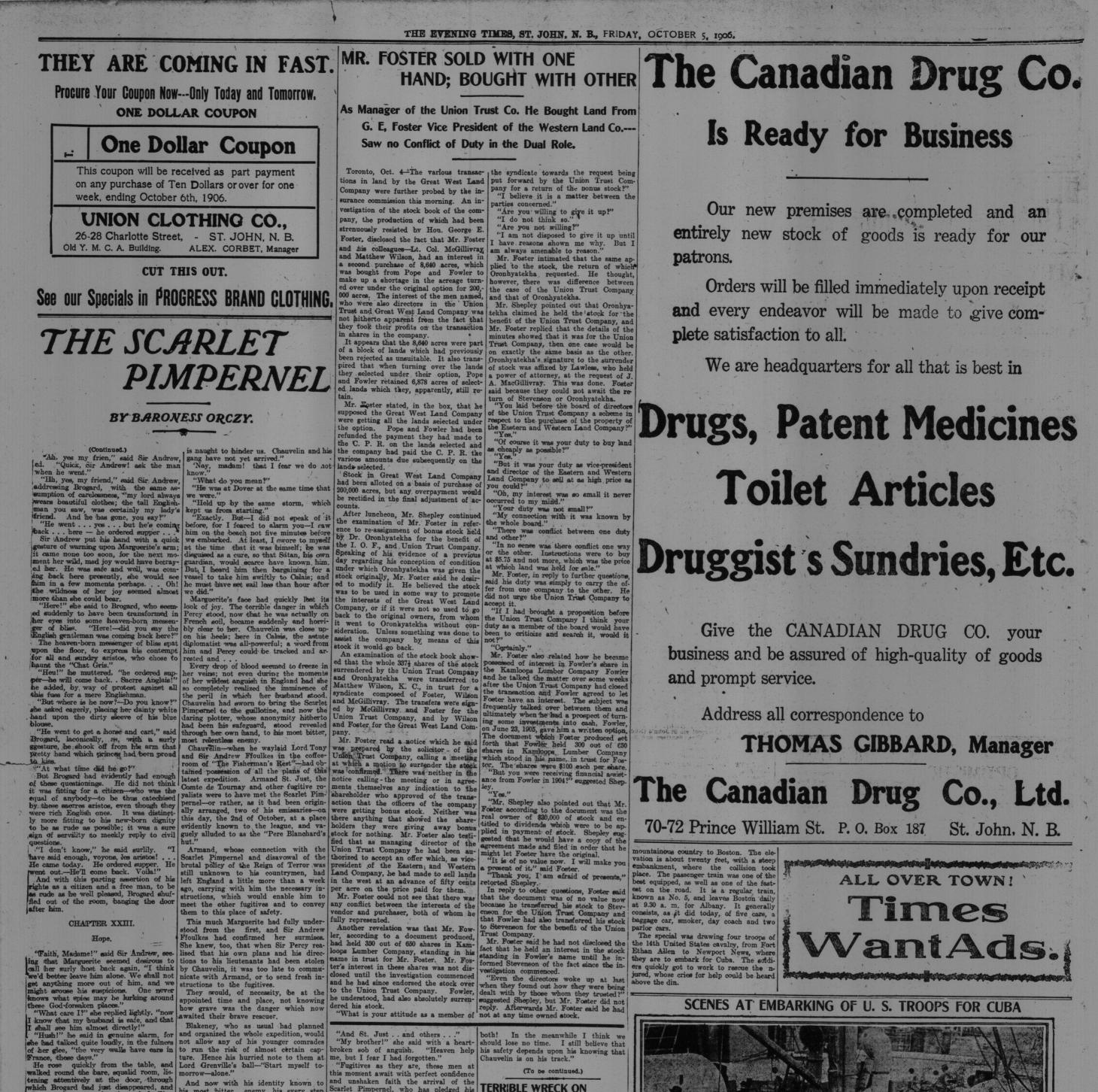
MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT



the tailed quite loudly, in the funces in the spine, the work of a most certain capture. Hence his hurried note to them at the decays."
fe rose quickly from the table, and the back, equalit from, listing attentively at the door, through the back duard bias peaked that prove along. Monstour, my Langury?"
And now with his identity known to its most bitter enemy, his every step to the table duard bit the pack. The work is a possible? The metrew at the more set down beside her. "May talk?"
The mickety steps that led to the at the value of the pack. There was but one hour—the hours tat which Marguerite and Sir Andrew, are not load is on the beach, the Foam Crest it would be table and.
The there was that one hour.
The the work has not landed yet," she said.
The met half hour penhaps. Sure! there was that one hour.
We have not landed yet," she said it.
We have not landed yet," she said.
We have not landed yet," she said.
We have on the beach, the foam Crest it. "When has not landed yet," she said.
We have have done due the dead or to the has far to a lander of the same start and with general was with he companion and daring of has she to condow the place.
Ke have not landed yet," she said.
We have have have not landed yet," she said.
We have have have not landed yet," she said.
We have have have have not landed yet, "Faith, man! but you wear a glum face! As for me, I could dance with joy! Sure-ly there is no longer any cause for fear. Our boat is on the beach, the Foam Orest not two miles out at sea, and my husband will be here, under this very roof, within the next half hour perhaps. Sure! there



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estly, "and on landing will make straight for it." "He has not landed yet," she said, "we have an hour's start of him, and Percy will be here directly. We shall be in mid-Channel ere Chauvelin has rea-lised that we have slipped through his Generative Percy Blackney would not be the trusted, honored leader of a score of Eng-lish gentlemen," said Sir Andrew, proud-ly, "if he abandoned those who placed their trust in him. As for breaking his word, the very thought is preposterous!" There was silence for a moment or two.

be in mid-Channel ere Chauvelin has reatlised that we have alipped through his fingers."
She spoke excitedly and eagerly, wish in the spoke into her young friend some of that buoyant hope, which still clum, back and an as letting the tears slowly trickle through her trembling fingers. The spoke excited looks of gun?"
"Silent again, Sir Andrew?" ahe said with some impatience. "Why do you shake your head and look so glum?"
"Silent again, Sir Andrew?" ahe said with some impatience. "Why do you shake your head and look so glum?"
"Faith, Madame," he replied, "tis only on the south of the own rash at the planged them all. He knew his friem al leaders or well, with his reckless daring, his mad bravery, his worship of his own word of honor. Sir Andrew have that Blakeney would brare any danger, run the wildest risks sooner than break would make a final attempt, however destor that so tot hod?"
"What in the world do you mean?" she added with more impatience. "Ta tands six foot odd high," replied Sir Andrew, quietly, "and hath name Percy Blakeney."
"Ta don't understand," she murmured.
"You mean . . ?"
"The Conte . . . ?" ahe murmured.

and prompt service.

Address all correspondence to

THOMAS GIBBARD, Manager

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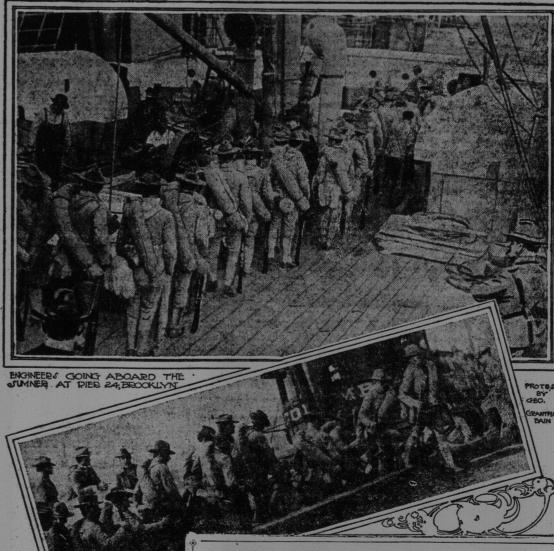
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SCENES AT EMBARKING OF U.S. TROOPS FOR CUBA



TUG WITH ENGINEERS ON BOARD ARRIVING AT THE PIER FROM THE PENN. RAILROAD

THE TEARFUL EDITOR Editing a newspaper is a nice thing. If at the office we ought to be looking for ve publish jokes people say we are rattle- news ite brained. If we don't we are fossils. If not attending to business. If we wear ald brained. If we don't we are fossils. If we publish original matter they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to ch we are heathens. If we do go to an exchange So we did -- McCune Heral

BOSTON AND MAINE LINE

train and a military special on the Boston & Maine railroad, three miles north of

Troy shortly before 5 o'clock today. The

W. VanFassett and wife, Boston, s

y burned. Frank Belcher, Medford (Mass.), head cut and both legs fractured. Geo. D. Stevens, Winchester (Mass.), compound fracture of ankle, and arm smashed.

