

must have left him at their mercy, when Ernest, who had been trying during the whole action to keep in view that familiar grey head, descried his danger and rushed to the spot. Happily, he met in his way the Indian Black Hawk, who never forgot the Major's kindness to his wife, and who, when aware of his danger, joined in the rescue with a fierce Indian yell before which the Major's assailants gave way at once without waiting for the stroke that followed ; and the brave old soldier, faint with the loss of blood from wounds in his arm and thigh, was at once assisted by Ernest to reach a place of safety.

But Ernest had much to tell Liliás about Captain Percival, though she did not hear all the particulars till long afterwards. Towards evening, in going over the deserted battle-field, Ernest had discovered him lying, wounded and unconscious, half hidden among rocks and foliage. Then there came to him a strong temptation, the strongest he had ever encountered. There lay his former enemy and his rival—as he believed, his successful rival,—the man who had injured him in the estimation of those for whose opinion he had cared the most ; who had stolen from him, as he thought, the treasure that was dearer to him than life ! Why should *he* be the man to care for him, perhaps to save his life ? Why not leave him, at least, to be cared for by others ? Why should he, of all men, seek to preserve a life which he had no reason to desire ? Were Percival to die there, might not Liliás be