

word, fired; and with a frightful yell Mr. Ham fell to the earth, and lay there. The doctor ran up, and putting the fingers of his left hand upon the fellow's wrist, with the other made search for the wound.

'Here it is; you have shot him in the left side.'

'Do you think it is fatal?' Roland asked composedly.

'I cannot say; but I really have little hope otherwise.'

It was hard to weigh the value of this statement. It was decidedly an equivocal one.

'I would most certainly advise you to get out of the way, Mr. Gray. He seems to have no pulse. By the way, are you hit?'

'Yes.'

'Good God, where?' He pointed to his breast; and to the horror of Harland blood was oozing through his waistcoat.

'Let me attend to you,' the doctor, who had the heartiest sympathy for our hero, cried, springing up.

'No; you must attend to him. Besides, as I expected, here come the officers, good-bye.' In a moment he was upon his horse, and galloping across the stubble-stretches, and clearing the snake fences that divided field from field, like a bird. The magistrate and two constables, for such were the officials that comprised the interrupting party, no sooner saw Roland in flight, than they turned in pursuit at a rate of speed equal to his own, and called upon him to surrender. He made no reply.

'Then, men, fire upon him,' the magistrate shouted. One of the constables raised his carbine and fired.

