"I did-I have heard so," replied Or lando, with quivering voice. "Aye-you know it, and the mention of

her name should open your eyes to the true causs of my vengeance. "For my friendship towards the prin-

cess," said our hero, "I was banished. What have I done since?

"Why did you follow your guide hither last night?" retorted the prince. "Ahyou hesitate, do you?-Oho-you think to well how your feelings have run. When- Hartburg?" you came hither, you fancied you were coming to my lady's chamber. Out upon thee, dog! Thy doom is fixed. Here shalt thou him ?" lie and starve!-starve and rot! When your flesh is tender enough, the wolves him. shall pick your bones! And so-farewell!" With this Ludovico closed the wicket.

Orlando drew his sword and started forward, meaning, in his frenzy, to plunge it through the open space, but ere he had gained the door the slide had been closed, and he was once more in total darkness. He cried aloud to the prince-cried for mercy-cried for one moment more of intercourse-but no answer came back save that same horrible, echo, like the voice of the tomb. When the prisoner knew that Ludovico had gone, he sank back against the wall, and let his sword drop from his nerveless grasp.

horrified whisper, "is this thing possible? O, it is too dreadful !"

And yet, when he reflected, he could not doubt the words he had heard. When he | tion is, where shall we find him? When became more calm, he stooped down and my young Lord of Hartburg asks what has picked up his sword, and then took his happened to Orlando Vendorme, what shall seat once more upon the cold stones. No I tell him?" food !- no drink ! He had been hungry, but the feeling had gone from him, and he was now athirst. And the thirst was more pressing than had been the hunger. Gradually his tongue became parched, and the torture began. He sucked the slimy drops from the damp walls but the temporary cooling of the tongue could not quench the fire that was creeping down into his system. Once again he sought the door, and tried if he could not find some way of opening it; but he might as well have knocked at the base of the Alps for a passage through their solid foundations. He cried out with all his power, in hopes that some kind ear might catch the sound of his voice! but him, he knew that his tones could not reach

back exhausted against the wall, "ends the earthly course of Orlando Vendorme! Here come all my hopes and aspirations to their grave! From this place there can be no escape. No, no, -I know my enemies too well. They will never relent. The wolf would sooner quit his prey than would these monsters loose their hold on me. O, if I could but get one word to Michael. If I fidence, I will tell you that I am not so could tell him where I was! But he can finish the shirt of mail, and the lord of Hartburg will get his coveted prize. Ah- that may befall him. And now I will away that meeting with that strange boy was to make search for intelligence at the ducal most unfortunate for me. Had I never met him, I should never have been knighted; port to you. and if I had not been knighted, I should not have returned to Milan, and if I had not returned to Milan, I should not now be here. But—so runs the record of my fate; and it may be that such was ordained from the beginning. Oh! this burning of my soul!-

far beyond his prison.

Again and again did the famishing man press his parched and swollen tongue against the damp rocks, but the relief became less

this fire in my throat! Help!-mercy!"

"I have one friend left," he whispered, and he rested his weakening hand upon his sword-hilt. "Why should I die thus, in more than mortal agony, when one prick of this faithful blade will give me quick release from all my sufferings? O, if no help can come-if this dark prison must be my end of earth-it is better that I should die so-far, far better! And God will pardon me for the deed !"

failing; and whe he could cry no more he

saw faint beams of light struggling in to his feet, and begged for mercy. How long he had been there he could not tell. It must have been days-two-three and per-"Is he dead?" he heard a voice ask.

"He may be," another voice replied. "No! no!" the prisoner gasped, starting forward, and pressing his face against the bars. "O, in heaven's name give me help!" "You'll get help soon enough," said the

Milan who spoke. "Let us go," added the second voice.

This was Hugh de Castro; and he spoke as though he liked not the scene.

mercy, but the wicket was closed suddenly and he was again in darkness. And now the darkness was more horrible than before. Faint and sick, and racked with pain, he sunk down upon the hard, cold stones; and once again his quivering, fevered hand sought to grasp the hilt of his sword. Alas, even the strength to command that sole remaining friend was gone from him.

CHAPTER X.

THE DUKE IS PREPARED FOR MORE WORK. When Michael Totilla arose in the morning, and found that Orlando was gone, he felt somewhat uneasy; but when he found the key of the shop-door upon the outer side of the lock, he supposed that his young master might have slipped out just to take a breath of fresh air; so he waited till the breakfast hour quite easily. That hour came, but no Orlando appeared. They waited an hour, and still he did not come. "There is something wrong," said Michael

"Of course there is," responded Cinthia. "I felt it last night, when I left him alone at his work," pursued the armorer. "I ought not to have done it. And yet he must have gone out of his own free will; for

"He must have gone out for a ramble," suggested Cinthia, "intending to return in a short time, and some trouble has overtaken him."

So it appeared to Michael; and without further words he started out to make inquiries. All the forenoon he wandered up and down the city; but not a trace could he find of his missing master, and at the dinner hour he returned

to his home, sad and dispirited, plaming himself for having left Orlando alone.

Early in the afternoon a stranger called at the shop, and inquired for Vendorme. Michael knew that he had seen his visitor before, but he could not tell where. "Do you seek the armorer on business ?"

e inquired "Yes," replied the stranger; "you can call it business if you please. But I come to learn if all is well with him.'

"Are you interested?" asked Michael, re-"Yes, Michael Totilla, I am interested garding his visitor cur'ously.

and since I know that you are a true friend play upon my innocence! By the powers of to the youth, I will tell you why I am in- knights have a grudge against him; darkness, my doomed one, I know very terested. You have seen Theodore of

> "And Vendorme has been at work for "Yes. He is making a fine mail for

"Exactly." "And I am Theodore's servant. My

"Aye," cried Michael; "I recollect you low. Yes, yes-I saw you with the Saxon

knights at the tournament.' "I was there," returned Gaspard, "and saw you when you bore down your opponents in the ring. My master had two reasons for feeling interested in the welfare of Orlando Vendorme. First, he wanted the marvellous shirt of mail, which Vendorme alone could make; and, furthermore, he owed to the heroic youth a debt of gratitude which he wished to pay; so he deter-"Merciful God!" he gasped, in a hoarse, mined, if the thing were possible, to watch over his interests; and to this end he sent me here to have an eye upon him. This morning I missed him; and now the ques-

vou are, you will help me to search."

"I would search at the ducal palace, if I dared. I have already made inquiries in every other quarter.'

"Your suspicions are turned toward the | thedog."

"Yes: they have been from the first," said Michael; "but I dared not go there; not that I feared for myself; but I dared not vet awaken the duke to the fact that my master was missing."

quiry is made. I have friends in the city his written orders that the hand of Rosabel when the dull, heavy echo fell back upon who will assist me. I think you do not of Bergamo be bestowed upon yourself.

"And thus," he murmured, as he sank believe you are what you say; because I the Pope's mandate must silence them." know, now that my memory serves me, that you are attached to the person of Theodore | heiress of Bergamo is mine beyond dispute. | Why does she pull away the silk and the of Hartburg; and I know that Theodore is You say you have the Pope's permission my master's friend. And so, sir, I shall already?" trust you; and there is full confidence between us.

"Thank you," said Gaspard. "And," he added, "as a first confession in that conmuch here to help Vendorme, as to give information to my master touching any harm palace; and, as soon as possible, I will re-

When Gaspard had gone, Michael and Cinthia sat down and talked matters over. They had much to say of Orlando's disappearance; and they had also much to say of the visit of Gaspard of Saxony. There was something curious—very curious—Cinthia thought, in it. She could not understand it. It filled her mind with imaginings of

the marvellous and mysterious. "It is all very plain to me," said Michael,-" just as plain as the nose upon my

"Perhaps you'll explain, then," suggested | keep her if you please!"

"Of course I will;" and the husband prepared to illustrate with his fingers. "Now look. In the first place, this Theodore is foreign to his own thoughts. Count of Hartburg, and I suppose he is a very wealthy young man."

"He is only a boy," interposed Cinthia. But not yet did the sufferer strike to end a man in understanding and authority. He tell you our pontiff of Rome must have hear." his pains. Once more he cried for help,-it was on the road, and was attacked by rob- more power. There is no reason why he was a low and feede cry, for his voice was bers; and he would certainly have been should be forced to bow at the nod of a overcome-he and his party-but for the temporal prince. raised his whisped accents in prayer to timely assistance of Vendorme. And so did On the evening of the day following this Theodore have cause for deepest gratitude. | interview, the duke sought the apartment Once he thought he heard footsteps Next-when the young count discovers the of Rosabel, whom he found alone. He closed again at the door of the dungeon; marvellous properties of the mail which his the door behind him, and having assured and when he raised his head he deliverer wears, he wants a garment of light himself that no attendants were present, he material. Of course it must be made in Mi- opened his business: through the grated wicket. He staggered lan, and Vendorme must make it. But Vendorme is banished. How can the diffiand thus, by the laws of chivalry, the gates | will be performed to-morrow.' of Milan are open to him; and he can now gain entrance to his shop. But there is turning deathly pale, and trembling like an trouble still. Manfred and Ludovico are enemies to Vendorme, and may seek to do | with your son. him harm. Theodore knows this; and, since the knightly armorer is at work for first voice, in reply. It was the Duke of him, he feels in duty bound to look after his welfare. Do you understand it now?"

"It is reasonable, as you have explained it, Michael; and vet it is strange.' "Of course it is strange. A great many The prisoner would have put his thin hands | things are strange; but I have full confithrough the opening to beg once more for | dence in Gaspard. His very face is a suffi-

cient passport." make; and when she had given her husband to understand that she coincided with | it shall so be. him, she turned to the performance of her

household duties. Just in the edge of the evening Gaspard came back, and there was a deep cloud upon

"You have not found him?" said Cinthia.

"I have not," was the reply.

of the order of the silver cross, and one who and she clasped her hands in eager supplicawas present when Vendorme was exalted, | tion. circumstances might point him out as one great. Give me my liberty, and all the rest who had a desire to put the young knight is yours!" away; and so, of his own accord, he took | "You are wild, my child; and you sadly dorme's head-that he had not caused the same to be done-and that he did not know that harm had come to him. He furthermore offered the services of his guard to search for the missing, and gave Torquedo the freedom of the city for that purpose. I cannot think that Manfred has had any

hand in taking our friend away."

gested Michael

"But how is it with the prince?" sug-

"I think," replied Gaspard, "that Vendorme must have left the city. He has other enemies besides the duke. The robbers of the Saveso are his enemies."

"I know, I know," muttered the armorer, with his hands working nervously together. "I know that the robber but I have not yet turned my thoughts that way. If harm has come to my master, I fear that the Duke of Milan hath had some "How!" returned Gaspard. "Would you

not take such an oath in evidence?" "Ah, Manfred is a cold-blooded, heartless villain, and I knew not how much his oath

is worth. But I will wait-I may hear something more. 1b-morrow we will search again. You can leave the city, if you wish, but I shall remain within the walls; for I do not believe that Orlando has gone out."

The Saxon looked earnestly into Michael's face, and after a little thought, he said: "It may be as you surmise. Manfred may have taken a false oath. If he has, I pity him!" "Ha—is there then some—"

"Hush. I have no explanation to make. If Manfred has harmed the missing knight, and the truth can ever be known, then God have mercy upon him!

With this Gaspard arose, and began to pace the floor, while Cinthia set about preparing supper. And now, leaving Michael and the Saxon

to search as they please, we will look in at the palace, and see how matters are work-"Indeed, I know not," replied Michael. ing there. After Marco Torquedo had gone, "But if you be a friend, as I now believe | the duke felt greatly relieved, for he believed that all suspicion had been turned away from himself. "You see," he said to his son, "that I

was right. It is well that we did not harm "Aye," replied Ludovico. "I see. It is

well. I think Orlando Vendorme is safely disposed of; and now for my marriage. When am I to be master of Bargamo?" "It shall be very soon, my son. And here

again, let me tell you—I have done a wise "I understand you," returned Gaspard, thing. I have sent a messenger to the Pope, and I will myself see that immediate in- at Rome, and have received from the Pontiff "No," returned Michael, promptly. "I and if the people of Bergamo should object, "You have done well. Now the fair

"Yes, with his benediction upon th

"Then why should we wait?"

"We will not wait," replied the duke. 'On the day after to-morrow the marriage shall take place.

"It is well," said Ludovico, pressing his hands together, and curling his lips with a demoniac expression. "Rosabel will be my wife while her outcast paramour is dying. wish she could know it!"

"Ah, my son-beware! Do not let your feelings of vengeance run away with your discretion.'

"Fear not," said the prince. "I am not so foolish as that. I think I have vengeance enough already-vengeance enough upon Vendorme; and as for the princess, I hope that she will not give me more cause for hating her. "She will be yours, my son, and Bergamo

will also be yours. The latter will be worth keeping. As to the former, you will Ludovico understood his father's meaning,

and the fiendish expression with which he answered showed that the hint was not

"I have a firm friend in the pope," pursued Manfred; "and as soon as I can turn my attention that way I shall join him in "A boy in years," replied Michael, "but | his effort to throw off the German yoke. I

"My Lady of Bergamo," he said, taking a seat near her, "I have come to inform culty be met? Very easily. Through you of the arrangements which have been Theodore's means our master is knighted, made for your marriage. The ceremony "My lord duke," returned the maiden,

aspen, "this must not be. I cannot wed "Your opposition will only make it worse

for you, my child; for the thing is fixed." "No, no," cried Rosabel; "you have not the right. You are my guardian; but you have not the power to force me into such an alliance. If you persist-if you force the bond upon me—I will appeal to his holiness

"Ah, my fair one, I am ahead of you there. I have seen the Pope—or, my messenger Cinthia had no further argument to has seen him-and I have his authority for the marriage. In short, he orders that

> "O-it is not so!" "Here is the instrument, if you wish to see it." And as Manfred thus spoke he drew the parchment from his bosom.

Rosabel took it in her hand, and ran her eye over the words that were written. It was a decree from the Pope, giving her in "Have you been to the palace?" asked | marriage to the prince Ludovico. What escape could there be from this? By the "Let me tell you," returned Gaspard, laws of the land all female orphans of patridrawing a chair near to the armorer and his | cian blood were under the spiritual care of wife, and sitting down. "For me to have | the Pope; and his authority in matters of gone directly to the palace would have matrimonial alliance was final. Rosabel cess. On the third night, however I gained amounted to nothing. Marco Torquedo, a knew this, and when she had read the fatal the opportunity I sought. Through a small knight of Modena, one of the grand officers | decree, the parchment fell from her grasp

was in this city, and to him I went. He, "My lord," she said, "If you seek the as in duty bound, proceeded at once to the | Castle of Bergamo for your son, take it. palace, and made all possible inquiries; but | Take all I have of wealth—take my lands he could learn nothing concerning our mis- and my titles, and let me go free. O, you sing friend. The duke acknowledged that | cannot wish to bring upon me a suffering so

I found the door locked, and the key upon the most solemn oath that man can take misapprehend the intent of my son. He that he had not harmed a hair of Ven- seeks your hand as much for your charms of Bornhol wiched to account the hated hon person, as for the wealth of your estates." "No, no, it cannot be. Ludovico cannot want a wife who will not love him."

"Hush, lady. You are speaking too much. You are not wise thus to let your tongue run loose. Since first you came to Milan it has been established that you should be Ludovico's wife. It is an affair of taste and your wishes in the matter must give way to imperious necessity. I see your in-

.. Ludovico was, if possible, more earnest | tent, and I know your meaning; and I may in his disavowal than was his father. He inform you now that further opposition till I have told you all, and your thoughts acknowledged that he hated Vendorme, and | will not be tolerated. I need not tell over | shall be turned into another channel." that he should be glad to know that the up- to you the list of evil things you have already start was out of his way; but thus far he | done; but I will tell you that we can put | quickly, and ease my burning heart if you had done nothing towards bringing about 'up with no more. Thus far we have borne can! your insults without bringing upon you the "Then what can have happened?" cried punishment richly deserved, but we have borne all. In the time to come you will oppose just authority at your peril. On the morrow you will give Ludovico your hand. I wish to hear no more now."

Thus speaking, the duke arose and left the apartment; and when the princess was alone, she sank down upon her knees, and buried her face in her hands. What escape could there be from this? She had expected it-she had awaited the blow for a long O, lady, if you think I was heartless-if time; but she had not gained strength to bear up under the terrible affliction.

CHAPTER XI. AN ANGEL!

The evening wore on, and at an appoint. I had promised to do it, and I dared not dised hour, Rosabel's attendants came to assist obey. But when I had led him to that deep her in undressing; but she did not wish dungeon, where the air was chill and damp, their presence. She wished to be alone. and where, perhaps, he was to find a grave, She said she would call them when she my heart sank within me, and I grew faint

And what direction were the thoughts of own actions, I should have turned back; but the princess taking, as she sat there alone, my master was close at hand. Vendorme with her hands clasped upon her bosom, and asked me why I trembled so, but avaded her eyes fixed upon the floor? Listen. She the question by telling him a falsehood. I speaks her thoughts aloud:

"O, it came like a bright vision across to seek the princess, and in a moment more

ny path, and was quickly swallowed up in arkness. If it be a sin to love one below me in station, then I am a sinner, and I cannot repent. Oh, sweet youth, why has fate | Ludovico came to see my master, and I heard been so cruel? Noble, brave, and generous -thou art worthy the love of a queen. Or- said, was to come off to-morrow. By and lando, Orlando, where art thou? O, were by they mentioned the name of Orlando Venit not for these cruel locks that are placed dorme, and I crept nearer to listen. What upon my passage, I would seek thee, even I then heard froze my blood with horror? though death stood in the way! But, alas! No, no, lady-bold! It is not so I am doomed. Ah, thou wilt never know how Rosabel of Bergamo loved thee. In the years to come, some other fair one will rest upon thy bosom; and while thou blessest her, thou wilt forget Rosabel. And where will Rosabel be? O, merciful heaven, save me from the cruel fate !"

She bowed her head, and groaned in agony. The thought of Ludovico was appalling, and she shrank from it in terror. Quivering at every joint, she arose and went to her dressing-case, and took therefrom a small dagger. Orlando Vendorme made that dagger, and gave it to her. She kissed it in memory of the giver, and then leaned against the wall, with her hand upon her brow. Where were her thoughts now? Thus, my son, there can be no opposition; Why does she look upon the sharp blade so eagerly, and clutch the jeweled hilt with such nervousness? Why does she move her left hand so strangely over her bosom? lace, and lay bare the pearly skin that rises and falls over her throbbing heart? Does she think of gaining freedom thus from the dreadful embrace of Ludovico? Hark! What is that sound? A knock upon the door. Quick as thought the princess hides her dagger, and then bids the applicant

my life should be given to the undoing of "The door was opened, and a female, muffled in a dark mantle, came in. As she closed the door behind her she let the mantle fall from her head, thus exposing the face of a bright-eyed, fair-featured girl,

to your own apartments, and I have come of near Rosabel's own age. "How," cried the princess, starting back;

" is this Hippolita? "It is my name." "The minion of Hugh de Castro?"

"A child of misfortune, noble lady," replied the visitor, in a low, sad tone. "Blame me if you will-blame me all the earth-but, O, I think Heaven hath some

"Pardon, pardon, Hippolita," exclaimed Rosabel, advancing quickly and extending her hand. "I blame no one for misfortune, for, alas! I am the most unfortunate being alive. Now sit thee down, and tell me why thou art here.

"We must be alone," said the girl, casting her eyes over the room. "We are alone."

"But we must not be overheard; for what I have to say no other mortal ear must "You may speak freely, and without

to the palace; and when we had reached the

my master I would do it if I could. He said

I could do it very easily if I did it properly.

The man to be imprisoned was Orlando

Vendorme-Hold, Lady. Hear me to the

end. I was instructed how to do my work,

even to the very words I was to speak; and

then I entered upon the task. That

night I hid myself near the armorer's

shop, but I found no opportunity to speak

with Vendorme alone. On the following

night I went again, but with no better suc-

window I saw that the youth was at work

alone, and I went and rapped upon the door.

He admitted me, and after gaining from him

a pledge of secrecy, I delivered the errand

with which I had been charged—the false,

lying errand which was to lead him to his

Princess Rosabel, and that she sought his

ing, "I cannot hold my peace! O, how could

you do it?"

doom. I told him that I came from the

ask," replied Hippolita, sinking down upon "Then, lady, continued Hippolita, drawher knees. "Let me go with you, and I ing her stool nearer to the princess, and will be as true to you as the sun is true to speaking in a low tone, "listen to my story, the day, and I will lay down my life for you and do not upbraid me until you have heard if necessary. me through. Five nights ago my master "So shall it be," said Rosabel, lifting the came to me, and wished me to do him a sergirl to her feet. "And now," she added vice. His will had been my law for so long still tremulous with excitement, "let us that I thought not of refusing; and when hasten upon our mission. O, there is no he offered me a great reward, I told him I would do anything he asked. He showed me a purse of gold, and a necklace of dia-

time to be lost. Every moment may be as precious as a life. "We must take some cordial with us," at above rates, on good Farm and looking into monds, and promised me, when my work suggested Hippolita, who had been conwas done, that these should be mine. I then sidering upon the steps necessary to be felt that I could do anything for him, and I swore that he might trust me. He placed "Certainly," replied the princess. "And this mantle upon my shoulders, and led me

is there anything else?" "I think of nothing."

porch beneath the old tower, he took a torch Rosabel of Bergamo could not have taken and conducted me down to the lowest, deepsister more completely into her confidence est, darkest dungeon. It was a long, dreary than she had taken the girl who now bore passage, and he told me I must learn to tread her company. The release of the prisoner it without a light; and to that end he led was an object with them both; but that me to and fro until I could grope my way was not all. If Rosabel wished to flee from from the porch to the pit in the darkthe power of the duke, Hippolita was no ness. Then he told me that there was a less anxious to flee from the wrath of her certain person in Milan whom I was to lead master, so in this they had a common cause. to that dungeon. He dared not send officers When the princess had prepared herself for to arrest him, but he must be taken to his the mission, she turned and took her comprison so secretly that no soul should know panion by the hand. it save those engaged in the work. I told

"Hippolita, henceforth our fates are cast together. If we save the knight I will forget and forgive the past, and thou shalt find a home with me while we both live." "And I," replied the girl, with deep, sincere emotion, "will serve you most faith-"Now let us go."

In the rear of the palace was a small garden, surrounded by a high wall, to which Crutches. the princess had access at all times; and in going thither it was necessary to enter the long passage through which the knight had been conducted. Rosabel had the keys of the doors that lay between her apartment and the garden, and when she had found them, the two adventurers started on their mission. With cautious steps they moved on, the princess going in advance with the keys, while Hippolita followed with a small lantern, which she could conceal beneath

help. He grasped at the prospect, and said reached the vaulted passage, and here they that mortal danger should not deter him exchanged positions, for now Hippolita had from any effort the good of the princess the keys, and knew how to lead the way. And how was it in the dungeon? Rosabel wished to escape the hated bon-Cold, damp and drear ! With the last dage with which she was threatened by effort of nature Vendorme struggled to his union with Ludovico, and that she looked to feet, and staggered against the wall. He him for aid. He clasped his hands, and pressed his swollen tongue upon the cold swore that he would give up his life for the good of the princess if need be. Holy, lady—" stone, but the sense of relief was gone. A little while he stood there, and then he reached once more for his sword. Twice he had "No, no," cried Rosabel, pale and quiverfound the point, and twice he had put it

her mantle when she pleased. Thus they

upon the noor of his cell, and was " "But, dear lady, will you listen! Wait balance himself so as to aim the "Go on, go on-O, what perfidy! Speal

you think I did this willingly-you are mis-

taken. When I had heard the youth speak

-when he breathed forth such devotion to

one of my sex-when I saw his noble, hand-

some face, and remembered his gallant con-

duct-I felt my resolution grow weak. But

and dizzy. Had I then been mistress of my

the solid iron door was shut upon him!

cess, and begged her to sustain herself.

"Save him! Save him!" cried Rosabel

"Listen, lady. I told you I heard them

speak of Orlando Vendorme. O, it was

horrible; but it may not yet be too late.

He is shut up in that deep, dark, damp,

cold dungeon; and there he is doomed to

die, without food, and without drink!

This is the third night, and he has had no

succor yet. I heard Ludovico sav that he

would marry the princess while Vendorme

was struggling with the last touch of

With a groan so deep and agonizing that

even the dumb walls seemed startled by its

putting out her hands, "I will quickly

the wrong I had done. I have obtained

the keys of all the doors between us and the

fearful dungeon, except those which belong

to you, believing that you would help me

in the work of salvation. If you can un-

lock the way to the passage that communi-

cates with the rear porch, I can do the

rest. My master had the key to the dun-

geon, and I know where to find it. O, lady,

can you help me? I would have gone

alone, and set the prisoner free, but if he

escapes he must come this way. He cannot

Rosabel moved forward a step, and caught

"Hippolita," she said, in a quick, sharp

"Dear lady," returned the bond-woman,

"But," pursued the princess, tightening

her grasp, and quivering at every joint, "i

I should flee-if success attends us, and

should flee with the knight-should flee

from the horrible fate the tyrant of Milan

has in store for me-would you be true to

"Ere I answer you I have a favor to

pass the guard in the rear court."

"I am trusting you with my life."

the messenger by the hand.

whisper, "can I trust you?"

starting forward and seizing Hippolita by

strength; so faint not yet."

the arm. "Can I? can I?"

look upon the visitor.

heart, when his ear was struck! of a hand upon the bars of h listened a moment, and when he was that the door was being opened sword fall and started forward "I told Vendorme that I had been comnot the strength to support missioned to conduct him to the princess when he had staggered a few and he followed me with eagerness. I led

down upon the hard, cold floo him to the palace-led him to the porch that the door was opened, and beneath the old tower-and led him into was shining in upon him, and the dark passage. The way had been preone knelt by his side, and pared, so there were no obstructions. I What sound was that? groped along the gloomy course-down the thrilled this soul with snel slimy steps-into the very bowels of the power? What was it that earth-and finally reached the lowest dungeon, where the man was to be shut up.

to his heart; and startled his nerv and feeling? "Orlando! Orlando!" He started up, and supported le nis elbow.

"Who speaks to me?" "Orlando! Orlando! O. car arise? Do you know me? I am save you! O, in Heaven's name yet! Support yourself yet awhi

and all may be well with us h Rosabel who speaks !" "Rosaeel; Rosabel!" gasped then putting forth his hands. She guided them to her wound her own arms about him. lifted him to a sitting posture.

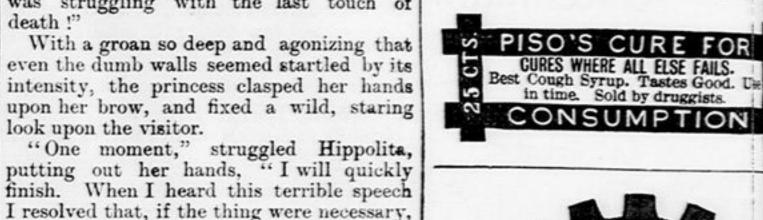
"He is famishing for the want said Hippolita, who had just left him there, telling him that I was going strength enough to speak; for the the terrible work she had helped shocked her so that for awhile she "The rest of that night I could not sleep a faint and dizzy. But a sense of thene wink; and all day to-day, I have been sufferthat was upon her, and the aton ing more than I can tell. This afternoon was to make, gave her new stre forthwith she applied herself to them talking of the marriage which, they ance of the sufferer. She produced the she had brought with her, in a silver and when the stopple had been rem placed it to the knights's lips. Ear he swallow the welcome draught warmth spread through his system. new strength.

"More-more of the wine," he gas Hippolita caught the hand of the printhe flask was removed from his line. "In a little while," returned the If you love the noble young knight, and "It may be dangerous to drink to would save him, you have need of all your

"Ha! that voice! No, no-it is a And he swept his hand across his "It is not a dream, Orlando. bel. She is here to save you. (), not go with her? The youth gazed up, and when, final

saw the sweet face of the angel, and consi tinguish the soul-cherished featur sank forward. with his head upon berly

(To be Continued.)





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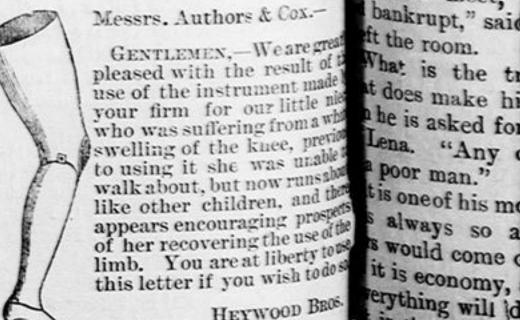
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of her recovering the use of the limb. You are at liberty ton this letter if you wish todo HEYWOOD BROS

This little girl would doubtless have away, but hope was gone, and his poor life; her leg, only knowing what to do and was going with it. He had placed the bilt o do it we cured her.

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ble prices. Pianos tu Watch TRSDAY, MAY

WOMAN'S WEA sked a charming girl. dropped her lashes sh d stroked a vagrant consciously she mur is rosebud newly cut are a strong suspicio

r weapon is a pout." at is a woman's wear sta lover true. med him to a maid th eyes of heavenly relvet lips were part eagerly he answered Her weapon is a smil hat is a woman's wea sked a poet then.

sudden inspiration e siezed upon his per I could name a th cried in accents cle woman's surest we grant you, is a tear.

t It Did for its ing Wear s Langdon had se tion to her "dear Is for a grand ball, entrance of her t v had just beer

fashionable "finish nt, and their deb a very magnificen s. Gregory, husba were on the invite g at the elegant Terms to suit borrower. they were broken ace of Mr. Grego apa," cried Lena, See our invitation

> eld in her hand. oveliest silk at to wear. Can I laven't you any d ked, moodily. lenty of old ones been worn, and s particular ever

great ball," show

low much will h, perhaps a hu Lena, carelessly, e value in mone father groaned about "foolis drawing out his

the table. w much do yo ked, turning tov don't think I w pretty dress, icely," she repl d're a sensible els you for a w belp him ke If the press t lasts much nds to meet, bankrupt," said

ft the room. is the tr it does make hi Lena. "Any poor man." s always so a s would come it is economy, erything will d

is the way be t has become me," said Mrs ath of relief.