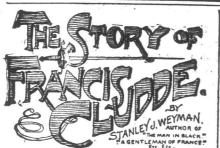
## N CANAL.

Times has a three osed ship canal to ific oceans through a. The article is in, a correspondent nes to Nicaragua vernment commisin order to report plans of the Marilicaragua and the Company. In Ni-the U.S. commishave thoroughly nter-oceanic water onclusion that the through as a pri it must be under brong government ust be the United

ent is convinced, cutting the sugnearer \$150,000,000 inuing, Mr. Colqnthe political as-inications are said the British and ts and no objec. In any case it the Clayton-Bulonnection between by a ship canal have to be neuas the Suez canal the bill recently States senate i acquire control of tter which con-States, but the especially Great bstacles hindering ment itself in un on, it would have The work is so transcendant, and e so vast and comremoved from the brise, affected as it or fluctuations of ade of the govern-Costa Rica. pected the route of gh the Isthmus of that, even if it is -third of the work that it would cost to complete it. He and the Culebra ma canal plans as ostacles to the com

# STERERS.

ct. 30.-There now that the two boats Cubans, and two board thirty-two unition which were by the steamship ere yesterday, com headed by Carlos is said to have left October 20. The made their way h New York State boats which were da. The latter is a y J. B Kerr & Co., en the Laurada Cuba the men asked to be allowed ly did so near Guan ober 27. Among Idition to Cespedes Jose Lopez, Lieut. Serfina, Martinez numbers of others. air is that over 100 ition which landed cases of arms were. ers, rifles and mahat<sup>\*</sup>the Cubans had ition with them in tridges and medi r of the expedition. dent of the Cuban



[Copyright, 1891, by Cassell Publishing Co. All rights reserved.]

#### [CONTINUED.] CHAPTER XIII.

Only to feel that we were moving was a relief, though our march was very slow. Master Bertie carried the child slung in a cloak before him, and thus burdened could not well go beyond a smooth amble, while the guides, who were on foot, and the pack horses found this pace as much as they could manage. A little while, and the exhilaration of the start died away. The fine morning was followed by a wet evening, and before we had left Emmerich three miles behind us Master Bertie and I had come to look at one another meaning-We were moving in a dreary, silent cession through heavy rain, with the prospect of the night closing in early. The road, too, grew more heavy with each furlong and presently began to be covered with pools of water. We tried to avoid this inconvenience by resorting to the hill slopes on our left, but found the attempt a waste of time, as a deep stream or back water, bordered by marshes, intervened. The narrow road, raised but little above the level of the swiftly flowing river on our right, turned out to be our only possible path, and when Master Bertie discerned this his face grew more and more grave. We soon found indeed as we plodded along that a sheet of water, which palely reflected the evening light, was taking the place of the road, and through this we had to plash and plash at a snail's pace, one of the guides on a pack horse leading ed. the way and Master Bertie in charge of his wife coming next; then, at some distance, for her horse did not take kindly to I never understood, but somehow, splash the water, the younger woman followed in my care. The other guide brought up the rear. In this way, stopped constantly by the fears of the horses, which were scared by the expanse of flood before them, we crept wearily on until the moon rose. It brought, alas! an access of light, but no comfort. The water seemed continually to grow deeper, the current on our right swifter, and each moment I dreaded the announcement that farther advance was impossible. It seemed to have come to that at last, for I saw the duchess and her husband

stop and stand waiting for me, their dark shadows projected far over the moonlit sur-Master Bertie hesitated, but he, too

"What is to be done?" Master Bertie called out as we moved up to them. "The guide tells me that there is a broken piece of road in front which will be impassable with this depth of water.' I had expected to hear this, yet I was so

dumfounded-for, this being true, we were lost indeed-that for a time I could not answer. No one had uttered a word of reproach, but I knew what they must be thinking. I had brought them to this. It was my foolish insistence had done it. The poor beast under me shivered. I struck him with my heels. "We must go forward!" I said desperately. "Or what? What do you think? Go back?"

"Steady, steady, Master Knight Errant!" the duchess cried in her calm, brave voice. "I never knew you so bad a counselor before!"

'It is my fault that you are here,'' said, looking dismally around.

'Perhaps the other road is as bad, horse stopped suddenly with its fore feet Master Bertie replied. "At any rate, that spread out on the edge of the stream, and is past and gone. The question is, What his dark face grew darker as he saw the are we to do now? To remain here is to swirling eddies and me standing fronting him in the moonlight with my sword out. die of cold and misery. To go back may are quite sure," she said, pressing me anxiously for confirmation, "that it was be to run into the enemy's arms. To go He discerned at once, I think, the strength forward"of my position. Where I stood the water "Will be to be drowned!" Mistress Anne was scarcely over my horse's fetlocks. he! cried, with a pitiful sob. Where he stood it was over his horse's "Yes, but I am not sure that he I could not blame her. A more gloomy dead," I explained. knees, and between us it flowed nearly four feet deep. 'You seem to bear a charmed life youroutlook than curs, as we sat on our jaded self," she said. horses in the middle of this waste of wa-He held a hasty parley with his companions, and then he hailed me. ters, which appeared in the moonlight to "Will "Do not say that to the lad. It is unbe boundless, could scarcely be imagined. you surrender?" he cried in English. "We The night was cold for the time of year, will give you quarter." and the keen wind pierced our garments "Surrender? To whom?" I said. "And why-why should I surrender? Are you and benumbed our limbs. At any moment the rain might begin afresh and the robbers and cutpurses?' moon be overcast. Of eurselves, we could suit?" "Surrender in the name of the emperor. "Not by that party tonight," I said rimly: "Nor I think tomorrow." "Good," he answered, "for I can see not take a step without danger, and our you fool!" he answered sternly and roughgrimly: guides had manifestly lost their heads and longed only to return. "I know nothing about the emperor!" Yet I am for going forward," the retorted. "What emperor? duchess urged. "If there be but this one "In the queen's name, then!" bad place, we may pass it with care." "The Duke of Cleves is queen here!" whatever the risk." We may," her husband assented dubicried, "and as the flood is rising," I add-He spoke gloomily, and with reason. ously. "But suppose when we have passed ed scornfully, "I would advise you to go Our position was a miserable, almost a it we can go no farther. Suppose the"home again. 'It is no good supposing!" she retorted, "You would advise, would you? Who with some sharpness. "Let us cross this are you?" he replied in a kind of wrathful our baggage, food, wraps. We had no place first, Richard, and we will deal with curiosity. guides, and we were in the midst of a the other when we come to it." I gave him no answer. I have often He nodded assent, and we moved slowly since reflected, with a fuller knowledge of forward, compelling the guides to go first. certain facts, that no stranger interview In this order we waded some hundred ever took place than this short colloquy yards through water which grew deeper between us; that no stranger fight ever church, seemed to have collapsed entirely. with each step, until it rose nearly to our was fought than that which we contem-I remembered afterward that I did not girths. Then the lads stopped. plated as we stood there bathed in the Are we over?" said the duchess eagerly. once hear her speak that night. The duch-May moonlight, with the water all round ess tried to maintain our spirits and her For answer one of them pointed to the us and the cold sky above. A strange flood before him, and peering forward I fight indeed it would have been between made out a current, sweeping silently and him and me had it ever come to the sword's swiftly across our path-a current with an point! watch, but by morning-it was a long ominous rush and swirl. But this was what happened, His last night, and a bitter one-we were worn 'Over?'' grunted Master Bertie. "No; words had scarcely rung out when my out and slept despite our misery. this is the place. See, the road has given We horse began to quiver under me and sway should have been surprised and captured way, and the stream is pouring through backward and forward. I had just time without a blow if the enemy had come from the river. I expect it is getting to take the alarm when the poor beast upon us then. worse every minute as the banks crumsank down and rolled gently over, leaving I awoke with a start to find the gray me bestriding its body, my feet in the walight of a raw, misty merning falling up-We all craned forward, looking at it. It ter. Whatever the cause of this, I had to on and showing up our wretched group. was impossible to say how deep the water disentangle myself, and that quickly, for The duchess' head was hidden in her was, or how far the deep part might exthe four men opposite me, seeing me discloak, her husband's had sunk on his tend, and we had with us a child and two mounted, plunged with a cry of triumph breast, but Mistress Anne-I looked at women. into the water and began to flounder her and shuddered. Had she sat so all 'We must go back!'' said Master Bertie across. Without more ado I stepped for- night-sat staring with that stony face resolutely. "There is no doubt about it. ward to keep the ford. of pain and those tearless eyes on the The flood is rising. If we do not take The foremost and nearest to me was moonlight, on the darkness which had care, we shall be cut off and be able to go Clarence, whose horse began, half way been before the dawn, on the cold first neither backward nor forward. I cannot across, to swim. It was still scrambling rays of morning? Stared on all alike and see a foot of dry land, as it is, before or to regain its footing when it came within een none? I shuddered and peered at her, behind us.' my reach, and I slashed it cruelly across alarmed, doubtful, wondering, asking He was right. Far and wide, wherever the nostrils. It turned in an instant on myself what this was that had happened our eyes could reach, the moonlight was its side: I saw the rider's face gleam to her. Had fear and cold killed her or reflected in a sheet of water. We were white in the water. His stirrup shone a turned her brain? "Anne!" I said timidnearly up to our girths in water. On one moment as the horse rolled over; then in ly, "Anne!" side was the hurrying river; on the other second the two were gone down the She did not answer nor turn, nor did were the treacherous depths of the backthe fixed gaze of her eyes waver. I thought stream. It was done so easily, so quickly, water. I asked the guide as well as I it amazed me. One gone, hurrah! I she did not hear "Anne!" I cried again. could whether the road was good beyond. turned quickly to the others, who were so loudly that the duchess stirred and He answered that he did not know. He about landing. My blood was fired, and muttered something in her sleep. But the and his companion were so terrified that my yell of victory, as I dashed at them, girl showed no sign of consciousness. I we only kept them beside us by threats. ed back two of the horses. Despite put out my hand and touched her. I fear we must go back," I said, astheir riders' urging, they turned and She turned sharply and saw me and in senting sorrowfully. scrambled out on the side from which they an instant drew her skirt away with a Even the duchess agreed, and we were had entered. Only one was left-the fargesture of such dread, loathing repulsion in the act of turning to retrace our steps thest from me. He got across indeed, yet as froze me, while a violent shudder conwith what spirit we might when a dishe was the most unlucky of all, for his vulsed her whole frame. Afterward she tant sound brought us all to a standstill horse stumbled on landing, came down seemed unable to withdraw her eyes from again. The wind was blowing from the heavily on its head and flung him at my me, but sat in the same attitude, gazing quarter whence we had come-from Emvery feet. at me with a fixed look of horror, as one merich-and it brought to us the sound It was no time for quarter-I had to might gaze at a serpent, while tremor of voices. We all stopped to listen. Yes; think of my friends-and while with one after tremor shook her. ther were voices we heard-loud, strident hand I seized the flying rein as the horse I was frightened and puzzled and was the fields.

# THE VICTORIA SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31 1895

tones, mingled now with the sullen plash of horses tramping through the water. I looked at the duchess. Her face was pale, but her courage did not fail her. She understood in a trice that the danger we had so much dreaded was upon us; that we were followed, and the followers were at our heels, and she turned her horse round again. Without a word she spurred it back toward the deep part. I seized Anne's rein and followed, notwithstanding that

the poor girl in her terror would have resisted. Letting the guides go as they pleased, we four in a moment found ourselves abreast again, our horses craning over the stream, while we, with whip and spur, urged them on. In cold blood we should scarcely have

done it. Indeed, for a minute, as our steeds stumbled and recovered themselves and slid forward, only to draw back trembling-as the water rose above our boots or was flung by our fellows in our eyes, and all was flogging and scrambling and splashing-it seemed as if we were to be caught in a trap despite our resolve. But at last Master Bertie's horse took the plunge. His wife's followed, and both, partly floundering and partly swimming, set forward, snorting the while in fear. To my joy I saw them emerge safely not ten yards away, and shaking themselves stand comparatively high out of the water. "Come!" cried my lady imperatively as she turned in her saddle with a gesture of defiance. "Come! It is all right." Come indeed! I wanted nothing better,

for I was beside myself with passion. But, flog as I might, I could not get Anne's brute to take the plunge. The girl herself could give me no aid. Clinging to her addle, pale and half fainting, she could only beg me to leave her, crying out again and again in a terrified voice that she would be drowned. With her cry there suddenly mingled another-the hail of our pursuers as they sighted us. I could hear them drawing nearer, and I grew desperate. Luckily they could not make any speed in water so deep, and time was given me for one last furious effort. It succeed-My horse literally fell into the stream. It dragged Anne's after it. How we kept our seats, how they their footing,

ing and stumbling and blinded by the water dashed in our faces, we came out on the other side, where the duchess and her husband, too faithful to us to save themselves, had watched the struggle in an agony of suspense. I did but fling the girl's rein to Master Bertie, and then I wheeled my horse to the stream again. I had made up my mind what I must do. "Go on!" I cried, waving my hand with a gesture of farewell. "Go on! I can keep them here for awhile."

"Nonsense!" I heard the duchess cry, her voice high and shrill. "It is"-"Go on!" I cried. "Go on! Do not los moment, or it will be useless."

saw that this was the only chance. The Spaniards were on the brink of the stream now and must, if they passed it, overtake us easily. He hesitated, I have said, for a moment. Then he seized his wife's rein and drew her on, and I heard the three horses go splashing away through the flood. I threw a glance at them over my shoulder, bethinking me that I had not told the duchess my story, and that Sir Anthony and Petronilla would neverbut, pish! What was I thinking of? That was a thought for a woman. I had only

to harden my heart now and set my teeth together. My task was very simple indeed. I had just to keep these men-there were four-here as long as I could and if possible to stop Clarence's pursuit altogether.

For I had made no mistake. The first man to come up was Clarence-Clarence himself. He let fall a savage word as his

scrambled, trembling, to its feet, with the other I lunged twice at the rider as he half tried to rise, half tried to grasp at me. The second time I ran him through, and he screamed shrilly. In those days I was young and hotheaded, and I answered only by a shout of defiance as I flung myself into the saddle and dashed away through the water after my friends.

Voe victis! I had done enough to check the pursuit and yet escaped myself. If I could join the others again, what a triumph it would be! I had no guide, but neither had those in front of me, and luckily at this point a row of pollard willows defined the line between the road and the river. Keeping this on my right.

I made good way. The horse seemed strong under me, the water was shallow and appeared to be growing more so, and presently across the waste of flood I dis-



I slashed it cruelly across the nostrils cerned before me a dark, solitary tower, the tower seemingly of a church, for it was topped by a stumpy spire, which day-light would probably have shown to be of wood. There was a little dry ground round

the church, a mere patch in a sea of water, but my horse rang its hoofs on it with every sign of joy and arched its neck as it trotted up to the neighborhood of the church, whinnying with pleasure. From the back of the building, I was not surprised, came an answering neigh. As I pulled up a man, his weapon in his hand, came from the porch, and a woman followed him. I called to them gayly. fancied you would be here the moment I saw the church!" I said sliding to the ground.

"Thank heaven you are safe!" the duchess answered, and to my astonishment she flung her arms round my neck and kissed "What has happened?" she asked, ooking in my eyes, her own full of tears. "I think I have stopped them," I anwered, turning suddenly shy, though, ooylike, I had been longing a few minutes

before to talk of my victory. "They tried Well, well!' to cross, and"-I had not sheathed my sword. Master Bertie caught my wrist, and lifting the

wered, the duchess remaining silent. blade looked at it. "So, so!" he said nodding. "Are you hurt?" "Not touched!" I answered. Before more was said he compelled his wife to go back into the porch. The wind blew keenly across the open ground, and we were all wet and shivering. When we had fastened up the horses, we followed her. The door of the church was locked, it seemed,

"But what else can we do?" I said. "It impossible to go back."

and the porch afforded the best shelter to be had. Its upper part was of open woodwork and freely admitted the wind, but wide eaves projected over these openings and over the door, so that at least it was dry within. By huddling together on the we might hit a road leading to Santon, floor against the windward side we got three leagues distant. Should we go to some protection. I hastily told what had Santon after all? The farmer thought the fields. Quick, madam!", I continued to

happened, "'So Clarence is gone!'' My lady's voice as she said the words trembled, but not in sorrow or pity, as I judged—rather in relief. Her dread and hatred of the man were strange and terrible, and so seemed to me then. Afterward I learned that something had passed between them which made almost natural such feelings on her part and made natural also a bitter resentment on his. But of that no more. "You isks!" it said.

still staring at i.er, wondering what I had done, when a foot tep on the road outside called away my attention. I turned from her to see a man's figure looming dark in the doorway. He looked at us-I suppose he had found the horses outside-gazing in surprise at the queer group. I bade him good morning in Dutch, and he answered as well as his astonishment would let him. He was a short, stout fellow, with a big face, capable of expressing a good deal of astonishment. He seemed to be a peasant or farmer. "What do you

me, give a sudden cry.

horse carried him among them almost be

fore he could check it, or so it seemed to

me. I heard their loud challenge, saw his

arm wave and guessed that his sword was

out. I spurred desperately to join him,

giving a wild shout of encouragement as I

did so. But before I could come up, or in-

deed cross half the distance, the scuffle

was over. One man fell headlong from

his saddle, one horse fled riderless down

the road, and at sight of this, or perhaps

of me, the others turned tail without more

ado and made off, leaving Master Bertie

in possession of the field. The whole thing

had passed in the shadow of the wood in

less than half a minute. When I drew

"Not a Spaniard?" Master Bertie said

Before I answered I raised the man in

"Mas-

"How is that?"

We are lost, man!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"We must get into the town!" I cried

here?" he continued, his guttural phrases tolerably intelligible to me. I explained as clearly as I could that we were on the way to Wesel. Then I awoke the duchess and her husband, and stretching our chilled and aching limbs we went outside, the man still gazing at us. Alas! the day was not much better

than the night. We could see but a very little way, a couple of hundred yards round us only. The rest was mist-all mist. We appealed to the man for food and shelter, and he nodded, and obeying his signs rather than his words we kicked up our starved beasts and plodded out into the fog by his side. Anne mounted siently and without objection, but it was plain something strange had happened to her. Her condition was unnatural. The duchess gazed at her very anxiously, and getting no answers or very scanty ones to her questions shook her head gravely.

rein by him, he was sheathing his sword. But we were on the verge of one pleas-ure at least. When we reached the hos-'Is it Clarence?'' I cried eagerly. "No, no, I did not see him. I think pitable kitchen of the farmhouse, it was not," he answered. He was breathing joy indeed to stand before the great turf hard and was very much excited. "They fire and feel the heat stealing into our half were poor swordsmen, for Spaniards," he frozen bodies, to turn and warm back and added-"very poor, I thought." front, while the good wife set bread and I jumped off my horse, and kneeling be-

hot milk before us. How differently we side the man turned him over. He was three felt in half an hour! How the duchbadly hurt, if not dying, cut across the ess' eyes shone once more! How easily neck. We looked hard at him by such rose the laugh to our lips! Joy had indeed light as there was and did not recognize come with the morning. To be warm and him as one of our assailants of the night dry and well fed after being cold and wet before and hungry-what a thing this is! "I do not think he is a Spaniard," I

But on one neither food nor warmth said slowly. Then a certain suspicion oceemed to have any effect. Mistress Anne curred to my mind, and I stooped lower lid indeed, in obedience to my lady's over him. sharp words, raise her bowl to her lips, but she set it down quickly and sat lookstupidly. ing in dull apathy at the glowing peat. What had come over her? my arms, and carrying him carefully to

Master Bertie went out with the farmer the side of the road set him with his back co attend to the horses, and when he came to a tree. Then I got quickly on my horse. back he had news. The women were just coming up.

"There is a lad here," he said in some ter Bertie," I said in a low voice as I excitement, "who has just seen three forlooked this way and that to see if the eigners ride past on the road, along with two Germans on pack horses—five in all. alarm had spread, "I am afraid there is a mistake. But say nothing to them. It They must be three of the party who fol- is one of the town guard you have killed!' lowed us yesterday.'

One of the town guard!" he cried, a I whistled. "Then Clarence got himself light bursting in on him, and the reins dropping from his hand. "What shall we out," I said, shrugging my shoulders. "I expect that is so," Master Bertie an-

'The question arises again, What is to be What was to be done? That was the uestion, and a terrible question it was. lone?" he continued. "We may follow them to Wesel, but the good man says the Behind us we had the inhospitable counfloods are deep between here and the town, try, dark and dreary, the night wind and we shall have Clarence and his party sweeping over it. In front, where the lights twinkled and the smoke of the town before us all the way-shall perhaps run straight into their arms." went up, we were like to meet with a

savage reception. And it was no time for weighing alternatives. The choice had to be made-made in a moment. I marvel

We held a long conference, and by much questioning of our host learned that half | to this day at the quickness with which I league away was a ferryboat, which made it for good or ill. could carry as many as two horses over the river at a time. On the farther side imperatively, "and before the alarm is given. It is hopeless to fly, Master Bertie, and we cannot spend another night in the roads on that side of the river might net the duchess as she came up. I did not be flooded. We should then be in touch wait to hear his opinion, for I saw he was once more with our Dutch friends and stunned by the catastrophe. "We have night profit by Master Lindstrom's ad- hurt one of the town guard through a ice, on which I, for one, was now in-

mistake. We must get through the gate lined to set a higher value. before it is discovered!' The river is bank full. Are you sure I seized her rein and flogged up her the ferryboat can cross?" I asked. Our host was not certain, and thereupon an

horse and gave her no time to ask questions, but urged on the party at a hard unexpected voice struck in. gallop until the gate was reached. The "Oh, dear, do not let us run any more attempt, I knew, was desperate, for the It was Mi

The importance of securing admits. sion was so great that Master Bertie and agreed and cantered on, soon outstripping our companions, and almost, in the gloom losing sight of them. Dark masses of woods, the last remnants apparently of a forest, lay about the road we had to trav-FOR erse. We were passing one of these, scarcely 300 paces short of the town, and I was 'KACHE Bn. turning in the saddle to see that the ladies were following: safely, when I heard Mas-RHEUMA, ter Bertie, who was a bowshot in front of UMBAGO I wheeled round hastily to learn the rea-EURALGIA son and was just in time to see three horse men sweep into the read before him from the cover of the trees. They were so close to him-and they filled the road-that his

> my eyes lis on an open doorway close to brazier and halme, and close also to the loorway, beetle bert. It was a low stone . browed, with a coat of arms carved over it. I saw in an instant that it must lead to the tower above us-the atehouseand I sprang from my horse, an 'resh yell Isaw from the houses hailing the act. that, if we were to gain a money nt for parleying, we must take refuge then do not know how I did it, but someho made myself understood by the others an 'd got the women off their horses and dragged Mistress Anne inside, where at ence we both fell in the darkness over the lower steps of a spiral staircase. This hindered the duchess, who was following, and I heard a scuffle taking place behind us. But in that confined space—the stair-case was very narrow—I could give no help. I could only stumble upward, dragging the fainting girl after me, until we emerged through an open doorway at the top into a room. What kind of room L did not notice then, only that it was empty. Notice! It was no time for taking notice. The bell was clanging louder and louder outside. The mob were yelling like hounds in sight of their quarry. The shouts, the confused cries and threats and questions deafened me. I turned to learn what was happening behind me. The other two had not come up.

I felt my way down again, one hand on the central pillar, my shoulder against the outside wall. The stair foot was faintly lit by the glow from outside, and on the bottom step I came on some one, hurt or dead, just a dark mass at my feet. It was Master Bertie. I gave a cry and leaped over his body. The duchess, brave wife, was standing before him, the halbert which she had snatched up presented at the doorway, and the howling mob outside.

Fortunately the crowd had not yet learned how few we were, nor saw, I think, that it was but a woman who confronted them. To rush into the low door way and storm the narrow winding staircase in the face of unknown numbers was a task from which the bravest veterans might have flinched, and the townsfolk, furious as they were, hung back. I took advantage of the pause. I grasped the halbert myself and pushed the duchess "Drag him up!" I muttered. "If back. you cannot manage it, call Anne!"

But grief and hard necessity gave her strength, and despite the noise in front of me I heard her toil panting up with her burden. When I judged she had reached the room above, I, too, turned and ran up after her, posting myself in the last angle just below the room. There I was sheltered from missiles by the turn in the staircase and was further protected by the darkness. Now I could hold the way with little risk, for only one could come up at a time, and he would be a brave man who should storm the stairs in my teeth.

All this, I remember, was done in a kind of desperate frenzy in haste and confusion. with no plan or final purpose, but simply out of the instinct of self preservation, which led me to do, from moment to moment, what I could to save our lives. I did not know whether there was anothe staircase to the tower, nor whether there were enemies above us, whether indeed enemies might not swarm in on us from a dozen entrances. I had no time to think of more than just this-that my staircase, of which I did know, must be held. I think I had stood there about a minute, breathing hard and listening to the din outside, which came to my ears a little softened by the thick walls round me -so much softened, at least, that I could hear my heart beating in the midst of itwhen the duchess came back to the door above. I could see her, there being a certain amount of light in the room behind her, but she could not see me. "What can I do?" she asked softly.



government, and where he was eduk of general in the

### ATTERS.

-Captain Hooper, nd of the revenue sa, has been ordered piration of his thirty Captain Hooper will cretary Hamlin and eparation of sealing

in conference for norning with Sir r Mackenzie Bowell respecting the ar of adjusting and claims. After dis ersed without fixing ting. The statediscussion leaves elated, not directly laim just now, but mission to examine ns and recommend

stional social-the he new rector-was resterday evening. tion of a delightfu old-fashioned spellr's hearty laughter, would say "a'pol-Rev. Mr. Sweet awful indeed were hich he introduced re ladies and gen y faded away until but one, J. Forthe committee'e out his last oppon-illelah."

the form of down, the stalk petals of the flower in and the leaves

7th inst., the wife of field Avenue, of a

George street, on of G. C. Hinton, of

the 27th inst., Mrs. e of Michigan, U.S.,

6 Pioneer street, or lenry Scott, a native ged 63 years. he 25th October, 1895, A. Thistle, sister of

No years. the 24th instant, n, a native of North oc. aged 31 years.

and Stationery. New at the Couciest ( ffice-

"Hush!" cried her husband quickly.

lucky. But do you think," he continued -the porch was in darkness, and we could scarcely make out one another's faces-"that there is any further chance of pur-

nothing but water ahead, and it would be madness to go on by night without a guide. We must stay here until morning,

desperate one, even on the supposition that pursuit had ceased. We had lost all

118. flooded country, with two tender women and a baby, our only shelter the porch of God's house. Mistress Anne, who was crouching in the darkest corner next the

own, but in the face of cold, damp and hunger she could do little. Master Bertie and I took it by turns to keep a kind of

Anne's She was herself again, trembling, excited, bright eyed, as different as possible from the Anne of a few minutes before. A to surrender peaceably, if that were posgreat change had come over her. Perhaps the warmth had done it.

A third course was suggested-to stay | last. And fortune so far favored us that quietly where we were. The farmhouse stood at some little distance from the road, and though it was rough-it was very rough, consisting only of two rooms, in could furnish food and shelter. Why not | the archway and entered the street. stay there?

But the duchess wisely, I think, decided against this. "It is unpleasant to go wandering again," she said with a shiver. But I shall not rest until we are within the walls of a town. Master Lindstrom laid so much stress on that. And I fancy that the party who overtook us last night are not the main body. Others will have gone to Wesel by boat perhaps or along the other bank. There they will meet, and learning we have not arrived they will probably return this way and search for

'Clarence'

"Yes, if we have Clarence to deal with," Master Bertie assented gravely, "we cannot afford to lose a point. We will try the ferry.'

It was something gained to start dry and warm, but the women's pale facesfor little by little the fatigue, the want of rest, the fear, were telling even on the duchess-were sad to see. I was sore and stiff myself. The wound I had received so mysteriously had bled afresh, probably during last night's fight. We needed all our courage to put a brave face on the matter and bear up and go out again into the air, which for the first week in May was cold and nipping. Suspense and anxiety had told in various ways on all of us. While I felt a flerce anger against those who were driving us to these straits, Master Bertie was nervous and excited, alarmed for his wife and child and inclined to see an enemy in every bush.

However, we cheered up a little when we reached the ferry and found the boat could cross without much risk. We had to go over in two detachments, and it was nearly an hour past noon before we all stood on the farther bank and bade farewell to the honest soul whose help had been of so much importance to us. He told us we had three leagues to go, and we hoped to be at rest in Santon by 4 clock.

The three leagues turned out to be more early five, while the road was so founderous that we had again and again to quit it. The evening came on, the light waned, and still we were feeling our way, so to speak-the women tired and on the verge of tears, the men muddy to the waist, savage and impatient. It was 8 o'clock, and dusk was well upon us before we caught sight of the first lights of Santon, and in fear lest the gates might be shut pressed

forward at such speed as our horses could compass

DS.

""Do you go on!" the duchess adjured "Anne and I will be safe enough behind you. Let me take the child and do you ride on. We cannot pass the night in

two men who had escaped had ridden straight for the town, but I saw no other resource, and it seemed to me to be better sible, than to expose the women to another night of such cold and hunger as the

when we reached the gate it was open. Probably, the patrol having ridden through to get help, no one had thought fit to close it, and, no one withstanding one of which a cow was stalled-still it us, we spurred our sobbing horses under

It was a curious entry, and a curious cene we came upon. I remember now how strange it all looked. The houses, leaning forward in a dozen quaint forms, clear cut against the pale evening sky, caused a darkness as of a cavern in the narrow street below. Here and there in the midst of this darkness hung a lantern, which, making the gloom away from it seem deeper, lit up the things about it, throwing into flaring prominence some barred window with a scared face peering from it, some corner with a puddle, a

slinking dog, a broken flight of steps. Just within the gate stood a brazier full of glowing coal, and beside it a halbert rested against the wall. I divined that the watchman had run into the town with the riders, and I drew rein in doubt, listening and looking. I think if we had ridden straight on then all might have been well, or at least we might have been allowed to give ourselves up.

But we hesitated a moment and were lost. No doubt, though we saw but one there were a score of people watching us, who took us for four men, Master Bertie and I being in front, and these, judging from the boldness of our entry that there were more behind, concluded that this was a foray upon the town. At any rate, they took instant advantage of our pause. With a swift whir an iron pot came hurtling past me, and missing the duchess by a hand's breadth went clanking under the gatehouse. That served for a signal. In a moment an alarm of hostile cries rose all round us. An arrow whizzed between my horse's feet. Half a dozen odd mis-

siles, snatched up by hasty hands, came raining in on us out of the gloom. The town seemed to be rising as one man, A bell began to ring, and a hundred yards in front, where the street branched off to right and left, the way seemed suddenly alive from wall to wall with lights and voices and brandished arms, the gleam of steel and the babel of a furious crowd-a crowd making down toward us with a purpose we needed no German to inter-

It was a horrible moment, the more horrible that I had not expected this fury and was unnerved as well as taken aback by it. Remembering that I had brought my companions here, and that two were women, one was a child, I quailed. How could I protect them? There was no mistaking the stern meaning of those cries, of that rage so much surpassing anything I had feared. Though I did not know hat the man we had struck down was

bridegroom, and that there were those in the crowd in whose ears the young wife's piercing scream still rang, I yet quailed before their yells and curses. As I glanced round for a place of refuge

I answered by a question. "Is he alive?" I muttered.

"Yes, but hurt," she answered, struggling with a sob, with a fluttering of the woman's heart she had repressed so brave-"Much hurt, I fear! Oh, why, why ly. did we come here?"

She did not mean it as a reproach, but I took it as one and braced myself more firmly to meet this crisis-to save her at least if it should be any way possible. When she asked again, "Can I do anything?" I bade her take my pike and stand where I was for a moment. Since no enemy had yet made his appearance above the strength of our position seemed to hold out some hope, and it was the more essential that I should understand it and

know exactly what our chances were. I sprang up the stairs into the room and looked round, my eyes seeming to take in everything at once. It was a big bare room, with signs of habitation only in one corner. On the side toward the town was a long, low window, through which-a score of the diamond panes were broken already-the flare of the besiegers' torches fell luridly on the walls and vaulted roof. By the dull embers of a wood fire, over which hung a huge black pot, Master Bertie was lying on the boards, breathing loudly and painfully, his head pillowed on the duchess' kerchief. Beside him sat Mistress Anne, her face hidden, the child wailing in her lap.

A glance round assured me that there was no other staircase, and that on the side toward the country the wall was pierced with no window bigger than a loophole or an arrow slit, with no opening which even a boy could enter. For the present, therefore, unless the top of the tower should be escaladed from the adjacent houses-and I could do nothing to provide against that-we had nothing to fear except from the staircase and the window I have mentioned. Every moment, however, a missile or a shot crashed through the latter, adding the shiver of falling glass to the general din. No wonder the child wailed and the girl sank over it in abject terror. Those savage yells might well make a woman blanch. They carried more fear and dread to my heart than did the real danger of our position, desperate as it was.

(To be continued.)

MONTREAL, Oct. 28 -P. M. Sauvalle, for a number of years editor of La Patrie, has severed his connection with that journal and will be succeeded by George Langlois.