

come. With infinite caution, I raised the ponderous frame and propped it open. Then, just as cautiously, I crept under it and into the cellar. A number of times my heart leaped to my throat as my foot or the buttons on my coat scraped against the stone wall. But at last I stood safely on the cellar floor. Then, watching for a time when the guard was away from the door, I stole across the broad band of light cast by the lantern to the other side of the dungeon. Calvario still lay as I had at first seen him. Bending down, I placed my hand over his mouth and whispered, "Be quiet; don't make any noise, and I will save you." He made a sign with his head that he understood, and then lay perfectly quiet. Two quick strokes of my knife set him free. As soon as the cords fell from his wrists he reached forward and grasped my hand, and although I could not see his face I understood all the silent thankfulness of that ardent hand-pressure. With the same catlike stealth, we again moved across the cellar, and under the open grating. I motioned Calvario to go first. He demurred slightly, but I took him by the shoulders and thrust him upward. He grasped the inner edge and crawled safely out. Then, outlined against the square hole, I saw his hands held out to pull me up. I grasped them and swung up to the ledge. Then, I don't know exactly how it happened, but suddenly, without warning, the prop flew out, and the heavy grating, swinging downward, struck me with a force which landed me in the middle of the cellar, where I lay half stunned by my fall. Immediately there was a great uproar. Guards calling to each other, hoarse orders from the officers, loud questions by others, all added to the tumult. Before I could collect my scattered wits a group of soldiers rushed in upon me and in a trice I was bound hand and foot. Here was a pretty mess, indeed, with a very small chance of escape from the predicament. As to my fate, I was not left long in doubt about that. In less time than it takes to tell it I had been court-martialed, and in spite of notionalty was sentenced to the same punishment that had been imposed upon Calvario. In vain did I menace them with threats of a terrible revenge of my death by my country, should they carry out their designs, and with a despairing heart I was led back to the cellar dungeon, and, still bound, cast upon the floor to await the coming of day—and of my doom. As I lay there, unable to help myself, I began to wonder how it had fared with Calvario. He must have surely escaped. But after having done