

At Home, I promise you, if you go playing tricks with the knobkerries and the tiger-claws."

The young man laughed and turned away carelessly. "I think I'll have a shot with them, all the same," he answered with a curl of the lip. "They've got the targets out down on the lawn there, beyond the tennis court. Let's have a try, anyhow. I should like to make a bull's-eye with an antediluvian arrow. I say, Maitland, I'm going down to take a turn at archery."

He strolled across the lawn in a lazy, easy, jaunty manner, with the bow and the splinter-tipped arrow in his hand, and came soon to the part of the grounds where the straw-backed targets stood out in a long row together against the clear skyline. Bertha Woolrych, their host's daughter, leant against the parapet of the terrace hard by, talking with her bright smile to one of the guests, and beside her Tay, her shaggy Skye terrier, lay basking in the sun, with his hair in his eyes after the fashion for ever beloved of his kind. But as soon as young Wilson raised the bow at arm's length, and began to fit the arrow to the taut string, Tay jumped up in an agony of delight (for he loved archery), and rushed forward towards the target, barking and leaping in eager anticipation of the coming sport. Bertha and her companion paused and watched, and a little group gathered around at once to observe the fate of the barbaric arrow.

In a second, almost before they knew what had happened, the arrow, missing its hold, had darted obliquely from the

stretched string, and flying aside, partly through a twist in the warped shaft, but partly also from the archer's inexperience, had missed the target altogether, and fallen beyond it, a yard or two to the left of the point aimed at. A little peal of laughter went up for the young man's discomfiture from the group of spectators; next moment, it was interrupted by a loud yelp of sudden pain from Tay, who bounded wildly into the air, and then fell back upon the lawn, quivering convulsively. Bertha saw with horror that he had lain half hidden in the unmown grass behind the archery plot, and that the bamboo tip had hit him in the side, where his wound was already bleeding profusely.

Sir Arthur Woolrych rushed to the spot at once, almost before the others could close in around the poor wounded and paralysed animal. Tay lay rigid and motionless upon the grass, only a faint trembling of his lips and feet betraying that any trace of life was still left in him. The effect was instantaneous and almost magical; he seemed to be stiffened out like a corpse at once, and to be suffering from some terrible internal agony. Sir Arthur approached and drew out the arrow from the slight wound with a stern look round upon the hushed spectators. "This is one of the Guiana arrows," he said, glancing around him angrily. "Who has done this? The poor beast is evidently worse than wounded. How foolish to play tricks with edge tools! The point must have been poisoned, as many of these savage weapons often are. I