

young and hopeful. I had friends whom I loved in that far off and pleasant England. My heart bled as I thought of them, and I tried to banish such ideas from my mind, but I could not. Again and again they would return, and I lived over all my happy life at the old manor-house, which is my home. At last, when the sun had finally gone down, and a full, red moon had swung itself up the horizon, staring wildly at me, I fell into a heavy sleep. Thus I spent the night, alternately waking and falling off into a sort of trance. I thought it likely that I should fall a prey to some wandering beast. But I was not troubled by the thought. Heaven had decreed that they should find some other food that night.

In the earliest light of morning, before the sun was up, I became conscious that some one was kneeling by my side, and laid a cool hand wet in water on my head, and was holding drink to my lips. I started wide awake at this and looked vaguely at the girl, for it was a girl, the one whom I had seen lying at the feet of the tiger in the gully.

With her, and looking down at me with mute horror in their faces, were the half-dozen men of my command. They lifted me up on a stretcher, and put an awning above it; they then travelled slowly on to the village where I had left them.

The girl had not been materially injured by the tiger, but was in a swoon when I first saw her. She had roused up to life in time to see the tiger gallop off down the gully with me in his mouth, and she had hurried back as well as she could, with the natives who had come out with me, and told my men. They had tracked me there not expecting to find me alive.

I never saw a human being so grateful to any one as that girl was to me. Through all my long illness at her village, she tended me with entire devotion, and it is just as true that she saved my life as that I saved hers.