

"Yes—why?"

"Your life is in danger; do you know for what?"

"No!"

"For murder, and other things. You have been arrested, you are now in prison—I am your counsel, and I wish to have you answer me the truth—your life depends on my knowing every thing."

"But," exclaimed Edmund, the sweat bursting forth from his forehead, "I shall not, in this emergency, choose another to plead for me. I always intended, should it ever come to this, to defend myself. I will be my own counsel, and require no other."

"You have abandoned this idea," said Rodolphe, sternly; "you have solicited my aid—you have asked *me* to plead your cause. Are you not aware of this?"

"Yes, I think I did," he answered hesitatingly.

"Then you must reveal every thing to me—you must conceal nothing. If you do so, you are safe—if not, you die. Are you prepared?"

"I am."

END OF VOL. I.