

usual dignified bearing, and waving his hat wildly ;
“ well done, my dear young lady. That was as good
a fight as I ever saw in my life.”

She looked up at him quickly. It was a striking
face, slightly flushed as it was with the excitement
of the moment. It would have monopolised our
attention had not something happened to distract
us. Maitland had dismounted, and was leaning
against his horse with a very white face.

“ Hullo there,” cried the General sharply, but
not unkindly, “ what’s the matter with you ?
You’re surely not going to faint ? Give him a drink
out of your water-bottle, doctor.”

But I was too late, and had it not been for the
girl herself, who caught the reeling tutor by the
shoulder and steadied him in a very business-like
way, he would have fallen. He came round quickly,
although he was white to the lips.

The girl gazed curiously at the Oxonian, and
then, turning away from him, looked at the General.
Sir Donald caught her by the shoulders, and gazed
intently at her as he held her at arm’s length.

“ I see my brother’s face in yours. You are my
niece, Madge Taylor, are you not ? ” he cried.

“ Why, you are my Uncle Donald ! ” she ex-
claimed, and kissed his sunburnt cheek. “ Fancy !
We didn’t expect you for days. Why didn’t you
send on word you were coming ? Are these all your
sons ? I thought there was only one.”

Her eyes settled on me with so much quizzical
mischief in them that I laughed outright.

“ My sons ! My dear Madge—that’s my old
regimental sawbones. My son ! What next, indeed !