

not lead my beloved home until I have redeemed it.'

Silence and astonishment filled the hall. But the maiden, pale with terror, exclaimed: "What! thou wilt face the Terrible? plunge thyself into certain destruction, and me into fresh despair?"

Conrad assures her the danger is not so great as it appears; that he is protected by an amulet, a cross made from the true cross of the Saviour, that has defended him from ocean perils, and rescued him from the swords and dungeons of the Saracens, and immediately prepares for the perilous rescue.

The day arrived, the Bode was bridged with ice, hundreds of anxious spectators lined the rocks above, the black flag floated from the Lauenburg and the Regenstein.

Extreme unction had been administered in Kloster* Wenthusen, and armed with a dagger for the combat with the transformed Giant Bodo, and an iron chain to bind him, with a look toward heaven, Conrad plunged into the yawning gulf.

The waves closed over him and drew him down into their shimmering bosom.

A long and anxious stillness—then a horrible howl burst forth from the gulf, drowning the roar and hiss of the waterfall, growing every minute louder and more terrible, as if a thousand wolves were engaged in a death-grapple; and the waters rose in mighty billows, as if a storm-wind raged beneath.

* Kloster, convent.