

stepped out of the cab upon the little steamboat landing. The horse had been slow, his master indulgent. Arline, sitting rigidly erect in a corner of the cab, had tried in vain to urge some haste. Then she had given up, and sat in silence, while the one phrase had gone pounding through and through her brain, —

“Unless he is already dead.”

At the landing, she spoke once more.

“Find me a man to row me to the city,” she bade the driver.

He looked at her in amazement. Then he looked out at the ink-black river which was hissing softly past the piles beneath the pier.

“It is impossible,” he said. “Madame must wait for daylight and the steamer.”

She turned upon him fiercely.

“Who told you to say it was impossible? Find me a man at once. I tell you, I will go. Besides, I will pay you well.”

Far away above the distant hills, the sky had turned from gray to rose, as the little boat crept towards the rock-bound city. The moon had set by now, and, against the darker western sky, the old gray bastions and the clustered spires stood out in clear relief. Low in the southwest, as if above the Esplanade, one yellow star still glittered. About them, the river was as yet untouched by the dawn. The tide was flowing up sharply, and the night breeze, sweeping down the valley, cut the dark face of the water into waves that hissed about the tiny boat, ever and anon lifting their heads to peep in, then tumbling back again to go leaping towards the distant sea. Then the eastern sky turned from rose to flame, and sent long banners of pale red light across the sky, until the citadel above their heads was touched with vivid rose. And, as with one final change, the east turned its flame