

ACADIA UNIVERSITY WOLFVILLE - Nova Scotia. Department of Arts and Sciences. Applied Science, Theology, etc.

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The Stowaway By LOUIS TRACY. Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas." Copyright, 1909, by Edward J. Clode

[CONTINUED.]

As the urgent spirits the little band set out resolutely for the curral. Here they encountered no difficulty whatever.

"They met their first surprise when they tried to cross the road to the fort. Quite unexpectedly they blundered into a small picket stationed there, and the first intimation of danger was given by the startling challenge: 'Who goes there?'"

He looked around. The fight was ended almost as soon as it began. The soldiers, six in all, were on their backs in the roadway. Two of them were dead. The Italian sailor had been shot through the body and was twisting in his last agony.

"Why attempt to capture the citadel at all?" he asked. "Now that we can make sufficient display, is there any reason that we should not go straight for the launch?"

"I think it is a good suggestion," came the calm answer, "provided, that is, the launch is in the harbor."

A bell began to toll in the convict settlement. Lights appeared in many houses scattered over the seaward slope. Hozier, never for an instant forgetting Iris, saw that Marcel still remained with his leader. Under these new circumstances it certainly would be a piece of folly to send back until they were sure of the launch.

others on deck, or they sprawled over the hatch and wrought in frantic struggle in the narrow cabin. The fight did not last many seconds. An engineer, finding a lever and throttle valve, roared to a sailor to take the wheel, and already the launch was curving seaward when Hozier shouted: 'Where is Marcel?'"



THERE WAS NO MORE SHOOTING. MEN GRAPPLING AND FELL.

one other man who could have gone to her, was lying in the cabin with three ribs broken and his collar bone fractured.

CHAPTER X. WHEREIN CERTAIN PEOPLE MEET UNEXPECTEDLY.

IRIS came back from the void to find herself lying on a truckle bed in a dimly lighted hotel. She gazed up with uncomprehending eyes at two brown skinned women bending over her.

"One, the elder, was chafing her hands. The other, a tall, graceful girl, was stirring something in an earthenware vessel. 'When did she faint? How did I come here?' Iris asked."

"At last, with a muttered prayer, she went to the door and unfastened the stout wooden staple that prevented intruders from entering unbidden. Some one approached. 'Is that you, Manoel?' asked Luisa Gomes in a hushed voice. There was no answer. She would have closed the door, but a slim, active figure sprang across the threshold. She shrieked in terror. The newcomer was a Brazilian officer."

trembling, on the verge of tears, entered, and the door was closed behind him. 'I am the only man who escaped, mademoiselle. The others? Well, it is war, and war is a lottery.' 'Do you mean that they have been killed, all killed?' she murmured, with a piteous sob. 'I-I think so.' 'You think? Do you not know?'"

"It is so hard, mademoiselle, when one speaks these things in a strange tongue. Permit me to explain that which has arrived. We encountered a picket and surprised it. Having secured some weapons and accoutrements, we hastened to the quay, where was moored the little steamship. Unhappily she was crowded with soldiers. They fired, and there was a short fight. I was knocked down, and what do you call it—stunned—while one might count ten, I rose, half blinded, and what do I see? The vessel leaving the quay full of men engaged in combat, while just beyond the point a warship is signaling her arrival. It was a Brazilian warship, mademoiselle. She showed two red rockets, followed by a white one. It was only a matter of minutes before she met the little steamship. I tell you that it was bad luck, that—a vile blow. I was angry, yes, I stamp my foot and say foolish things. Then I run."

"Iris made no reply. She hid her face in her hands. She could frame no more questions. San Benavides was trying to tell her that Hozier and the rest had been overwhelmed by fate as the very instant escape seemed to be within reach. The Brazilian, probably because of difficulties that beset him in using a foreign language, did not make it clear that he had flung himself flat in the dust when he heard the order to fire given by some one on board the launch."

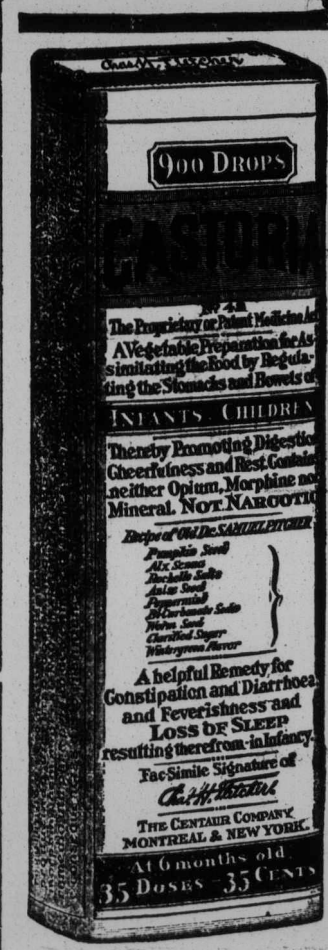
"Then the lightning of a woman's intuition pierced the abyss of despair. Surely there were curious blanks in this thrilling narrative. As was her way when thoroughly aroused, Iris stood up and seized San Benavides at most roughly by the arm. Her distraught eyes searched his face with pathetic earnestness. 'Why do you think that the launch did not get away?' she cried. 'It was dark. The moon might have been in shadow. If the launch met the warship and was seen there must have been firing.' 'Chere mademoiselle, there was much firing,' he protested. 'At sea?'"

"The words came dully. She was stricken again even more shrewdly. The gloom was closing in on her, yet she forced herself to drag the truth from his unwilling lips. 'Yes. Of course I could not wait there in that open place. I was compelled to seek shelter. Troops were running from town and citadel. I avoided them by a miracle. And my sole concern then was your safety.' 'Oh, my safety?' she wailed brokenly. 'How does it avail me that my friends should be slain? Why was I not with them? I would rather have died as they died than live in the knowledge that I was the cause of their death.'"

San Benavides essayed a confidential hand on her shoulder. She shrunk from him. He pursed amiably. 'Mademoiselle is profoundly unhappy. Under such circumstances one says things that are unmerited, is it not? If any one is to blame it is my wretched country, which cannot settle its political affairs without bloodshed. Ah, mademoiselle, I weep with you and tender you my most respectful homage.' A deluge of tropical rain beat on the hut with a sudden fury. Conversation at once became difficult, nearly impossible. Iris threw herself back on the trundle in a passion of grief that rivaled the outer tempest."

The girl, Manoela, weeping out of sympathy, crept to Iris' side and gently stroked her hair. Like her mother, she could only guess that the English lady's friends were captured, perhaps dead. Even her limited experience of life's vicissitudes had taught her what

N. B. MAN KILLED Bangor, Me., June 20—Gordon S. O'Donnell, of West Holden, has been killed in action in France. He came from New Brunswick six years ago and was the oldest son of the family of nine. He was 21 years of age.



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BOIESTOWN

Boiestown, June 24.—The recent heavy frost have done a serious damage to crops in this vicinity.

Mr. George Whelan and bride have returned from their wedding trip and are occupying their cottage on "The Flat."

Miss Bessie McDonald is spending part of her vacation the guest of her sister, Mrs. Murray McCloskey.

Mr. Quigley of Fredericton, is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Ryan. A son was recently born to Mr and Mrs. Willard Norrad at Halifax.

Ernie Parker was seriously injured by a horse on Saturday. Wm. Brown Jr. and Idelle Norrad are on the sick list this week.

The Presbyterians at Bloomfield are holding a picnic on Thursday in aid of the Manse Fund at Doaktown. The Fraser Co., had a horse killed

oon Clearwater during one of the recent thunder storms.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harris, Jr. returned home on Tuesday after a week's visit to relatives at McAdam.

Harold Kelly of Fredericton spent a few days last week with his sister, Mrs. V. J. Norrad.

Jas. S. Fairley and Fred Fairley were visitors to Fredericton on Tuesday.

Miss Christina Reid of Fredericton is spending her vacation at Hottville.

Mrs. Robert Ross of Hottville, was called to St. John on Thursday by the illness of her daughter.

Newton Smith of Parker's Ridge had the misfortune to have the ends of three of his fingers taken off in the mill on Friday.

Albert Smith is the week-end guest of Mr and Mrs Wm. Norrad.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Norrad are being congratulated on the birth of a son on Saturday.



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