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died on the wedding night. Her tomb is in San Pedro's church, and if your honor wishes to see it," etc., etc.

In lying at this rate they were plainly obeying an order, and the American remained convinced that they very well knew where Uncle Blas was, and would have been shot rather than tell it. He confided his tribulations to Zolnycki and the wise captain did not hide that he shared them.

"The good old drone who commands here," he said, "passes his time in drawing up reports, instead of acting. We are very badly guarded. The guerrilleros do not show themselves because they await the nick to take us by surprise. They are in communication with the town's people, who yearn to rise against us. They are in relations with Villacampa who watches us. Some fine night, we will all be massacred, and they will retake Teruel."

The junior captain could not contradict Zolnycki, thinking the same, and he began seriously to fear that his prediction would be accomplished. That same day, Tournesol held much the same language to him, saying, as he was going out:

"Captain, I do not know what these Spaniards are hatching this morning. They are out and all over the streets, and holding meetings at the corners. My idea is that they are preparing some ugly trick."

"You may not be wrong," muttered Fontenay.

"I should not be surprised if it were to-night. This is market-day and more country-men have come in than I have seen since we were here first. They are not so proud to skulk in the cellars and pop up at a given signal to fall on the guard at the gates while Villacampa's brigands attack on the outside."

Tournesol's conjecture was so likely that his captain questioned himself as to his duty of going straight to warn the commandant whom Zolnycki accused of wasting time in scribbling on report-forms. A singular motive prevented him hurrying there. Of all the faculties of the human intelligence, the most capricious is certainly the memory. It awakens and slumbers suddenly without any reason.

For three weeks Fontenay had been wondering who Don Angel resembled, without succeeding. Suddenly he recalled him without any event casting light into his mind.

This was the man who, six months previously, had served as his guide in the streets of Madrid and had so strangely disappeared with Blas de Montalvan on coming out of the bank. He no longer wore the Spanish shaped whippers, and letting his beard grow had so changed him that Fontenay had not recognized him on seeing him at Teruel.

What had he come here to do? Evidently, to further some sinister design of Montalvan, who would not be remote.

Before all, the captain wished to have firm ground to go upon. If the revolt was to burst that night, he still had time to go into the confeteria, and seize Angel, if there, and drag him before the governor, who would know how to make him divulge.

He told Tournesol to go indoors and wait there for him. Though astonished a little at this order, Tournesol knew nothing but passive obedience; he obeyed, and in the following five minutes the officer stood before the confectioneer's.

It was open, but empty. Neither master nor the woman were in, but, in lifting his eyes along the front, Fontenay caught a glimpse of a woman through the bars of a *mirador*, or peephole, at the first floor window.

If there were one there, it disappeared instantly.

Therefore the house was inhabited. He had not suspected it, but he had not come to exchange ogling glances with an Aragonese senorita. So he rushed in like a hurricane of his native seas and began to hammer on the counter with his sabre-hilt. This noisy summons was heard, for a shrill voice from above answered in Spanish, "Coming!" and soon the hag came down a winding staircase at the far end of the saloon.

"Senor Angel is not at home," snarled she with her customary manner, that of a dog guarding a door and showing his teeth.

"I suspected as much," returned the captain, "and that you would tell me you did not know if I asked you. Now show me this house from top to bottom."

"But, senor, nobody is here, I swear it on my lot in paradise."

"You lie! Your master is probably here, and, if not, a woman is! I saw her on the balcony and I mean to speak with her."

"Impossible, senor. If Don Angel were to learn it—"

"He would wring your neck, very likely, but if you refuse to go upstairs with me I shall go without you. So, stand aside for me to pass!"

"Holy powers! how violent you are! oh, you French gentlemen!" sighed the duenna, giving way.

Looking at the officer, she mumbled the Spanish proverb signifying "the best key for all doors is a golden one."

Fontenay understood and dropped into the dreadful creature's claw a pinch of Napoleons which she pocketed without scruple, although the pieces were struck with the image of the conqueror execrated

by the Spanish. Without saying a word, she preceded him up the stairs but not before taking the precaution to bolt the street door.

The captain followed her, not without anxiety as to whether she led to some death trap, perhaps, for Don Angel might be hidden in his house. But with his sword by his side, our master of fence feared nobody.

The staircase ended on the first story. The duenna passed along a narrow lobby, led the officer up to a door ajar, pushed him inside, whispering, "Senor, be cautious!" and softly closed it on him.

At first he saw nothing.

The room was lighted by only one window, supplied with thick round bars rounding outwardly, to form a balcony jutting over the street. But his eyes soon grew accustomed to the twilight in the scantily-furnished room, and he descried a woman standing in front of him. This unexpected discovery where he had looked for a foeman not altogether unworthy of his steel, put him in a bad temper, and lowering his sword, he was about to address this suspicious stranger roughly when she spoke in pure Castilian:

"Do you not recognize me, senor?"

"No," replied the captain, "and I have no business with you. I am looking for the master of this house. I must find him, or else—"

"You had pity on me in Saragossa," proceeded the woman. "I hoped that you had not forgotten me."

The voice was sweet, a rarity in Spanish women. Fontenay fancied that this was not the first time he had heard it.

"Did not Carmen tell you I was here?" inquired the stranger.

"Carmen is your duenna, I suppose," sternly replied the captain; "she led me here because I paid her, and if I had known that rascal, Angel, was not here, I should not have entered."

The woman approached the window to place herself full in the light, and said: "Look at me."

Fontenay could not restrain an exclamation of surprise, for he beheld the young widow last seen kneeling by the bier at the porch of the Lenora del Pilar, and he might believe he saw Marguerite from their striking likeness.

"You did not expect to find me at Teruel!" she inquired.

"I did not—least of all, in this house."

"I came to avoid the French. This household is my father's oldest and most faithful servant."

"Your father, the Count de Montalvan."

"How do you know it?"

"He has tried three times to kill me."

"You? he does not know you."

"You mistake, lady. He knows that I am betrothed to a young lady whom he deprived of property, and he hates me mortally."

"A young lady?"

"Mlle. de Gavre, whose mother was his cousin; you are her living portrait. Was it to deliver me to him that you had your duenna conduct me hither?"

"It was to save you."

"Save me from what and from whom? I am in no danger with my sword in hand, and it depends on me to have this house surrounded by soldiers."

"Do so, senor. Your soldiers will find none but me."

"You are a woman, and I should not arrest you; but you tell the scoundrel who gives you shelter that I shall not show him any mercy."

"He would not sue you for mercy. Pray to heaven rather that he may spare you! I meant to preserve you from the doom overhanging you. I remembered that at Saragossa you sympathized with me in my sorrow, when I prayed over the remains of my husband, slain by your soldiers' bullets. You might have owed life to me! but you threaten me and you insult my father. Your fate falls on your own head!"

This was said so proudly that the creole admired the courageous woman who could thus beard him when he had but to call the guards in for her arrest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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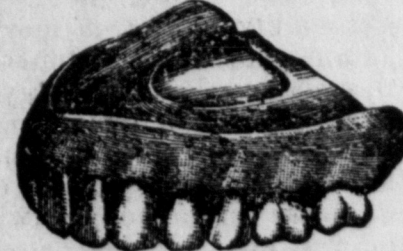
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The trust deed lies at the office of H. H.  
James, barrister, Buctouche, for inspection  
and must be executed within sixty days  
from the date hereof by all parties wishing  
to participate in the said trust deed.

Dated this 8th day of April, A. D. 1892.

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