

you, watch him well, and admit no one to him except Lizzie, and prevent him from talking with anybody but his betrothed."

"I will do so, and watch him as I have done up to this time," said Schröpfel, gloomily. "He shall not talk with anybody, and I should like it best if he were not permitted either to speak with Lizzie, for I do not believe at all that she is his betrothed."

"We shall see to-morrow morning, when the marriage is to take place," said Anthony Wallner.—"Take the prisoner away."

"You let him go?" exclaimed the men. "You spare his life?"

"Only until to-morrow morning, because Lizzie begged me to do so," said Anthony Wallner. "The wedding will take place at nine to-morrow morning; I invite you all to attend it, men, and we shall see then. To-morrow morning there will be a wedding or an execution. Now let us speak no more of it to-day; let us forget what has happened to Anthony Wallner and his daughter; and let us bear in mind only that we have returned after delivering our dear Tyrol from the French and Bavarians. Let us go now to my house, where my wife awaits us with a keg of excellent wine. Come, we will drink to the welfare of our fatherland, and to the health of our dear Emperor Francis!"

CHAPTER XXII.

ELIZA AND ULRICH.

SCHRÖPFEL, the faithful servant, had taken Ulrich von Hohenberg, in obedience to Anthony Wallner's order, back to the small room where he had passed the last eight days as a prisoner. Since he had him again in his custody, no additional precautions were necessary, for Schröpfel knew that he could rely on his own vigilance, and that the prisoner surely would never escape from him. Hence, he loosened

the cords with which he had been tied, and removed the handkerchief with which he had been gagged.

"If it affords you pleasure," said Schröpfel, "you may use your mouth and inveigh against Lizzie Wallner, who has saved your life to-day a second time, and whom you rewarded, like a genuine Bavarian, that is to say, with black ingratitude and treachery. But I advise you not to abuse her loud enough for me to hear you outside, for I am not as patient as Lizzie, and I shall never permit you to abuse and treat so contemptuously the noblest and best girl in the whole country. She acted toward you to-day as a good Christian and a brave girl, for you insulted her, and she not only forgave you, but protected you, and saved your life. And now, sir, abuse her if you cannot help it; but I tell you once more, do not speak too loud, lest I should hear you."

And Schröpfel turned with a last threatening glance and left the room. Outside he sat down on the cane-settee which, for the past eight days, had been his seat by day and his couch by night; and he pressed his eye to the middle hole which he had bored in the door. He could distinctly see and watch the captain through it. Ulrich had sunk down on a chair and leaned his head on his hand; he lifted his sombre eyes to heaven, and there was a strange expression of emotion and grief upon his face. But he seemed not to intend availing himself of the permission which Schröpfel had given him to abuse Lizzie Wallner, for his lips were firmly compressed, and not a sound fell from them. Or could Schröpfel, perhaps, not hear him, because the men down in the bar-room were laughing and shouting so merrily, and speaking so loudly and enthusiastically of the Tyrol, and drinking the health of the emperor and the Archduke John, who had again taken possession of their country and solemnly proclaimed that he would restore the ancient and liberal constitution of the Tyrolese?

"How merry they are down-stairs!" growled Schröpfel. "I might be there too; I have amply deserved to have a little exercise and pleasure. Instead of that I must sit here with a dry mouth; and if this goes on much longer, I shall surely grow fast to my settee. And all that for the sake of the mean, perfidious Bavarian, who is so utterly dishonest, and

who treated our beautiful, noble Lizzie in so infamous a manner! Well, if I were in the girl's place, I would not take the perfidious wretch who has denied her twice already. Oh, how merry they are down-stairs! No one thinks of me and gives me a drop of wine that I may likewise drink to the welfare of the fatherland."

But Schröpfel was mistaken for once, for quick footsteps ascended the staircase at this moment, and now appeared the lovely head of Eliza Wallner above the railing, then her whole form, and a second afterward she stood in the passage close before Schröpfel. In her hands she held a plate with a large piece of the fine cake which her mother herself had baked, and a large glass of excellent red wine.

"There, good, faithful Schröpfel," she said in her gentle voice, nodding to him pleasantly, and handing the plate to him, "eat and drink, and let me in the mean time go and see your prisoner."

"What do you want of him?" asked Schröpfel, moodily.

"I want to see him about our wedding to-morrow," said Eliza calmly; "and you know father has given me permission to go to him and speak with him."

"Yes, he did, and I cannot prevent you from entering, which I would do otherwise," growled Schröpfel. "Go in, then, but do not stay too long; and if he should abuse you again, pray call me, and I will assist you."

"Thank you, dear Schröpfel," said Eliza, "but pray admit me now."

Schröpfel withdrew his settee from the door and allowed Eliza to open it, and, entering to the prisoner, closed it again behind her.

Ulrich von Hohenberg still sat, as Schröpfel had seen him, at the table, leaning his head on his hand; only he had now covered his eyes with his hands, and long sighs issued from his breast. He seemed not to know that the door had opened and some one had entered, or rather perhaps he thought it was only Schröpfel, and he did not wish to take any notice of him.

Eliza Wallner stood leaning against the wall, and gazed at him a long time with a wondrous expression of love and grief;

for a moment she laid her hand on her bosom, as if to stifle the cry which her lips were already about to utter; then she cast a beseeching glance toward heaven, and, as if strengthened by this mute invocation, she stepped forward.

"Captain Ulrich von Hohenberg!" she said, in her sweet, melodious voice.

He gave a start, dropped his hand from his face, and jumped up.

"Eliza Wallner!" he said, breathlessly and in great confusion.

She only nodded her head, and fixed her clear, piercing eyes with a proud, reproachful expression on his face; he dropped his eyes before her gaze. On seeing this, Eliza smiled, and, crossing the room with a rapid step, went to the window.

"Come here, sir, and look at that. What do you see yonder?"

Ulrich stepped to her and looked out. "I see the mountains and the summits of the glaciers," he said; "and in the direction in which you are pointing your finger, I see also my uncle's castle."

"Do you see also the balcony, Ulrich von Hohenberg?" she asked, somewhat sarcastically.

"I do," he replied, almost timidly.

She looked at him with the proud and lofty air of a queen.

"When we met last and spoke with each other, we stood on yonder balcony," added Eliza. "Do you remember what we said at the time, sir?"

"Eliza," he murmured—

"You remember it no longer," she interrupted him, "but I do. On yonder balcony you swore to me that you loved me boundlessly; and when I laughed at you, you invoked heaven and earth to bear witness of your love. Now, sir, heaven and earth gave you an opportunity to prove your ardent love for Eliza Wallner. Did you profit by that opportunity?"

"No," he said, in a low voice; "it is true, I acted harshly and cruelly toward you, I occasioned you bitter grief, I—"

"I do not complain," she exclaimed, proudly. "I do not

speak of myself, but only of you. You swore eternal love to me at that time, but you did so as a mendacious Bavarian ; I did not believe you, and knew full well that you had no honest intentions toward me. For this reason I laughed at you, and said the peasant-girl was no suitable match for you, and rejected all your oaths and protestations of passionate love."

"But afterwards, to punish me for venturing to speak of love to you," he exclaimed, impetuously, "you feigned to have believed my protestations and oaths ; and although you had previously laughed at me, you wished now to become my wife."

"No," she said, with a fiery glance of disdain ; "no, afterwards I only wished to save your life. You have utterly mistaken Eliza Wallner's character, Ulrich von Hohenberg. You thought Lizzie Wallner would deem herself exceedingly fortunate to become the wife of an aristocratic gentleman, even though he took her only by compulsion : you thought she would be content to leave the Tyrol by the side of the nobleman who disdained her, and go to the large foreign city of Munich, where the aristocracy would scorn and mock the poor Tyrolese girl. No, sir, I tell you, you have utterly mistaken my character. I attach no value whatever to your aristocratic name, nor to the distinguished position of your family ; when I marry, I shall choose a husband who loves me with all his heart, and who does not wish to live without me, and takes me of his own accord, and with the full enthusiasm of a noble heart. But he would have to remain in the mountains and be a son of the Tyrol ; for my heart is attached to the mountains, and never would I or could I leave them to remove to a large city. You see, therefore, Ulrich, that a marriage with you would by no means appear to me a very fortunate thing ; and, moreover, if you had allowed yourself to be compelled to marry me, had you not refused to do so, I should have despised you all my life long as a miserable coward. I thank you, therefore, for resisting the men so bravely, for I should have been sorry to be obliged to despise you ; you are my dear Elza's cousin, and I myself have always liked you so well."

"Eliza," he exclaimed, impetuously, "you are an angel of goodness and lenity, and I stand before you filled with shame and grief. You say you always liked me so well, and I treated you with so much ingratitude and disdain ! Oh, let me press this dear hand to my lips, let me thank you for all that you have done for me !"

He tried to seize her hand, but she withdrew it from him quickly.

"Captain von Hohenberg," she said, "we are no longer on the balcony yonder ; nor is it necessary that you should kiss my hand. That may be suitable when you have fair ladies from the city before you, but not when you are speaking with a Tyrolese girl. Besides, I did not tell you all this to obtain praise and admiration from you, but to prevent you from taking me for a mean-spirited girl, respecting herself so little as to try to get a husband in so dishonorable a manner. No, by the Holy Virgin, I would rather die and be buried under an avalanche than act so meanly and disgracefully. But when the peasants were going to kill you, there was no other way for me to save your life than that of saying that you were my betrothed, and that was the only reason why I said so. However, I had no idea that the wedding was to take place to-day, for my dear father had concealed it from me, and wished to surprise me, because he really believed that I loved you. If I had known beforehand what father had in view, I should have devised some way of preventing him from carrying his plan into effect. But I swear to you, I had no inkling of it. Therefore, I beg your pardon, sir, for the harsh treatment you received at their hands for my sake."

"Eliza," he said, mournfully, "your words rend my heart. Oh, do not be so gentle and generous ! Be angry with me, call me an infamous villain, who, in his blindness, did not penetrate your magnanimity and heroic self-sacrifice ; do not treat me with this charming mildness which crushes me ! You acted like an angel toward me, and I treated you like a heartless barbarian."

"I forgive you with all my heart, and therefore you may forgive yourself," she said, with a gentle smile. "But let us speak no longer of the past ; let us think only of the future."

You heard what father said : 'To-morrow morning there will be a wedding or an execution.'

"Well, then, there will be a wedding to-morrow morning," exclaimed Ulrich, casting an ardent glance on the young girl ; "yes, there will be a wedding to-morrow morning. Pray, Eliza, save my life a third time to-morrow ; become my wife !"

"I will save your life," she said, throwing back her head, proudly ; "but fortunately it is unnecessary for me to become your wife for that purpose. I have come here only to save you. Sir, you must escape to-night."

"Escape," he said, shrugging his shoulders ; "escape, when Schröpfel is guarding my door ?"

"Hush ! do not speak so loud, sir ; he might hear you, and he must know nothing about it. Bend your head closer to me and listen : Go to bed early this evening, but extinguish your light beforehand, lest Schröpfel should see any thing. My mother told me Schröpfel had bored holes in the door, and was watching you all the time. Therefore, go to bed early, and leave your window open. When the church-clock strikes two, listen for any noise, and hold yourself in readiness. That is all I have to say to you, and now good-by."

She nodded to him, and turned to the door.

"But I, Eliza—I have to tell you many things yet," said Ulrich, detaining her. "Pray, stay yet awhile and listen to me !"

"No, sir, it is time for me to go ; my mother is waiting for me," replied Eliza, withdrawing her hand from his. "Good-by, and if you can pray, pray to God to protect you to-night !"

She opened the door hastily and stepped out, and smiled at Schröpfel, but the old servant looked at her gloomily.

"You stayed a long while with the Bavarian," he growled.

"And yet you did not eat your cake nor empty your glass in the mean time," said Eliza, with a smile. "You looked again through the hole in the door, did you not ? You saw, then, Schröpfel, that we stood together like a pair of sensible lovers."

"I did not see any thing," exclaimed Schröpfel, angrily,

"for you placed yourself close to the window, and my hole does not enable me to look around the corner ; nor did I hear any thing, for you whispered as softly as though you were a couple of sparrows which understand each other when billing and cooing."

"Fie, Schröpfel ! do not talk such nonsense," cried Eliza, blushing deeply. "Behave yourself, Schröpfel, and I will bring you another bottle of wine to-day, and beg father to let you come down to supper to-night, and permit you to sleep in your bedchamber."

"I shall take good care to do no such thing," growled Schröpfel. "I am a sentinel here, and must not desert my post."

"But you may take your sentry-box with you," said Eliza, pointing to his settee. "When a soldier remains close to his sentry-box, he does not desert his post. Well, good-by, Schröpfel ; the sentinel will be relieved to-night."

Eliza's words were fulfilled. Toward nightfall she informed Schröpfel that her father permitted him to take his supper at the table down-stairs, and afterward go to bed in his own chamber.

"Well, and who is to watch the prisoner in the mean time ?" asked Schröpfel.

"You yourself ! Look, you will lock the door and put the key in your pocket. In addition, you may put that heavy box yonder against the door ; then you will be sure that your prisoner cannot get out, for I think his chamber has no other outlet."

"Yes, it has—the window !"

"Do you think the Bavarian has wings and will fly out of the window to-night ?"

"It is true he cannot fly out, nor can he jump out, for he would simply break his neck. But, nevertheless, I do not like this arrangement at all. Something tells me that it will turn out wrong. I shall, at least, unchain the watch-dog, who will prevent the Bavarian from escaping through the window. For the rest, I feel that all my limbs are stiff, and that I have at length deserved some repose. As it is your father's will, I will go down-stairs, take supper, and afterward go to bed in

my chamber. If any thing happens, I shall wash my hands of it."

"Wash them as much as you please, Schröpfel, but come down to supper," cried Eliza, hastening down-stairs with the agility of a bird.

Schröpfel looked after her, shaking his head; he then locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and placed the heavy iron-bound box against the door.

"And before going to bed I shall unchain Phylax," he said, as if to console himself, while he was going slowly and stiffly down-stairs.

Schröpfel kept his word. Weary and exhausted as he was, he waited until all the inmates of the house had gone to bed, and until all noise had died away. He then went into the yard and unchained the formidable and ill-humored watchdog. Phylax howled and trembled with joy and delight at being released; but Schröpfel seized his ear and pointed his other hand at the prisoner's window, which was brightly illuminated by the moon.

"Watch that window well, Phylax," he said, "watch it well; and if you see anything suspicious, call me at once. I shall not sleep so fast as not to hear your barking. Watch it well, Phylax."

The dog looked up to the window as if he had understood the order; he then fixed his clear, lustrous eyes on Schröpfel, and uttered a threatening growl.

"Very well," said Schröpfel, "you have understood me. You will watch him, and I may go to bed."

He dropped the ear of the dog, who thereupon bounded wildly through the yard, while Schröpfel limped back into the house. He was heard slowly ascending the staircase and opening the creaking door of his bed-chamber, and then all became silent.

Night spread its pall over the weary, the sleepers, and the weeping; the moon stood with silvery lustre high in the heavens, and illuminated the snow-clad summits of the mountains rising in the rear of the outbuildings in Wallner's yard. Hour after hour passed by, and all remained silent; not a sound broke the holy stillness of night.

Hour after hour passed by; nothing stirred in the yard; the dog sat, as if he had really understood Schröpfel's words, in the middle of the yard, and stared steadfastly at the prisoner's window. Phylax watched, as Schröpfel had gone to bed; Phylax watched, and did not avert his eyes from the window on which his whole attention seemed to be concentrated, for he did not stir, he did not even disturb the flies buzzing round his ears; he was all attention and vigilance. All at once something occurred that had never happened to him during his nocturnal service; a wondrous, appetizing scent was wafted to him on the wings of the night-breeze. Phylax averted his eyes for a moment from the window and glanced searchingly round the yard. Nothing stirred in it, but this wonderful scent of a roast sausage still impregnated the air, and seemed to grow even stronger and more tempting; for Phylax pricked up his ears, raised his nose, snuffing eagerly to inhale the scent, and rose from the ground. He glanced again round the yard, and then advanced a few steps toward the window yonder on the side of the house. This window was open, and the keen nose of the dog told him that the appetizing scent had come from it. All at once, however, Phylax stood still, as if remembering his master's orders, and looked again toward the prisoner's window.

At this moment a low voice called him: "Phylax! come here, Phylax!"

The dog hesitated no longer; he had recognized the voice of his friend and playmate, Eliza Wallner. With two tremendous bounds he was at the window, and, raising himself up, laid his forepaws on the window-sill, and stretched out his head, waiting longingly for the appetizing sausage.

"Come, Phylax, come," whispered Eliza; and she stepped back with the sausage into the interior of the room. "Come to me, Phylax, come to me."

The temptation was too strong. Phylax hesitated no longer; he moved back a step, and leaped through the window into the room.

The window was closed behind him immediately, and the four-footed custodian of the prisoner was now a prisoner himself.