

toxicate myself with that gaze. And now you ask that I shall voluntarily give up my happiness and you!"

"My happiness! my happiness! yes, even my life I ask you to preserve by letting me go hence, and return to my father's house," cried Elise, eagerly.

As she perceived that he shook his head in refusal, and met his wild, passionate looks, reading in them that she might expect no mercy from him, her anger flashed forth. Imploringly she raised her arms to heaven, and her voice sounded full and powerful: "Feodor, I swear to you by God in heaven, and the memory of my mother, that I will only become the wife of that man whom I follow of my free will out of the house of my father. I am capable of leaving my father's house; but it must be my own free choice, my free determination."

"No," said Feodor, wildly; "I will not let you go. You are mine, and you shall remain."

Elise drew nearer to him with bashful tenderness. "You must let me go now, in order one of these days to demand your pure wife from out her father's house," said she. There was something so touching, so confiding in her manner that Feodor, against his will, felt himself overcome by it; but even while submitting to this fascination he was almost ashamed of himself, and deep sadness filled his soul.

Silently they stood opposite to each other, Elise looking at him with tenderness, yet with fear—he his head bowed, wrestling with his own heart. Suddenly this silence was interrupted by a loud and violent knocking at the door. The voices of his wild companions and mad comrades were calling out loudly Feodor's name, and demanding, with vehement impetuosity, the opening of the closed door. Feodor turned pale. The thought that his Elise, this young, innocent, and modest girl,

should be exposed to the insolent gaze of his riotous companions, irritated him.

Casting his angry glances around the room to seek for a hiding-place in which to conceal Elise, he perceived that this was in vain, that no escape was possible. Sadly he sank his head upon his breast, and sighed. Elise understood him; she comprehended her disconsolate and desperate position.

"There is then no place where I can hide myself?" said she in despair. "Shame awaits me. The whole world will know that I am here!"

Outside the officers raged still louder, and demanded with more violent cries the opening of the door. Feodor still looked around him for a secret place. Nowhere was there a possibility of hiding her, or letting her escape unnoticed. His infuriated companions threatened to break the door in.

Feodor now with determination seized the large shawl which had previously enveloped Elise's form, and threw it over her face. "Well then," said he, "let them come; but woe to him who touches this cloth!"

He pressed the veiled maiden down in a chair, and, hastening to the door, drew back the bolt.

CHAPTER IX.

MISTRESS OR MAID.

As Feodor opened the door, his comrades rushed screaming and laughing uproariously into the room, spying round eagerly for the poor woman, the noble game which they had hunted down.

When they perceived Elise seated in a chair, veiled and motionless just as they had left her, they gave vent to a cry of delight, and began to explain to the colonel, in a most confused jumble, often interrupted by bursts of laughter and merry ejaculations, the cause of their stormy interruption. A young man, they said, had just come inquiring after a young lady who had been carried off by the Cossacks. He had insisted upon seeing Colonel Feodor von Brenda, in order to offer a ransom for the captive lady.

"We have come to inform you of this," said Lieutenant von Matusch, "so that you may not let her go too cheap. This is the richest haul we have made yet."

"The daughter of the rich Gotzkowsky!" cried another officer.

"She'll have to pay a tremendous ransom," shouted Major von Fritsch.

Feodor exclaimed, with assumed astonishment, "That woman there the daughter of Gotzkowsky! Why, don't you know, my friends, that I lived for a long time in Berlin, and am intimately acquainted with the beautiful and brilliant daughter of the rich Gotzkowsky? I can assure you that they do not resemble each other in a single feature."

The officers looked at one another with amazement and incredulity. "She is not Gotzkowsky's daughter? But the young man told us that he came from Mr. Gotzkowsky."

"And from that you draw the conclusion that this is his daughter whom you have caught," cried Feodor, laughing. "Where is this man?"

Lieutenant von Matusch opened the door, and on the threshold appeared the serious figure of Bertram. He had fulfilled the vow which he had made to himself, and

carefully and attentively watched and guarded every step of Elise; and while Gotzkowsky was absent from home night and day faithfully serving his country, Bertram had been a vigilant sentinel over his daughter. Indeed, Gotzkowsky's house had been, to all appearance, perfectly safe; it was the sanctuary and refuge of all the unfortunate, the only secure place where they could bestow their valuables. Russian sentinels stood before the house, and Tottleben's adjutant had his residence in it. But this security only applied to the *house*. As long as Elise kept herself within-doors, Bertram had no fear. But there was the large garden in which she loved to roam for hours together, and especially her favorite resort at the extreme end of the same, not far from the wall, which was so easy to climb.

Bertram had not ventured to restrain Elise from visiting this solitary and secluded spot, but he had followed her on her visits to it. There, hidden behind some tree he had, with the patience and perseverance of which love alone is capable, watched the young girl, who was neither desirous of nor grateful for guardianship. This very day he had followed her softly and unperceived into the garden. Then, when he had ascertained whither she directed her steps, he had returned into the house to complete some important business of Gotzkowsky. But impelled by anxious and unaccountable restlessness, he had hastened back into the garden; at a distance he heard Elise's cry for help, and, rushing forward, had come up just in time to see her raised over the wall by the Cossacks.

Stunned by horror at this sight, Bertram stood for a moment motionless. He then felt but one desire, one resolve, and that was—to rescue her. He hurried to the house for the purpose of proceeding to General Tottleben

and invoking his assistance and support. But a sudden and painful thought arrested his steps.

Suppose that Elise had not gone against her will? Suppose that this had been a preconcerted abduction, to which the semblance of violence had only been given, in order, in case of failure, to maintain Elise's reputation free from stain?

With a sigh of anguish he recalled to mind when Elise had hidden her lover in her bedchamber that night when Gotzkowsky had delivered Feodor over to the Austrians. Since then father and daughter had not met, and no word of reproach had passed Elise's lips. But Bertram understood that Gotzkowsky's cruel and relentless sacrifice of her lover had forever estranged the heart of his daughter from him; that this hard though just deed had torn asunder the last link which bound her to him.

Elise could have learned just as well as Bertram had that Feodor had been accidentally saved. Her lover himself could have sent her this information, and she, who in the bitterness of her grief had torn herself loose from her father, might not have had the strength to withstand his ardent prayers. Perhaps in her sense of bereavement, trusting to her love, she might have found the sad courage to brave not only her father, but the judgment and scorn of the world, in order to be united to her lover.

Such thoughts as these arrested Bertram's steps, and compelled him to reflection. Only one thing was positive—he must save her at every hazard, even against her will, even if he should reap, as the sole reward of his devoted love, her aversion; he must save her from her own passionate, foolish heart, or from the wild lust of the unprincipled man to whom she trusted her innocence, her youth, and beauty.

But this duty he had to perform alone; he dared not trust any one with his secret, for fear of thereby defeating the object he had in view, and, instead of saving, bringing disgrace upon her. His resolve was formed. He must seek her out. He must penetrate to where she was, even if hid behind a wall of Russian soldiers. Faithful and unselfish as ever, she should find him at her side, ready to protect her against every attack, every danger, even from her own inexperience or the reckless passion of her lover. Especially above all things, her abduction must remain a secret. To her maidens, therefore, Bertram said, that their young mistress had withdrawn into her room, and shut herself in, in order, after so many sleepless nights, to enjoy a little rest. The same information he left behind for Gotzkowsky, and, providing himself with weapons, he betook himself to the search for Elise. In the first place, he naturally directed his steps to the dwelling of Colonel von Brenda. Here he learned that the latter was not at home, but had gone to an entertainment at the mess-room of his regiment. Thither he hastened, firmly resolved to overcome all obstacles, and in spite of every refusal to see the colonel, and read in his countenance whether he were an accomplice of the crime committed, or whether Elise had followed him of her own free will.

At first, he had been obstinately refused admittance; then in his despair and anguish he had made use of Gotzkowsky's name, a golden key to open the doors, as he well knew. In fact, scarcely had the gold-greedy Russian officers ascertained that the young stranger came as a messenger from Gotzkowsky and wished to inquire of Count von Brenda, after a young lady who had been carried off by the Cossacks, than with a yell of delight they rushed toward the door of the room in which were

Feodor and the captured maiden. Bertram had, therefore, to thank the avarice of the Russian officers that the door was opened and he was allowed to enter.

As Bertram appeared on the threshold of the room, a scream escaped the lips of the female, and he was enabled, notwithstanding the concealment, to recognize her whom he sought. His heart was convulsed with pain, and his impulse for a moment was, to rush upon this audacious, dissolute young man who stood next to Elise, to murder him, and revenge in his blood the disgrace he had brought upon her. But remembering the sacred duty he had undertaken of protecting Elise and concealing her flight as far as possible, he controlled his anger and grief, and forced himself to appear calm and collected.

Elise, in the mean while, with joyful emotion recognized Bertram. His unexpected and unlooked-for appearance did not surprise her, it seemed so natural to her that whenever danger threatened he should appear as her protector and savior. She had such confidence in Bertram's appearance whenever she stood in need of him, that when she saw him, she looked upon herself as saved, and protected from every danger which threatened her. She motioned Feodor to her side, and with a touch of triumphant pride, said to him, "It is Bertram, the friend of my youth. He has risked his life to save me from dishonor." Feodor felt the reproof which lay in the intonation of these words, and his brow grew dark. But he overcame this momentary irritation, and turning to Bertram, who was approaching him with a firm and determined step, asked him, "Well, sir, whom do you seek?"

"A young girl who has been carried off by force," replied Bertram, and he regarded the young man with

angry looks. But Feodor met his glance with firmness and composure. "It is true," said he, "such an outrage has been committed; some Cossacks kidnapped a young girl in a garden and brought her here. I myself will inform the general of this dishonorable deed, for you understand, sir, that this outrage is an insult to us as well as to yourself. I have promised my protection to this young person, and I am ready to defend her against any one who dares to touch her honor or to doubt her virtue. Come, now, sir, and see whether this be the same young girl whom you seek."

He stepped toward Bertram, and as he led him to Elise, he whispered rapidly in a low tone. "Be silent, and do not betray her name, for Elise's honor is at stake."

He raised the veil, and, pointing to Elise's abashed and blushing countenance, he asked, with a derisive laugh, "Well, now, do you recognize her? Will you swear that this is Gotzkowsky's daughter?"

Bertram looked at him with assumed surprise. "Gotzkowsky's daughter?" asked he, shrugging his shoulders. "Why, it is the young lady herself who sent me, and no one is looking for her."

Colonel Feodor turned with a laugh of triumph toward his comrades. "Did I not tell you so?" cried he. "You credulous fools were hoping to get half a million ransom, and I have been bargaining with her for the last hour for a hundred dollars. She swears, with tears in her eyes, that she is not worth a hundred pence. Gotzkowsky's daughter, indeed! Do you imagine that she goes about in a plain white dress, without any ornament or any thing elegant about her? She is just as fond of dress as our own princesses and pretty women, and, like them, the daughter of the rich Gotzkowsky is

never visible except in silk and velvet, with pearls and diamonds. Oh! I would like myself to catch the millionaire's daughter, for then we might bargain for a decent ransom."

"But who, then, is this woman?" roared the disappointed officers. "Why does the rich Gotzkowsky send after her, if she is not his daughter?"

"Who is she?" cried Feodor, laughing. "Well, I will tell you, as you attach so much importance to it. You have been served like the seekers after hidden treasure. You have been seeking for gold, and, instead, you have only found coals to burn your fingers. You sought after the millionaire, the rich heiress, and, instead of her, you have only caught her—chambermaid."

"A chambermaid!" growled out his comrades, and turning their dark, lowering looks on Bertram, they inquired of him whether this woman were only a chambermaid in Gotzkowsky's house, and assailed him with reproaches and curses because he had deluded them into the belief that Gotzkowsky's daughter had been captured.

"If we had not thought so, we would not have let you in," cried Lieutenant von Matusch. "It was not worth while making so much fuss about a little chambermaid."

"It was just for that very reason," replied Bertram, "and because I knew that you would not otherwise help me, that I let you believe it was Gotzkowsky's daughter whom you had captured; otherwise you would never have let me come near Colonel von Brenda. And Mademoiselle Gotzkowsky had expressly directed me to apply to that gentleman, and I did so. You can understand my doing so, when I inform you that this young girl is my sister!"

Feodor turned himself to Elise with an expression of anger on his countenance. "Is this true?"

"It is true!" cried she, reaching her hand out to Bertram, with a look of heartfelt gratitude. "He is my brother, my faithful brother!"

But, as she read in Feodor's darkened countenance the marks of ill-concealed anger and jealousy, she turned toward her lover with a rare, sweet smile. "Oh," said she, "there is nothing nobler, nothing more sacred and unselfish, than the love of a brother."

Feodor's searching look seemed to penetrate into the inmost recesses of her heart. Perhaps he read all the love, innocence, and strength that lay therein, for his brow cleared up, and his looks resumed their open cheerfulness. Quickly he took Bertram's hand and laid it in Elise's. "Well, then," said he, "you happy pair, take each other's hands, and thank God that the danger is over. We have nothing to do with young and pretty girls—we only want rich ones. Go!"

"No, no," cried the officers, "not at all, not without ransom!" Saying which, they pressed noisily and angrily nearer, raising their clinched fists. "She must pay, or we will keep her!"

"Dare one of you touch her?" cried Feodor, drawing his sword, and placing himself in front of Elise.

"I have come to fetch my sister," said Bertram, turning to the officers, "but I knew very well that you would not let her go unless her ransom were paid. I therefore brought all my little portion with me. Take this purse full of ducats, and let it pay for her."

A cry of triumph was the answer from the soldiers as they drew Bertram toward the table that he might count out the money. While they were dividing it among themselves, talking loudly and laughing merrily.

Feodor remained standing at Elise's side, neither daring to break the impressive silence. Their souls communed with each other, and they needed not words nor outward signs. At last, after a long pause, Feodor asked—

"Are you satisfied now, Elise?"

She answered him with a sweet smile, "I am thine forever!"

"And will you never forget this hour?"

"I will not forget it. I will remember that I have sworn to follow you voluntarily from my father's house, even against his will." And letting her blushing face droop upon her breast, she whispered, in a voice scarcely audible—"I await you!"

But these words, low as they had been spoken, reached the ears of two men at the same time. Not only Colonel Feodor, but also Bertram, who had drawn close up to Elise again, had overheard them. The first they filled with emotions of delight, the other with painful anguish. Bertram, however, was accustomed to wrestle with his love, and smother the expression of his pain, under the appearance of quiet composure. He approached Elise, and offered her his hand, said, "Come sister, let us go."

"Yes, go," said the colonel, with the proud superiority of a preferred rival. He extended his hand to Bertram, and continued, "Be a good brother to her, and conduct her safely home."

Bertram's countenance, usually so quiet and calm, assumed for an instant an offended and almost contemptuous air, and bitter words were on his tongue; but his angry eye accidentally met Elise's, anxiously and imploringly directed toward him. He could not master himself sufficiently to accept Feodor's hand, but at least he could control his anger. "Come, sister," said he,

gently leading Elise toward the door which the colonel indicated to him by a silent nod.

Elise had not the courage to leave her lover without a word of farewell; or rather, she was cruel enough to inflict this torture on Bertram. Stretching both hands toward him, she said softly, "I thank you, Feodor; God and love will reward you for having greatly and nobly conquered yourself."

Feodor whispered to her, "And will you remember your vow?"

"Ever and always!"

In bending over to kiss her hand, he murmured, "Expect me, then, to-morrow."

"I will expect you," said she, as she passed him on her way to the door.

No word of their whispered conversation escaped the attentive ear of Bertram; and he understood it, for he loved her, and knew how to read her thoughts in her looks and her eyes. As he followed her through the long corridor, and her light, graceful figure floated before him like a vision, a deep, despairing melancholy settled on his heart, and he murmured to himself, "To-morrow she expects him!" But with desperate determination he continued to himself, "Well, then, woe to him if I find him going astray!"

CHAPTER X.

AN UNEXPECTED ALLY.

THANKS to Bertram's forethought and caution, he had succeeded in restoring Elise to her father's house, without her absence having been remarked, or having oc-

casioned any surmise. In the close carriage in which they performed the journey home, they had not exchanged a word; but leaning back on the cushions, each had rest and repose after the stormy and exciting scenes they had just passed through. Elise's hand still rested on Bertram's, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps because she had not the courage to withdraw it from him to whom she owed so much gratitude.

Bertram felt the feverish warmth of this trembling hand, and as he looked at her and remarked the paleness of her cheeks, the painful twitching of her lips, he was overcome by a feeling of deep wretchedness, of pitying sadness, and was obliged to turn his head away to conceal his tears from her.

When the carriage stopped, and he accompanied her into the house, Elise pressed his hand more firmly, and turned her gaze upon him with a look of deep gratitude, which made his heart palpitate with a mixture of delight and anguish. He wished to withdraw, he wished to let her hand go, but she held his still more firmly clasped, and drew him gently up the steps. Powerless with emotion, he followed her.

As they entered the hall which led to her room, she cast a searching look around to see if any one were present, and perceiving that they two were alone, she turned toward Bertram with an indescribable expression. She tried to speak, but the words died on her lips, a deep glow suffused her cheeks, and completely overpowered, and giddy from the tumult of her feelings, she leaned her head on her friend's shoulder.

Gently he passed his arm around her delicate, trembling figure, and his eyes beamed with a pure emotion. In the depth of his heart he renewed to God and himself his vow of fidelity and self-sacrificing love to

this poor girl who lay on his bosom like a drooping flower.

Suddenly she raised her head, her face wet with tears and convulsed with deep feeling. "Bertram," she said, "I know that I am not worthy of your noble, generous love, but yet, in my crushed heart, I thank God that I possess it. A time may come when all the thoughts and feelings which now fill my soul will appear as vain dreams and illusions. It may be that some day I will look upon life as a grand delusion, a fruitless striving after happiness and repose. But never, my brother, never will that time come when I can doubt your faithful, pure affection. No power, no other feeling, will ever succeed in supplanting the deep and boundless gratitude which pervades my whole soul and binds me to you forever."

And then it seemed to him as if he felt the breath of an angel wave over his face; as if the dream and desire of his whole life had closed his lips in unexpected bliss; as if the wishes and hopes of his ardent but resigned heart had been fulfilled, and become a delightful reality.

When he recovered from this sweet dream, which for a moment robbed him of his consciousness, Elise had disappeared. But her kiss still glowed on his lips, and seemed to bless and sanctify his whole life.

This stream of happiness lasted but for a short time, and Bertram soon awoke, with a sad sigh, from his delightful fancies, to recall the painful hours he had just gone through, and to say to himself that Elise was lost to him forever, that he never could hope to rescue that heart from the lover to whom she had yielded it with all the devotion of her ardent nature. With a sorrowing heart did he remember the last words of the lovers. She

had appointed a meeting for him on the morrow, she expected him, and, braving the anger of her father, had giving him a rendezvous in his house.

As Bertram thought over this, he paced the room up and down, panting with excitement, and wringing his hands. "If Gotzkowsky knew this, he would kill her, or die himself of grief. Die of grief!" continued he, after a pause, completely buried in his sad and bitter thoughts—"it is not so easy to die of grief. The sad heart is tenacious of life, and sorrow is but a slow gravedigger. I have heard that one could die of joy, and it seemed to me just now, when Elise rewarded me with a kiss, that I could understand this. If she only loved me, it were a blessing of God to die, conscious of her love."

Completely overcome by his painful thoughts, he remained for a while motionless and sad. But he soon recovered himself, and shook off the dark cloud which overshadowed his soul. "I am not born to die such a death. It is my destiny not to be happy myself, but to save others from unhappiness. I feel and know that Elise cannot be happy in this love. A loving heart is gifted with prophetic second sight to read the future. Elise can never be happy without her father's blessing, and Gotzkowsky will never give his sanction to this love. How can I lead her past this abyss which threatens to engulf her? May God, who sees my heart, help me! He knows how hopeless and disinterested it is. Help me, Father in heaven! show me some way of saving her noble father from the grief which lies before him."

It seemed as if God had heard his prayer, and taken compassion on his pure, unselfish spirit, and sent him assistance. A loud knocking at the door aroused him

suddenly from his gloomy thoughts, and he hastened to open it.

A veiled lady stood there, wrapped in furs, and attended by a servant in rich livery. In fluent French, which it could be perceived, however, was not her native tongue, she inquired whether, as she had been told, Herr von Brink, Tottleben's adjutant, resided there. As Bertram answered this question in the affirmative, but added, that Herr von Brink was in the habit of not returning from the general's quarters before evening, she added, in a decided tone, "Well, then, I will wait for him."

Without deeming Bertram's consent necessary, she entered the hall and motioned to her servant to remain at the door.

After a pause, there ensued between the two one of those superficial, ceremonious conversations, the usual refuge of those who have nothing to say to each other; but the evident uneasiness and confusion of the young lady prevented her from joining freely in it. Her large, bright eyes strayed restlessly around the room. A hectic flush alternated on her cheeks with deathly pallor, and the smile, which occasionally played around her lips, seemed but a painful expression of mental suffering. Suddenly she raised her head, as if determined no longer to bear this constraint, or submit to the fetters of conventionality.

"Sir," said she, in a tone vibrating with excitement and anxiety, "you will excuse my asking you a question, on the answer to which depends my future happiness, my life, indeed—to obtain which I have travelled from St. Petersburg here. I have just left my carriage in which I performed the journey from that city. You can therefore judge how important the cause of this

undertaking is to me, and what an influence it may have on my whole existence. Its object lies in the question I am about to put to you."

Bertram took pity on her painful agitation. "Ask," he said, "and, on the honor of a gentleman, I assure you that your question shall be answered truly, and that I am ready to serve you as far as it lies in my power."

"Are you acquainted with General Bachmann's adjutant?" asked she, shortly and hurriedly.

"I am," replied Bertram.

She trembled as in an ague. "I am come to inquire after a man of whom I have not heard for six months. I wish to know whether he is alive, or only dead to me."

"His name?" asked Bertram, with painful misgiving.

Her voice was scarcely audible as she replied: "Colonel Count Feodor von Brenda, of the regiment Bachmann."

Bertram was quite taken aback by this unexpected turn of the conversation, and she continued with great excitement, "You do not answer! oh, have compassion on me, and speak! Is he alive?"

"He is alive, and is here," answered Bertram sadly.

A cry of delight escaped the lips of the lady. "He lives," she exclaimed loudly. "God has then heard my prayer, and preserved him to me."

But suddenly the cheerful smile on her lips died away, and, dropping her head on her breast, she cried, "He is alive, and only dead to me. He is alive, and did not write me!" For a moment she stood in this position, silent and depressed; then drawing herself up erect, her eyes sparkling with passionate warmth, she said: "Sir, I crave your pardon for a poor stranger, who hardly

knows what she is doing or saying. I am not acquainted with you, or even your name, but there is something in your noble, calm countenance which inspires confidence."

Bertram smiled sadly. "Fellow-sufferers always feel attracted to each other by a community of feeling. I, too, am a sufferer, and it is God's will that our sorrows should spring from a common source. The name you have uttered is but too well known to me."

"You know Colonel Brenda?" she asked.

"I do know him," answered Bertram.

"The count was at one time a prisoner of war," continued the lady. "He visited this house frequently, for I have been told that it belongs to Mr. Gotzkowsky, of whom the colonel wrote me, in the commencement of his captivity, that he received him most hospitably."

"Did he write you any word of Gotzkowsky's handsome daughter?" asked Bertram, looking inquiringly into the countenance of the stranger.

She shuddered, and turned pale. "O Heaven!" she murmured low, "I have betrayed myself!"

Bertram seized her hand, his features evincing deep emotion. "Will you answer me one question?" he asked, and as she bowed her head in silence, he proceeded—"is the Count von Brenda your brother?"

"Oh, sir," she said, with a faint smile, "one does not suffer for a brother as I have suffered for Feodor. I am the Countess Sandomir, and Count Feodor is my betrothed. The good empress herself joined our hands, and blessed our union. A short time after our marriage the war broke out, and deprived me of my lover and husband. For six months I have had no tidings of him, and, tortured by anxiety and apprehension, I resolved to come myself to Germany to seek my betrothed,

either to bury or nurse him, for I believed he must be sick or dead, as he did not return to me."

Bertram offered in his heart a prayer of gratitude to God. With feelings of sympathy, he then turned his eyes on the quivering features of the stranger. "Listen to me," said he, gently. "As you entered, I had just prayed to God, in the suffering and sadness of my heart, to show me some way and means of escape from the labyrinth in which Count Brenda has placed us. It would seem as if He has had compassion on us all, for at the very moment he sends you, the affianced bride of the count, and through you alone can we be saved. We must be open and candid toward each other. Therefore, listen to me. I love Gotzkowsky's daughter—I love her without hope, for she loves another."

"And this other?" asked she breathlessly.

"She loves Count Feodor von Brenda, and is about to escape with him."

"Escape!" cried the lady, and her voice sounded threatening and angry, and her eyes flashed. "Oh!" said she, gnashing her teeth, "I will prevent this, even if I kill this girl!"

Bertram shook his head sadly. "Let us rather try to kill this love in her heart. Let us contrive some means of bringing your lover back to you."

"Are there any such means?" asked she, anxiously.

Bertram did not answer immediately. His brow was clouded with deep thought, and a heavy sigh escaped him. He then asked quickly, "Will you follow me and enter into my plot?"

"I will," she said firmly.

"Above all things, then, let us be cautious. Count Feodor must have no suspicion that you are here, for your presence would drive him to some desperate re-

solve, and I fear Elise loves him sufficiently not to draw back from any thing."

"You are very cruel," murmured the lady. "You know not what torture you are preparing for me."

"If I did not know it, I would not undertake the enterprise that is to serve us both. I have told you that I love Elise, but I have not told you how deep and sacred this love is. I would cheerfully venture my life for her, but now I dare to interfere with her love, and earn her hatred."

"You have, then, already made your plan?"

"I have made my plan, and if you will allow me to escort you to your hotel, I will disclose it to you, so that we may arrange the particulars together."

"Come, then," said she, grasping his hand warmly, "and may God assist us, and restore to you your bride, and to me my lover!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE JEW EPHRAIM.

MUCH sorrow and tribulation were suffered during this time by the inhabitants of Berlin. But the saddest lot of all fell to the Jews, who were threatened with the greatest danger. In Berlin, as everywhere else, they only led a tolerated, reviled, and derided existence. They possessed no rights, only duties; no honor, only insults; no dignities, but humiliation and disgrace. Now they were called on to give up the last and only thing which shed some gleam of brightness on their poor, down-trodden existence—their gold and their treasures.