

arguing with much energy and gesture when someone knocked. The door was opened cautiously and I heard someone say that the porter from the hotel had brought my bag and had asked for me. There was another whispered conference, and then a message was sent in my name to the effect that I was not going to the hotel that night and probably not on the next day, as I had been called away. I would send for my luggage later.

I protested vehemently against this, but my protest was disregarded ; and I suffered a keen pang of mortification at seeing my precaution quietly checkmated in this way. It impressed upon me more vividly than anything else could have done the reality of the peril in which I stood.

When the messenger left, the discussion between the Colonel and Corpola was resumed, and I began to eye my guard more closely than ever, for some sign that his vigilance was sufficiently relaxed to enable me to make a spring upon him and seize his weapon.

But just when I was in the very act of making my effort another interruption came from without. There was a second knocking at the door, this time hurried and agitated, and a voice called, urgently and vehemently,

"Colonel Livenza, Colonel Livenza ! I must see you at once."

It was a woman's voice, and the three men were obviously disturbed at it.

"Quick, you two. Take him into the next room," said Livenza, in a whisper.

Corpola and Valera seized me, and each menacing me with his revolver and pressing the barrel close against my head, led me into the dark room adjoining,