

from me into the darkness. Then I fired the revolver and sent up a shout for help that echoed and re-echoed through the room.

A loud cry in a woman's voice followed, then the sound of an excited altercation in high tones, the door of the room I had just left was thrown open and Colonel Livenza and a woman's figure showed in the frame of light.

"Have a care," I called. "I am armed now and desperate." But at that moment there was the flash and report of a pistol fired close to me and Corpola, who had used the moment to approach me stealthily from behind, threw himself on me. I had twice his strength, however, and my blood being up I turned on him savagely, and, untwisting his arms, seized him by the throat, and fearing Livenza might come to his aid, dashed his head against the wall with violence enough to stun him. Then jumping to my feet again and still having my revolver, I rushed to square matters with Livenza himself, who alone stood now between me and freedom.

At that instant the woman spoke.

"You are Ferdinand Carbonnell. Have no fear. You are quite safe now. I came here on your account." The words were good to hear in themselves; but the voice that uttered them was the most liquid, silvery and moving that had ever fallen on my ears; and so full of earnest sincerity and truth that it commanded instant confidence.

As she spoke she stepped back into the room and I saw her features in the light. To my surprise she was no more than a girl; but a girl with a face of surpassing beauty of the ripest southern type, and her eyes,