

... and they and forty passengers, and
he threw up his arms, and fell
heavily on his face, never more to move, he
was shot dead, and Sir John at the same
instant landed another. This staggered their
assaultants, who were non-plussed, and
gathered all together again.
Lady Verriest and Mary were trembling
and half fainting in the carriage, and clung
to each other convulsively.
"Are they gone?" they asked, as there
was a suspension of the firing.
"Keep close," shouted his Lordship, and
as he uttered it, a shower of balls pattered
against the rocks.
"That won't hurt us," said Sir John, fill-
ing the chambers of his pistol; "don't
waste a shot, Verriest. When they get
within range again, let them have it."
Lord Verriest turned his head towards
the carriage, to reassure his wife, when a
sight met his eye that filled him with joy.
He turned and fired the six chambers of his
revolver rapidly at the group of ruffians, who
were in close consultation, and gave a loud
hurrah. "Charlie, by all that's glorious!"
he screamed out.
Yes, there he was, with a troop close be-
hind him, appearing over the brow of the
hill, and coming on at a quick pace.
The band of scoundrels turned to fly, but
they saw it was useless, and throwing down
their arms, begged abjectly for mercy.
"No one hurt, is there?" asked Charlie,
bursting in among his friends.
"No one, my boy," answered the Baronet.
"Thank God, Charlie, you came as you did;
you have earned out eternal gratitude and
thanks."
"There, there, Mary, you little puss, do
not give way, it is all right."
The poor girl had in her excitement jumped
out of carriage, and was sobbing in her
lover's arms, and Lady Verriest was cling-
ing to her husband.
The fellows were quickly disarmed and
bound.
Beautiful signoras, winned out one, in
Italian, pity for us, but there was no pity
from those into whose hands they had
fallen.
The carriage was dragged out, and the
horses harnessed to it, but it was not en-
trusted to the John of the morning, it was
a prisoner with the rest.
The scoundrels knew the Lughishmen were
to be attacked, but were obstinately persist-
ing in changing the route, and taking an-
other road, had upset all his calculations;
but on having them he had soon found out
the band, told them where their victims
would be found, and then, pocketing his
docteur, could ride back to the town with
the intelligence that the party had been at-
tacked by brigands.
That an English lord, with a magnificent
yacht lying in their roadstead, should be so
treated, was too much for even the Greek
authorities, and before the English minister
at Athens knew anything about it, a troop
of cavalry was despatched to their as-
sistance.
Poor Charlie was dreadfully fatigued as he
entered the carriage, which was driven by
Sanders, the steward, and a nip of brandy
soon revived him; and he was happy and
contented, seated by her he was so fondly at-
tached to.
"I was pretty well baked, I can tell you,"
he said, "when I came up with the troop,
I made the running too strong. I did those
six miles in about fifty minutes, but I had a
lot of rough ground to get over at first.
However, I was in time."
The carriage proceeded but slowly, for as
the English party would not quit the troop,
and that was encumbered by the prisoners, a
wounded man, and a dead body, it took them
over three hours to reach Athens. They
were met by the English authorities, and in-
vited to remain on shore for the night, as
their evidence might be required in the morn-
ing, but this they refused, and made the
best of their way on board the "Firefly,"
and most thankful they were when they
reached her deck, which they had no sooner
done than the warden of the ship's hands gave
three British cheers, as only English sailors
know how to cheer, and the band broke out
with "Auld lang syne."
Mary was deeply affected as the grand old
air floated over the quiet, moonlight water,
and she gave one or two convulsive sobs.
"What is the matter, dearest?" asked
Charlie.
"I am so happy, so grateful for your—for
all our escapades. There is something in the
music to-night which quite overcomes me.
What a pity—what a disgrace that in such a

and land growing fainter in the distance.
The yacht sped swiftly on her way, her
white wings glistening in the sun, she raced
along, throwing the blue water aside, as she
wended her way back to the land all on board
loved so well.
They had decided on stopping at Gibraltar
a few days. Charlie had some old friends
who were quartered there whom he was anx-
ious to see, and Mary and Lady Verriest
had been promised a sight of the wonderful
rock, that has survived so many strange and
eventful scenes.
At last it loomed in the distance, grand
and imposing, and as they neared it its bold
outlines became more distinct.
"It looks even grander now, Mary," said
Lady Verriest, "than when we passed it
the other day. Is it not magnificent? but
beautiful as it is, beautiful as are the different
places we have visited, there is to me no
place like home."
"Or me either," replied her friend. "I
was anxious to come on this trip, and I am
quite as anxious now to be back again. I do
not know how it is, but I have a misgiving
our travels will not end without some disas-
ter or other."
"I cannot say I share your apprehension,
Mary; surely we have had enough excite-
ment for one voyage. Still, I must say it
will be the utmost satisfaction to me, to all
of us, when you and Mr. Thornhill are mar-
ried, and quietly settled at dear old Linden
Hall. Your father, I see, is fidgety, and
Lord Verriest, I know, will be glad to be
home again."
The vessel was soon after the above con-
versation riding at her anchorage, and as it
was early in the day, Charlie at once went
on shore to pay his visits and look his old
friends up.
He was not long in finding them out, and
right glad they were to welcome him.
"Who on earth would have thought of
seeing you here, Charlie?" said Captain
Ross, an old school-fellow of his. "We have
heard of all your doings; poor fellow, you
had a devilish near shave, though; that
comes of going out with fellows who know
nothing of shooting, and who are careless
into the bargain. But you have pulled
through wonderfully well, and look yourself
again. The way you rode that steeple-chase
was splendid, quite your old form. Of course
you dine with us this evening; I shall take
no denial. To-morrow all your friends shall
see the rock; they must lunch with us, and
we will lionize them all over the place."
Charlie agreed to dine with his friends,
and sent a note to his uncle saying he should
not be on board till the evening, and to have
the boat at such a place at ten o'clock.
He wandered about with his friends, talk-
ing of old times and their boyish days; till the
hour approached for dressing for mess.
He had sent for his things, and was soon
in the ante-room.
"By the-by, Thornhill," said one, "a gen-
tleman dines with us this evening who knows
something of you all, and he says Miss
Thornhill is the most beautiful girl he ever
saw. He met you at Naples—the Count
Orloff; he was only speaking of you yester-
day, and asked if we had seen anything of
the 'Firefly.' You never saw such a fellow
ate carte in your life; he cleaned us all out a
few evenings back. He is a good fellow
though."
"I know something of the gentleman,"
replied Charlie, dryly, as he turned to listen
to the band, which was playing some well-
remembered English air.
The young man was sad; a presentiment
of evil had come over him, and it was con-
nected with this Russian Count, who entered
at this moment, dressed in the height of
fashion.
He started slightly, and bowed to Thorn-
hill, who returned it rather distantly.
The dinner was good, and passed away
merrily, for the soldiers were delighted at
having one like Charlie to dine with them,
and one so well known to several of them.
"Now let us adjourn to the ante-room,
Charlie," said Captain Ross—"that is if you
have had enough wine—and have a cup of
coffee and a cigar." This they did, followed
by some few more. By degrees others came
in, and presently the room was full.
Amongst the last who came in was the
Count; his face was somewhat flushed, and
it was evident he had not spared the bottle,
though he could not be termed the worse for
liquor.
He was talking earnestly in French to a
German Baron, a very nice fellow, who
seemed to be dissuading him from some
thing, but which the other evidently did not

and others, that was not of my seeking.
I am very, very sorry it should have occur-
red here; but I take a blow from no man."
The confusion was great. They rallied
round Charlie, who was pale, but perfectly
cool.
"Will you see me through this, Ross?"
he asked, hurriedly; "of course there can
only be one determination."
The Count had risen to his feet, and looked
ghastly with his blood-stained features; he
was trembling with passion, but was at last
taken from the room by his German friend,
who presently returned.
"The officers were talking in knots as he did
so."
"Here comes the Baron," said Ross, "with
a message for you, Charlie. Refer him to
me; I will see you through it, old boy. It
may cost me my commission; but I will
chance it."
"Of course, Monsieur Thornhill," said the
German with great politeness, in French,
"you must be aware that after what has
passed, and the way my friend has been
treated this evening, there is only one way
this matter can be arranged."
"He brought it on himself, sir," replied
the young man sternly. "Do you suppose
for one instant I would be struck by anyone
and not return it? I more than regret it
should have happened here amongst my
friends, and in their room. I might very
well decline to go out with your friend for
various reasons that it is needless to enter
into now; but I will indulge his wish, and
give him a meeting. My friend Captain Ross
will arrange matters with you. But remem-
ber, Baron, advise the Count to come no
more here, for I shall this evening put down
on paper, in case I fall, the reasons why I do
not think his presence in a mess-room des-
irable."
"You need not do that, Charlie," replied
his friend, "he never enters our quarters
again. It is indeed lucky none of the chiefs
were present this evening; otherwise there
would have been a devil of a row. Now I
must go to my quarters with the Baron, and
do the needful for you. I am quite ready,
Baron, for you," turning to him; "take a
cigar, and we will adjourn to my rooms."
Thornhill sat down, lit his weed, and talk-
ed away; but a cloud had descended on
them all.
In half an hour Ross came back, and call-
ed Charlie aside.
"It is all arranged, old fellow," he said;
"you will go down quietly to the landing-
place at ten o'clock, meet the 'Firefly' boat,
and go aboard as if nothing had happened.
Write what letters you have to, and turn in
till five o'clock, when I shall send a boat for
you. Put on your darkest clothes, we shall
have a drive of nearly six miles to the ground.
I will bring the tools for you; our fellows
will be mum, so there is no fear of inter-
ruption."
"Many thanks," replied Charlie, and they
turned away to join the others.
At half past nine Ross said: "Now my
boys, Thornhill is off, we must have a glass
of grog all round. And mind, not a word to
a soul. I have your words have I not?"
"Certainly," they answered.
"I am deuced sorry, Charlie, for this,"
continued his friend, "that it should have
happened here, but it cannot be helped now.
I'll see you through it, though. God bless
you, old fellow." And he tossed off the con-
tents of his glass. "Now then, come along;
I will go with you to the boat."
All pressed eagerly forward to take him by
the hand. "Good-bye, Thornhill. Keep
your spirits up, old chap." Wing him.
"Take him over the hip," and such like ex-
clamations greeted him as he took his leave.
Wishing them a hasty good-night he left the
room with his friend.
They walked in silence down to the boat,
which was already there.
"Good-night, Charlie; mind, five o'clock
to-morrow," and the friends parted.
He was soon on board, and found them all
playing a game of loo instead of being in bed,
as he expected.
"How have you enjoyed yourself?" they
asked.
"Famously, good dinner and good wine,"
poor fellow, he was forced to put on an air
of gaiety that he little felt. "I never enjoy-
ed myself more."
They had not the slightest suspicion of
anything being wrong, and after a short time
they went to their respective cabins.
Charlie and his uncle occupied one be-
tween them. Here was the difficulty, how
was he to dress in the morning? Luckily the
old gentleman was a sound sleeper, and the

for all your kindness and the trouble you
have taken. God knows I had no wish or
intention of making a quarrel."
"My dear fellow, you could have acted in
no other way than you have. I am
afraid he will not apologize for striking you.
No, Charlie, you could have done nothing
else. He is a deadly shot I am told, so you
must be cool, but you are just as good a one."
The boat now touched the shore, and get-
ting out, Ross gave her over to a man who
was waiting for him.
The two then stepped smartly away, and
after some quarter of an hour's walk came to
the trap which was to take them on to the
spot chosen. A regimental Doctor was in
the cart with a servant.
"Here we are, Doctor," said the Captain.
"I hope we have not kept you waiting for
for us. Jump up, Charlie," and the four
drove off. The five or six miles they had to
go was speedily traversed, for the horse was
a good one.
"First on the ground, at any rate," re-
marked the Captain. "Now, Charlie, a
word or two with you. I have arranged
with the Baron that with two such shots as
you and the Count are, that you shall be
placed at sixteen paces, and fire by drop of
a handkerchief; we shall toss for that. Be
cool and collected; very likely the Russian
will attempt to unnerve you in some way or
other: he is, I am told, a noted duellist and
used to these hateful things."
"My nerves are right enough, Ross," re-
plied the other, "you will take charge of
these two letters for me, old fellow, and give
them to whom they are addressed, and if
anything should happen to me, tell my
uncle that—well, never mind, all is ex-
plained in the letter to him. Here they
come."
It was on rising ground where the three
stood waiting the others, who were approach-
ing.
The Count was laughing and smoking a
cigar, as was the Baron. There was a
stranger with them who turned out to be a
medical man as well, and a Frenchman.
They bowed as they met, and the Count as
he raised his hat slightly took a quick
anxious glance at Thornhill.
"I brought a medical friend with us, Cap-
tain," said the Baron, "but I see you have
Dr M— with you. How are you, Doctor?
A beautiful morning, is it not? Now, Cap-
tain, we will just look out for a nice level bit
of ground, but it all seems pretty good here."
As the two walked away, Charlie was left
with the regimental surgeon, the Count and
the other a few paces off. They were con-
versing in French. But every word they
said was understood by Thornhill.
"This is my ninth petite affaire, Doctor,"
said the Russian, gaily, "the last one was
with a countryman of my own, a husband, he
fancied I was a little too attentive to his wife.
A charming creature. He had heard of my
pistol shooting, and came on the ground as
nervous as a school-girl, lots of pluck, but he
was thinking of his young wife, and this sort
of thing was new to him. I felt certain of
my man. I would have spared him; just
taken him in the thigh, or something like
that, but madame was charming, so I shot
him through the heart. I was mistaken
though, the lady would never look at me,
and died a few months after. I wander
what mademoiselle will say and do, when
she hears I have killed her lover."
Charlie moved away to avoid hearing
more, the words that had dropped from the
Russian had steeled his heart, and whatever
compunction he might have had, vanished;
and he resolved if he could to shoot the cold-
blooded monster.
The ground had been paced off and a
couple of sticks placed to mark the spot, and
the two seconds proceeded to load the
weapons.
"Baron," said the Count, as the German
had finished loading, "a word with you.
You surely don't intend to put us up at that
distance—you know twelve paces is my
length."
"We have arranged it otherwise, Count,
you are in my hands and must be guided by
me, if you are not satisfied, I will withdraw
ground."
"Of course, Baron, of course—but I want
to shoot him, you know."
"You will be quite near enough to do so,
sir," said the German, dryly.
"And who gives the word?" asked the
other.
"Captain Ross, Count, won the toss; you
will fire on the drop of the handkerchief, not
dwelling for an instant; as the handkerchief

ing to the ground.
Thornhill seeing this ran up. "Don't say
I've killed him, Ross;" all his bitter feelings
had vanished as he regarded the fallen man.
"Oh, God! don't say I've killed him."
"No, no, Thornhill, my dear boy, be
calm," said the regimental Doctor, "he's
worth a dozen dead men yet; you've spoilt
his shooting for ever though, there is not the
slightest doubt his arm must come off, we
must get him back as quickly as possible.
Now, Ross, take your friend away, and get
him on board the yacht as quick as possible."
He required no second bidding, and they
were soon driving rapidly away.
Old Mr. Thornhill was up and on deck at
six o'clock. "Have you seen Mr. Charles?"
he asked of the steward.
"No, sir," replied the man, "but Phillips
who had the morning watch, told me that a
boat came off this morning at five o'clock,
and Mr. Charles went ashore in her."
"Very extraordinary," muttered the old
gentleman. "There is something wrong in
this; if he had been going on shore this
morning he would have told us of it." And
he proceeded at once to call Sir John Forest.
"He has got into some mess for a thous-
and," said the Baronet, jumping up; "this
secret expedition means no good. I would
not have anything happen to him for all I
possess; what are we to do?"
"Well, I'm sure I do not know, Forest,
perhaps we had better wait till after break-
fast, then we will go on shore; it is close on
seven now."
Charlie was so anxious, that instead of
proceeding at once to the "Fire-fly," he went
to his friend's head-quarters to wait and
hear what the medical men said.
The news of the duel soon got bruited
about, and closely as the secret had been
kept, it was quickly the talk of scores of
people.
The man-servant, that had gone with
Charlie and his friend, had said on their re-
turn that one of the gentlemen had been
shot; this was passed from mouth to mouth,
when some one knowing one of the gentle-
men came from the yacht, and concluding it
was Thornhill who was shot, at once pro-
ceeded to the "Fire-fly" to give the news.
Mary had got up early, and when she step-
ped on deck, to her surprise found Sir John
and her father pacing it.
"Why, papa, dear," running up and kiss-
ing him, "you are early, and so is Sir John.
I thought I should be the first up."
Neither gentlemen knew what to say.
"Why, the fact is, Mary, your father called
me," said the Baronet, after rather an
awkward pause. "Charlie got up very
early and went on shore—funny, is it not?
I cannot make it out, not that it is anything
of consequence, he will turn up presently,
and see, there comes a boat off."
But as the boat came nearer, it was seen
Charlie was not in it.
"Ah! he is breakfasting with his friends
and is sending to let us know," observed
Mary; "too bad of him to steal off in this
way; and we are all to go on shore, too,
see the rock."
"Well, my man, what is it?" asked Sir
John, as the boat came alongside.
"The young gentleman," replied the man
—"I'm very sorry, sir, to be the bearer of
ill news, but—"
The Baronet held up his hand as a warn-
ing, but he was too late, the girl had heard
it.
"Go on," she said, looking at her father
who was as white as a sheet, and trembling
all over. "Go on."
"Well, miss," continued the man, touch-
ing his hat, "I'm sorry to say he's shot."
"Shot!" she almost screamed, "what do
you mean?"
"Why, miss, it seems he and a Russian
Count had some words at the mess last night,
and they went out this morning, and the
gentleman's shot."
Mary gave one low, bursting sob, and fell
fainting into her father's arms.
"Man one of the boats at once," said the
Baronet to the Captain, who had joined
them. "Great God! what a horrible thing,"
and he rushed below to call Lord Verrie-
fast.
The whole yacht was in a state of tumult,
for Charlie had endeared himself to all of
them.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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