

earthworks, the eyes of her horse gleaming, spray drifting from his open jaws. Close following Annette came Lieutenant Browning waving his sword above his head, and shouting,

"Down with the rebels!" at the same time slashing the scurrying enemy in such a fashion with his sword as would gladden one's heart.

As for Annette, her quick eye at once showed her how the situation stood : her lover; his hands bound, a black cap over his eyes, a coffin beside him. Luc, the jailer, and chief of the executioners, remained at his post as long as possible ; and at the first outburst of the din had called upon his party to fire. But these mahogany-complexioned executioners scurried like rats at the first cry. Most of them carried their arms with them, but Luc perceived a musket lying in a corner of the drill square. This he seized and levelled at Stephens, pulling the trigger, after careful aim. The rusty weapon missed fire, and the intrepid half-breed began hastily to chip the flint with the back of his sheath-knife ; but while he was engaged in this laudable preparation, Annette came over the earthworks like a bird, smote him with the handle of her whip upon the crown, and sent him sprawling in the dust. With another bound she was at her lover's side ; and slipping from her horse, she pulled off the hideous cap, cut his thongs,—and then the hero-darling waited to be taken to his heart.

The change in his fortunes was so sudden, and so amazing,—passing at one bound from the grave's edge back to freedom and love, that he was for some seconds unable to realize it, and his eyes and brain swam with a sense of happiness that reached delirium. But gradually it all began to grow clear : the scurrying figures of his captors and jailers ; the shouting of mounted soldiers ; the wistful eyes of his beloved looking at him.

"Ah, Annette ; you again ; my guardian angel !"

It took but a few minutes to restore order. It was as-