

almost simultaneously, Clement and I stepped from our posts and fired!

I felt Clement's bullet, with a whiz and a dull, booming sound, pass close to my cheek,—so close, indeed, that I almost thought I was wounded. When the smoke of our rifles had cleared away, I saw Clement standing erect. There was no doubt I had missed him—that in attempting to fire low I had entirely failed. But there was no time to think; for, drawing his sword, and uttering almost an imprecation at the failure of his shot, Clement had sprung forward to the attack.

I attempted to draw my sword, but it would not come. The more I tugged, the firmer it remained; the more violence I used, the faster it stuck. I verily believe in that moment I cursed that sword.

Relinquishing, then, my hopeless efforts, I folded my arms on my breast, and confronted Clement, calmly awaiting his onset, and the sword which I knew would be plunged into my heart. But it never was to come. Just as he had upraised his sword in his right hand ready to plunge it into me, and I thought that moment would be my last, it was hurled violently from his hand to some distance, and he himself was thrown with force to the ground.

I looked for my deliverer and his assailant. I had not to look long. At a short distance from me Clement lay on the ground, and on the top of him, and growling fiercely, was an enormous Bengal tiger! There was no doubt in my mind that the huge brute had seen Clement rush across the glade, and had sprung upon him from the jungle.

I cannot say at that moment what thoughts passed through my mind. Clement, I knew, was unarmed; his rifle he had fired at me, and his sword had been hurled violently from his hand.

When I say unarmed, I own that I knew Clement