

Her faithful attendant laid her upon a rude couch, and seeing the color returning to her lips, gazed out of the window on the river.

Nothing of Chang was to be seen; the rapid torrent had carried him away. Where?

Time passed on, every moment seeming an age, and darkness began to come down upon the earth.

The poor gardener's wife hung over her pallid mistress, and dreaded her questions when consciousness would be restored.

The officer had been absent sufficiently long to visit the duke and Mandarin; hark!—he was even now knocking at the door.

The soldier knocked again before the gardener's wife could bring herself to leave Koong-See, but no other course was left to her; and scarcely knowing why, she securely closed the door of the apartment behind her, and drew the screen across to conceal it. The soldier rudely questioned her as to her delay in opening the door, and showed her the document which he had obtained, in which large sums of money and the emperor's favor were promised to any person who should give up Chang and restore Koong-See to her father. She made pretence that she could not read the writing, and having given the soldier some spirit made from rice, she managed to pass a very considerable time in irrelevant matters.

When the officer became impatient, she told him that she thought it would be useless to attempt to catch Chang till it was quite dark, when he would be walking in a neighboring rice ground. Two hours were thus whiled away, when the officer was called out by one of the men under him, who told him that a messenger had arrived from the Ta-jin, enquiring why the villain Chang