

to report bright and early to a bury Irish corporal and be ordered about as if he had been a slave, cursed at, threatened and forced to work until his hands were blistered and his muscles sore.

Hamilton did not forget M. Roussillon in this connection. The giant orator soon found himself face to face with a greater trial even than Rene's.

"I'll have you shot, sir, tomorrow morning if you prevaricate about this thing any longer," said Hamilton, with a right deadly strain in his voice.

In fact, it may be that Hamilton did not really purpose to carry out this bloodthirsty threat—most probably he relied upon M. Roussillon's imagination to torture him successfully—but the effect, as time proved, could not be accurately foreseen.

Captain Farnsworth had energy enough for a dozen ordinary men. Before he had been in Vincennes twelve hours he had seen every nook and corner of its surface.

It was not in Alice's nature to hide from the English. They had held the town and fort before Helm came, and she had not found them troublesome under Abbott.

"Where did you put it, Alice?" "Father Beret hid it under his floor," she answered involuntarily and almost unconsciously.

"No—no—I wouldn't," he quavered, dancing across the veranda as she quickened her pace and fairly spun him along.

Alice's mind was working with lightning speed. Her imagination took strong grip on the situation so briefly and effectively sketched by Captain Farnsworth.

"Stay here, Jean. I am going to the fort. Don't tell Mamma Roussillon a thing. Be a good boy."

She was gone before Jean could say a word. She meant to face Hamilton at once and be sure what danger menaced M. Roussillon.

"How do you do, mademoiselle. I am right glad to see you again." Alice drew back a pace or two.

"I am not in the least afraid," she replied, assuming an air of absolute dismissal, "and you don't look a bit ferocious, monsieur. You may pass on if you please."

"Suppose that I don't pass on?" he presently ventured, with just a suspicion of insolence in his attitude.

"I have been told that there are men in the world who think themselves handsome and clever and brilliant when in fact they are but concealed simpletons."

"I have come to get the flag. If you will kindly bring it to me or tell me where it is."

"You took it down, mademoiselle." "Oh, did it?" "With bewitching grace you did, mademoiselle. I saw and admired. Will you fetch it, please?"

"More depends upon returning that flag than you are probably aware of," he presently said in a more serious tone.

"Who is it?" she frankly demanded. "It is the mayor, the big man of your town—M. Roussillon, I think he calls himself. He's got himself into a tight place. He'll be shot tomorrow morning if that flag is not produced.

"You jest, monsieur." "I assure you that I speak the plain truth."

"You will probably catch M. Roussillon before you shoot him." She tossed her head.

"He is already a prisoner in the fort." Alice turned pale.

"Monsieur, is this true?" Her voice had lost its happy tone.

"You can verify it, mademoiselle, by calling upon the commander at the fort. I am sorry that you doubt my veracity. If you will go with me I will show you M. Roussillon a tightly bound prisoner."

"I will go now, mademoiselle," said Farnsworth, "but I hope you will be in great haste about returning the flag."

Jean took hold of Alice's dress as she turned to go back into the house.

"Is he going to take the flag? Can he find it? What does he want with it? What did you do with the flag, Alice?" he whined in his peculiar quavering voice.

"Where did you put it, Alice?" "Father Beret hid it under his floor," she answered involuntarily and almost unconsciously.

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fancy that he's of much value to the community at best. He'll make a good target for a squad, and we need an example."

"Do you mean it? You ugly English brute. Would you murder him?" She stamped her foot.

"Not if I get that flag between now and sundown. Otherwise I shall certainly have him shot. It is all in your hands, mademoiselle. You can tell me where the flag is."



"Why do you want to injure my poor, good papa?"

Farnsworth stood by gazing upon Alice in open admiration. Her presence had power in it to which he was very susceptible.

"You look like a low, dishonorable, soulless tyrant," she said to Hamilton, "and if you get my flag how shall I know that you will keep your promise and let Papa Roussillon go free?"

"I am sorry to say that you will have to trust me, unless you'll take Captain Farnsworth for security."

"Under the church floor?" "No, under the floor of his house." "Where is his house?"

"Untie the prisoner," Hamilton ordered, and it was quickly done.

"Permit me to go myself and get it," said Alice. "I can do it quickly. May I, please, monsieur?"

"Oh, yes, it is necessary, my dear young lady, very necessary; so let's not have further words. I'll try to entertain his honor, the mayor, while you go and get the flag."

Alice set forth immediately, and Farnsworth, try as hard as he would, could never reach her side, so swift was her gait.

"Don't you come in. You stay out here. I'll get it in a minute."

Farnsworth obeyed her command. The door was wide open, but Father Beret was not inside; he had gone to see a sick child in the outskirts of the village.

"I am to be shot, ma petite," he pathetically growled in his deep bass voice; "shot like a dog at sunrise to-morrow."

Alice kissed M. Roussillon's rough cheek once more and sprang to her feet facing Hamilton.

"You are not such a fiend and brute as to kill Papa Roussillon," she cried. "Why do you want to injure my poor, good papa?"

"I believe you are the young lady that stole the flag?" Hamilton remarked, smiling contemptuously.

"I am not a thief. I could not steal what was my own. I helped to make that flag. It was named after me. I took it because it was mine. You understand me, monsieur."

"Tell where it is and your father's life will be spared."

"No, Alice," said he with a pathetic, futile effort to make a fine gesture, "don't do it. I am brave enough to die. You would not have me act the coward."

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