

carried about with him a small clasp-knife, but what was that against such an antagonist? Yet Clement I knew was brave, and even in this perilous moment he did not lose his self-possession, but drawing his clasp-knife from his belt, he struck well-directed blows on the head and throat of his assailant; but they had little effect, save to enrage even more the huge brute, who had now raised his victim from the ground, and was preparing to carry him off to the jungle.

And now I must confess that evil thoughts passed through my brain. Here was the man who but a minute before had been thirsting for my blood, in the power of a merciless assailant; and I, whose life he had striven to take, was the only one who could save him. Should I leave him to his fate?

Heaven be praised that the thought had not long dominion over me—that good thoughts chased it away. At that moment I forgot my quarrel with Clement, and determined to save his life even at the peril of my own.

Loading my rifle hastily, I raised it to my shoulder; bending one knee on the ground, to insure a steadier aim.

And now the cries of the Indians had become terrific, and almost unnerved me. Motioning to them to be quiet, I waited till the tiger should expose a vital part at which I might aim.

In this moment of intense anxiety, I felt my heart audibly beating, for I felt that, should I fail in my aim, no earthly power could save Clement; that the tiger would bear him to the jungle, and that I should never see him again; and I knew also that, in this moment of extreme danger, Clement would rather have died than to have called to me for succour.

And now the decisive moment had arrived, for the tiger, irritated no doubt by the cries of the Indians, turned his head round toward me, growling fiercely. I did not wait