

[Written for the News.]

## AT SILKEBORG.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

BY

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Time, nearly midnight on one of those nights when the light never lapses into darkness, but only into brief twilight, in advanced summer or early autumn. Place, a winding river, much obstructed here and there by rushes, with a heavy current in it, sometimes partaking almost of the nature of rapids. Nothing to be heard but the quick splash of the oars and their rattle in the

rowlocks, for the pace was good and the stream swift, and the crew were working as only Englishmen can work, for pleasure. Nothing to be seen but the smooth shimmer of the stream, with the ill defined banks, for it was impossible to tell which was bank, which rushes, and which the reflection of both, in the dim, hazy, mysterious half-light. Now and then the monotony

was broken by the hoarse voice of the cox, as he shouted some necessary order; now and then a bridge loomed in sight, and the rudder was moved energetically from side to side, exciting the water to an angry bubbling and frothing, like the flapping of the tail of some huge fish, as the slim, white out-rigger crept onward, like the ghost of some defunct sea serpent upon the bosom of the stream, and under the dark beams of the wooden viaduct. Presently, as the little craft sped on, keeping well out of the current by hugging the inner side of a sudden curve, it came abreast of a great sluggish barge laboriously towed by half a dozen of its crew.

"How far is it to L—" cried Cox, hailing the dark figure, standing out in relief like a sil-

houette against the grey sky, who grasped the tiller of the almost stationary barge.

"Well," rejoined the man, removing his hat and performing an action resembling that of scratching his head, had it not been an impossibility on account of the dense forest of shaggy hair which protected his cranium, "I can't rightly say how many miles it is."

"How long will it take us to reach the Kro?"

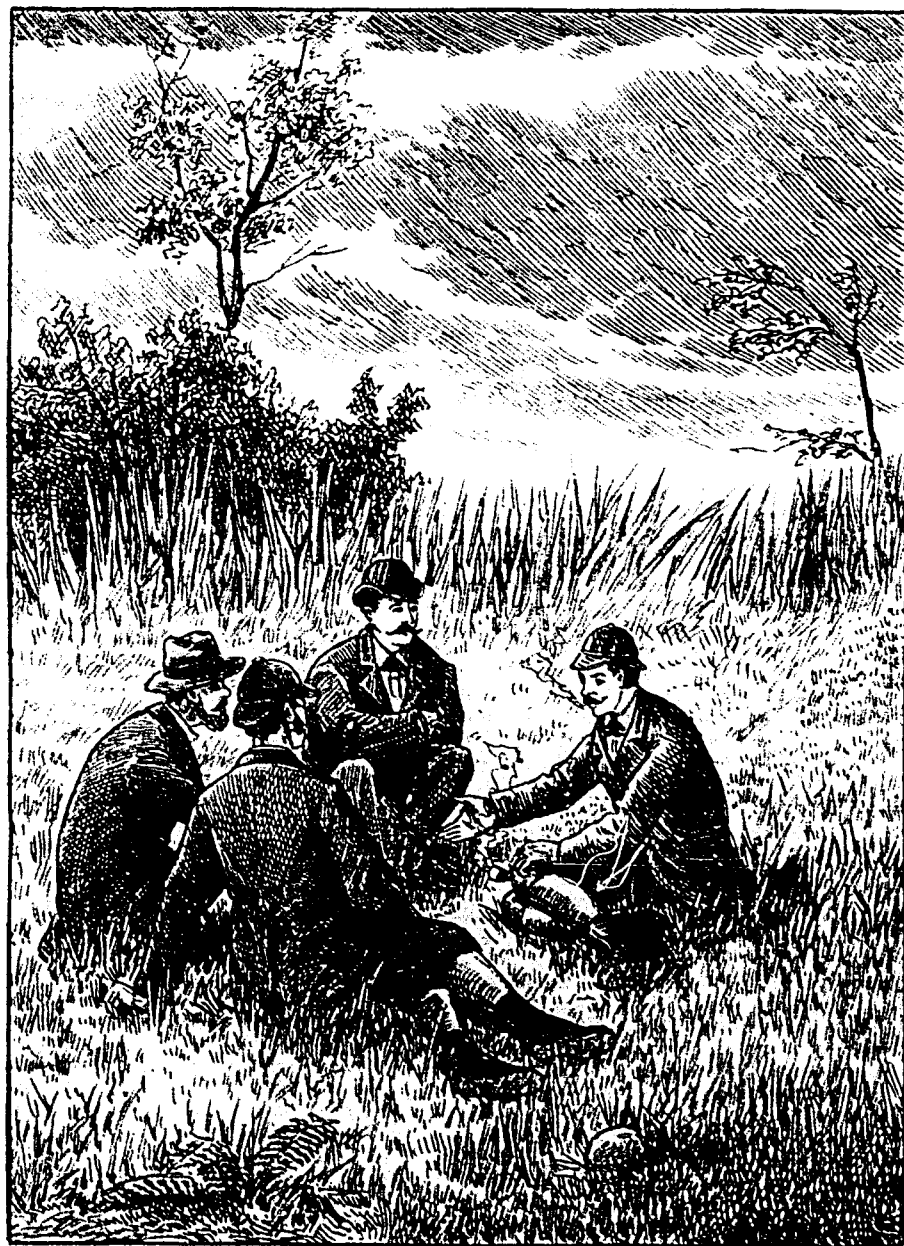
"I don't know how fast you can drive."

A general laugh greeted this evidence of the helmsman's determination not to commit himself.

"I guess you'll get there before daylight," he finally induced himself to admit. "After three or four bends of the river you'll pass a



Meanwhile Zoe prepared for the flight.

Resolution,—That Paul tell his story. Carried *nem con.*