

was far too shrewd to do that which might involve him with the Britishers, and I warrant you he is now repenting the little part he did play."

The words were no more than spoken before David cried excitedly :

"It is Uncle Jacob ! I believe the man at the oars is none other than Master Baldwin !"

Even while insisting that such could not be the case, I recognized the cautious merchant, and in another moment we knew beyond a peradventure that it was our true friend who plied the oars.

Burning with impatience to learn why they had left New York, and what had occurred to give Master Schuster so much courage as to permit of his openly visiting a "rebel" encampment, David and I hurried down to the water's edge.

Never before had we received such a warm reception from Jacob Schuster. It really seemed