

FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

CHAPTER I.

"BOAT ahoy!" cried a gentleman in hot haste, as, running fast, he reached the quay on the Devonshire side of the Torpoint Passage.

"The ferry-boat has just started, sir," said a boatman; "and she won't be back for half an hour good."

"Then I shall lose the mail!" exclaimed the gentleman, in a tone of intense vexation.

"I can row you across, sir, in time to catch her."

"Out with your boat sharp then, my man?"

"All right, sir—she'll be ready in two minutes."

The traveller watched the adjusting of the gear and launching of the boat with a curious impatience. He was a young fellow of about twenty-two, tall, handsome, and full of health. He had never overworked his brain, and was not given to nervous fancies, yet at that moment he was filled with an ugly foreboding that the loss of the ferry-boat would bring misfortune.

"And I rode so hard to catch it!" he said to himself.

This mental ejaculation increased the strange anxiety within him, and his feverish desire to hurry across the river grew stronger.

"How long the fellow is!" he cried. "His two minutes are growing to ten."

He took out his watch, and was observing with wonder that only three minutes had elapsed, when a quick step made him look round. Then he started and turned away suddenly, with a flush rising on his face.

"It is the same queer customer that I out-raced on the road. By jove, the fellow can't be going into Cornwall too!"