

have been Masons in former days, when they were better men."

And the Earl bent over and fastened the pin on his daughter's scarf, then kissing her, and bowing to Harry, with a last word of caution, he turned his horse and rode back towards Magara.

Harry and Rose rode on in silence for some time. Rose had been watching the guide for a few moments and thought that she could note a frown of displeasure on his dark face when her father turned back.

"Harry," said Rose thoughtfully, "I do not like our guide. He has an evil eye. I have a strong conviction that it would have been better had we turned back with father."

"There is no danger, Rose. It is a characteristic of the Greek guide to have an evil eye; but I agree with you fully, that our guide is not a being calculated by nature to inspire child-like faith and confidence."

"Yes, Harry, but that is not all. He seems to be looking for some one, don't you think so?"

"Why, of course he is, Rose," said Harry, with a merry laugh. "It is his business to be watchful and ready to warn us at the first approach of danger."

The actions of the guide were certainly calculated to arouse suspicion. He was gazing into the recesses of the wood that bordered the road, with a keenness and eagerness that were unmistakable.

"This is a lonely place," said Rose, with a shudder of dread. "I do not believe there is a house within a distance of miles. Oh, Harry, let us turn back, I feel it is rash to go on."

"As you will, darling, I would not lead you into danger for my life," said Harry tenderly.

They halted, and Harry called to the guide, and acquainted him with their determination to return to Magara, but just at that moment, a sudden, sharp whistle coming from a thicket near at hand cleft the air like a knife."

Harry and Rose turned instinctively to fly, their servants acting with them, but it was too late. A dozen men in picturesque garb, led by their chief, a tall, handsome man, burst out upon them from behind bushes and rocks effectually cutting off their advance or retreat. The strangers were evidently brigands, all were armed and presented revolvers covering the persons of the travellers.

"Surrender, my lord, it is useless to resist," said the chief in a pleasant voice, "we do not seek your life. You are safe so long as you are quiet."

Harry was brave, but he saw at a glance that resistance was worse than useless, and his hand, that at the first alarm had sought his trusty revolver, returned to his side.

"It is well, my lord, follow me," said the chief with a smile and a bow.

Harry turned to Rose with a look of distress upon his handsome face.

"Forgive me, Rose, for being so indiscreet as to bring you to this. I care not for myself; it is you, darling, that I fear for."

"Not so, Harry, no one is to blame but myself. I do not think the chief intends to harm us. It is only an arrest for money," said Rose.

"My lady, and my lord, allow me to conduct you to my humble retreat," said the chief, with a look of deep admiration toward Rose. "It has been honored by the presence of many a fair one, but by my soul, such rare beauty as this my eyes never rested upon before. Forward, my boys!"

The chief laid his hand gently upon the rein of Rose's horse, while the lieutenant took Harry in charge. The rest of the brigands surrounded the servants, and soon they were in motion. The cavalcade went rapidly on for perhaps an hour, then a halt was made, and each prisoner was blindfolded, and after a tedious march of another hour, the final halt was made at the entrance to a large cavern. The bandages were removed from their eyes, and dismounting, they were led into a spacious cave. The