

wanted to go there, and that he had met the Emperor Napoleon himself, who gave him a sealed letter which he was to deliver to the club of Bonapartists in Paris.

Morrel, also a Bonapartist, seemed pleased to hear this. Napoleon was now exiled in Elba, and King Louis had returned to the throne. The king was very suspicious of whoever showed the slightest sign of being against him.

'Let's dine together,' offered Morrel to Dantes.

'Thank you, sir, but I owe the first visit to my father. Do you know how my father is?'

'He is usually shut up in his room. Other than that, I do not know much. After you have visited him, will you come and join me?' repeated Morrel.

'I am afraid not, sir. I owe my second visit to the very fine girl I have returned to marry,' was the answer.

Morrel smiled. He always knew Dantes was a very dedicated young man to those he cared for.

'Well, my dear Edmond, don't let me keep you then.'

Dantes entered the small house his father lived in while the old man was watering his flowers.

'Father, dear Father!' he cried out.

The old man turned around in great surprise and fell, pale and trembling, into his son's arms.

'Are you ill, Father?' asked Dantes.

'No, my son. I wasn't expecting you so soon. Come, tell me about you,' said his father.

'Well, Captain Leclerc died, and I will take his place, which is more than a poor sailor like me can ever hope for,' said Edmond.

'Yes,' replied the old man. 'This is truly a great thing for you.'

'Father,' said Dantes. 'Have you needed money? I had given you two hundred francs when I left three months ago.'

'Yes, Edmond, that is true, but our neighbour Caderousse constantly reminded me of some money you owed him, and he told me that he would ask Monsieur Morrel for the money if I didn't give it to him. So, I paid him,' said the old Dantes.

'Oh, but you gave almost all your money for me; I promise you

