

"Then listen!" said Colonel Farnham, "I will promise to let her go, without even questioning her, if you will tell me all you know about these papers!"

"I don't know what is in them!" answered Dick. "I cannot tell you anything!"

"But you know who sent them and whom they are for!"

Dick was silent.

The Colonel waited one moment before he ordered him to be taken back to his room. Then he sent for Sybil.

All this time the young man behind him had stood without speaking or moving, watching the lad with a curious intent expression that showed his interest in the scene. The light was stronger now, and shone faintly into the dim corner which he had chosen as a retreat, bringing into view his clear-cut features, blue eyes and fair hair.

When Sybil entered the bare, squalid room, still in the magnificent attire that she had put on the evening before, the young man watched her even more closely than he had watched her brother.

She was evidently much alarmed for Dick's safety, and asked almost immediately to be allowed to see him.

The Colonel did not answer her request, but put some questions to her concerning the letters. She answered in a conciliatory but evasive manner and the Colonel's dissatisfaction increased. She really knew very little about them, but that he would not believe and at last he lost his temper altogether, and declared with tremendous oaths that he would have her imprisoned and Dick shot without delay.

She fell on her knees and begged him to be merciful, but he only swore more loudly. In her despair she turned to the younger man and entreated him to intercede for her. But as the words left her lips, she recognized him. Alas!—it was the cousin, whom she had supplanted,—"The Traitor," Harry Vernon!

She rose to her feet then, set her teeth proudly, and uttered no word to save either herself or her brother. What was the use? She turned away; she did not, would not, hear the words her enemy was speaking. She knew they would

but add to the bitterness of her humiliation!

Yet, when she reached her room again, it occurred to her that she might yet save them, and she sent a message by one of the soldiers, begging Captain Vernon, for that was his rank in the revolutionary army, to come to her.

He came at length, and Sybil began at once: "Cousin Harry, I will give up all—everything that your father left me—if you will help us to escape."

Vernon did not answer immediately, and Sybil continued eagerly, "I would sooner have died than ask this for myself—but I cannot, I cannot let Dick come to harm if I can help it! I will sign anything you like, here and now, if you will let us go!"

"I do not know that it is in my power. I have no idea what Colonel Farnham intends to do!" said Vernon.

"Surely you could help us a little—but perhaps you will not help *me!*" She paused, adding after a struggle with herself, "If you feel so bitter against me, I am not surprised—I suppose I should feel bitter if I were in your place! but as you do—at least, save Dick. He is too young, and good, and brave, to die like this. Save him, and I will still give up *all!*"

"Do you really mean it, Cousin Sybil? Shall you be willing for me, a *Revolutionist*, to have all?"

"I would do anything to save Dick—besides, perhaps—I do not know! It may have been wrong to take it from you. Look, I will give you these now! and trust you to help Dick afterwards!" So saying, she took the shining jewels from her hair and unclasped the necklace from her throat, but Vernon scarcely looked at them.

"Sybil, I blamed my father more than you. You need not fear me now. I have outlived my wish for vengeance. I promise that I will help you if I can."

So saying he left the room, and Sybil waited hopefully through the dull autumn day, expecting their release. But the daylight faded, and the darkness of night fell, and still they were prisoners.

At last she threw herself on the hard bed in despair, and tried to sleep, but