

rifles fail, which I do not think probable, we have our two swords," and taking his from the Indian, buckled it to his side.

I did the same.

"And now," continued Clement, taking up his position, while I followed his example, "when the sun's shadow touches that sapling (pointing to one which grew almost equidistant from our two trees, but slightly nearer the jungle), you will step out and fire."

"Agreed," I said, sullenly; "I will be ready;" and glancing toward the sapling, I saw that the shadow of the sun was creeping slowly nearer and nearer, that in about ten minutes it would touch it. During the whole of the foregoing scene, which I have endeavoured to depict as truthfully as possible, and which took place in less time than I take to relate it, our two Indians had remained as immovable, and almost as impassable, as statues, doubtless well pleased, or caring little whether one or both of their enemies, the Feringhees (as they designated Europeans), should be killed.

Up to this time I had acted up to the impulse of the moment, and almost without thought; but now that the excitement of the time was over, I could realize the intensity of my position. Clement, I knew, was a good marksman, and I also knew that he would have little mercy. Already, then, I had given myself up for lost. But even in this moment of dread, and almost certain death, I would not have retracted my words; I would not have apologized for the world. No, my pride forbade it. Yet angered and incensed against Clement, as I still was, I had not lost all those feelings of friendship which I had entertained for him before our quarrel, and I felt that if he should fall by my hand, I should never forgive myself—that I should be miserable for the rest of my life. Thus I had determined that I would fire low—that I would only wound him, if possible. But if