

wore no ring, no necklace, no jewel of gold or silver, either in her hair, on her neck, or in her ears. What could this mean? And the ring of fidelity, where was it; what had she done with it? Stanislas was beside himself,—a painful thought shot through his brain. He regretted he had not examined the fingers of the dead spy. The young girl slept on; he shook her rudely.

“Awake,” he cried, “awake and answer me. What have you done with it?”

“In alarm, she opened her eyes, but without comprehending what was passing.

“It is I! Stanislas!

“He squeezed her arm. His wound had again opened, and the blood flowed copiously. The poor girl could neither speak nor move; she seemed under the spell of the night-mare.

“Michel Linski is at Warsaw,” roared Stanislas; “that Michel whom you loved; Michel the spy. I have seen him; and I asked for his pardon. You may see him from your window. They have strangled him; so much the better.”

“He laughed, but it was the laugh of a madman.

“Wear no mourning, for your lover died for his country!” and he added, in a melancholy tone, “I have sacrificed all for my country, and, whilst I was fighting her battles, I was basely betrayed. Woman! woman! thy heart is inexplicable. Come, it will not avail to shut your eyes and faint—you must and shall hear me.”

“And he shook her; but the poor girl had fainted. This apparition in the middle of the night interrupting her quiet sleep; uttering curses, and besmeared with blood—this horribly fantastic reality, had overcome her. When she recovered her senses, Stanislas was gone.

“I have dreamt it,” she said, “and oh! what a horrible dream! I think he began mildly.”

“Meantime Stanislas, who had gone to the hospital, was raving in delirium. He cursed both his country and the object of his affections.

“Unhappy man! he still loved her, and for a passion like his there was only one remedy—death! She was still before his eyes, cold and unmoved—but beautiful.

“The sister of charity who attended the ward approached Stanislas, and held out to him a small box, sealed. His pale cheeks became suddenly flushed, and he eagerly snatched the box from the hands of the good sister. He recognized it as