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Without divulging military secrets, he might give his sweetheart's kinswoman humane advice. He did not doubt her ability to use it, as she would have other refuges in Teruel more in safety than in the house of an avowed foe of the French. Tournesol was no babbler and would not relate that his captain, in going to the fortified monastery, had paused for a while.

At the confectioner's door stood the watching duenna.

She was evidently expecting the rioting to begin and fretting at the delay. "Lead me to the lady," said Fontenay. "Senor, she has gone," was the reply. "She is in the room still! Come, take a lamp to light me."

"I am willing, senor—but you will find nobody in. Your threats so alarmed the lady that she quitted the house."

"Where is she?"

"Non saber, Senor."

"You lie! I cannot force you to tell me where she is, but I charge you to declare to her on my behalf that if she returns here, she will be straightway seized, tried, condemned and shot. You may also tell her that the man who kept this store has given up his villainous ghost to Satan. As for you, old witch, get you gone, if you cling to life! to-morrow will be too late."

The duenna did not start; no doubt she had some reasons not to be frightened. Fontenay had done enough, and there would be nothing to reproach himself with if misfortune befell Montalvan's daughter.

Tournesol did not take the liberty to comment. He gathered that a woman was at the bottom of this digression, but he could not suspect it was the mourner he had seen in the cathedral square of Saragossa, far less the daughter of the assassin of the Rue St. Nicaise. It little troubled him in any case. His captain had the right to act as he pleased without being obliged to relate his doings to his orderly.

"Where is she?" the fiancée of Marguerite wondered.

"She has no doubt succeeded in leaving the town. The houses built into the wall are in communication with the country. She will join Uncle Blas, who is certainly with Villacampa. Upon my word, I do not long to see her again—it is he I seek! Perhaps I may meet him only too soon, for I begin to believe that we will not be succored and the siege of Teruel will end disastrously. But I shall not be taken alive, and my good sword will not be handed over undented!"

Fontenay was no prophet, and the young widow was not so far off as he hoped.

CHAPTER XXIX.
OVER THE VOLCANO.

The colonel was well advised to concentrate his troops in a fortified monastery, instead of continuing to defend the gates of Teruel. The day after the first alarm, the attack was renewed more fiercely, and Villacampa's bands penetrated the town. The driven-in French had barely time to take refuge in the stronghold.

The towns-folk had risen as soon as they saw the irregulars enter, and the handful brave men intrenched in the holy edifice had to hold out for the arrival of phenomenal relief, for they were too few to attempt to cut through.

Villacampa was impudent enough to call on the garrison to surrender, but there is no need to repeat how he was answered.

The position of affairs was almost desperate. With no possible communication with the outer world, the besieged were overlooked on all sides, except where the Guadalquivir flowed below the building. A church had been carried by storm by the Spaniards and from its steeple a very destructive plunging fire was directed on the improvised fort. Luckily, they had no cannon, and the engineer captain had, with fine foresight, made the windows shot-proof, and protected by cross-works all the points where assaults might have been attempted.

But without counting the loss of men from the Spanish bullets, the carefully doled-out supplies would finally become exhausted, and a day must come when unconditional surrender would be unavoidable, unless they risked a forlorn hope in a sally, to die sword in hand.

This lasted for a fortnight.

Zolnycki lost nothing of his energy, but he had augured darkly from the first. The West Indian, as firm, was convinced that not one of them would escape the imminent final catastrophe. Resigned to his fate, he did not in the least think of Montalvan and his daughter, but entirely of Marguerite. If he could see her before he died, death would appear less cruel.

Tournesol had retained all his gaiety, and although he had forgotten the tender grocer's widow, he consoled himself for not marrying her by saying that he was probably unsuitable for a domestic life.

All the officers stoutly supported the privations and valiantly did their duty.

Despite several defects, the colonel was worthy of commanding them. His right-hand, the engineer, multiplied himself and was able for all emergencies.

The soldiers behaved admirably.

Of all the sufferings endured stoically by these heroes, the most painful was the absence of news. Nothing arrived since the first attack. What was going on in Aragon? where was Suchet's

army? Reduced to conjectures, everything was to be dreaded, for the prolonged silence was of very ill omen.

One morning, sixteenth day of the blockade, before dawn, the besieged were aroused by a sharp musketry fire at the main gate, and they did not doubt that it was attacked by their liberators. The colonel ordered a sortie, executed with considerable dash, but not the less very rash. Still it did not turn out badly, and Fontenay, commanding it literally cut out of the guerrilleros' hands and brought in to the fort a French officer and four men of his escort who were to force their way in. They would have been slain to the last man unless he succored. On the battleground they left several dead, and their officer was wounded. It was Carénac and Fontenay shouted for joy when he recognized him. This was the second time he saved the life of his antagonist at Malmaison. And Carénac did not shrink from expressing his gratitude, before all the troopers who had aided their officer to deliver him.

When they were all in shelter behind the monastery wall, Carénac, before his wound was dressed, answered the questions put by the colonel, and with perfect clearness although a guerilla's bullet had gone through the flesh of his left arm.

He came from Daroca, whither he had gone after the Albarracin affair, and he brought some information. It was of his own impulse that he attempted this adventure with a dozen horsemen of his regiment. He gave the reason. It was known at Daroca on the previous night, that Villacampa, temporarily raising the blockade of Teruel, had gone with nearly all his forces toward Valencia, to a point where he hoped to surprise an isolated Polish company in the mountains. This movement left the road a few hours free, and the bold Carénac snatched the opportunity.

He also announced that a strong French column, with four guns, was to leave Daroca an hour after him to march toward Teruel along the Guadalquivir. If it had kept on during the night, it could not be far, and the beleaguered garrison might go to meet it on hearing its cannon.

General enthusiasm arose. The officers shouted: "Vive l'Empereur!" and the men ran to the racks to get their muskets. To complete the happiness, the cannon was not long before booming, perhaps betokening deliverance, and the ever-ready colonel had much to do to restrain the ardor of his followers. He ascended to the top story of the monastery to listen and measure the distance from the battleground.

The three captains went with him and soon acknowledged that the hopes arising from Carénac's story would have to be abated.

The action was to pass on a level land, more than a league from Teruel; the wind came from that corner, which enabled them to watch all the incidents. At first, the sound of the cannonade seemed to approach—a good sign—but before long the shots were less frequent and all less distinct. It was clear that the relief body recoiled instead of advancing, and to rush out would be folly, as the Spaniards, who had repulsed the column from Daroca, would turn upon the little garrison and annihilate it.

Carénac, whose hurt had been dressed, was again questioned, and declared that Daroca was without news of General Suchet, and that dismal rumors were current about the issue of the hazardous expedition he had undertaken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A desperate attempt at the undervaluation of a large quantity of German cashmeres has been exposed at the New York custom house. Nearly a million yards of these goods were purchased abroad by a foreign importing concern in New York city. The German manufacturers it was discovered, boiled the goods to make them shrink 12 or 15 per cent, in order to get them in at a reduced duty. Thus when the cloth was entered at the custom house it measured 38 inches in width. It was sent to a dyeing and finishing establishment in Rhode Island, and when it came out it measured 45—the shrinkage having been stretched out of it. The fraud has been discovered, and it is safe to say that future consignments of these goods from Germany will be carefully watched.

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Dated this 8th day of April, A. D. 1892.
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