go;" and she fled to the room from which low groans were coming. The chief followed her and motioned to his attendant, who placed Victor in a chair and withdrew. White as a corpse the young man lay with his head on the actress' shoulder in a dead faint. After what seemed to Donña an immensity of time, the sound of steps approaching could be heard, and shortly after the men entered bearing the body of Andrea, with a poinard through it.

"This is none of our business," said one of the men, surlily; "he took the thing into his own hands."

"And a bad job he made of it," replied the other.

"The signorina is wanted in the other room," said the last speaker. "I almost forgot to tell you." Donña crossed the hall and found the chief, who was walking up and down the room smoking a cigarette.

"I sent for you because there is still a little work to be done, and you interrupt my men."

"I thought that you wanted to arrest your prisoner, not to murder him. The State shall hear of this if I ever live to get out."

"A wise provision. Yes, the State will know, but what does the Directory care for the State. I called myself a State official to quiet the many tongues below, and am provided with papers to prove me such; but it is the Directory that has judged these men, and sent me forth to execute their decree. I have been on their track for months."

"And is Victor to be sacrificed as well as Andrea? Say no! spare him! See! I beg you!"

"On one condition."

"And that?"

"Is that you shall be mine. You will have to be quick, as they will soon be at work in the other room."

"I will! I will! Make out a paper giving him liberty, and let me place it in his hands, and I am yours."

"Here is the paper, Bijou; now hurry—give it to him and return quickly, or I will countermand it."

"Is this the paper?" she asked, coming up close beside him.

"Yes."

"Then die!" and she plunged a stiletto into his side. He groaned—started to his feet—made a convulsive grasp for Donna, and fell back.

With a smile and a bright drop of red on her dress from the stiletto point, she returned to Victor with the paper in her hand, carefully locking the door after her.

Victor still sat in his chair, motionless; the color had vanished from his face, and the blue and ashy hue of death replaced it. Yes, he was dead; and fastened across his breast was a paper on which was written, "Done by order of The Tribunal of Justice." So she stood before her dead, with one hand extended holding the reprieve. When the timorous servants at last ventured into the room, they found the body of a woman, of wondrous beauty, holding in her outstretched hand a formal letter of pardon and safety toward the dead man at whose feet she crouched.

Noticeable Articles.

In the Nineteenth Century for January, besides the paper on American Statesmen by Goldwin Smith noticed in our last number, there is a paper on Shelley by Matthew Arnold which, it need hardly be said, is well worth reading. It is a review of the bulky life of Shelley by Professor Dowden recently published,—a book the appearance of which Mr. Arnold is disposed to regret. Why, he asks, was it necessary to publish at such length all the details of Shelley's private life? And it is a question which has to be asked of other biographies besides, and notably of Froude's unfortunate "Carlyle." Mr. Arnold quotes a passage from the account of Shelley by his friend Hogg: "Hogg has been speaking of the intellectual expression of Shelley’s features, and he goes on,—"Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual; for there was a softness, a delicacy, and a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) that air of profound religious veneration that characterizes the best works and chiefly the frescoes (and into these they infused their whole souls) of the great masters