was never more than half right in her head, think that her time was come. At any rate there was never any other explanation, and the French lady disappeared the next day from a place that was not safe enough to suit her. Ever since then when there has been a high wind, like to-night, there have been noises heard in the room, but I hope they won't keep you gentlemen from enjoying a good night's rest.”

A Haitien Ride.

WHILE our ship was in Port au Prince, Haiti, Dick Reade and I decided to ride some way into the interior of the island. Accordingly we made arrangements for horses to meet us at the boat-landing. We started on a beautiful afternoon, and followed the road that leads out of the town on the south, and thence to the top of a mountain overlooking the harbor. All along the sides of the road were the graves of criminals, who are not allowed to be buried in the regular graveyards.

After going for about two miles on this road we turned to the left, on a road that seemed to lead more directly to the top of the mountain; but we found, after following it for some miles, that it was only the bed of a dried-up brook. The banks were at least ten feet high, and were covered with dense tropical vegetation, that met over our heads, and almost shut out the sun's rays. Notwithstanding the fact that we had only a very vague idea as to our position, we pushed on, and were at length rewarded by seeing a clear spot ahead. On coming up to it we discovered the main road on one side of the little plain on which we found ourselves, while stretched out below us were the town and harbor,—the houses looking like bits of chalk, and the ships like miniature models complete in every detail. The whole scene was tinted by the last rays of the tropical sun.

Some hundred yards farther up the mountain was a log cabin, and a place to water the horses, so we rode up to the shanty and halted. In a few seconds a negro came out and invited us into the hut, at the same time looking very intently at Dick's watch-chain, and laying his hand on the horse's bridle. We dismounted and followed the negro into the cabin.

As soon as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we were surprised and startled to find ourselves the centre of a circle of armed Haitiens; we had fallen into the hands of a celebrated gang of outlaws, who had lately been committing depredations in the neighborhood, and for whom the soldiers were then hunting. We were bound, and during this operation Dick lost his watch and chain. The chief then proceeded to sound us as to the amount of affection our friends had for us, and to hint very broadly that on that affection depended very much of our future happiness, as well as the amount of time that would elapse before we returned to the ship. All this was very encouraging, especially as we were covered during this talk by every pistol in the hut, and one suspicious move on our part would have been fatal.

Just as the chief was beginning to question us as to the strength of the military force in the town, the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard on the road. The negroes all made a dive for a trap-door that was in one corner of the room, and left Dick and me standing bound in the centre of the room. The door opened, and in filed a troop of Haitien cavalrymen, headed by a French officer, who directed two of the men to free us, at the same time asking what had become of our jailers. I showed them the trap-door, which, when opened, showed a flight of steps, and beyond an underground passage. A light was found, and the soldiers went into the passage, followed by Dick and me. After walking about fifteen feet we came to a turn; beyond we saw daylight, and on coming to the opening we found ourselves in a thick brushwood, with no sign of the outlaws. As night was coming on it was decided not to pursue them.