



**Plot That Failed;
OR,
Love That Would
Not Be Denied.**

CHAPTER XXV.

Leicester had not much to complain of on the score of treatment from the captain and crew of the smuggler.

He went about his work silently, and with a certain dignity which repelled any advances on the part of his companions.

A year and some months passed wearily enough for Leicester, who hoped day by day for opportunity of escape.

But none presented itself, and at last he had almost determined to fling himself overboard, when the captain came one day to where he stood in the forecastle, and addressed him thus, in his Yankee drawl:

"Stranger, I guess we understand each other by this time?"

"I hope we do," said Leicester, moodily. "I am hoping that this accursed vessel will wreck some day," said Leicester, "and then—"

"And then what?" asked the captain.

"Then I may stand a chance," said Leicester, fiercely.

"So," said the Yankee, "that's the game, is it? Here!" and he called to two or three of the crew. "Clap this chap into irons."

The man came forward reluctantly, and Leicester, after a fierce struggle, was forced down upon the deck and heavily ironed.

Then he was hoisted and dragged to the mast, and lashed there, an example and a warning to all others, who might be inclined to be "obstreperous," as the captain said.

All this time the schooner was making to get clear of the Channel, which they hoped to reach before dawn on the morrow.

The crew, already favorably impressed by Leicester's conduct and his uncomplaining capability, were much aggrieved at this treatment.

The Yankee skipper appeared to take no notice of the complaints for some time, but when the dissatisfaction arrived at that point when the men declared they would not work the vessel while Leicester was tied up to the captain, with an oath, drew his revolver.

"Who says I mayn't do what I like on my own vessel?" he roared. "If there's one of you as wants an inch o' lead let him stand out!"

One man, a weather-beaten little fellow, whose face Leicester seemed to have remembered as having seen before he was carried on board, stepped forward and, with a savage sort of courage, stared the captain in the face.

"Wal, Stumpy," he said, "what have you got to say?"

"Why, this 'ere," said the courageous little fellow, "that it ain't the square thing to keep a man as does his duty and ain't shown no cheek skavered on the masthead."

The captain lowered his revolver. "If you've all o' ye set your minds upon having this yer tarnation mighty gentleman a dancin' round again, let him dance."

Here the men set up a shout, and Stumpy leaped forward and commenced knocking Leicester's irons off.

With a malicious spite the Yankee set Leicester—almost exhausted as he was—and Stumpy, his advocate, to the hardest tasks.

In spite of all efforts to keep the vessel from going coastward the schooner gradually but surely drifted toward a line of reefs, and the strain was too great on the rudder that the Yankee issued an order for bracing it.

Of course Stumpy and Leicester were told off, and without a moment's hesitation they seized the necessary ropes and commenced the perilous task.

Leicester expected every moment that he and his comrade in danger would be blown or buffeted overboard, and so kept a keen lookout for Stumpy and grasped a spar, upon which he knelt, with the determination of an already drowning man.

The result showed that his fears were well grounded.

Suddenly he missed from his side the small but courageous form of his comrade.

Stumpy had succumbed to the latest billow.

With a shout of "A man overboard!" he hung over the side and peered into the heaving deep.

Grasping the spar in both hands Leicester rose to his full height, and, amid a roar of warning and excitement from the crew, leaped into the sea.

The drowning man was very nearly finished by Leicester's well meant effort at rescue, for the spar just missed his head by a foot.

As it was, however, he seized it with a convulsive grasp, and the two men were once more together.

For a few moments the ship was lost to them.

They were pitched up and down, backward and forward, and the rain cutting their faces, and the cold numbing their hands.

Then it was that Leicester hit upon a means of securing them to the spar.

The rope which had been fastened to his waist still hung there, and he managed, by dint of sheer force, to drag it up, and drop it over the spar once or twice, at each turn passing it round the armpit of Stumpy or himself.

By this means they were completely entangled, and in a rough fashion lashed to the long piece of wood in which all their hopes of life rested.

Dawn broke at last, and the storm subsided; but long before then they were half unconscious and wholly numb.

When Leicester came to he found himself lying on his back, and the weather-beaten face of Stumpy over him.

He smiled, and the man groaned back in reply; but for quite an hour no words were spoken.

At the end of that time, when they had almost recovered from the exhaustion, Leicester struggled to his feet and approached Stumpy, who was sitting, hugging his knees, at a little distance on the beach.

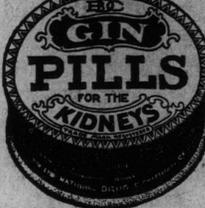
"Come," he said. "We are safe, thank Heaven! Cheer up! We must move on."

The man rose and looked at him, but although he nodded his head in assent he made no allusion to their late peril or made any attempt to thank his preserver.

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They scrambled up the beach for some little distance, then Stumpy nodded.

"It's no use of my going any further, sir; I can't proceed."

Leicester, fully appreciating the "sir," by which the man addressed him, stared in astonishment.

"Why not, man? We must go on! Why should you be afraid to go on? This is Ireland, you say. Do you fear anything from the people on the coast? Ah, I forgot," he added, as the remembrance of his comrade's occupation flashed on him. "You fear the coastguard!"

"That's it," said Stumpy. "I should be in quod in half an hour."

"But how should they know you?" asked Leicester. "You need not proclaim yourself."

"No need for that, sir," said Stumpy, with a grin. "Look here," and he pulled up the bottom of his trousers and showed Leicester a mark branded upon his leg.

Leicester colored in spite of himself.

"You are a convict!" he said.

"That's it, sir; I am," said Stumpy, "and what's more I haven't served my time. That's the mark of the chain-gang, and it will never come out of the first thing the guard will ask will be 'Show us your leg, mate, and then where am I?'"

Leicester thought for a moment deeply.

"All right," he said. "I've hit upon it. You get into that cave there, and I'll hasten up and hunt out some people. I can get some provisions, and will not be here until dark. We can creep away then and gain one of the towns."

So without waiting for any more objections or refusals, he hurried up the beach.

Stumpy crawled into the cave as he had been directed, and fell to nursing his knees, muttering:

"And to think as a gentleman should act like this to a hinfamous rogue like me! If I'd a known what he was like, if I wouldn't a spiked that villainous skipper and led a mutiny."

In a short time he heard voices, and peeping, saw Leicester coming down the beach accompanied by a crowd of people.

Stumpy at once concluded that Leicester had thought better of his generous offer to stand by him, and had sold him to the coastguard.

Therefore he kept in the cave until Leicester crawled in to him, and cried out, laughingly:

"Here's a pretty Irishman!" pointing to a peasant in a blue blouse and with an unmistakably French countenance. "Why, man, this isn't Ireland at all! We're on the coast of France!"

Stumpy's relief of mind at Leicester's intelligence that they were cast ashore in France instead of Ireland was intense, and he fell to and ate heartily of the food which Leicester had brought, but not until he had seen Leicester himself hard at work in a similar way.

The French peasants hung round them while they ate the bread and meat, and then were for taking them into the village to be examined by the notary.

But Leicester, after a moment's conference with Stumpy, told the simple people that he and his companion were very tired, and that they would prefer to rest a while before presenting themselves for examination.

The peasants, with true French politeness, immediately left them.

"Now," said Leicester, as the blue blouse disappeared round the corner, "we must give those good people the

slip, I suppose. Do you speak French?"

Stumpy shook his head. "The only furrin language I knowa, guy-nor, is a bit o' Spanish."

"Spanish!" said Leicester. "The very thing. I know enough of it to pass muster in a society where it is seldom spoken. Stumpy, I see it all. I must be a Spanish artist, a musician, and you—if you don't mind playing second fiddle—shall be my servant."

Then he decided to tell Stumpy his story; and a wronged man never had a more sympathetic listener.

When it grew dark the two stole along the beach, and entered a village some miles farther along the coast than that against which they had been cast up.

Leicester had a little money with him sewn in his canvas belt, and Stumpy, having received his wages on the day of the storm, was similarly supplied.

By dint of great economy and carefulness they reached Paris unharmed, and here Leicester, without loss of time, commenced to put his plans into execution.

At a broker's shop he purchased a capital wig of white, or rather iron-gray hair, invested in a pair of broad-rimmed spectacles at an optician's, and purchased at a ready-made tailor's a suit befitting an elderly foreigner of modest means.

Stumpy was accommodated with decent clothes, his long black locks well oiled and combed, and a small pair of gold rings set in his ears.

After waiting about a week in Paris to accustom themselves to their disguises the two sham Spaniards crossed to England.

Leicester took tickets, second class, for himself and Stumpy to Penruddic. They arrived at night, and boldly determined to put their disguises to the test.

Leicester marched slowly down to the "Blue Lion," Stumpy walking at his side and carrying a small valise.

"Can we have something to eat and drink?" asked Stumpy, in broken English.

Martha nodded irritably and waved her hand toward the parlor.

The two men entered.

Leicester looked round the room and selected himself in a distant corner.

A thrill of indignation ran through him as the door opened and Job entered, and he could scarcely refrain from springing at the wily little rogue and securing him at once.

But he was slightly mollified by observing on Job's face, as on that of all the others, a peculiar look of dissatisfaction and discontent.

Job eyed him and Stumpy with suspicious glances, and nodding to the others, took his old seat, calling as he did for some ale.

Presently Job rose to light his pipe, and instead of reseating himself in his old place dropped into a chair near Leicester.

(To be continued.)

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HINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GAIN-GET IN COWS.

Hockey League

PROPOSES CHARITY MATCH. In order to contribute towards the relief of the poor and distressed people of the city, the Hockey League are contemplating and have practically decided to give the proceeds of a game between the champion team and an aggregation from the other clubs.

The proposed game will come off before the season too far advances, probably the latter part of next week, and ought to prove of immense interest as it will be played under Canadian rules, that is: six a side, the Rover eliminated with three periods of twenty minutes each. Instead of two half hour periods. The match, played under the new regulations, no doubt, will prove a great endurance test.

Handicap Billiard Tournament Finished.

The handicap billiard tournament at the T. A. & B. Society's Club rooms for prizes donated by the President, Mr. W. J. Ellis, has finished. Mr. Thomas Ryan, took first place and was awarded a splendid cue. Second place went to Mr. J. Hickey, who was presented with a case of handsome pipes. The set of pipes donated by Lieut. Summer, now at Fort George, was competed for at "five and forties" last night. Mr. T. Miskell was the lucky winner.

Hr. Grace Notes.

A large number of people from Island Cove and neighborhood arrived in town very early this morning—scarcely daylight—to be in time to secure their share of the twine to be distributed.

The schr. Coronation, Capt. E. Burke, is now loaded with fish and leaves in a day or two for Gibraltar for orders. Mr. S. Rowe, of Carbon-ear, goes in the schooner as mate.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Butt, of Crocker's Cove, arrived in town on Sunday morning on a visit to Mrs. Butt's father, Mr. James Pike, Harvey Road.

Miss Ella May Ash arrived from Sydney by last night's train, and will shortly be united in matrimony to Mr. Walter French, of the West End.

There has of late been much talk of a likely "raid" being made on the stores here by people who are in destitute circumstances in the upper part of the district. Meeting an Island Cove man we inquired if such would likely happen, and here are his own words: "No, sir, when it comes so had with us as that, we will, like the Prodigal Son, arise and go to the judge and say unto him, Your Honor we are hungry, and our families are hungry, and we are unable to get bread; while a number of German war prisoners are warm and comfortable, with bread enough and to spare. If you can't do anything else for us, then make us prisoners of war. But don't see us die of hunger. That's what we'll do first at any rate."

The inner harbor last night was in splendid condition for skating, and a very large number of the young people availed of the opportunity for a spin. Much care was necessary in leaving the shore and landing, as owing to the rise and fall of the tide the ice was broken up. One young lady, in landing, got a bath. She felt confident she could land without mishap, and remarked to a companion, "No fear, I have no hobble on." But alas, even without the hobble, she missed her step, and made a hole in the water, and was at once rescued by a pike that was gliding along in the neighborhood.

—COR.
Hr. Grace, Feb. 16, 1915.

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War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.
OFFICIAL.
LONDON, Feb. 16.
The Governor, Newfoundland?
The French Government reports about 250 metres of trenches carried between Bethune and La Bassée. A stubborn engagement continues in the Argoonne; in Lorraine, the enemy captured some trenches near Norroy. The Russian Government reports further actions on the Niemen-Vistula front. Austrian attacks were repulsed. Southwest of Dukla Pass, the Germans were repulsed near Kosselowa. Austrians are advancing in Eastern Galicia and Bukovina.

JUSTICE TO BELGIUM.
LONDON, Feb. 16.
The question of ownership of land and houses in Belgium will be settled by the authorities of Belgium after the close of the war, Foreign Secretary Grey told the Commons this afternoon, in reply to a request for an assurance that the property, which the Germans threatened to transfer from Belgian refugees, unless they returned to their country, would revert to its true owners. The Foreign Secretary added in this connection: This is one question, among others, in which we believe the result of the war will make justice and right prevail.

GARIBALDI'S PROPHECY.
LONDON, Feb. 16.
The prophecy that Italy would mobilize her army within a fortnight, was made here today by General Ricotti Garibaldi, the Italian patriot. He said that unless the Italian Government decided to participate in the war, there would be a revolution.

STILL AT IT IN MEXICO.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.
Official advices from Mexico represent the situation, in respect to the diplomatic corps, as growing worse. The newspapers in Vera Cruz, where the Carranza Government has its seat, are reported to be publishing articles intended to compel the corps either to go to Vera Cruz or to leave Mexico.

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