

pleased to find that the horses were decidedly fresher for their rest. They did not draw rein until the ground became stony, and they knew that they must be at the mouth of the gorge. Then they dismounted and picketed the horses. Two of the guachos were stationed with them as guards, and the rest went stealthily forward—the rockets being entrusted to the care of Terence, who fastened them tightly together with a cord, and then hung them by a loop, like a gun, over his shoulder, in order that he might have his hands free.

It was still only eight o'clock—dangerously early for a surprise; but the whole party were quite agreed to risk everything, as no one could say in what position Ethel might be placed, and what difference an hour might make. Their plan was to steal quietly up to the first hut they found, to gag its inmates, and compel one of them, under a threat of instant death, to guide them to the hut in which Ethel was placed.

Suddenly Mr. Hardy was startled by a dark figure rising from a rock against which he had almost stumbled, with the words, "White man good. Tawaina friend. Come to take him to child."

Then followed a few hurried questions; and no words can express the delight and gratitude of Mr. Hardy and his sons, and the intense satisfaction of the others, on finding that Ethel was alive, and for the present free from danger.

It was agreed to wait now for two hours, to give time for the Indians to retire to rest; and while they waited, the Raven told them all that had happened up to the arrival at the village, passing over the last day's proceedings by saying briefly that Ethel had run a great risk of being put to death, but that a delay had been obtained by her friends.