

A shrill whistle soon brought the rascals to their feet; and rushing up to meet us, they displayed a dozen of as unfavorable specimens of the human race as could well be found. Seizing our asses by their bridles, they relieved our captors, and led us down the ravine; and having roughly assisted us to dismount, brought us into the presence of the chief of the band.

'Bravo, lads! excellent, excellent!' he shouted, as his sparkling eyes bent upon us in delight; and after a cursory examination, we were conducted, amid the excited gesticulations of the brigands and without undue ceremony, into a dark cavern within the ravine.

'Shiver my maintops!' exclaimed a voice as I groped my way in; 'they might give us sea-room, the vagabonds, and not land us in this lubberly creek; and now they are shoving more craft in to anchor.'

'Haul in, Jack, old chum!' answered another; 'we must make the best of a bad job, mate.'

To say that my heart leaped to my mouth at hearing such unexpected words, and finding myself in the company of my own countrymen, would no more than describe the cheering sensation that thrilled through me.

'What cheer, mates?' I cried in the darkness. Answering exclamations of astonishment greeted my words; and in a few minutes our stories were told; and I learned that my new-found friends were the Captain and supercargo of a ship then lying in the port of the Pireus, who, seeking a like object, had met with a similar fate to my own.

'And now,' said Captain Jack Jenkins, 'how are we to get out of this scrape? If I had Tim and Joe and Black Tom, each with a cutlass and a barking-iron here, we'd soon make a passage, I'd warrant!'

'That's all very well,' said Will Johnson the supercargo, 'but we haven't. If I'd but the opportunity given me I'd guarantee—'

Whatever the supercargo was about to say was cut short by the advent of two sheek-heads at the little opening of our prison, and two harsh voices calling us—as my guide Themistocles informed us—to partake of a feast; for we learned afterwards that the chief, in commemoration of having made such a good haul, had decided to allow us, his prisoners, to partake of the general festivity. But as a preliminary, we had to undergo an examination as to our capability of paying the anticipated ransoms. First, we were relieved of our watches and rings, the Captain using language rather strong for translation to these pages, to the great amusement of his tormentors, who with similar gesticulations to his, endeavored to imitate the sound of the Captain's words, which of course only added to his wrath and their hilarity.

'You uncombed, dirty-faced vagabonds!' he shouted, 'if I had a few of you aboard the *Annie Martin*, I'd twist your ugly heads over the yard-arm in the twinkling of a jiffy!'

Of course they only laughed the louder at his impotent rage; and I thought it quite as well that they did not understand the language in which he gave it vent.

The operation of stripping us of our valuables gave me an opportunity to observe the appearance of my companions. Captain Jenkins was the beau-ideal of an English seaman. In age about thirty-five, of a large and robust build, a face broad, manly, and bearded, and limbs such as would delight a sculptor to copy. His height was nearly six feet; and he had an air of command about him which was doubtless bred of his occupation. The supercargo, Will Johnson, was perhaps ten years younger; nearly as tall as his friend, strong and active; and take us altogether—for I am of no mean stature myself—we were three men who, under any circumstances, would be no disgrace to our country; and if any opportunity should arise for an attempt at an escape, I felt certain that we should give as good an account of ourselves as any scratch three, here or there.

Having satisfied themselves of the value of my late father's watch, which I parted from with some emotion, and of the intrinsic worth of the Captain's gold chronometer, as well as the supercargo's watch and diamond ring, we were interrogated, through Themistocles, as to our means. For myself, the name of the firm I was travelling for acted with a talismanic effect upon them, and I was immediately assessed—notwithstanding my protestations—at three hundred pounds. At this price, too, the Captain's freedom was valued; while the unfortunate supercargo—whose business they persisted in confounding with that of owner of the cargo and ship—was unanimously voted to be worth twice our ransom. Having arranged this matter to their own satisfaction, if not to ours, we were told to sit down and enjoy ourselves with what appetite we could muster.

The smell of the roast lamb and the freshly baked meal-cakes, however, soon aroused pleasant sensations, and dimmed for a time the memory of our griefs; more especially as, under the apparent certainty of obtaining his booty, the chief condescended to be quite patronising towards us, carving the joints himself for us, and delicately handing on the point of a dagger, our several portions. After we had satisfied our hunger with the more solid viands, we were regaled with dried fruits as dessert; and a large jar of a peculiar sherry-colored but bad-tasting wine of a resinous flavor—which Themistocles described as the common wine of the country—was brought in and set down in the midst of us. This we told them we could not drink; and the chief very generously ordered us a couple of bottles from his own particular store, doubtless the proceeds of a raid upon some well-to-do householder.

Will Johnson after a time managed to ingratiate himself in the favor of our shaggy host and his friends by his genial happy manner and frank bearing, favoring the company with many remarks, which, translated by Themistocles, evidently pleased them. When, too, by sleight-of-hand—in which he was an adept—he performed some simple tricks, and gave them a music-hall song with

a rollicking chorus, and wound up with a hornpipe accompanied by the Captain with a pocket-comb and a piece of paper, the general enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the beetle-browed vagabonds laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Will now became on such excellent terms with them all, that he proceeded to take some freedoms with them; and when he snatched the horn from the cup-bearer, and installed himself in that official's place, lading the wine out of the wide-mouthed jar and handing it round to the company, his triumph was complete.

'For heaven's sake!' said he as he passed us, 'don't take any of this stuff, and don't drink much of your own.'

'Never fear,' said Jenkins, making a wry face; 'one taste is sufficient.'

And so Will went round with the cup, making a comical remark to this, one, and a grimace at that, until the chief—evidently fearing from their hilarity that they were taking too much—ordered them to desist from drinking, and return to their several duties.

Meanwhile, we were sent back into our dungeon, with a sentinel stationed at the opening.

'Not a word,' whispered Will, as we settled down in our prison.—'Here's something, Captain, he continued, that belongs to you.'

'Why,' said the Captain in reply, as Will handed him the article mentioned, 'this is a stopper out of my medicine chest.'

'To be sure it is, Jack,' returned Will; 'and I must apologise for the liberty of taking your laudanum phial; but my confounded back-tooth was so painful on board the ship last night, that I got up and took it, and luckily forgot to return it this morning. You must debit me with the bottle and its contents, for I dropped them both into the vagabonds' wine-jar!'

'What!' we all exclaimed in a breath.

'Now, stop your clappers!' continued the supercargo. 'Jack, you know I'm not bad at sleight-of-hand tricks. Well, in the first place, having contrived to secrete the bottle while the blackguards were relieving me of my valuables, and then having attained the position of waiter, what was easier than to wriggle the bottle down my sleeve, whip out the stopper, and drop the lot into their swipes; giving the bottle a crack and stirring the laudanum up, every time I dipped the horn into it!'

'Bravo, Will!' cried the Captain, seizing his hand and giving it a hearty shake. 'If that's the case, we're safe; for the black-faced rascals won't wake up for a dozen hours I'll be bound. There! our guard has dropped off already!'

And sure enough, the drowsy ruffian had planted himself right across the opening and was snoring loudly.

'Now for it!' cried the impetuous Jack Jenkins, rising.

'Hold hard!' said Will. 'Let them get well off.'

So, settling ourselves down for half an hour, we talked the matter over. At the end of this time, we sent the trembling Themistocles to see how things were outside; and after peeping over the prostrate sentinel, he gave us to understand that all were sleeping except three, and they were retiring to the farther end of the ravine, and would in a minute be out of sight.

'Capital!' said Will with suppressed excitement. 'Now, each take a pistol and a cutlass from the fellows, and fellow me.'

One after the other we stepped across the sleeping brigand at the entrance, Will relieving him of his pistol, dirk, and blunderbuss; while the Captain and I stood by ready to give him his quietus at the slightest sign of his waking. Then the four of us, gliding like ghosts, assisted ourselves to whatever weapons we could most easily lay hands upon; and as Themistocles was not of much use for fighting, we gave him the bag containing our valuables—which we found by the side of the sleeping chief—as well as several spare pistols, to carry. Picking our way without speaking a word, we advanced towards the open end of the ravine, and just as we turned round a jutting piece of rock, we saw the three sentinels, seemingly in earnest conversation.

'Halt!' whispered Will. 'Now for a rush!' and each singling out his man and clutching his rifle by the barrel—for we avoided the noise of shooting—we sprang forward. Almost simultaneously, and before the enemy had time to observe us, we were upon them, and three rifle-stocks descended upon three shock heads with such force, that two of the fellows dropped like stones. The stock of my rifle glanced off the hard head of my antagonist and crashed against the rock. With a stifled cry, he turned; but in an instant my hand was upon his throat, and the sound died in his gullet; while with the strength of desperation, I dashed his head against the wall-like rock; and after a struggle—in which he wounded me with his dagger—he fell from my grasp, apparently lifeless.

'Now,' said the Captain, 'where are the donkeys?—Come, Greeky!' he cried to Themistocles; 'bear a hand;' and looking around, we espied our four animals just as we left them, but with a brigand sitting by them. Here was an unlooked-for reconitre! He was fully a hundred yards off, and to get at him, we should have to cross a small plateau.

'Leave him to me!' cried Jenkins, preparing to rush forward. But under the advice of the supercargo, he stopped. We could have picked him off easily, but dared not for the noise of our rifles.

'Hang it!' impatiently muttered Jenkins, 'we shall be trapped again, after all;' and without further parley, the impetuous fellow started off, running on the tips of his toes, with a drawn cutlass in one hand and a pistol in the other. Just as he was within a few yards of the brigand, the latter turned round, and seeing how matters stood, made for his rifle, which was leaning against a tree a few feet off; but a revolver hurled deftly by Will

Johnson—for we had all followed—catching him directly in the face, so effectually stopped his progress, that he fell stunned to the ground.

'You persist in doing all the work,' said Jenkins as we came up to him. 'But quick, lads; off we go!' and in a moment we were on our asses, and under the guidance of our Greek companion, were making with break-neck speed for Athens. Up hill, down dale, on we went for a couple of hours without stopping or meeting a human being; then, just as we were about to cross the summit of a mountain at which we had arrived, a harmless looking peasant wished us 'good-day,' and was about to pass on.

'Seize him!' cried Themistocles; 'he's a scout.'

So seize him we did, for caution's sake; and as there were no trees near, we tied his hands and legs together, and left him begging for mercy. But there was no mercy in us, more especially as Themistocles explained that there was such a curious and mysterious connection between the brigands and villagers, that it was by no means unlikely—had we allowed him to go free—he would have hied to the nearest village and roused a swarm of semi-brigands about us.

Having travelled for four hours, and as our asses could scarcely get along for fatigue, we called a halt; and after resting ourselves and watering our animals, we continued our journey until, late at night, we reached Athens, where, round the hospitable board of our host, we soon forgot our troubles.

WINNIPEG'S MARVELLOUS DEVELOPMENT.

The *Winnipeg Sun* of a recent date gives a detailed statement of Winnipeg's growth in 1882. From that statement we learn that the imports—that is the imports from Great Britain and foreign countries—have increased from \$2,837,431 in 1881 to \$8,222,928 in 1882. The imports from the eastern provinces have run up to \$12,000,000, making a showing of inter-provincial trade which illustrates the great value of the North-West to the older provinces. The exports are as yet confined to furs, and amount to about half a million. But next year this will be all changed, and the export of wheat and flour will be large. The inland revenue has increased from \$131,863 to \$185,276. The transactions in real estate have amounted to between ten and twelve millions of dollars, one firm of real estate agents having invested, on account of English investors, no less than a quarter of a million of dollars. The building operations during the year have reached the large figure of \$4,447,712. The post-office figures are simply marvellous. The amount of money orders paid reached \$650,000, against \$215,213 in Toronto and \$183,661 in Montreal, while the post-office has reached the position of third in the Dominion in point of revenue, the sale of stamps amounting to \$70,000, against \$53,139 in Hamilton, which comes next. No less than 44,000 immigrants arrived during the season, bringing with them, it is estimated, not less than \$10,000,000; and the picture drawn by the late Lord Beaconsfield is beginning to be in some measure realized, no less than 8,600 citizens of the United States having settled in Manitoba and the North-West. The population of the city has increased from 9,000 in 1881 to 25,000 at the close of 1882; the assessed value of property has increased from nine millions to thirty millions of dollars, and it is estimated that next year it will run up to forty-five millions. The deposits in the Government savings banks increased from \$310,129 in 1881 to \$1,018,051 in 1882. In fact, in every department there has been an expansion such as no one could have anticipated, at least within so short a period, for the rapid growth may be said to have taken its start only within the last two years.

CLYDE SHIP-BUILDING.

The Clyde ship-building trade in 1882 is stated, by the *Glasgow Herald*, to have been one of unusual activity. The returns present a total of 50,912 tons above the total constructed in 1881, and 129,500 tons in excess of 1874. Many of the Clyde builders are said to have more tonnage already ordered for 1883 than they have turned out during the past year, which speaks well for the prospects for 1883. There were launched during the year by the various firms engaged in ship-building on the Clyde 291 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 391,934 tons, as against 261 vessels and 341,022 tons during 1881. The use of steel in the construction of vessels is said to be on the increase. The majority of large steamers are said to be now built of that material. In 1879 the Clyde steel-built vessels amounted to 18,000 tons, in 1880 they rose to 42,000 tons, and in 1881 to 66,609 tons. During the past year, the steel vessels numbered 60, of an aggregate tonnage of 108,254 tons. The use of wood for ocean-going steamers and vessels, on the other hand, is declining, only 2 being noted, and they small ones, in the entire list of Clyde construction in 1882. 'As a matter of fact,' adds the *Herald*, 'the construction of "wooden walls" is being monopolized by our American cousins.' The vessels launched on the Clyde were made up as follows: 172 screw steamers, 37 sailing ships, 14 paddle steamers, 8 yachts, 21 barges, 5 barks, 2 war ships, 2 hopper barges, 5 screw tugs, 10 steam launches, 4 lighters, 8 dredges, and 3 cargo flats. The Tyne has a monopoly of tugs, and the east coast of England devotes its energies to cargo-carrying boats.

THE EDISON LIGHT.—The Edison light is now supplied to consumers at New York at a rate equal to \$2 an hour for a light equal to 2,000 candles, or about the cost of gas at \$2 per 1,000 feet. This is only a temporary arrangement. Meters will be used as soon as they are made and tested, and consumers will then be charged only for what electricity they use. In different parts of the States 159 establishments have been supplied with independent plants, and these are employing 30,000 lamps with great success. In New York, 266 houses are supplied from one station. The progress of incandescent lighting, which appears slow to us at a distance, is in reality very great.