

but his friend and adviser, scrutinizing his follower, with an air of satisfaction, saw from two to half a dozen Olibanzos dancing all about the chair where he knew his disciple to be seated; but Don Nunez was too well acquainted, too much experienced in this species of optical illusion to be frightened by such apparitions.

"Santa Josia! where is the despatch of Don—Don Carlos? I had it this night."

"It is not here, señor; but the German dog, I am sure, has seized it!"

"Garcia! the fiend has frustrated a victory!"

"The *demon*! but this shall frustrate him!" cried Olibanzo, clutching the jewelled hilt of his dagger, "the wretch shall die like a dog. But he is well armed. To our apartments for our pistols!"

"As you say," said Don Nunez.

They had scarcely left the room, their footfalls still coming back upon the ear, when the German's door was softly opened, and with a noiseless tread the stranger approached the board.

He took a copious draught of the sparkling liquid, then administering a small colorless powder into the silver flagon, he paused in a listening attitude: but as no sound of returning footstep was heard, he watched the powder until it was all dissolved, then, with the same, stealthy step he glided back to the partitioned room, and was soundly snoring with his eyes wide open, his hand grasping his knife, as the occupants of the corridor made their reappearance. They filled each his goblet and drank, then one glass more for the purpose of steadying the nerves, and then they laid their weapons upon the table, two knives and two pistols, as they glanced first toward the inner room, then at each other; but they did not see the dark cunning eyes of the stranger gleaming upon them like two balls of fire through the slightly-parted doorway.

CHAPTER V.

ANTONIA.

When señorita Antonia awoke, it was with a start as from a frightful dream.

She had fancied herself in the clutches of a gigantic monster, which had borne her away from the earth into the great space so near to the great sun, that she was almost blinded by his beams.

She had seemed quite contented, so long as she saw not his face, and so long as he did not harm her; but suddenly turning her from the sun, and placing his awful visage so close to her own face that she felt his scorching breath upon her cheek, he imprinted a fiery kiss upon her brow. With renewed strength, and an activity that would have surprised her under ordinary conditions she uttered a wild cry and wrenching herself from his grasp, darted away from him.

She expected to be pursued, and

"Fear lent wings to her speed;"