

ing from their chairs, stooped over the brink.

Now was the time for Amyas! Heaven had delivered them into his hands. Swift and sure, at ten yards off, his arrow rushed through the body of the driver, and then, with a roar as of the leaping lion, he sprang like an avenging angel into the midst of the astonished ruffians.

His first thought was for the girl. In a moment, as by sheer strength, he had jerked her safely up into the road; while the Spaniards recoiled right and left, fancying him for the moment some mountain giant or supernatural foe. His hurrah undecieved them in an instant, and a cry of "English! Lutheran dogs!" arose, but arose too late. The men of Devon had followed their captain's lead; a storm of arrows left five Spaniards dead, and a dozen more wounded, and down leapt Salvation Yeo, his white hair streaming behind him, with twenty good swords more, and the work of death began.

The Spaniards fought like lions; but they had no time to fix their arquebuses on the crutches; no room in that narrow path, to use their pikes. The English had the wall of them, and to have the wall there, was to have the foe's life at their mercy. Five desperate minutes, and not a living Spaniard stood upon those steps; and certainly no living one lay in the green abyss below. Two only, who were behind the rest, happening to be in full armor, escaped without mortal wound, and fled down the hill again.

"After them, Michael Evans and Simon Heard; and catch them, if they run a league."

The two long and lean Clovelly men, active as deer from forest-training, ran two feet for the Spaniards' one; and in ten minutes returned, having done their work; while Amyas and his men hurried past the Indians, to help Cary and the party forward, where shouts and musket-shots announced a sharp affray.

Their arrival settled the matter. All the Spaniards fell but three or four, who scrambled down the crannies of the cliff.

"Let not one of them escape. Slay them as Israel slew Amalek!" cried Yeo, as he bent over; and ere the wretches could reach a place of shelter, an arrow was quivering in each body, as it rolled lifeless down the rocks.

"Now, then; loose the Indians."

They found armorers' tools on one of the dead bodies, and it was done.

"We are your friends," said Amyas. "All we ask is, that you shall help us to carry this gold down to the Magdalena, and then you are free."

Some few of the younger grovelled at his knees, and kissed his feet, hailing him as the child of the Sun; but the most part kept a stolid indifference, and when freed from their fetters, sat quietly down where they stood, staring into vacancy. The iron had entered too deeply into their soul. They seemed past hope, enjoyment, even understanding.

But the young girl, who was last of all in the line, as soon as she was loosed, sprang to her father's body, speaking no word, lifted it in her thin arms, laid it across her knees, kissed the

fallen lips, stroked the furrowed cheeks, murmured inarticulate sounds like the cooing of the woodland dove, of which none knew the meaning but she, and he who heard not, for his soul had long since fled. Suddenly the truth flashed on her; silent as ever, she drew one long heaving breath, and rose erect, the body in her arms.

Another moment, and she had leaped into the abyss.

They watched her dark and slender limbs, twined closely round the old man's corpse, turn over, and over, and over, till a crash among the leaves, and a scream among the birds, told that she had reached the trees; and the green roof hid her from their view.

"Brave lass!" shouted a sailor.

PURSER.—Magnificent! Stuff such as that stirs one's heart like the sound of a trumpet!

[*Peggy Patullo becomes manifested.*]

PEGGY.—Here's Bauldie Stott, the Laird's man, wha has just come up, as he says, frae Cobourg.

[*Enter Bauldie.*]

DOCTOR.—Well, Bauldie, my fine fellow, what news from the Provincial Exhibition?

BAULDIE.—Oo, no muckle, except that I am terrible dry!

PURSER.—Here, thou thirsty child of the mist! Drown thy complaint in a cup of mountain dew!

BAULDIE.—Wushin' a' your very good healths! Mony thanks, your honour, for the mercy! But whaur's the maister?

MAJOR.—Lo, 'there he slumbers. Wake him not, good Bauldie.

BAULDIE.—And what for should I no' wauken him?

MAJOR.—

Because the poppy crown which he doth wear. Bringeth sweet visions to his tranced soul. Visions of home, and youth, and sparkling eyes, And rosy lips, and necks of ivory hue.

Oh Bauldie, canst thou find it in thy heart, To call thy Satrap from such wealth of bliss, And bring him back to this cold churlish earth? Hast thou no bowels, Bauldie? Get thee hence!

BAULDIE.— — tak' me if I stir a single step, without telling him the news! As to my bowels, a' I kea is that they are as toom as a gill stoup upside doon! Sorrow a thing hae I eaten since I left Cobourg!

DOCTOR.—But, honest Bauldie, what are the tidings?

BAULDIE.—Great news! Glorious news Bonnie Braes' braw bull, Balfour of Burley, has carried a' before him at the Exhibition,