

POETRY.

"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY."

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature vast and wild.
In form too small for woman.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO;

REVENGE OF EDMUND DANTES.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BURLY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BURLY.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HAND OF HEAVEN.

CHAPTER XX.

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CHAPTER XXII.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

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CHAPTER XL.

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CHAPTER XLI.

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But the man in the dark could not find

the right key. He reached the instru-

ment he had placed on the stand, touched

a spring, and immediately a pale light,

just bright enough to render objects dis-

tinct, was reflected on the hands and

countenance of the man. "Hold!" ex-

claimed Monte-Cristo, starting back, "it

is—"

All raised his hat. "Don't stir,"

whispered Monte-Cristo, "and put down

your hat; we shall require no arms."

The count whispered an order to Ali, who

immediately went, and returned, bearing

a black dress and a three-cornered hat.

Meanwhile Monte-Cristo had rapidly

taken off his great-coat, waistcoat, and

one could see that he wore a shirt of steel

mail. This soon disappeared under a

long caesack, as did his hair under a

return home safely, then I shall believe

God has forgiven you, and I will forgive

you."

"As true as I am a Christian," stam-

pered Cadrouse, "you will make me

die of fright!"

"Now begone!" said the count, point-

ing to the window.

Cadrouse put his legs out of the win-

dow and stood on the ladder. "Now go

down," said the abbe, folding his arms.

Understanding he had nothing more to

fear from him, Cadrouse began to go

down. He descended, but it was only

when he felt his foot touch the ground

that he was satisfied he was safe.

Monte-Cristo returned to his bedroom,

and saw Cadrouse climb the ladder

slowly and look over the coping to see

if the street was quiet. No one could be

seen or heard. The clock of the Invalides

struck one. Then Cadrouse, at stride

second fortune, money and tranquility

were restored to you; and you, who had

been condemned to a felon's life, might

live like other men; but then, wretched

creature! then you tempted God the

third time. God was wroth, he has pun-

ished you."

Cadrouse was fast sinking. "Give me

water," said he. "I thirst—burn!"

Monte-Cristo gave him a glass of water.

"And yet that villain Benedetto will es-

cape!"

"No one, I tell you, will escape; Ben-

nedetto will be punished."

"I do not believe there is a God!"

howled Cadrouse, "you do not believe

in God, you do not believe in God; you

lie—no, you lie!"

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Chausse d'Antin." Cadrouse wrote

the address. The abbe took the note.

"Now," said he, "that suffices—begone!"

"Which way?"

"The way you came."

"M. l'Abbe, tell me, do you not wish

me dead?"

"I wish what God wills."

"What do you intend doing with me?"

"I ask you what can I do? I have

tried to make you a happy man, and you

have turned out a murderer."

"M. l'Abbe," said Cadrouse, "make

me more attempt; try me once more!"

"I will," said the count. "Listen:

you know if I may be relied on. If

you arrive safely at home, leave Paris,

leave France; and wherever you may be,

so long as you conduct yourself well,

I will send you a small annuity; for if

you return home safely, then I shall believe

God has forgiven you, and I will forgive

you."

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"I do not believe there is a God,"

howled Cadrouse, "you do not believe

in God, you do not believe in God; you

in a fit of intoxication have ruined your

best friend.

"Help!" cried Cadrouse, "I require a

surgeon, not a priest; perhaps I am not

mortally wounded—I may not die; per-

haps they may yet save my life."

"Your wounds are so far mortal, that

without the three drops I gave you, you

would now be dead. Listen," continued

the abbe. "When you betrayed your

friend God began not to strike, but to

warn you; poverty overtook you; you

had already passed half your life in covet-

ing that which you might have honorably

acquired, and already you contemplated

crime under the excuse of want, when

God worked a miracle in your behalf

sending you, by my hands, a fortune—

brilliant, indeed, for you who had never

possessed any. But this unexpected, un-

heard of fortune sufficed you no longer

when you saw possession; you wished

to double it; and how?—by a murder!"

You succeeded, and then God snatched it

from you, and brought you to justice."

"It was not I who wished to kill the

Jew," said Cadrouse; "it was La Car-

onte."

"Yes," said Monte-Cristo, "and God,

in his mercy, saved your life; how mer-

itful!"

"To imprison me for life; how mer-

itful!"

"You thought it mercy then, miserable

wretch! The coward, who feared death,

rejoiced at perpetual disgrace, for like

all gally slaves you said, 'I may escape

from prison, I cannot from the grave.' And

you said truly; the way was opened for

you unexpectedly; an Englishman visited