

possible of the impropriety of rough soldiers being left without their commanding officer, and thus gave the trembling lovers the opportunity of overhearing what was passing, and of learning the dreadful extremity in which they were placed. As soon as the officer was gone, a brief conference was held between the lovers and their protector. A few minutes—an hour at most—was all they could call their own. A score of plans were suggested, examined and cast aside. There was the suspicious guard, who was ordered to let no person, under any circumstances pass, in front; and behind was the broad, rapid river.

Escape seemed impossible, and for Chang, at least, detection and arrest was death. To attempt to fight through the guard was madness in a man unarmed—and what could become of Koong-See? What was to be done? It was almost impossible to swim the roaring river when it was most quiet; but now it was swollen with the early rains;—but the river was the only chance, "But you will be seen, and be butchered in the water before you climb the other bank," suggested the gardener's wife. "It is my only chance," said Chang thoughtfully, as he stripped off the *pouqua*, a loose outer garment commonly worn by the higher classes, or by those who seek for literary honors. Koong-See clung to him, but his resolution was firm, and bidding her be of good cheer, that he would get across, and come again to her, he jumped from the window into the stream below, with Koong-See's promise of eternal constancy ringing in his ears. The struggle was frightful, and long before Chang had reached the middle of the torrent, Koong-See's eyelids quivered, and closed; she fainted and saw no more.