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*THE SUNRISE OF TOMORROW*

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conscious that Mademoiselle had risen from her knees. It was her voice which penetrated the haze of my brain, and aroused me to action.

"Monsieur — what — what are we to do now?"

"In truth," I replied, ashamed of myself, and seeking for words of encouragement, "You are the soldier, I the girl, it would seem. I was moping here with a brain paralyzed. What shall we do, Mademoiselle? Why we must find our way out, before that fellow who got away unscathed can find more villains to bar the passage."

"You think there are more?"

"That I do not know. Ay! there must be, unless they have fled, for a larger number than those who lie dead here were on guard in that lower hall. You saw them."

"Yes, Monsieur; there were others, four, or five, perhaps."

"That was my memory; no doubt the cowards slipped away unseen, afraid to follow. Well such as they will not serve to halt us.