

terrible imprecations against the judges and against her nephew. Force was required to bring her back to her house, where she took to her bed and grew delirious with a nervous fever brought on by undue excitement.

The villain Casper Hass, the cause of all this misery, was not to be seen. Fearing a manifestation of popular vengeance, he had taken sanctuary in the same cloister in whose dungeons his victims were awaiting their sad end. Had he been caught by the towns-people he would most assuredly have been either stoned or beaten to death.

At the Chapterhouse there were the usual counsellings at night-time, but what was said and done there the outside world did not know, only it was remarked that the craftsmen went as usual about their work, just as they had done when the Master was among them. But there prevailed a strange uncertainty all throughout the city; men talked only in whispers, as if afraid that a spy or informer might pick up an incautious word or two, and make the speaker share poor Eberhard's fate.

The ecclesiastic rulers of the city alone pursued the even tenor of their way, just as if nothing extraordinary had happened. They quietly went on with their preparations for carrying out the terrible sentence, and when the day finally came round for its execution, two great stakes were driven into the ground in the centre of the market-place, and around them was placed the wood for the burning of the two heretics.

As the clock struck twelve in the high tower of St. Mark's church, the gates of the Dominican cloister were thrown open, and out of it came the solemn procession of monks, nuns and guards, in whose midst were the Master and his daughter, habited each in the dress of a penitent—a coarse, long haircloth—two confessors walking at their sides, and the ecclesiastics chanting the "*Miserere*." Arrived at the market-place, the prisoners were bound to the stakes, the sentence of the court was then read, and the torch was ready to be applied, when a bugle blast and the heavy, regular tread of men were heard.

All was attention and curiosity as to the meaning of this interruption, nor had they long to wait, for speedily from every street leading into the market-place armed men were pouring into it, who at once overpowered the ecclesiastical guards, and liberated the prisoners. Then it was discovered that the Masonic craftsmen from abroad, with the noble Count of Turin, were the rescuers, for his banner was carried aloft before him.

All Cologne was astonished, delighted and rejoiced, and all Cologne was eager to catch a glance of the noble leader, who, clad in complete armour, with a white plume waving from his helmet, sat upon his charger, yet persistently keeping his visor closed. Attended by his body-guard, belted knights, every one of them, he gave his orders to the different captains. In the meanwhile the prisoners had been quietly taken away, and the spectators began to ask themselves what had become of them. The question ran from lip to lip, until another trumpet blast announced a fresh arrival. The newcomers were the Masons of Cologne, who were pouring now into the already densely crowded square, and in their midst were the Master and his daughter, no longer clad as penitents, for Master Eberhard was mounted on a noble charger, and clad in violet doublet and hose, with the Grand Master's gold chain fastened around his neck. Bertha was at his side on a palfrey, and her dress was of the costliest silk ever seen in Cologne.

The Cologne Masons, with the banner of their Chapterhouse borne in front, halted in the centre of the market-place, and, bowing before the noble Count, placed the late prisoners before him. Then it was that the Count von Turin raised his visor. His old associates beheld the well-known face of Henry Eberhard. Such a shout as thereupon was heard made all the ecclesiastics and their guards, who had hidden themselves, almost quake with fear, which is not to be wondered at, for the chronicle says that the shout was heard all over Cologne, and even on the other side of the Rhine.

The chronicle further adds, that after the Count von Turin had shown them his face, he dismounted, and standing bare-headed before his old Master, demanded of him his daughter in marriage. When the consent thus humbly asked had been freely and cheerfully given by Master Eberhard, the Count von Turin then lifted the von Bertha off the palfrey and embraced her publicly before the whole assembled multitude, who gave such a shout as made the very birds stop in their flight. And thus concludes the chronicle, they were happily betrothed and a great misfortune avoided.

Then they remounted, and, escorted by the craftsmen and the other good people of Cologne, the young Count von Turin, his bride and her father left the city for the Count's castle in the North. That they were married the same night they arrived there, is an historical fact, well known and spoken of in Cologne by many persons years afterward, who all averred that they received a portion of the bride's cake, but how Henry Eberhard succeeded in finding his parents is unfortunately unknown, for