

"Now," he said, "do you paddle the canoe a few strokes nearer the shore, Nelly. We shall still be beyond the range of that fellow. He will fire again, and I shall see exactly where he is lying."

Nelly, who was efficient in the management of a canoe, took the paddle, and, dipping it in the water, the boat moved slowly towards the shore. Harold sat with his rifle across his knees, looking intently over the bows of the boat towards the bush from which the shot had come.

"That's near enough, Nelly," he said. The girl stopped paddling; and the hidden foe, seeing that they did not mean to come nearer the shore, again fired.

Harold's rifle was in an instant against his shoulder; he sat immovable for a moment, and then fired.

Instantly a dark figure sprang from the bush, staggered a few steps up the slope, and then fell headlong.

"That was a pretty good shot," Harold said. "Your father told me when I saw a stag's horns above a bush, to fire about two feet behind them and eighteen inches lower. I fired a foot below the flash, and I expect I hit him through the body. I had the sight at 300 yards, and fired a little above it. Now, Nelly, paddle out again. See!" he said, "there is a shawl waving from the top of the tower. Put your hat on the paddle and wave it."

"What are you thinking of doing, Harold?" the girl asked presently.

"That is just what I have been asking myself for the last ten minutes," Harold replied. "It is quite clear that as long as the siege is kept up we cannot get back again, and there is no saying how long it may last. The first thing is, What chance is there of their pursuing us?"