing for all the exaggeration and bombast of their proclamations, they now stand admirably; they have more than once retaken positions from which they have been driven, and although very little is said about their losses, I was talking yesterday to a surgeon in one of the hospitals, and he tells me that already they must be as great as those throughout the whole of the first siege.

"They are still occasionally subject to panics. For instance, there was a bad one the other night when the troops took the Château of Becon, and again at Clamart, but I fancy that is owing to the mistake the Communists made in forcing men who are altogether opposed to them into their ranks. These men naturally bolt directly they are attacked, and that causes a panic among the others who would have fought had the rest stood. Still, altogether, they are fighting infinitely better than expected, and at Clamart they fought really well in the open for the first time. Before, I own that my only feelings towards the battalions of beetle-browed ruffians from the faubourgs was disgust, now I am beginning to feel a respect for them, but it makes the prospect here all the darker.

"I have no doubt that as soon as McMahan has got all his batteries into position he will open such a fire as will silence the forts and speedily make breaches in the walls; but the real fighting won't begin till they enter. The barricades were at first little more than breastworks, but they have grown and grown until they have become formidable fortifications, and, if

stoutly defended, and with every house occupied by desperate men, it will be terrible work carrying them by assault. However, there are few places where the main defences cannot be turned, for it is impossible to fortify every street. However, if the Communists fight as desperately as we may now expect, in their despair, the work of clearing the whole city must occupy many days."

"It will be very unpleasant in Passy when the batteries on all those heights open fire."

"It would, indeed, if they were to direct their fire in this direction, for they could wipe Passy out altogether in a few hours; but everything shows that Thiers is anxious to spare Paris itself as much as possible. Not a shot has been fired at random, and scarcely a house has been injured. They fire only at the forts and at the batteries on this side, and when they begin in earnest I have no doubt it will be the same. It would be a mere waste of shot to fire up there, and if the Versailles people were to do unnecessary damage it would bring them into odium throughout all France, for it would be said that they were worse than the Prussians."

On the 25th of April, at 8 o'clock in the morning, the long silence of the besiegers' batteries ended. Cuthbert was taking his coffee when he heard a sound like the rumble of a heavy wagon. He ran to his window. There was quiet in the street below, for everyone had stopped abruptly to listen to the roar, and from every window heads appeared. Completing his dressing hastily, he went out and took the first fiacre he met and drove to Passy. The rumble had deepened into a heavy roar; the air quivered with the vibrations, and the shriek of the shells mingled with the deep booming of the guns. When he entered Madame Michaud's, she, her husband and Mary were standing at the open window.

"We have just come down from the top of the house," Mary said, "it is a grand sight from there; will you come up, Cuthbert?"

"Certainly, Mary; you see I was right, and there do not seem to be any shell coming this way."

"No. But we were all desperately alarmed, were we not madame, when they began."

"It was enough to alarm one," Madame Michaud said indignantly, "half the windows were broken, and that was enough to startle one even without the firing."

"It was perfectly natural, madame," Cuthbert agreed; "the first shock is always trying, and even soldiers with seasoned nerves might be excused for starting, when such a din as this commenced."

Cuthbert and Mary went up at once to the roof, where the old gentleman from below had already set up his telescope. He did not need that, however, to observe what was going on. Along almost the whole crest of the eminences round the south and west, heavy guns were playing upon the defences. From the heights of Chatillon, the puffs of white smoke came thick and fast, the battery at the Chateau of Meudon was hard at work, as were those of Brimborien and Breteuil. Mount Valerien was joining in the fray, while batteries on the plateau of Villejuif were firing at the forts of Montrouge and Bicêtre. Without exception, the greater part of the fire was concentrated upon the forts of Issy and Vanves, while attention was also being paid to the batteries at Point de Jour and Porte Maillot.

The Communists replied to the fire steadily, although Issy, which came in for by far the largest share of the attentions of the assailants, fired only a gun now and then, showing that it was still tenanted by the defenders. It was difficult indeed to see how often it replied, for the shell burst so frequently on it that it was difficult to distinguish between their flashes and those of its guns. Through the telescope could be seen how terrible was the effect of the fire; already the fort had lost the regularity of its shape, and the earth, with which it had been thickly covered, was pitted with holes. Presently there was an outburst of firing comparatively close at hand.

"That is the battery on the Trocadero," one of the party exclaimed. "I think that they must be firing at Valerien, I saw several spurts of smoke close to it."

"I hope not," Cuthbert said, "for if Valerien answers, our position here will not be so pleasant."

For an hour Valerien disregarded the shells bursting in and around it, and continuing its fire against Issy.

"That was a good shot," the astronomer said, as he sat with his eyes at his telescope watching the fort. "A shell burst right on one of the embrasures." A minute or two later came a rushing sound, rising rapidly to a scream; instinctively most of those on the roof ducked their heads.

"Valerien is waking up," Cuthbert said; "here comes another."

For an hour Valerien poured its fire upon the battery on the Trocadero, and with so accurate an aim that at the end of that time it was reduced to silence. While the fire was going on, those on the roof went below, for although the precision with which the artillerymen fired was so excellent that there was but slight danger, the trial to the nerves from the rush of the heavy shell was so great that they were glad to leave the roof and to take their places at the windows below. The danger was no less, for had a shell struck the house and exploded, it would have wrecked the whole building, but there was some sense of safety in drawing back behind the shelter of the wall as the missiles were heard approaching.

To the disappointment of the middle class who still remained in Paris, the bombardment was only partly renewed on the following day, and then things went on as before. It was supposed that its effects, great as they had been on the forts most exposed to it, had not come up to the expectations of the besiegers, and the telescope showed that the troops were hard at work erecting a great battery on Montretout, an eminence near St. Cloud. On the night of the 5th of May the whole of the batteries opened fire again, and the troops made a desperate effort to cut the force in Issy from communication either with the town or with Vanves. The National Guard poured out from the city, and for some hours the fighting was very severe, the troops at last succeeding in their object; but as soon as they had done so, the guns on the *enciente* and those of

Vanves opened so tremendous a fire upon them, that they were forced to abandon the positions they had won.

At the Railway Station at Clamart there was also heavy fighting; the National Guard attacked suddenly and in such overwhelming numbers that after a short but desperate resistance, the garrison of the station were forced to retire. Reinforcements were soon brought up, the troops again advanced and the insurgents were driven out. Their loss during the night was put down as a thousand. On the 8th Montretout, which was armed with 72 heavy guns, opened fire, the rest of the batteries joined in, and for a couple of hours the din was terrific. The next day Issy was captured by the troops. They attacked the village at daybreak, and advancing slowly, capturing house by house, they occupied the church and market-place at noon. Just as they had done so, a battalion of Insurgents were seen advancing, to reinforce the garrison of the Fort. They were allowed to advance to within fifty yards when a heavy volley was poured into them. They halted for a moment, but their colonel rallied them. He was, however, killed by another volley, when the men at once broke, threw away their arms, and ran back to the city gates. The rest of the village was carried with a rush, and when the troops reached the gate of the Fort, it was found open. It was at once occupied, the whole of the defenders having fled, as they saw that the steady advance of the troops would, if they remained, cut them off from escape. The fall of the Fort was so unexpected that the batteries on the heights continued to fire upon it for some time after the troops had gained possession.

The capture of Issy created an immense effect in Paris. General Rossel resigned the command of the insurgent army. He had been a colonel of the engineers, and was an officer of merit, but his political opinions had proved too much for his loyalty to his country and profession; doubtless he had deemed that if, as at first seemed probable, the insurrection would be successful and the revolution triumph, he would become its Napoleon. He now saw the ruin of his hopes; he had forfeited his position and his life, and in the proclamation he is-

sued announcing his resignation he poured out all the bitterness of his disappointment, and told the Commune his opinion of them, namely, that they were utterly incapable, without an idea of the principles either of liberty or of order, and filled only with jealousy and hatred of each other. So scathing was the indictment, that he was at once arrested, but managed to make his escape.

The fire from the batteries on the assailants' right, was now concentrated upon Vanves, which was evacuated by the insurgents two days later. The fall of these forts left the position at Point de Jour unsupported, and indeed the guns remounted at Issy took its defenders in flank, and rendered it impossible for them to work their guns. In their despair the Commune now threw off the mask of comparative moderation, and proceeded to imitate to its fullest extent the government of the Jacobins. Decrees were passed for the establishment of courts to arrest, try, and execute suspected persons without delay, and under the false pretence that prisoners taken by the troops had been executed, the murder of the Archbishop of Paris and other priests, who had been taken and thrown into prison as hostages, was decided upon.

Upon the fall of Issy being known, Cuthbert considered the end to be so near that it would be better for him to take up his abode permanently at Madame Michaud's. She had been pressing him to do so for some time, as she and her husband thought that the presence of an English gentleman there would conduce to their safety when the troops entered Paris. He had indeed spent most of his time there for the last three weeks, but had always returned to his lodgings at night. He, therefore, packed up his pictures and his principal belongings and drove with them to Passy. Two days later he met Arnold Dampierre.

"I am glad to have met you," the latter said, "I have been to our old place, and found that you had left. Minette and I are to be married to-morrow, a civil marriage, of course, and I should be very glad if you will be present as a witness. There is no saying who will be alive at the end of another week, and I should like the marriage to be witnessed by you."

"I will do so with pleasure, Arnold, though it seems scarcely a time for marrying."

"That is true, but if we escape we must escape together. If I am killed I wish her to go over to America and live as mistress of my place there, therefore, I shall place in your hands an official copy of the register of our marriage. Where will she be able to find you after all this is over?"

Cuthbert gave his address at Madame Michaud's.

"I don't suppose I shall stay there long after all is finished here," he said, "but they will know where to forward any letters to me. Would it not be better, Arnold, for you to throw up all this at once and return to your old lodgings, where you may perhaps remain quietly until the search for the leaders of this affair relaxes?"

Arnold shook his head gloomily; "I must go through it to the end. The cause is a noble one, and it is not because its leaders are base, and at the same time wholly incapable men, that I should desert it. Besides, even if I should do so, she would not. No, it is not to be thought of. The marriage will take place at the Mairie of Montmartre, at eleven o'clock to-morrow."

"I will be there, Arnold." Cuthbert walked slowly back to Passy. He was shocked at the dismal shipwreck, of what had seemed a bright and pleasant future, of the man of whom he had seen so much for upwards of a year. Dampierre's life had seemed to offer a fairer chance of happiness and prosperity than that of any other of the students at Monsieur Goudé's. He had an estate amply sufficient to live upon in comfort, and even affluence; and he had artistic tastes that would save him from becoming, like many southern planters, a mere loungeur through life. His fatal love for Minette had caused him to throw himself into this insurrection, and to take so prominent a part in it that the chance of his life being spared, did he fall into the hands of the troops, was small indeed; even did he succeed in escaping with Minette his chances of happiness in the future seemed to Cuthbert to be faint indeed. With her passionate impulses she would speedily weary of the tranquil and easy life

on a southern plantation, and, with her, to weary was to seek change, and however that change might come about, it would bring no happiness to her husband.

"I am going to see your rival married to-morrow," he said to Mary.

"What, the model? Don't call her my rival, Cuthbert, it makes me ashamed of myself, even to think that I should have suspected you of caring for that woman we saw on horseback the other day."

"Then we will call her your supposed rival, Mary; yes, she is going to be married to Arnold Dampierre, to-morrow."

"What a time to choose for it," she said, with a shudder. "In a few days Paris will be deluged with blood, for the Commune boasts that every street is mined."

"We need not believe all that, Mary; no doubt the principal streets have been mined, but the Commune have made such a boast of the fact, that you may be sure the French generals will avoid the great thoroughfares as much as possible, and will turn the barricades by advancing along the narrow streets and lanes; besides, it is one thing to dig mines and charge them, and quite another thing to explode them at the right moment in the midst of a desperate fight. However, I agree with you that it is a dismal business, but Arnold explained to me that he did it because he and Minette might have to fly together, or, that if he fell, she might inherit his property. He did not seem to foresee that she too might fall, which is, to my mind as likely as his own death, for as in former fights here, the female Communists will be sure to take their place in the barricades with the men, and, if so, I will guarantee that Minette will be one of the foremost to do so. The production of female fiends seem to be one of the peculiarities of French revolutions. As I told you, I am going to the wedding in order to sign as a witness; I could hardly refuse what I regard as the poor fellow's last request, though it will be a most distasteful business."

"The last time you spoke to him, you said it struck you that he was going out of his mind."

"Yes, I thought so and think so still; his manner was changed to-day; before, he had that restless, nervous, excitable look that is the indication of one phase of insanity; to-day there was the gloomy, brooding sort of look that is equally characteristic of another form of madness.

"At the same time that might be well explained by the circumstances, and I have not the same absolute conviction in his sanity that I had before. I suppose you will not care to honor the wedding ceremony by your presence."

"No, no, Cuthbert, not for anything. You cannot think that I should like to be present at such a ghastly ceremony. I thought the churches were all shut up."

"So they are; the marriage is to be a civil one. They will merely declare themselves man and wife in the presence of an official; he will enter them as such in a register, and the affair will be over. I would not say so to Arnold, but I have serious doubt whether the American authorities would recognize the ceremony as a legal one, did she ever appear there to claim possession. Of course, if he gets away also, it can be put right by another marriage when they get out, or they can stop for a few weeks on their way through England, and be married again there."

"It is all most horrid, Cuthbert."

"Well, if you see it in that light, Mary, I won't press you to go to-morrow, and will give up any passing idea that I may have had, that we might embrace the opportunity and be married at the same time."

"It is lucky that you did not make such a proposition to me in earnest, Cuthbert," Mary laughed, "for if you had, I would assuredly have had nothing more to do with you."

"Oh, yes, you would, Mary, you could not have helped yourself, and you would, in a very short time have made excuses for me on the ground of my natural anxiety to waste no further time before securing my happiness."

"No one could expect any happiness after being married in that sort of way. No, sir, when quite a long time on, we do get married, it shall be in a church in a proper and decent manner.

I don't know that I might not be persuaded to make a sacrifice and do without bridesmaids or even a wedding-breakfast, but everything else must be strictly *en règle*."

The next morning at the appointed hour, Cuthbert went up to Montmartre. Several men, whose red scarfs showed that they belonged to the Government of the Commune were standing outside. They looked with some surprise at Cuthbert as he strolled quietly up. "I am here, messieurs, to be a witness to the marriage of my friend, Arnold Dampierre."

The manner of the men instantly changed, and one said, "We are here also to witness the marriage of our noble American friend to the daughter of our colleague, Dufaure. Dampierre is within, Dufaure will be here with his daughter in a few minutes." Cuthbert passed through and entered the office where a Commissary of the Commune was sitting at a table. Arnold was speaking to him. He turned as Cuthbert entered.

"Thank you, Hartington. This is not exactly what I had pictured would be the scene at my wedding, but it is not my fault that it must be managed this way, and I intend to have the ceremony repeated if we get safely to England. After all, it is but what you call a Gretna Green marriage."

"Yes, as you say, you can be married again, Arnold, which would certainly be best in all respects, and might save litigation some day. But here they come, I think."

There was a stir at the door, and Minette and her father entered, followed by the Communists with red scarfs. Arnold also wore one of these insignia. Minette was in her dress as a Vivandière. She held out her hand frankly to Cuthbert.

"I am glad to see you here, monsieur," she said. "It is good that Arnold should have one of his own people as a witness. You never liked me very much, I know, but it makes no difference now."

"Please to take your place," the officer said. Cuthbert stepped back a pace. Arnold took his place in front of the table with Minette by his side, her father standing close to her.

"There is nothing, Arnold Dampierre," the official asked,

"in the laws of your country that would prevent you making a binding marriage."

"Nothing whatever. When a man is of age in America he is free to contract any marriage he chooses without obtaining the consent of any relation whatever."

The official made a note of this. "Martin Dufaure, do you give your sanction and consent to the marriage of your daughter with Arnold Dampierre, American citizen."

"I do," the Communist said.

"Take her hand, Arnold Dampierre."

"Do you take this woman as your wife?"

As the words left his lips, there was a pistol-shot. With a low cry, Arnold fell across the table. Cuthbert had turned at the report, and as the man who had fired, lowered his pistol to repeat the shot, he sprang forward, and struck him with all his weight and strength on the temple. The man fell like a log, his pistol exploding as he did so. With a cry like that of a wounded animal Minette had turned around, snatched a dagger from her girdle, and, as the man fell, she sprang to his side and leant over him with uplifted knife. Cuthbert caught her wrist as she was about to strike.

"Do not soil your hand with blood, Minette," he said quietly as she turned fiercely upon him. "Arnold would not like it; leave this fellow to justice, and give your attention to him."

Dropping the knife she ran forward to the table again, two or three of Arnold's colleagues were already leaning over him. Believing that her lover was dead, Minette would have thrown herself on his body, but they restrained her.

"He is not dead, Minette, the wound is not likely to be fatal, he is only hit in the shoulder."

"You are lying, you are lying, he is dead," Minette cried, struggling to free herself from their restraining arms.

"It is as they say, Minette," her father said, leaning over Arnold, "here is the bullet hole in his coat, it is the same shoulder that was broken before; he will recover, child, calm yourself, I order you."

Minette ceased to struggle, and burst into a passion of tears.

"You had better send a man to fetch a surgeon at once," Cuthbert said to one of the Communists. "I have no doubt Arnold has but fainted from the shock, coming as it did at such a moment." He then looked at the wound.

"'Tis not so serious as the last," he said, "by a long way, it is higher and has no doubt broken the collar bone, but that is not a very serious matter. I think we had better lay him down on that bench, put a coat under his head, pour a few drops of spirits between his lips, and sprinkle his face with cold water."

Cuthbert then went across the room. Several of the Communists were standing round the fallen man.

"He is stunned I think," Cuthbert said.

"He is dead," one of the men replied. "Your blow was enough to kill an ox. It is the best thing for him, for assuredly he would have been hung before nightfall for this attempt upon the life of our good American colleague."

Cuthbert stooped down and felt the pulse of the fallen man.

"I am afraid he is dead," he said, "certainly I had no intention of killing him. I thought of nothing but preventing him repeating his shot, which he was on the point of doing."

"It does not matter in the least," one of the men said, "it is all one whether he was shot by a bullet of the Versaillais, or hung, or killed by a blow of an Englishman's fist. Monsieur le Commissaire, will you draw up a proces-verbal of this affair?"

But the Commissary did not answer; in the confusion no one noticed that he had not risen from his chair, but sat leaning back.

"Diable, what is this?" the Communist went on, "I believe the Commissary is dead." He hurried round to the back of the table. It was as he said, the shot fired as the man fell had struck him in the heart, and he had died without a cry or a movement.

"Morbleau," another of the Communists exclaimed, "we came here to witness a comedy, and it has turned into a tragedy."

An exclamation from Minette, who was kneeling by Arnold,

called Cuthbert's attention to her. The American had opened his eyes.

"What has happened, Minette," he asked, as she laid her head down on his breast and burst into another fit of passionate sobbing.

"You are out of luck, Arnold," Cuthbert said, cheerfully; "a villain has fired at you, but you have got off this time more lightly than the last, and I think it is nothing more than a broken collar-bone, and that is not a very serious business, you know; be quiet for a little time; we shall have the surgeon here directly. Of course Minette is terribly upset, for she thought for a moment that you were killed."

Arnold lay still, stroking Minette's head gently with his right hand; gradually her sobs ceased, and Cuthbert then left them to themselves. The two bodies had by this time been carried into another room, and one of the delegates took his seat at the table and drew out a formal report of the occurrences that had taken place which was signed by the others present and by Cuthbert. A surgeon presently arriving confirmed Cuthbert's view that the collar-bone had been broken, and proceeded to bandage it.

As soon as it was done Arnold stood up unsteadily. "Citizen Rigaud, I presume that, as a high official of the Commune, you can replace the citizen who has fallen and complete the ceremony."

"Certainly, if it is your wish."

"It is my wish more even than before."

"The matter is simple," the delegate said, "my predecessor has already recorded your answers, there remains but for me to complete the ceremony."

A minute later Arnold Dampierre and Minette were pronounced man and wife, and signed the register, Martin Dufaure, Cuthbert, and the various deputies present signing as witnesses. A fiacre had been called up, and was in readiness at the door. Cuthbert assisted Arnold to take his place in it.

"If I were you, Arnold," he whispered, "I would go to the old lodgings; of course they are still vacant; if you prefer it,

you can take mine, I still keep them on though I have moved for a time. It will be better for you in every way not to be up here at Montmartre."

"Thank you; it would anyhow be quieter. Will you tell the coachman where to drive?"

"I will go on the box," Cuthbert said, "of course Dufaure will go with you." He told the Communist what they had decided on.

"That will be best," he agreed; "this is not a quiet quarter at present. What with drumming and drinking, it is not a place for a wounded man."

"You had better go inside with them, and I will go on the box," Cuthbert said, "keep Minette talking, it will prevent her breaking down, it has been a terrible shock for her."

The landlady was heartily glad to see Dampierre back again. Cuthbert and the Communist assisted the wounded man to bed.

"I will see about getting things in at present," Cuthbert said, "so do not worry over that, Minette; if everything goes well he will be about again in a few days, but keep him quiet as long as you can, I will come in to-morrow and see how he is getting on."

After going round to a restaurant and ordering meals to be sent in regularly, with some bottles of wine for Martin Dufaure's benefit, Cuthbert returned to Passy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARY was greatly shocked upon hearing the tragic circumstances that had occurred at the wedding.

"Who is the man that fired, Cuthbert?"

"His name is Jean Diantre. I heard from Dufaure that he has been a lover of Minette's; he said she had never given him any encouragement, but acknowledged that he himself believed she might have taken him at last if she had not met Dampierre. He said that he had been uneasy for some time, for the man