

The duty renders the U.S. impossible, on the ground is an being tried before outside manufac.

bosit has been found and experimental ing on under peculiar ter being teamed over There is an opening brick manufacturer section will not end present requirement. full supply for these oloyment for a considen, contracts having lying of 10,000 cord nty of money behind works will be en the requirements of

schemes a tramway om the works to serve operties. The manion works has con Roi mine for 36,500 represent the present property. This ore at ay of Northport, and treatment at Trail gain to the district. reat changes. It is as feared that Northeating point, but the lavor of Trail.

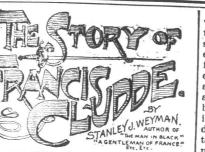
ompanies seeking to of Trail Creek ores, robable that they, Columbia, if not at oining.

OF SPORT.

Cesarewitch stakes, erday, resulted in a Blake's black filly ld, carrying 93 lbs. ylor's Bard of Avon a and Col. Lloyd's (3.93 lbs) third race was a surprise RH. the Prince of to the post a popu rrying 144 lbs, while , Bar quet II (107 lbs.) irers, and Cornbury admired ontsider. ent emphasizes the a saying that there as a horse race.

is to discard paper rooms with cretonne lland, denim and, in paper.





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[CONTINUED.]

So far I had remained a quiet listener standing in the mouth of the lane which opened upon the court where they were. The women had taken no notice of me, either because they did not see me or because, seeing me, they thought that I was a hanger on of the man before them. And he, having his back to me and his eyes on them, could not see me. It was a surprise to him-a very great surprise, I thinkwhen I took three steps forward and gripped him by the scruff of his neck.

You have your orders, have you?"] muttered in his ear as I shook him to and fro, while the taller woman started back and the younger uttered a cry of alarm at my sudden appearance. "Well, you will not obey them. Do you hear? - Your emmay go hang! You will do just what these ladies please to ask of you." He struggled an instant, but he was an undersized man, and he could not loosen the hold which I had secured at my leisure.

Then I noticed his hand going to his girdle in a suspicious way. "Stop that," I said, flashing before his eyes a short, broad blade which had cut many a deer's throat in old Arden forest. "You had better keep quiet, or it will be the worse for you. Now, mistress," I continued, "you can dispose of this little man as you please."

Who are you?" she said after a pause, during which she had stared at me in open astonishment. No doubt I was a wild looking figure.

"A friend," I replied, "for one who would be such. I saw this fellow follow you, and I followed him. For the last five minutes I have been listening to your talk. He was not amenable to reason then, but I think he will be now. What shall I do with him?'

She smiled faintly, but did not answer at once, the coolness and resolution with which she had faced him before failing her now, possibly in sheer astonishment or because my appearance at her side, by removing the strain, sapped the strength. "I do not know," she said at length in a vague, puzzled tone.

'Well," I answered, "you are going to the Lion wharf, and"-"Oh, you fool!" she screamed out loud.

"Oh, you fool!" she repeated bitterly. "Now you have told him all." I stood confounded. My cheeks burned

with shame, and her look of contempt cut me like a knife. That the reproach was deserved I knew at once, for the man in my grasp gave a start, which proved that the information was not lost upon him. 'Who told you?'' the woman went on, clutching the child jealously to her breast, as though she saw herself menaced afresh. Who told you about the Lion wharf?"

Never mind," I answered gloomily "I have made a mistake, but it is easy to remedy it." And I took out my knife "Do you go on and leave us." again.

I hardly know whether I meant my threat or no. But my prisoner had no loubts. He shricked out-a wild cry of fear which rang round the empty courtand by a rapid blow, despair giving him courage, he dashed the hunting knife from my hand. This done, he first flung himself on me, then tried by a sudden jerk to free himself. In a moment we were down on the stones and tumbling over one another in the dirt, while he struggled to

walk. I did not trouble them with questions. Indeed I had myself no more leisure than enabled me to notice their general appearance, which was that of comfortable tradesmen's women folk. Their cloaks and hoods were plainly fashioned and of coarse stuff; their shoes were thick and no jewel or scrap of lace peeping out betrayed them. Yet there was something in their carriage which could not be hid den, something which, to my eye, told tales, so that minute by minute I became more sure that this was really an adventure worth pursuing, and that London had kept a reward in store for me besides its

cold stones and inhospitable streets. The city was beginning to rouse itself. As we flitted through the lanes and alleys which lie between Cheapside and the river we met many people, chiefly of the lower

classes, on their way to work. Yet in spite of this we had no need to fear observation, or, though the morning was fully come, with the light had arrived such a thick, which the light had arrived such a times, choking, yellow fog as I, being for the most part country bred, had never expe-rienced. It was so dense and blinding that we had a difficulty in keeping together and even hand in hand could scarcely see one another. In my wonder how my com-panions found their way I presently failed to notice their condition and only remarked the distress and exhaustion which one of them was suffering when she began, notwithstanding all her efforts, to lag behind. Then I sprang forward, blaming myself much. "Forgive me," I said.

You are tired, and no wonder. Let me arry the child, mistress." Exhausted as she was, she drew away rom me jealously. "No," she panted. "We are nearly

there. I am better now." And she strain-ed the child closer to her, as though she feared I might take it from her by force. "Well, if you will not trust me," I anwred, "let your friend carry it for a time. can see you are tired out." Through the mist she bent forward and

seered into my face, her eyes scarcely a foot from mine. The scrutiny seemed to atisfy her. She drew a long breath and held out her burden. "No," she said. "You shall take him. I will trust you." I took the little wrapped up thing as ently as I could. "You shall not repent t if I can help it, mistress''-

'Bertram,'' she said. "Mistress Bertram," I repeated. "Now et us get on and lose no time." A walk of a hundred yards or so brought clear of the houses and revealed before

us, in place of all else, a yellow curtain of fog. Below this, at our feet, yet apparently a long way from us, was a strange, pale line of shimmering light, which they told me was the water. At first I could hardly believe this. But, pausing a moment while my companions whispered together,

dull creakings and groanings and uncouth shouts and cries, and at last the regular beat of oars, came to my ears out of the bank of vapor and convinced me that we really had the river before us.

Mistress Bertram turned to me abruptly. "Listen," she said, "and decide for yourself, my friend. We are close to the wharf now, and in a few minutes shall know our fate. It is possible that we may be intercepted at this point, and if that happen it will be, bad for me and worse for any one aiding me. You have done us gallant service, but you are young, and am loath to drag you into perils which do not belong to you. Take my advice, then, and leave us now. I would I could reward you," she added hastily, "but that

knave has my purse." I put the child gently back into her arms. "Goodby," she said, with more feeling. "We thank you. Some day I may return to England and have ample pow-

"Not so fast," I answered stiffly. "Did you think it possible, mistress, that I would desert you now? I gave you back the child only because it might hamper reach his knife, which was still in his girdle, and I strove to prevent him. The let us on at once to the wharf. me and will be safer with you. Come,

hurtling down at our feet, and a man, nimbly descending, held it tight at the bottom. "Now, madam," he said briskly. They all, I noticed, had the same foreign accent, yet all spoke English, a singularity I did not understand until I learned later that the boat was the Lion's Whelp, trading between London and Calais and manned from the latter place.

Mistress Bertram ascended quickly and steadily, holding the baby in her arms. The other made : demur, lingering at the foot of the lander and looking up as if afraid until her companion chid her sharply. Then she, too, went up, but as she passed me—I was bolding one side of this and to know that we had only to cast the ladder steady-she shot at me from off a rope or two in order to escape and to

It was the first time I had seen her face, and it was such a face as a man rarely forgets, not because of its beauty, rather because it was a speaking face, a strange and expressive one, which the dark way ing hair, swelling in thick clusters upon either temple, seemed to accentuate. The features were regular, but, the full red lips excepted, rather thin than shapely. The nose, too, was prominent. But the eyes! The eyes seemed to glorify the dark, brilliant thinness of the face and to print it upon the memory. They were dark, flashing eyes, and their smile seemed to me perpetually to challenge, to allure and repulse and even to goad. Sometimes they were gay, more rarely sad, sometimes soft and again hard as steel. They changed in a moment as one or another approached her. But always at their gayest, there

was a suspicion of weariness and fatigue in their depths, or so I thought later. Something of this flashed through my

mind as I followed her up the side. But once on board I glanced round, forgetting her in the novelty of my position. The Whelp was decked fore and aft only, the blackness of the hold gaping amidships, spanned by a narrow gangway, which served to connect the two decks. We found ourselves in the fore part, amid coils of rope and windlasses and water casks, surrounded by half a dozen wild looking sailors wearing blue knitted frocks and carrying sheath knives at their girdles. The foremost and biggest of these eemed to be the captain, although, so far as outward appearances went, the only difference between him and his crew lay in a marline spike which he wore slung to a thong beside his knife. When I reached the deck, he was telling a long story to you." Mistress Bertram, and telling it very slowly. But the drift of it I soon gathered. While the fog lasted he could not put to sea.

"Nonsense!" cried my masterful companion, chafing at his slowness of speech. Why not? Would it be dangerous?'

"Well, madam, it would be dangerous," e answered, more slowly than ever. "Yes, it would be dangerous. And to put to sea in a fog? That is not seamanship. And your baggage has not arrived."

'Never mind my baggage!" she answered imperiously. "I have made other arrangements for it. Two or three things know came on board last night. I want to start-to start at once, do you hear?" The captain shook his head and said sluggishly that it was impossible. Spitting on the deck, he ground his heel leisurely round in a knothole. "Impossible," he repeated. "It would not be seamanship to start in a fog. When the fog lifts, we will 'Twill be all the same tomorrow. We g0. shall lie at Leigh tonight, whether we go now or, go when the fog lifts." "At Leigh?"

'That is it, madam." "And when will you go from Leigh?"

she cried indignantly.

"Daybreak tomorrow," he answered. You leave it to me, mistress," he continpect it "

"But, man," she exclaimed, trembling harness and clank of weapons. wooden raft. My ear caught the jingle of sweep away from them. with impotent rage, "did not Master "It is the watch," I muttered. "Come, away, and the work began to tell upon engage you to bring me across and make no noise. What I want is a litwhenever I might be ready? Aye, and pay the this way. I fancy I saw it as we passed Not that I gave up at once for that. They you handsomely for i Did he not, sir-They turned with me, but we had not "To be sure, to be sure!" replied the giant unmoved. "Using seamanship, and taken many steps before Mistress Anne, not going to sea in a fog, if it please you." who was walking on my left side, stumbled over something. She tried to save to one, and their boat looked light and "It does not please me!" she retorted. herself, but failed and fell heavily, utter-'And why stay at Leigh?'' ing as she did so a loud cry. I sprang to her assistance, and even before I raised He looked up at the rigging, then down at the deck. He set his heel in the knother I laid my hand lightly on her mouth. hole and ground it round again. Then he "Hush!" I said softly. "For safety's sake, make no noise. What is the matlooked at his questioner with a broad smile. "Well, mistress, for a very good reason. It is there your good man is waitter?" ing for you. Only," added this careful keeper of a secret, "he bade me not tell "Oh!" she moaned, making no effort to rise, "my ankle, my ankle! I am sure I the measured rattle of the oars in the rowany one." She uttered a low cry, which might I muttered my dismay, while Mistress Bertram; stooping anxiously, examined the injured limb. "Can you stand?" she fore my eyes; their boat seemed floating have been an echo of her baby's cooing and convulsively clasped the child more tightly to her. "He is at Leigh!" she murmured, flushing and trembling, another woman altogether. Even her voice was But it was no time for questioning, and I put her aside. The troop which had passed were within easy hearing, and if wonderfully changed. "He is really at there should be one among them familiar Leigh, you say?" "To be sure!" replied the captain, with with the girl's voice we might be pounced a portentous wink and a mysterious roll upon, fog or no fog. I felt that it was no time for ceremony and picked Mistress of the head. "He is there safe enough! Safe enough, you may bet your handsome Anne up in my arms, whispering to the face to a rushlight. And we will be there elder woman: "Go on ahead! I think I see the boat. It is straight before you." tonight.' -Luckily I was right. It was the boat, and so far well. But at the moment I She started up with a wild gesture. For a moment she had sat down on a cask standing beside her and forgotten our spoke I heard a sudden outcry behind us and knew the hunt was up. I plunged peril and the propability that we might forward with my burden, recklessly and blindly, through mud and over obstacles. serer see Leigh at all. Now, I have said she started up. "No, no!" she cried, strug-The wherry for which I was making was

good naturedly: "No, no, mistress, it is impossible. It would not be seamanship, I felt that we might as well try to stop the ebbing tide as move him from his position. The feeling was a maddening one. The special peril which menaced my companions I did not know, but I knew they feared pursuit, and I had every reason to fear it for myself. Yet at any moment, out of the fog which encircled us so closely that we could barely see the raft below, and the shore not at all, might come the tramp of hurrying feet and the stern hail of the law. It was maddening to think of under her hood a look which disturbed me know also that we were absolutely help-

I expected that Mistress Bortram, brave as she had shown herself, would burst into a passion of rage or tears. But apparently she had one hope left. She looked at me. I tried to think-to think hard. Alas,

seemed only able to listen. An hour had gone by since we parted from that rascal in the court, and we might expect him to suggested a possible course. "Look here," said suddenly, speaking for the first lifts, captain, we may as well breakfast ashore and return presently."

"That is as you please," he answered "What do you think?" I said, turning

to my companions with as much carelessness as I could command. "Had we not better do that?"

Mistress Bertram did not understand, but in her despair she obeyed the motion of my hand mechanically and walked to the side. The younger woman followed more slowly, so that I had to speak to her with some curtness, bidding her make clear of the Whelp and the Lion wharf. It had struck me that, if the ship were not to leave at once, we were nowhere in so much danger as on board. At large in the fog we might escape detection for a time. Our pursuers might as well look for a needle in a haystack as seek us through it when once we were clear of the wharf. And this was not the end of my idea. But for the present it was enough. Therefore I took up Mistress Anne very short. "Come," I said, "be quick! Let me help

She obeyed, and I was ashamed of my mpatience when at the foot of the ladder she thanked me prettily. It was almost of spirits that I explained as I hurried my companions across the raft what my plan

The moment we were ashore I felt safer. The fog swallowed us up quick, as the Bible says. The very hull of the ship vanished from sight before we had gone half a dozen paces. I had never seen a London fog before, and to me it seemed portentous and providential—a marvel as great as the crimson hail which fell in the London gardens to mark her majesty's accession. Yet after all, without my happy thought, the fog would have availed us little. We had scarcely gone a score of yards before the cautious tread of several people hastening down the strand toward the wharf struck my ear. They were proceeding in silence, and we might not have noticed their approach if the foremost had not by chance tripped and fallen, whereupon ene and hurried them forward some paces until I felt sure that our figures could not be we stood listening, gazing into one another's strained eyes, while the step came

across our bows and then faded behind us where. Another second, and away with tom, and so told of a danger narrowly is the back a little, then lunged—lunged escaped, I thought it best to run all risks with heart and hand. Our swords crossed and go ahead as long as the tide should and whistled-just crossed-and even as

It was strange how suddenly we had passed from storm into calm. Mistress Anne had bound her ankle with a handkerchief and bravely made light of the ourt, and now the two women sat crouching in the stern watching me, their heads together, their faces pale. The mist had closed round us, and we were alone again, gliding over the bosom of the great river that runs down to the sea. I was oddly

struck by the strange current of life which for a week had tossed me from one adventure to another, only to bring me into contact at length with these two and

Who were they? A merchant's wife and her sister flying from Bishop Bonner's inquisition? I thought it likely. Their cloaks and hoods indeed, and all that I appear at any moment, vengeful and ex- could see of their clothes, fell below such ultant, with a posse at his back. Yet I a condition, but probably they were worn tried hard to think, and the fog presently as a disguise. Their speech rose as much above it, but I knew that of late many merchants' wives had become scholars time, "if you do not start until the fog and might pass in noblemen's houses. Even as in those days when London waxed to win some of the events by the local riders,

anxious silence, were as curious about me. unwashed, unkempt; my doublet was torn; the cloak I had cast at my feet was the very wreck of a cloak. Yet I read no dis-trust in their looks. The elder's brave eyes seemed ever thanking me. I never not shape "Well done!" And though I baste, for I was in a fever until we were caught Mistress Anne scanning me once or twice with an expression I could ill interpret a smile took its place the moment her gaze met mine.

We had passed but were still in sight of Greenwich palace—as they told me-when the mist rose suddenly like a curtain rolled away, and the cold, bright February sun, shining out, disclosed the sparkling river, with the green hills rising on our right hand. Here and there on its surface a small boat such as our own moved to

and fro, and in the distant pool from which we had come rose a little forest of masts. I hung on the oars a moment, and my eyes were drawn to a two masted vessel which, nearly half a mile below us, with good cheer in my voice and a rebound was drifting down, gently heeling over with the current as the crew got up the "I wonder whither she is bound," sails.

I said thoughtfully, "and whether they would take us on board by any chance.' Mistress Bertram shook her head. have no money, " she answered sadly. fear we must go on to Leigh if it be anyway possible. You are tired, and no won-der. But what is it?" with a sudden change of voice. "What is the matter?" I had flashed out the oars with a single touch and begun to pull as fast as I could down the stream. No doubt my face, too,

proclaimed my discovery and awoke her fears. "Look behind!" I muttered between my set teeth. She turned and on the instant uttered

a low cry. A wherry like our own, but river I had not noticed it-had stolen nearer to us and yet nearer, and now, laughed and another swore. With a warn-throwing aside disguise, was in hot pur-ing hand I grasped my companions' arms suit of us. There were three men on board, two rowing and one steering. When they saw that we had discovered them, they seen through the mist. Then Fhalted, and hailed us in a loud voice, and I heard the steerman's feet rattle on the boards as he ued in a tone of rough patronage, "and nearer and nearer, crossed our track and in very eagerness. My only reply was to then with a noisy rush thundered on the take a longer stroke and pulling hard to

saw his eyes gleam behind his point the shock of the two boats coming together flung us both backward and apart. A moment we reeled, staggering and throwing out wild hands. I strove hard to recover myself-nay, I almost did so-then I caught my foot in Mistress Anne's cloak,

which she had left in her place, and fell heavily back into the boat. I was up in a moment-on my knees at least-and unhurt. But another was before me. As I stooped, half risen, I saw

one moment a dark shadow above me, and the next a sheet of flame shone before my sweep me into the unknown whirlpool of away. I fell senseless into the bottom of eyes, and a tremendous shock swept all the boat, knowing nothing of what had happened to me.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

THE WHEEL.

FINE SPORT ASSURED. VANCOUVER, Oct. 8.-(Special)-Local wheelsmen are enthusiastic over next Saturfat and set up and threw down govern- and they certainly have the opportunity ments, every alderman had come to ride in which they are taking advantage of to prac-

mail. No doubt the women, watching me in which the races will be held. Local men are practicing with the danger of being over-I still bore stains of country travel. I was trained, some of them scarcely allowing themselves time for meals. The course for the road race, from the Hotel Vancouver around the park and back to the hotel, has been measured and is found to be exactly ten miles. The park roads have been insaw her lips move silently that they did spected, rolled and evened up where required.

THE TURF. THE NEWMARKET MEETING.

LONDON, Oct. 8.-The Newmarket second October meeting opened to-day, and in the trial stakes event there were six starters, including Mr. Charles Day Rose's Mogul, which took third place. Lord Derby's Lord Derby's Newby won, Santense second. To-morrew the great Cesarewitch stakes will be contested for.

THE OAR.

GAUDAUR OFF FOR TEXAS.

TORONTO, Oct. 9. -Jake Gaudaur left Toronto last night for the Austin, Texas, regatta, to be held during the first week in November. He expects that he will be first in the singles, doubles and fours, in the last of which he will have as partners, beside his brother, John Teemer and Erastus Rogers, of Saratoga. Gaudaur says he is going to England next year, probably in June, and will row Harding on the Tyne for the championship. He has had no challenge from Hackett.

BERE AND THERE.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF CURRENT EVENTS. There will be no football meeting this year ebween Harvard and Yale.

Yeatman, the Washington, D.C., cyclist, was accidentally shot and killed yesterday at Charlestown, W. Va. A special meeting of the New York Yacht

Club to consider Mr. Rose's challenge for even lighter--in my first glance up the the America's cup is to be held next Monday evening.

RUNNING SORES CURED.

DEAR SIRS,-I was troubled with running sores on my face which nothing could care up to the time I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, but after taking two bottles my face was com-pletely cured and it left my flesh clear and

A. HEATHERS, 27 Woolsley St., Toronto,

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THE VICTORIA SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10 1895.

Often Im-On.

Medicines are Utterethless.

k For Paine's ound do not Dealer to hd Some-Else,

amount of double the country. The oosed on a too-coneans the making of pines and pills, and stores of dealers, them when Paine's asked for, because and somer profits. recommending and ht with many evils. on and falsehood; to the position of he grasping dealer; ferings and agonies prced to buy what and lastly, the vile assists the spread preparations that by law.

ending poor and en Paine's Celery r, is meeting with y places. The subdealers are being ney for Paine's Cel-into the hands of profits, and who men, women and ask for.

sick and diseased hich means health. igor. This conedily realized when und is used. This ay by the number ed from cured peoical men, bankers, everyday people ine's Celery Comnnot be shown by medicines you are

minute. When the first effort of his despair was spent, I came uppermost, and he was but a child in my hands. Presently, with my knee on his chest, I looked up. The women were still there, the younger clinging to the other.

Go! Go!" I cried impatiently. Each second I expected the court to be invaded, for the man had screamed more than once. But they hesitated. I had been forced to hurt him a little, and he was moaning piteously. "Who are you?" the elder woman asked, she who had spoken all boy." through.

"Nay, never mind that," I answered. "Do you go. Go while you can. You know the way to the wharf." 'Yes," she answered. "But I cannot go and leave him at your mercy. Remem-

ber he is a man and has"-"He is a treacherous scoundrel," I answered, giving his throat a squeeze, "but he shall have one more chance. Listen, sirrah," I continued to the man, "and stop that noise, or I will knock out your teeth with my dagger hilt. Listen and be silent. I shall go with these ladies, and I promise this-if they are stopped or hindered on their way, or if evil happen had better forget, it will be the worse for t, though there be a dozen guards about you. Mind you," I added, "I have nothing to lose myself, for I am desperate already. vowed, the poor craven, with his ring tongue, that he would be true and vowed it again and again. But I saw that his eyes did not meet mine. They glanced instead at the knife blade, and I

"He is a treacherous scoundrel."

lay in his fears and in this-that as the

ugitives knew the way to the wharf, and

could not now be far distant, we might

ach it and go on board some vessel-I

I left him.

'You mean it?'' she said. 'Of a certainty!" I answered, settling ny cap on my head with perhaps a boyish touch of the braggart.

At any rate, she did not take me at once at my word, and her thought for me touched me the more because I judged her-I know not exactly why-to be a woman not overprone to think of others. "Do not be reckless," she said slowly, her eyes intently fixed on mine. "I should be sorry to bring evil upon you. You are but a

"And yet," I answered smiling, "there s as good as a price upon my head already. I should be reckless if I staid here. If you will take me with you, let us go. We have loitered too long already." She turned then, asking no questions,

but she looked at me from time to time in a puzzled way, as though she thought she ought to know me—as though I reminded her of some one. Paying little heed to this then, I hurried her and her companon down to the water, traversing a stretch of foreshore strewn with piles of wood and stacks of barrels and old rotting boats, between which the mud lay deep. Fortunately it was high tide, and so we had not far to go. In a minute or two I distinthem at that wharf, whose name you guished the hull of a ship looming large through the fog, and a few more steps you. Do you hear? You will suffer for placed us safely on a floating raft, on the far side of which the vessel lay moored. There was only one man to be seen lounging on the raft, and the neighborhood was quiet. My spirits rose as I looked round. "Is this the Whelp?" the tall lady asked. I had not heard the other open her mouth since the encounter in the knew even while I pretended to trust him court. that he would betray us. My real hope

"Yes, it is the Whelp, madam," the man answered, saluting her and speaking formally and with a foreign accent. 'You are the lady who is expected?" "I am," she answered, with authority. Will you tell the captain that I desire to sail immediately, without a moment's de-

"Well, the tide is going out," quoth the sailor dubiously, looking steadily into the fog, which hid the river. "It has just turned, it is true. But as to sailing" She cut him short. "Go, go, man! Tell your captain what I say. And let down a ladder for us to get on board."

He caught a rope which hung over the side, and swinging himself up disap-peared. We stood below, listening to the weird sounds which came off the water, the creaking and flapping of masts and canvas, the whir of wings and shricks of unseen gulls, the distant hail of boatmen. A bell in the city solemnly tolled eight. The younger woman shivered. The elder's foot tapped impatiently on the planks. Shut in by the yellow walls of fog, I experienced a strange sense of soli-tude. It was as if we three were alone in the world, we three who had come together so strangely.

CHAPTER VI. We had stood thus for a few moments

had gathered they were flying the country before this wretch.could recover himself when a barsh voice, hailing us from and get together a force to stop us. That above, put an end to our several thoughts was my real hope, and in that hope only and forebodings. We looked up, and I saw, half a dozen nightcapped heads thrust

We went as fast as the women could over the bulwarks. A rope ladder came



'Look behind!" I muttered between my set teeth.

gling for breath and utterance. "Oh, no no! Let us go at once. We must start at oncel" Her voice was hysterical in its sudden anxiety and terror as the conscious "Captain, listen, listen!" she pleaded. "Let us start now, and my husband will give you double. I will promise you dou-ble whatever he said if you will change the swung out into the stream.

I think all who heard her were moved save the captain only. He rubbed his head and grinned. Slow and heavy, he saw

nothing in her prayer save the freak of a woman wild to get to her man. He did not weigh her promise at a groat. She was but a woman. And being a foreigner he did not perceive a certain air of breeding which might have influenced a native.

He was one of those men against whose stupidity Father Carey used to say the

were still some 60 yards behind, and for a few minutes, at any rate, I might put off capture. In that time something might happen. At the worst they were only three cranky and easy to upset.

So I pulled on, savagely straining at the oars. But my chest heaved and my arms ached more and more with each stroke. The banks slid by us. We turned one bend, then another, though I saw nothing of them. I saw only the pursuing boat, on which my eyes were fixed, heard only locks. A minute, two minutes, three minutes passed. They had not gained on us, fore my eyes; their boat seemed floating in the air; there was a pulsation in my ears louder than that of the oars; I strug gled, and yet I flagged. My knees trembled. Their boat shot nearer now, nearer and nearer, so that I could read the smile of triumph on the steersman's dark face and hear his cry of exultation. Nearer,

and then with a cry I dropped the cars. "Quick!" I panted to my companions. "Change places with me! So!" Trembling and out of breath as I was, I crawled between the women and gained the stern sheets of the boat. As I passed Mistress Bertram she clutched my arm. Her eyes, as they met mine, flashed fire; her lips were white. "The man steering!" she hissed between her teeth. "Leave the others. He is Clarence, and I fear him!" moored in the water a few feet from the I nodded, but still, as the hostile boat edge. I had remarked it idly and without bore swiftly down upon us, I cast a glance purpose as we came down to the wharf round to see if there were any help at and had even noticed that the oars were hand. I saw no sign of any. I saw only lying in it. Now, if we could reach it and the pale blue sky overhead and the stream start down the river for Leigh, we might flowing swiftly under the boat. I drew by possibility gain that place and meet my sword. The case was one rather for de-Mistress Bertram's husband.

spair than courage. The women were in my charge, and, if I did not acquit myself At any rate, nothing in the world eemed so desirable to me at the moment like a man now, when should I do so? as the shelter of that boat. I plunged Bah, it would soon be over! through the mud and waded desperately

There was an instant's confusion in the through the water to it, Mistress Bertram other boat as the crew ceased rowing, and, scarce a whit behind me. I reached it, but reached it only as the foremost pursuer seeing my attitude and not liking it, changed their seats. To my joy the man caught sight of us. I heard his shout of who had hitherto been steering flung a triumph, and somehow I bundled my burcurse at the others and came forward to den into the boat. I remember that she bear the brunt of the encounter. He was clung about my neck in fear, and I had to a tall, sinewy man, past middle age, with a loosen her hands roughly. But I did loosen clean shaven face, a dark complexion and them-in time. With one stroke of my oruel eyes. So he was Master Clarence! hunting knife I severed the rope, and Well, he had the air of a swordsman and a pushing off the boat with all my strength sprang into it as it floated away and was soldier. I trembled for the women. "Surrender, you fool!" he cried to me in time. But one second's delay would barshly. "In the queen's name, do you have undone us. Two men were already hear? What do you in this company?" in the water up to their knees, and their I answered nothing, for I was out of yery breath was hot on my face as we

breath. But softly, my eyes on his, I drew out with my left hand my hunting knife. Fortniately I had had experience of If I could beat aside his sword, I would beats on the Avon, at Bidford and Stratspring upon him and drive the knife home ford, and could pull a good oar. For a with that hand. So, standing erect in momentindeed the wherry rolled and dip bow and stern, we faced one another, the ped as I snatched up the sculls, but I quickly got her in hand, and bending to my work sent her spinning through the mist, every stroke I pulled increasing the man and the boy, the flush of rage and exertion on my cheek, a dark shade on his. And silently the boats drew together. mist, every stroke I pulled increasing the distance between us and our now unseen foes. Happily we were below London bridge and had not that dangerous pas-sage to make. The river, too, was nearly clear of craft, and though once and again in the pool a huge hulk loomed suddenly Thought is quick-quicker than anysome drawn aut second before the boats oame together I had time to wonder where I had seen his face before and to





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