

evidently a deserted home. Here the lieutenant rapped three times with the hilt of his sword on the door, at which it was opened and the party entered. Then lights began to flash throughout the house, and at last, my curiosity getting the better of me, I crawled up to one of the open windows and looked in, just in time to see Calvario led away, still bound, and to hear a deep voice say:

“To be shot to-morrow morning at sunrise.”

I knew what that meant. Calvario had been arrested and courtmartialled as a spy, and the verdict being “guilty” he was to suffer the usual penalty. Well, there were several hours yet before sunrise, and I might yet save him. So, as cautiously as before, I crawled away from the window and back to the shelter of the bushes. My main object now was to find in what room Calvario was confined, but this I could not do unless I entered the house, to do which was to court discovery. So I lay still and waited. Silently, one by one, the lights went out, until at last I could distinguish but one gleam, which seemed to come from a grating near the ground at the side of the house. “The cellar,” thought I. “Yes, of course, that is where Calvario is imprisoned.” And I wondered that I had not thought of it before. Then, keeping well in the deepest shadows, and avoiding the least noise, I stealthily crept up to the grating and peeped through. The light, which came from a flickering lantern, almost blinded me at first; then, my eye becoming used to the semi-darkness of the cellar, I perceived a dark bundle in the farthest corner which I made out to be Calvario. Directly opposite the grating was an iron door which, I could see, was securely bolted on the outside, and this, together with the thick stone walls of the cellar formed an excellent prison, so good, in fact, that I could not see how I was ever to be able to release him. Suddenly a daring plan came to my mind, and before I could stop to think of its dangers I began to execute it. With the greatest stealth and care, I dug away the earth from the grating and essayed to raise it. But it held fast and I could not move it. Then I felt about for the bolts by which it must be secured. There were none, but I discovered that it swung on hinges from the top and was held in place by two large screws. Taking my jackknife from my pocket I tried to unscrew the piece, and after a great deal of twisting and turning I had the satisfaction of feeling the grating swing loose on its hinges. But the hardest part of my work was yet to