and thus bids defiance to your enemies. At the farther end of the first hall you will see a white cross marked on the wall. It is a door, though no one would imagine it. Push, and it will open. From there you can escape into the chapel, or take your chances abroad.

Early the next morning a carriage drew up before the entrance-gate, but was denied admission. The driver insisted, and a lady's voice seconded his appeal. At last the young lord was sent for, and appeared at a window.

“Victor! Victor!” exclaimed the lady, “do you not know me? I have traveled all this way to see you, and am denied admission. It is Bijou, Victor; I have much to say.”

The servants were ordered to open the doors, and the carriage dashed in. Victor assisted Donña Costa from the carriage, and after a few inquiries and congratulations asked who the gentlemen were who had accompanied her. Three had dismounted besides the coachman.

“They will speak for themselves, signor,” said the chief, interrupting any other reply. “I am armed with the powers of State for the arrest of Andrea Jesus Belotti Bianca, who is concealed in this castle under the guise of a woman.”

“Andrea!” shrieked the actress. “You said a girl, denounced by the Directory,” and she grasped the chief by the arm.

“Diplomacy has its ruses as well as love, my dear,” answered that worthy with a shrug. “All you men,” and he turned to the wondering servants, “under penalty of proving traitors to the State, make fast every bolt and bar—let no one pass. Here is the seal of State for you and me to obey.”

“Throw open every door, or you are no servants of mine!” yelled Victor.

“Signor, I arrest you as a traitor.” At a motion from the chief the two men rushed forward and bound him.

“What did you tell me? What did you swear on the blessed cross?” panted forth Bijou, as she saw her lover bound hand and foot before her.

“It's but a white sin, my pretty one, when it's in discharge of your duty.”

“Victor! Victor! I did not know this. He lied to me. Here! I will free you,” and she endeavored with a small knife to cut the cords that bound him.

The knife was forced from her, and both of the lovers were carried into the house. Every part of the building was searched for Andrea, but without success; not the faintest trace could be found.

“Victor,” said the unhappy girl, while the rest of the party were hunting for Andrea, having first locked them securely in one of the rooms, “Victor, was not that a girl who accompanied you from Poncevat on horseback?”

“A girl! it was my dearest friend, your friend, if you have any memory,—Andrea Bianca. I must confide in you now, and try and help him escape, even if I perish. I promised him liberty, and here death awaits him. Know, Donña, that I have sent Andrea to the wrong gallery, where he never can get out if he should follow my directions for a year. I told him the first hall, whereas it should be the second. Now, I want you to lift the slab in this way as you see written in that paper on the shelf near where you sit. When the others are not looking, slip out and follow every word of the directions you find in that paper. Tell Andrea to fly, and let me shift for myself. Will you do it?”

“I will, Victor; but cannot you escape with me? I will return”——Here she was interrupted by the returning party. The two men seized Victor by the shoulder and dragged him across the hall into another room. The chief stayed with Donña. “Now tell me where Andrea is,” and he took her hand.

“Liar! do you think even if I knew that I would tell you?”

“Yes, to save Victor. Tell me, for I know that he told you, as I left you together on purpose, so that he should, or Frañescolla will suffer as no mortal has suffered before. Hark! they are at it even now.” A groan came from across the hall. “Tell me quick, or telling will do no good.”

“Here, take this paper; he is there; let me