

from the tops of the rocks into the valley. A muleteer rose in silence and stretched himself to his full height to free the opening above their prison of snow; but instead of seating himself, he remained a few minutes observing what passed without. "What do you see?" demanded the *Katerdji-bachi*.

"Give me your pistol," said the man, "a bear roves about us." He fired in the darkness.

No one had previously thought of this new danger. The perspective appeared too horrible to poor Lucy. Her firmness of soul permitted her to resign herself to a covering under the white shroud of snow, but the idea of that yellow brute eating her, which now perhaps opened with his paws the roof of snow, and was choosing a victim among the unfortunate travellers, was too much for her to bear. Little by little she grew weak, and finally lost all consciousness.

When feeling returned, she found herself in the open night, carried under the arm of some one whom she did not know. The snow still fell and the wind lashed her face. Those after caresses of the tempest no doubt re-animated her. She suffered now, but perceived herself invaded by a sort of stupor which prevented her from speaking, or enquiring about the situation. After some minutes she perceived herself laid on the earth, many persons round her conversed with a low voice. She opened her eyes and saw Mrs. Morton, who cast herself into her arms. "I thought you dead, my dear," said the old lady, covering her with kisses. Stewart, Tikraïne, and the people of the caravan were there also. Also men in the costume of the country stood before a great fire. In looking round, she saw sculptured vaults, arcades and columns. The place where all were assembled was a half-ruined church.

"How came we here?" said she to her cousin.

Stewart told her that the muleteer had fired on the bear, and missed it,—two things equally fortunate, for if the ferocious brute had been wounded it would have besieged the cave of snow which served for the retreat of the travellers, instead of flying as it did at the sound of the pistol. Then, also, the report had brought to them a saviour. "See," said the Lieutenant, going to seek a man who held himself apart before the fire. Miss Blandemere recognized Selim-Agha.

He approached softly. Mrs. Morton ran toward him and threw herself on his neck, crying that he had saved her life. The Kurd