

FAMOUS PEACE TREATIES

By H. IRVING KING

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TREATY OF VIENNA, 1814

Schleswig and Holstein to Prussia

The treaty of Vienna signed in 1814...

was at once the archly "militarized"...

"Oh, yes, monsieur, the plan was simple and well devised. And I knew nothing of it. But Louis d'Epernay blurted it all out to me upon our wedding night. I think the shame of knowing that I had been sold to him untinged my mind, for I ran out to tell you."

"You have underestimated your price, madame," he sneered. "Since you have learned so much I will tell you more. You have cost me twenty thousand dollars, and not ten; for before the war I had given you to my father Louis for ten thousand dollars upon the signing of the marriage contract. So swallow that, and be proud of being priced so high! And the seligery is already his, and I am going to let you return to him as the ground rights for twenty-five thousand more, and if I know Louis d'Epernay he will not wait very long to get his fingers round it."

TREATY OF FRANKFORT, 1817

Terms of Peace After the Franco-Prussian War

The treaty of Frankfort, which officially put an end to the Franco-Prussian war, was but a ratification of the "preliminaries of peace," which had been signed at Versailles on February 26, 1871.

"Never mind your money, Simon," he said. "I am going to be richer than any of you. Do you know what I did with ten thousand? I gave it to my little daughter, and she has gone to New York to make our fortunes at Mr. Daly's gaming house. No, there let it be! I had actually exclaimed, 'She has come back!'"

"Hewlett is forced to leave the chateau and begins new adventures."

"I do not quite see so many Frenchmen brought into our house against their will."

"The ostensible cause of the Franco-Prussian war was the refusal of Bismarck to guarantee that a prince of the house of Hohenzollern should not be a candidate for the Spanish throne."

"No, madame, I answered, trying to release my arm from his clasp. 'When for the sake of our love, Paul?' he gasped. 'I suffered her to lead me back into the room. As she drew me back and closed the door behind us I heard the footstep pause and turn along the hallway with the clink-clink of the ball in the roulette pocket.'"

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Jacqueline of Golden River by Victor Rousseau

"FOR MY SAKE!" Paul Hewlett, lolling at night in Madison square, New York...

CHAPTER XIII. Some Plain Speaking. I took three steps toward her and stood still.

"You want to see me, Jacqueline?" I asked, watching her, though unwillingly to go.

"No, monsieur," she answered chillingly. "No, monsieur!" "She said nothing, and I walked unsteadily toward the door behind me."

"Why have you followed me here to this place?" she cried. "Are you sure that I am not your father's daughter?"

"I perceived that the top of the table was very curiously designed. It was marked off with squares and columns, and in each square were figures in black and red ink."

"The bell stopped and settled in one of the compartments, and the old man took a goldpiece from one of the squares on the table, transferred a little pile of gold from his right side to his left, and settled down on his knees upon his paper."

"M. Duchaine!" I shouted. "Why are you playing the fool here when your daughter is suffering persecution?"

grit. "What have you to gain by concealing the knowledge of your husband from me?"

"The dotard looked at me with an expression of imbecile terror. 'I will give them back to me!' he pleaded."

"I thrust the heap of coins toward him. 'Now, M. Duchaine,' I said; 'in return for these you will conduct me to Mlle. Jacqueline.'"

"I turned back and followed the corridor to the right and came to a little hall toward the rear of the building. Beyond me was an open door, and behind it I saw the dull glow of a stove and felt its heat."

"Facing me, about a cracked and ancient mirror, were two rusty broadswords, and in the mirror I saw a large oaken table reflected. Seated at it, clothed in a shagreen coat of very ancient, foxed, old man with long, snow-white hair and a white, forked beard."

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"M. Duchaine!" I shouted. "Why are you playing the fool here when your daughter is suffering persecution?"

"The old man seemed to be aware of my presence for the first time. He looked up at me out of his milky old eyes and shook his head in apparent perplexity."