

waiting till Stewart and Tikraïne suspended their fusillade. Then kneeling on the road he made a little heap of stones on which he rested his piece; then stretching on the ground he aimed, and fired. At the first shot he struck the mark though placed at an enormous distance.

Such address was wonderful. The travellers turned to look at the shooter. Without moving he introduced with his ramrod a rag into the barrel of his gun, and cleaned it cautiously, charged anew, and shot again. The second ball struck as the first.

"These balls of the Turk must have been made by the Devil," said Stewart to the Effendi, at the same time throwing his gun on the grass.

"That man has not the 'air of a Turk,'" answered Tikraïne. "Despite his dress, he is a mountaineer and a Kurd."

"Kurd or Turk he is a clever fellow, and I go to compliment him," answered the Lieutenant; who as a true sportsman mingled admiration and esteem for such merit.

He had no time to felicitate his rival, who immediately resumed his journey. He vaulted lightly into his saddle, followed by his companions. A bend in the road caused him to pass the tent where Lucy sat spectatress of the scene. She now saw him near. He was twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, spare, nervous, with an eagle nose and piercing eyes. Those eyes of the bird of prey which at the distance of a league can distinguish one stone from another in the torrent's bed. He carried no arms, a strange thing in that country, where the most peaceful never leave the town but with the sabre at the side, and his Turkish vestments were of a rude simplicity. But his horse, of pure Arab blood, appeared swift, vigorous, full of ardour. The men who composed his escort were armed with guns, and large poniards like the Roman sword. He did not perceive Lucy till within two steps of her; but the sight produced on him an effect as strange as unexpected. His look, when he fixed his eyes upon her, expressed surprise and enthusiastic admiration. The prophet of the legend, for whom God opened for a moment the iron wall which engirdles paradise was not more dazzled by the view of the wonderful heaven than was that Kurd in contemplating the radiant beauty of the stranger. The impression was as rapid as vivid. The cavalier could not restrain a violent movement which frightened his horse and made him bound. With quick and vigorous hand he brought