

THE
STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

WHICH OF THE TWO ?

CHAPTER VI.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

The two men gazed at each other for a moment in silence.

"He is well armed, señor," said Olibanzo, stroking his beard, still I think we can manage him."

They were both very unsteady in their movements, and the deed now in contemplation would probably have never been thought of were they not stimulated by an immoderate use of wine.

"But if he is not asleep?"

"Ah, no fear, these Dutch all sleep like swine, there is no waking them when once they are off. Are you ready?"

"Yes, lead on, but is he very strong do you think, my friend? He is quite stout, and if equally strong, I am afraid we will have some hard work before morning!"

Señor Olibanzo paced the room for a moment, "We must then make quick work of it."

"Yes; trust me for that—but, señor," he said suddenly in a low voice, grasping the back of a chair for support, "something is wrong with me, I can scarcely stand!"

Olibanzo sprang to his side.

"Here, here, my head, my head! I am ready to burst, I feel so strange, I fear the wench has not given us good wine!"

"The demon! and I, too, feel monstrous strange! My head swims like a block of wood in the river, and I can scarcely see.—Oh—oh!"

With a fall that shook the windows, Don Nunez sprawled upon the floor, and lay motionless, unable to move, although he cursed the hostess, in his bitterest terms. Señor Olibanzo succeeded in averting the fated fall for a few moments longer, but his human nature was unable to stand opposed by stronger agencies, and without a sound he measured his length over the body of his prostrate friend.

As he fell, the door of the inner apartment opened and the German entered the room. He stood for a moment, looking at the fallen men.

"Dogs, have ye ever heard of the cunning foxes outwitting themselves?" The men were at the mercy of the German, but that individual—gypsy like—simply