to report bright and early to a burly 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. The bitterest part of it all was that he had to trudge past both Rous-sillon place and the Bourcier cabin, with the eyes of Alice and Adrienne

Hamilton did not forget M. Roussilion in this connection. The giant orator soon found himself face to face with a greater trial even than Rene's. He was calmly told by the English commander that he could choose between death and telling who it was that stole the flag.

"I'll have you shot, sir, tomorrow morning if you prevarients about this thing any longer," said Hamilton, with a right deadly strain in his voice. "You told me that you knew every man, woman and child in Vincennes at sight. I know that you saw that girl take the flag. Lying does not serve your turn. I give you until this evening to tell me jump. who she is. If you fail you die at sun-

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 cornor of its surface. Nor was his activity due altogether to military ardor, although he never let pass an opportunity to serve the best interests of his commander. All the while his mind was on the strikingly beautiful girl whose saucy countenance had so dazsled him from the roof top of the fort what time she wrenched away the reb-

"I'll find her, high or low," he thought, "for I never could fall to recognize that face. She's a trump."

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. She did not know that M. Roussillon was a prisoner, the fam-By taking it for granted that he had gone away to avoid the English. Nor was she aware that Hamilton felt so keenly the disappearance of the flag. What she did know-and it gladdened her greatly—was that Beverley had en well treated by his captor. With this in her heart she went about Roussilion place singing merry snatches of ercole songs, and when at the gate, which still hung lopsided on account of Beverley's force in shutting it, she came unexpectedly face to face with Captain Farnsworth, there was no great surprise on her part. «

He lifted his hat and bowed very politely, but a bold smile broke over his somewhat ruddy face. He spoke in French, but in a drawling tone and with a bad accent,

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

was quick to understand his allusion. and she shrank from him, fearing that he was going to inquire about the flag. "Don't be afraid," be laughed. "I am not so dangerous. I never did burt a girl in all my life. In fact, I am fond of them when they're nice.'

"I am not in the least afraid," she reing an air of missai, "and you don't look a bit feroclous, monsteur. You may pass on if you please."

"Suppose that I don't pass on?" be presently ventured, with just a suspiclon-of insolence in his attitude, but laughing until he showed teeth of remarkable beauty and whiteness. "Suppose that I should wish to have a little chat with you, mattemoiselle?"

"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 concelled simpletons," she remarked rather indifferently, mustling berself in her fur wrap, "You certainly would be a fairly good hitching post for our horses if you never moved." Then she laughed out of the depth of her hood, a perfectly merry laugh; but not in the least flattering to Captain Farnsworth's vanity. He felt the scorn that it conveyed. She laid a shapely hand on the bro-

ken gate and pushed it open. "I beg your pardon, mademoiselle." His manner softened as he spoke. "I beg your pardon, but I came to speak to

you about the dag-the dag you took away from the fort." She had been half expecting this, but she was quite unprepared, and in spite

of all she could do showed embarrass-"I have come to get the flag. If yet

wan kindly bring it to me ar tell me where it is I"-She quickly found words to interrupt

him with, and at the same time by a great effort pulled herself together. "You have come to the wrong place," she flung in. "I assure you that I

haven't the flag." "You took it down, mademolselle."

"Oh, did IP" "With bewitching grace you did. nademoiselle. I saw and admired.

Will you fetch it, please?"
"Indeed I won't." "More depends upon returning that flag than you are probably aware of." he presently said in a more serious tone, "In fact, the life of one of your townsmen and a person of some importance here, I believe, will surely be saved by it. You'd better consider,

mademoiselle. You wouldn't like to cause the death of a man." "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. Governor Hamilton has so ordered, and what he

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

"You will probably catch M. Rouse!! ion before you shoot him." She tossed her bead.

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

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

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

bound prisoner." Jean had crept out of the gate and was standing just behind Alles, with his feet wide apart, his long chin elevated, his head resting far back be tween his upthrust should rs, his hands in his pockets, his uncanny eyes gazing steadlly at Farnsworth. He looked like a deformed frog ready to

Alice unmistakably saw truth in the esptain's countenance and felt it in his voice. The reality came to her with unhindered effect. M. Roussilion's life depended upon the return of the flag. She put her hands together and for a moment covered her eyes with them.

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

Jean took hold of Allce'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 is it?" Her skirt dragged him along as she

"Where did you put it, Alice?" "Father Beret hid it under his floor."

she answered involuntarily and almost unconsciously. "I shall have to take it back and give it up." "No-no-I wouldn't," he quavered,

dancing across the verands as she quickened her pace and fairly spun him along. "I wouldn't let 'em have it at all.

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

"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. Of course, the flag must be given up if that would save her foster father any pain, and if his life were in question there could not be too great haste on her part.

She ran directly to the stockade gate and breathlessly informed a sentinel that she must see Covernor Hamilton, into whose presence she was soon led. Captain Farnsworth had preceded her but a minute or two, and was present when size entered the miserable shed room where the commander was having another talk with M. Roussillon.

The meeting was a tableau which would have been comical but for the pressure of its tragic possibilities. Hamilton, stern and sententious, stood frowning upon M. Roussillon, who sat upon the ground, his feet and hands tightly bound, a colossal statue of infured innocence.

Alice, as soon as she saw M. Roussillon, uttered a cry of sympathetic endearment and dung herself toward him with open arms. She could not reach around his great shoulders, but she did her best to include the whole bulk.

"Papa! Papa Roussillon!" she chirruped between the kisses that she showered upon his weather beaten

Hamilton and Farasworth regarded the scene with cucious and surprised interest. M. Roussillon began speaking rapidly, but being a Frenchman he could not get on well with his tongue while his hands were tied. He could shrug his shoulders; that helped him some.

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

Allce kissed M. Houssillon's rough cheek once more and sprang to her feet facing Hamilton. "You are not such a flend and brute

as to kill Papa Roussillon," she cried. Why do you want to fujure my poor, good papa ?" "I believe you are the young lady that stole the flag?" Hamilton remark-

ed, smiling contemptuously. She looked at him with a swift flash of indignation as he uttered these

"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."

She glanced at M. Roussillon. "No. Alice," said he with a pathetically 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." No oulooker would have even remoteby suspected the fact that M. Roussillon had chanced to overhear a conversation between Hamilton and Farnshe really did not intend to hurt M. Roussillon in any event; he merely pur-

posed to hundliate the "big wind bag!" "Ah, no: let me die bravely for hon-

over his heart. "Perhaps it would be just as well to bottle. let him be shot," said Hamilton gruffly, and with dre indifference, "I don't Hall's family pills are the best.

community at best. He'll make a good A MINER target for a squad, affit we need an ex-

"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 cer-



"Why do you want to injure my poor, good papar"

tainly have him shot. It is all in your hands, mademoiselle. You can tell me again with exquisite cruelty.

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

"and if you get my fing 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. The captain is a gentleman, I assure you. and sincerity, Captain Farnsworth?" The young man smiled and bowed. Alice felt the irony, and her perfectly frank nature preferred to trust rather

She looked at Farnsworth, who smiled encouragingly. "The flag is under Father Beret's floor," she said.

than distrust the sincerity of others.

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

"Where is his house?" She gave full directions how to reach

"Untile the prisoner," Hamilton ordered, and it was quickly done. "M. Roussillon, I congratulate you upon your narrow escape. Go to the priest's house, monsieur, and bring me that fing. It would be well, I assure you, not to be very long about it. Captain Farnsworth, you will send a guard with M. Roussillon, a guard of honor, fitting his official dignity, a corporal and two men. The honorable mayor of this important city should not go alone upon so important an errand. He

must have his attendants." "Permit me to go myself and get it," said Alice. "I can do it quickly. May I, please, monsteur?"

Hamilton looked sharply at her. "Why, certainly, madtainly. Captain Farnsworth, you will escort the young lady."

"It is not necessary, 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. I feel sure, mademoiselle, that you'll return with it in a few minutes. But you must not go alone."

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

When they arrived at Father Beret's cabin, she turned and said with imperious severity:

"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; be had gone to see a sick child in the outskirts of the village. Alice looked about and heat tated. She knew the very puncheon that covered the flag, but she shrank from lifting it. There seemed nothing else to do, however; so, after some trouble with herself, she knelt upon the floor and turned the heavy slab over with a great thump. The flag did not appear. She peeped under the other puncheons. It was not there. The only thing visible was a little ball of paper fragments not larger than an

(To Be Continued.)

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