

GREEN JACKETS

"But they will probably wait till dark before starting."

"They will unless they're stark mad," said Renoux, hurrying out to the southern borders of the wood. But no sooner had he arrived on the edge of the open swale country than he uttered an exclamation of rage and disgust, and threw up his hands helplessly.

It was perfectly plain to the others what was happening—and what now could not be prevented.

There lay the big, swift power boat, still at anchor; there stood the ramshackle wharf and boat-house. But already a boat had put off from the larger craft and was being rowed parallel with the shore toward the mouth of a marshy creek.

Two men were rowing; a third steered.

But what had suddenly upset Renoux was the sight of a line of green jackets threading the marsh to the north, led by Skeel, who was already exchanging handkerchief signals with the men in the boat.

Renoux glanced at his prey escaping to, an avenue of which he had no previous knowledge. It was death to go out into the open with pistols and face the fire of half a dozen rifles. No man there had any delusions concerning that.

Souchez had field-glasses slung around his neck. Renoux took them, gazed at the receding boat, set his teeth hard.

"Ferez!" he growled.

"What!" exclaimed Westmore, turning a violent red.

"The man steering is Ferez Bey." Renoux handed the binoculars to Westmore with a shrug.

Barres, bending double, had gone out into the swale. A thicket of cat-tails screened him and he advanced very carefully, keeping his eyes on the green-jacketed