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At that instant a rifle shot rang out from among the shrubbery, and Castine sprang from the ground and fell at Ferrol's feet. Then with a contortive shudder he rolled over and over the steps, and lay face downward upon the ground, dead.

A girl ran forward from the shrubbery, with a cry, pushing her way through to Ferrol's body. Lifting up his head, she called to him in an agony of entreaty. But he made no answer.

"That's the woman who fired the shot!" said an officer, excitedly; "I saw her!"

"Shut up, you fool—it was his wife!" exclaimed the young lieutenant to whom Ferrol had given his last message for Christine.