

lowed us closely in, stood leaning on the wall, alternately giving war-whoops of delight and pausing to wipe tears of laughter from his eyes. "Glory be that I've lived to see this hour! Ah, is it not a beautiful sight?" he gurgled joyously. From the upper gallery, where the ladies and courtiers were gathered, came audible and indignant comments on adventurers who dared attack great nobles in this fashion, mingled with irrepressible bursts of merriment as my unlucky victim cut some especially wild caper. The chase was growing hotter now. Round and round the loggia we went, skirting the wall by scarcely a foot, avoiding crashing into the staircase only by an apparent intervention of Providence. My quarry was scarlet in the face, and so blown that it was plain he must soon fall for very exhaustion. He tripped and stumbled, wheezed noisily in his efforts to catch breath, and made wild sounds of mingled rage and anguish. At this moment I was inspired by a new mode of torture.

"Dance, my friend! Dance for this noble assemblage!" I cried, and wielded my sword to such good effect that Del Mayno pranced and curvetted in the liveliest fashion possible. "So—you do very creditably, on my word. Is not this despised needle of mine a useful thing, since it can make a fat old has-been like you pick up your heels like any dancing-master? Turn to the right—turn to the left—raise your right foot—now your left foot. Higher, higher, or I will prick again——" I shook with helpless