

smashed him in the wind with a good stiff left, and he went down. I stood back, waiting for him to get up. He got his wind back all right, but instead of coming in, he tacked down the lane like a shot, showing a mighty fast pair of heels; and I was sorry I hadn't hammered his map, for he'd managed to graze me with his big-boned fist. I went after him, of course, mad clear through, but he seemed to know every foot of ground, and led me a merry chase. I had to drop him at the gate of a place lit up by lanterns as well as the moon, full of people, which I guessed was the garden party in full swing, and where he disappeared in the crowd. But I'll get him yet. When I got back to the hotel, the ladies had apparently retired, and you were sleeping as soundly as Justice in the land of the Czar."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "Potts tried to make himself solid with Miss M. at your expense just after she said good-bye to you last night, and got the cold shoulder for his pains. He was sore on you at first sight, anyway. I wonder, now, what was his scheme in approaching you as he did last night to get the locket?"

"I'll choke it out of him if I get my hands on him!" Jimmy growled, as we reached the boat-house. "He's a spiteful, nervy, dangerous chap, but I'll hammer some of the cheek and vanity out of him when I do catch him, or my name isn't James Carew!"

The yawning boy who had opened up the boat-house was awakened and interested by the sound of Jimmy's voice and the belligerence of his air. He viewed with awe the succession of long curves of J.'s superb muscular form as 'My Hero' stripped and slipped into a black silk swimming suit, and the juvenile gaze followed admiringly the athlete's titanic plunge off the float and the rhythmic strokes that carried the swimmer swiftly out into the bay.

The wharf lay nearer than the boat-house to the dam. The road from the boat-house ran along the high bank and just beyond the wharf. I was swimming near to the wharf, and Jimmy was many yards obliquely out from the boat-house, when the boy gave a cry of alarm. He was dancing about on the float, waving his arms.

"Hi, there!" he piped shrilly. "Dood Potts is goin' through your clothes!"

The tall figure of "Dood" Potts dashed through the doorway of the boat-house. As he passed he struck the boy, knocking him off the float and into the bay.

I swam for the shore by the wharf; and Jimmy, with an eye on the stunned and sinking boy, raced toward him through the placid bay at high speed. Jimmy employs the Trudgeon stroke, which he swims beautifully, with a long sweep and a good run.

As I climbed the bank Potts was coming at tip-top time down the road, his long legs fairly twinkling. I raced for him, and

stooped, with a low tackle in mind. But Potts had played Rugby in his callow days in Kent. As I reached for him, he leaned porary oblivion, of some villagers running over and swung a long arm viciously, like the man in the picture of the poem, "sabring the gunners there." His big-boned fist caught me over the eye, and I went down the bank.

I had a glimpse, ere I sank into tem toward the wharf, and of a bronzed and glistening athlete looming large over the horizon of the bank above me, running like a ship before the wind, with chest extended and a long, strong stride. And I knew that Retribution alias J. Carew, Esquire, was on tap at last.

CHAPTER VI.

The Gossip of Giggs.

When my senses got around to do business at the old stand, about the way a sleepy apprentice goes to work, the villagers, St. John Ambulance Corps and all, had apparently gone along on the heels of the merry chase, to pick up the wounded and lend first aid. But I had to take care of myself; there was no bright-eyed Trained Nurse to look after me; and in a listless fashion, for the bells in my belfry were all ringing and out of tune, I lagged back to the boat-house.

"Dood Potts must 'a sneaked in," said the boy, who was drying out his wardrobe on the boat-house roof. "I heard a jinglin' sound, like keys, an' somethin' drop; an' I looked round, and there was Dood Potts, in the boat-house, at Mr. Carew's clothes. Mr. Carew's pants an' belt, with a chain in it, was lyn' on the floor; an' Dood Potts had somethin' bright in his hand, like gold, that he was lookin' at. The sun come through the window, where he had climbed in, I guess, and shined on it. I jumped up an' says: 'Look out there!' I says, an' he looks round an' says: 'Dammy!' an' closes his hand on the shiny thing, an' wiggles a finger f'r me to come in. I says: 'Leave them things alone! They ain't yourn! 'F y' don't, I'll yell!' Nen he held up a dollar, an' I s'posed he swiped it, f'r he never offered me a plunk before, an' I never see him with one. I yelled, then, an' he looked ugly an' come pikin' out, an' swatted me over the lug, good an' hard, an' I went into the bay, an' it looked full o' stars. I never knowed you could see the sky that way, in the water, in the daytime. But Mr. Carew was comin' in, like one o' these new kind of ought-to boats, I guess, an' he fished me out; an' when I says I was all right, he lit up the road after Dood Potts. Gee, but he can swim! An' run, too. Potts can run, you bet, but I guess Mr. Carew 'll nail him all right. An' nen — say, I wouldn't like to be Dood Potts, big an' all,