crat, although himself an ardent Republican, found, on returning one evening to his room, a summons affixed to his table by a poinard, telling him that the next night, after the great bell of the palazzo had ceased to toll, a servant of the Order would be at his door to conduct him before the tribunal. "Farewell, and fail not."

Andrea felt that the suspicious eye of the Directory was upon him; and although conscious of his own innocence, he read his fate as clearly in the few lines he held in his hand, as if sentence had actually been pronounced against him. Between the lines he could read the name of the person whose tongue had trained him thither, and felt with the poet that as "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned," so, as far as he was concerned, no wile or cunning would be left untried that could insure his condemnation. It was the old story of rejected love, and the venom that rankled in the scorned heart. She was beautiful, educated, and highly connected, but, sinuous in both body and mind as a Borgia, she undulated and glided from place to place as a snake noiselessly makes its way and charms one with its grace and beauty, while at the same time it repels, and strengthens every hand against it.

He had lucklessly caused the savage breast to throb with softer emotions than was its wont, and gentled the eye that had basilisked a pathway of slain. But the tide had turned, and here the first lapping of its oncoming waters was heard. He was aware that from the moment his name had been recorded among the suspects, his every movement would be watched until he rendered himself before his accusers.

Turning out his light, he opened the Venetian blinds sufficiently to reconnoitre. Before him lay the Plaza della San Marco, crossed by the deep shadow of San Marco Church, that cut the moonlight as if with a knife. In the corridor facing it a few cafe lights twinkled, revealing the sleepy servants moving the tables closer to the wall, and dragging the lately occupied chairs into the building. The steps of the few passers rang out clear and sharp on the silent air, which seemed bending to earth as if listening, so quiet and pulseless did it hang over the city; or off on the Grand Canal the song of some belated gondolier came softly wafted to his window, telling the sweet and bitter story that all Eve's sons and daughters have undergone since earth's first revolution. The young man listened, and it echoed in his ears and brought before his working brain the scene that blasted his future, if it did not cost him his life.

He waited until every light was out and the old church had pushed its shadow over the whole square. All was silent save the Ave Maria Sanctissima of the watchman as he paced his rounds. Deep in the shadow of San Marco, clinging to the wall as if a part of it, the eager watcher saw a figure that from the first moment of his vigil had hardly moved its position. "The leash is cut; the hound is ready for the trail!" murmured Andrea, as he pulled the string that closed the shutters.

"Shall I abide my time, and answer the summons?" Whatever the answer was, he cut his meditations short, and from the recesses of his closet drew forth, after a long search, a quantity of feminine apparel. A short peasant's skirt of a bright red color, and a blue bodice, over which he threw a shabby snuff-colored cape to which was attached a gay-colored hood. By the aid of these, he quickly metamorphosed himself into a strapping peasant lass, with a curly head and short black mustache. "San Antonio! this will never do," said the young man as he viewed his features in the glass by means of the moonlight strayed in through the shutters. The young man's glory fell beneath the sharp edge of his razor, a sacrifice almost equal to that intended by the father of the Israelites.

One more close scrutiny, and Andrea wrapped the cloak about his head, and placed an empty basket on his arm, covered with a clean towel. He waited until the first flush of light in the eastern sky told of the breaking day, and the increasing stir of the street below, the awakening of the troubled heart to its duties of sorrow, contention, and, too often, defeat. Pressing a button in the wall, a door flew open that had been concealed by a picture, disclosing to view