

him the more desperate, and the traveller was convinced he had heard the voices of other men without, who might climb into the room to assist their brother villain in case any resistance should be made. His astonishment, however, was great and reviving, when he heard the fellow throw off his jacket on the floor, and then toss himself upon the bed under which he lay. Terror, however, had taken too firm a hold of the traveller to be shaken off at once,—his ideas were too confused to permit his imagining any other motive for such a midnight intrusion on an unarmed man with property about him, save that of robbery and assassination, and he lay quiet where he was, until he heard the fellow above him snoring with all the sonorousness of a drunkard. Then, indeed, he would have left his hiding-place and gone to rouse the people in the inn to get another resting-place instead of the bed of which he had just been dispossessed in so singular a manner, but, just as he came to this resolution, he heard the door of the outer room open—then stealthy steps crossed it—then the door of the very room he was in was softly opened, and two men, one of whom was the host, and the other his son, appeared on its threshold.

“Leave the light where it is,” whispered the host, “or it may disturb him and give us trouble.”

“There is no fear of that,” said the younger man, also in a whisper, “we are two to one; he has nothing but a little knife about him—he is dead asleep too! hear how he snores!”

“Do my bidding,” said the old man sternly; “would you have him wake and rouse the neighbourhood with his screams?”