

will render me due account upon my demand. I do demand this of you now, that you return with me to Biloxi at once, upon my assurance as a soldier that no harm will there befall you. This, sir, upon a soldier's honor."

It was a most unexpected outcome to such an interview. I hesitated warily at his request, and then thinking it could make matters no worse, inquired:

"How long will you require me, and for what purpose?"

"The time will be most brief, a moment should suffice. The purpose I can not give, but it will bring you into no danger. I repeat, upon the word of a man of honor, that you will be permitted to return safely as you came, and no one will follow."

I must say, in spite of these protests, I did not want to go. But he pressed his wish so earnestly that I followed the Chevalier down the winding path back to Biloxi, not without great trepidation, however. He walked rapidly in front, and not a word was exchanged between us. We passed the barracks and the Governor's house, where I thought to stop, but he led me on. Leaving the thicker portions of the little town, he soon paused before his own gate and swung it open. The wild thought now entered my brain that perhaps he had planned some terrible revenge upon his wife, and desired to torture me by forcing me to witness it. I hung back at the gate. My own good sword re-assured me, and he mounted the step to throw open the door.