

his flagging speed. But it was only for a moment. His limbs staggered, he stumbled, regained himself and at length stood suddenly still.

"Foward" cried the rider.

The poor brute hung down its head, and remained immovable.

"Foward, my brave companion," cried the rider, "let it not be said that you have crossed mountain defile and arid rocks to die upon this fertile plain."

Cheered by the voice of its rider, the noble beast summoned all its energy for a final effort, but it was too much, after a few laboured bounds it tottered, regained itself and finally fell, the blood streaming from its nostrils.

The rider had foreseen this end and disengaging his foot from the stirrups stepped lightly to the ground. For a time he stood looking down upon the noble animal, that had borne him so bravely. Then suddenly recollecting himself, he drew a pistol from his girdle and talking aim, discharged it behind the dying horse's ear.

"He was an old friend," said he,—"but the life of three persons is at stake. I have at least shortened his pain."

Thenceforward our traveller continued his course on foot, hastening along the outskirts of the city with hurried steps, unmindful of the heat or dust.

About ten in the morning, he reached the nearest house of the suburbs and hastened to knock at the door of Mr. Herbelin's house.

A man with a white turban opened the door, and seeing our traveller exclaimed with astonishment Mr. Ferdinand!

"Yes," answered our traveller as he sought to pass in—"let me come in, Chalib."

"Certainly, Master; come in Master knows undoubtedly that my master and mistress are not here."

"Not in!" exclaimed Ferdinand.

"I shall find them in the bazaar."

"No; they have been on a visit to a friend some days."

"Far from here?"

"No; not very far. They are with M. Dravel at his country house. You know M. Dravel, you must have passed his house if you came by the eastern

road. Close to the foot of the mountains."

Yes, said Ferdinand, speaking to himself: it is perhaps better so, it will be some hours of fatigue less for my sister and for Gabrielle. "Chalib," he said, speaking in a loud tone, "harness me a horse."

"Will you not take some food?"

"No; nothing. I am in a hurry. I will not even enter."

"But you must be fatigued."

Ferdinand made a gesture of impatience as he sat down under a large orange tree, and Chalib hastened to the stables. Soon he returned leading a magnificent arab fresh and full of fire. The young traveller as he hastened to moment, gave Chalib a folded paper on which he had written few words.

"Take this, Chalib, to M. Just, my brother-in-law's principal partner, lose not a minute and take care to give it into his own hands. And Chalib, tell me, you are a Druse, are you not?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You adore Hackem?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Very well—or rather very ill—but that is all I want to know."

Young master is crazy, said Chalib as he shut the door. How pained my mistress will be to find her brother in such state.

Our young traveller, brother to Mrs. Herbelin, was a distinguished physician practising at Beirut. He was an orphan and without any other relation than his sister, and it was in order to be near her that he remained in Syria. Mr. Herbelin had one of the largest commercial houses in Damascus, and as all his goods passed through Beirut, he had a warehouse under the care of his brother-in-law. On parting from Chalib, all dusty and tired as he was Ferdinand retraced his way to the mountains without losing a moment. The day was far advanced when he arrived at M. Dravel's mansion.

Mrs. Herbelin was walking with her husband under the lemon trees which skirted the property. She recognized her brother the moment she saw him, and exclaimed.

"What! Ferdinand. You here. What a happiness. We were far from expecting such a pleasure."