

AN CANAL.

Times has a three-... ship canal to... article is... a correspondent... to Nicaragua... government commis... in order to report... plans of the Mari... Nicaragua and the... Company. In Ni... the U.S. commis... have thoroughly... water-oceanic water... conclusion that the... through as a pri... it must be under... strong government... must be the United... is convinced... cutting the sug... nearer \$150,000,000... mining. Mr. Colqu... the political as... anizations are said... the British and... and no objec... in any case the... the Clayton-Bul... connection between... by a ship canal... have to be neu... the New York... States senate is... acquire control of... water which con... States, but the... especially Great... backed hindering... ment itself in un... it would have... The work is so... transcendent, and... so vast and com... removed from the... price, affected as... or fluctuations of... of the govern-... Costa Rica. I... pected the route of... of the New York... that, even if it is... be third of the work... that it would cost... to complete it. He... and the Cuba... canal plans as... details to the com...

STERREBS.

Oct. 30.—There now... the two boats... Cubans, and two... board thirty-two... unit which were... by the steamship... yesterday, com... headed by Carlos... said to have left... October 20. The... made their way... New York State... boats which were... The latter is a... J. B. Kerr & Co.,... when the Laurada... Cuba the men... asked to be allow... did so near Guan... October 27. Among... addition to Cespedes... Jose Lopez, Lieut... Serfina, Martinez... numbers of others... is that over 100... which landed... cases of arms were... here, rifles and ma... the Cubans had... with them in their... cartridges and med... of the expedition... of the Cuban... government, add... where he was edu... k of general in the...

MATTERS.

—Captain Hooper, and of the revenue... has been ordered... of his thirty... Captain Hooper will... secretary Hamlin and... preparation of sealing... In conference for... morning with Sir... Mackenzie Bowell... respecting the... of adjusting and... claims. After dis... without fixing... setting. The state... discussion leaves... related, not directly... claim just now, but... mission to examine... and recommend... national social—the... the new reform—was... yesterday evening... of delight and... old-fashioned spell... a hearty laughter... would say "a pol... Rev. Mr. Sweet... awful indeed, and... which he introduced... the ladies and gen... faded away until... left but one, J. For... of the committee's... out his last oppon... ally.

7th inst.

the wife of... of Avenue, of a... 5 George street, on... of G. C. Hinton, of... the 7th inst. Mrs... of Michigan, U.S.,... Pioneer street, on... Henry Scott, a native... aged 65 years... the 25th October, 1895... A. Thistle, sister of... 60 years... the 14th inst., Mr... a native of North... aged 51 years... and Stationer, New... at the Court of C. McC...

THE STORY OF... BY STANLEY WEYMAN

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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 with meaning. We were moving in a dreary, silent procession 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 taking 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 only one possible path, and when Master Bertie discovered 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 splash and splash as a small's pace. One of the guides on a pack horse leading the way and Master Bertie in charge of his wife coming next; then, at some distance, for her horse did not take kindly to my care. The other guide followed in my 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 surface.

"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, I was 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," I said, looking dismally around. "Perhaps the other road is as bad," Master Bertie replied. "At any rate, that is past and gone. The question is, What are we to do now? To remain here is to die of cold and misery. To go back may be to run into the enemy's arms. To go forward—"

"Will be to be drowned!" Mistress Anne cried, with a pitiful sob. "I did not know her. A more gloomy outlook than ours, as we sat on our jaded horses in the middle of this waste of waters, which appeared in the moonlight to be boundless, could scarcely be imagined. The night was cold for the time of year, and numbness on our limbs. At any moment the rain might begin afresh, and the moon be overcast. Of ourselves, we could not take a step without danger, and our guides had manifestly lost their heads and longed only to return. "Yet I am for going forward," the duchess urged. "If there be but this one bad place, we may pass it with care." "We may," her husband assented dubiously. "But suppose when we have passed it we can go no farther. Suppose the—" "It is no good supposing!" she retorted, with some sharpness. "Let us cross this place first, Richard, and we will deal with the other when we come to it." He nodded assent, and we moved slowly forward, compelling the guides to go first. In this order we waded some hundred yards through water which grew deeper with each step, until it rose nearly to our girths. Then the lady stopped. "Are we over?" said the duchess eagerly. "For answer give them the points to the flood before him, and peering forward I made out a current, sweeping silently and swiftly across our path—a current with an ominous rush and swirl. "Over!" grunted Master Bertie. "No, this is the place. See, the road has given way, and the stream is pouring through from the river. I expect it is getting worse every minute as the banks crumple."

We all craned forward, looking at it. It was impossible to say how deep the water was, or how far the deep part might extend, and we had with us a child and two women. "We must go back!" said Master Bertie resolutely. "There is no doubt about it. The flood is rising. If we do not take care, we shall be cut off, and be able to go neither backward nor forward. I cannot see a foot of dry land, as it is, before or behind us." He was right. Far and wide, wherever our eyes could reach, the moonlight was reflected in a sheet of water. We were nearly up to our girths in water. On one side was the hurrying river, and on the other were the treacherous depths of the back-water. I asked the guide as well as I could whether the road was good beyond. He answered that he did not know. He only kept his teeth bared as he said, "I fear we must go back," I said, assenting sorrowfully. Even the duchess agreed, and we were in the act of turning to retrace our steps when what spirit we might when a distant sound brought us all to a standstill. The wind was blowing from the quarter whence we had come—from Emmerich—and it brought to us the sound of voices. We all stopped to listen. A few more voices were heard—loud, strident

tones, mingled now with the sullen splash of horses tramping through the water. I looked at the duchess. Her face was pale, but her courage did not fall her. She unhesitatingly in a trice that the danger we had so much dreaded was upon us; that we were followed, and she turned her horse round on her heels, and she turned her horse round back toward the deep part. I seized Anne's hand 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 were crossing 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—we were flung by our fellows in our eyes, and all was flogging and scrambling and splashing—seemed as if we were to be plunged in a trap despite our resolve. But at last Master Bertie's horse broke the partly floundering and partly swimming, and sprang 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 imperiously 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, flug as I might, I could not get Anne's boots to take the plunge. The girl herself could give me no aid. Clinging to her saddle, 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, which I heard pursers 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 succeeded. My horse literally fell into the stream. It dragged Anne's hand, and I saw we kept our seats, how they footed. I never understood, but somehow, splashing 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 with 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 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."

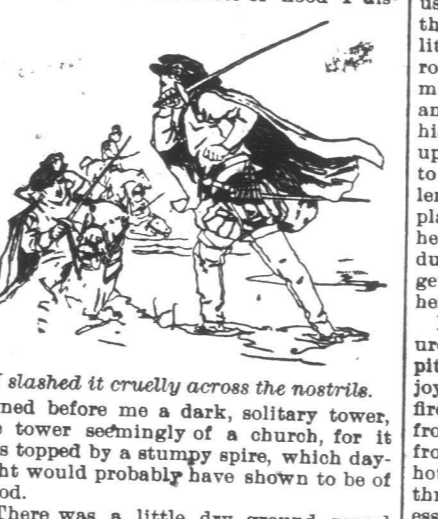
"Nonsense!" I heard the duchess cry, her voice high and shrill. "It is—"

"Go on!" I cried. "Go on! Do not lose a moment, or it will be useless." Master Bertie hesitated, but he, too, 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 never—

"Good!" I said, with a shiver. "That was a thought for a woman! I had only to harden my heart now and as a matter of course, my task was very simple indeed. I had just to keep them—and 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 horse stopped suddenly with its fore feet spread out on the edge of the stream, and his dark face grew darker as he saw the swirling eddies and mad whirls of water about him in the moonlight with my sword in his hand. He discerned at once, I think, the strength of my position. Where I stood the water was scarcely over my horse's fetlocks. Where he stood it was over his horse's knees, and between us it flowed nearly four feet deep. He held a hasty parley with his companions, and then he hailed me. "Will you surrender?" he cried in English. "Will you give your quarter?" "Surrender? To whom?" I said. "And why—why should I surrender? Are you robbers and outlaws?" "Surrender in the name of the emperor, you fool!" he answered sternly and roughly. "I know nothing about the emperor!" I retorted. "What emperor?" "The Duke of Cleves is queen here!" he cried, "and as the flood is rising," I added scornfully, "I would advise you to go home again."

"You would advise, would you? Who are you?" he replied in a kind of wrathful curiosity. I gave him no answer. I have often since reflected, with a fuller knowledge of certain facts, that no stranger intelliegever took place than this short colloquy between us; that no stranger fight ever fought than that which we contemplated as we stood there bathed in the May moonlight, with the water all round us and the cold sky above. The fight indeed it would have been between him and me had it ever come to the sword's point! But this was what happened. His last words had scarcely rung under when my horse began to quiver and me and away he backed and forward. I had just time to take the alarm when the poor beast sank down and rolled gently over, leaving me bestriding its body, my feet in the water. Whatever the cause of this, I had to disentangle myself, and that quickly, for the four men opposite me, seeing me dismounted, plunged with a cry of triumph into the water and began to founder across. Without more ado I stepped forward to keep the ford. The foremost and nearest to me was Clarence, whose horse began, half way across, to swim. It was still scrambling to regain its footing when I came within my reach, and I slashed it cruelly across the nostrils. It turned in an instant on its side. I saw the rider's face gleam white in the water. His stirrup flew a moment as the horse rolled over; then in a second the two were gone down the stream. It was done so easily, so quietly, it amazed me. One gone, hurrah! I turned quickly to the others, who were about landing. My blood was fired, and my yell of victory, as I dashed at them, scared back two of the horses. Despite their riders' urging, they turned and scrambled out on the side from which they had entered. Only one was left—the farthest from me. He got across indeed, yet he was the most unlucky of all, for his horse stumbled on landing, came down heavily on its head and flung him at my very feet. "It was no time for quarters," I had to think of my friends—and while with one hand I seized the flying rein and was

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 hot-headed, and I answered only by a shout of defiance as I flung my- through the water after my friends. "I've pursued! I had done enough to check the victor 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 I saw the light of the line between the right and the river. Keeping the horse steady, 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 dashed it cruelly across the nostrils, and he fell to the ground, a dark, solitary tower, the tower seemingly of a church, for it was topped by a stumpy spire, which daylight 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, a man in a dark coat, came an answering shout, which I pulled up a man, his weapon in his hand, came from the porch, and a woman followed him. I called to them gayly. "I 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 me. "What has happened?" she asked. "I had my eyes, her own full of tears. 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