

in the great war; of his days and nights of pain and suffering—for he had been wounded—and of many other things concerning the great struggle; and when he had concluded Grace had burst into tears.

"Oh, I'm so glad to have you back, Walter; so glad! so very glad!"

Once, during his recital, he related an incident of how a brave German cavalier had saved his life at the cost of his own; for in the heat of battle, one of the enemy's soldiers had a musket levelled at his breast—"when that brave cavalier," said Walter, "perceiving my danger, stepped in front of me; and receiving the shot that was intended for me; fell dead, at my feet. The man that gave his life for mine!"

And taking a photograph from his pocket, he held it up for her to see. It was a photograph of Count Vensieque!

XIV.

THE dim prison jet shed a lurid light on a strange group assembled in the cell of a doomed prisoner. Constituting that group were many faces and forms conspicuous in this tale. There the old prisoner sat, in his dismal prison apartment, with his head bowed down,