

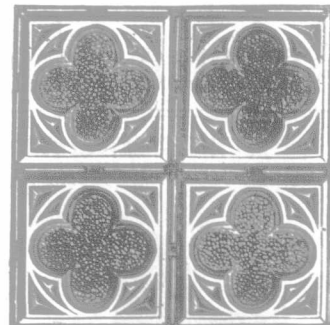
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For a moment the mistress was dismayed, but only for a moment. A basket of choice fruit lay on the table. She told Deborah to take it up and go with it down to the hall, bidding Jermyn to go for her ladyship's coach. This order must be given clearly, but she must find opportunity to whisper to him to tell the coachman my Lady Dacre had a message for his mistress.

Deborah did as she was told, and Jermyn's voice arguing with the man below was soon heard.

Lady Dacre crossed the room, and talking resolutely as if the visitor were truly Lady Cowper, slipped a purse of money into the pocket of the gown, and whispered a few words. "Slip off the skirt and shawl in the coach, let yourself out and make the best way you can over the fields to the river, hide yourself till evening, then Jermyn shall come to you at the river stairs yonder."

"Ah, your ladyship, it grieves me that you must leave me so soon! I pray thee take my arm, for the stairs are steep. Deborah! Where is the woman? Come hither, descend in front of my Lady Cowper so that she rests one hand on your shoulder, the other on my arm."

In this way the shoes were hidden. Slowly, step by step, they descended, and the sound of approaching wheels told Lady Dacre that the coach was at the door.

The runner came forward and eyed them curiously, but Lady Dacre, still talking, took not the slightest notice of his presence, stepped out of the open door, and to the astonishment of the coachman on the box—the footman was attending his real mistress—a stranger was handed in by Jermyn. Lady Dacre smiled as gaily and unconcernedly as if no plot were on foot.

"My good Rogers drive with all speed to my Lady Winchelsea's—oh, stay, I promised Lady Cowper that these should be sent to her early in the day," Jermyn handed up the basket of fruit.

"'Twould be a gold crown into the pocket if you should drive with speed this little distance, for I would not have her ladyship know that I used her own coach to carry my present! Swiftly, friend! the rout yonder hath but just begun—swiftly. Stretch down a hand. There—I thank you!"

The coachman was astonished and bewildered, but Lady Dacre had got her way. In the coach was the person who had passed as Lady Cowper, and the man, with the gold crown in his hand, was driving rapidly, anxious to reach the other end of the Mall before he could be needed. He wondered stupidly, why Lady Dacre did not use her own coach.

They swung out of the gates and rolled down the road. Lady Dacre, breathing quickly, re-ascended the stairs, and met the runners rushing down.

"Stop the coach! Stop the coach!" the foremost man cried furiously. "Stop the coach!"

Shouting, bawling furiously, they rushed past Lady Dacre, scowling at the man in the hall, who began to run and cry too, out into the drive. Jermyn, closing the great gates, shot in a bolt, the coach had swung down one of the tree-bordered roads.

The runners, in their fury, shook their fists and muttered threats, it was some time before the bolt gave, and the gate was a high one. They ran for some moments, fruitlessly, here and there, calling for a hackney coach, and though a crowd of people gathered, there seemed no means of following.

Two of the men started to run, and presently, to their amazement, met the self-same coach slowly returning. They shouted to the driver, who thought them mad, wondering indeed if all the

world were not mad. He had left the basket of fruit at Lady Cowper's house, and was now returning, as he imagined, to Lady Winchelsea's with the lady who had been forced upon him by imperious Lady Dacre.

He drew up slowly—what had the runners to do with him? They tore at the handle of the coach door, and when at length it opened they found only a skirt, a shawl, a wig, and a cap! The shoes, that had helped to betray the fugitive as he stepped into the coach, were not there.

Their indignation and fury knew no bounds. They told each other and all the passers-by that a dangerous Jacobite had escaped, helped by Lady Dacre. They had been suspicious from the very beginning—yes indeed and one of them leaning from an upper window watched the lady stepping into the coach, and vowed to his fellows that there was no feeble woman, but a man.

They must catch him, and that at once. So great was the excitement, so garbled the stories told, that half of those engaged in the search were perfectly confident that they were following on the track of a Jacobite dressed up as a woman. Many harmless country people were stopped on the roads that day.

Lord Ferguson, in his own clothes, even mingled among the crowd, and managed to elude his pursuers till night-fall, when he and Jermyn dropped down the river with a boatman who could be trusted, and a ship was found.

Lady Dacre kept her brave air until she heard of his safety, and only then tears fell down her cheeks, and she called herself a lonely old woman.

THE END.

The farmers aren't having all the fun out of the automobile. Listen to this from *Tit-Bits*:

"My brother bought a motor here last week," said an angry man to the salesman who stepped up to greet him, "and you said if anything broke you would supply him with new parts."

"Certainly," said the salesman, "What does he want?"

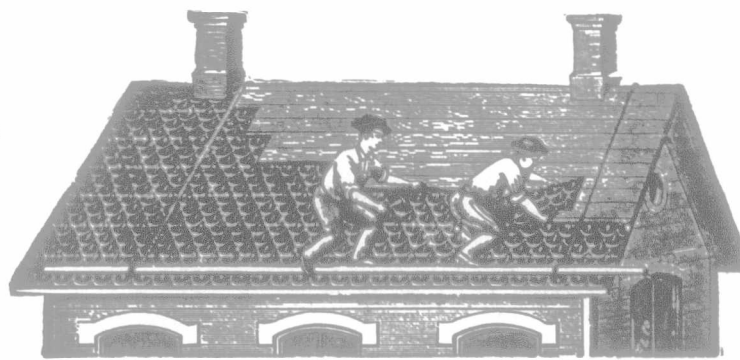
"He wants two deltoid muscles, a couple of knee-caps, one elbow and about half a yard of cuticle," said the man; "and he wants them at once."

An amusing story told in connection with Mr. Keir Hardie, M. P., may be recalled appropriately just now. Just before the opening day of the session a year or so ago, the anecdote runs, he had occasion to repair to the House of Commons library to consult some books, but found himself intercepted in a friendly way by a policeman, when the following colloquy resulted:—"Are you working here, mate?" "Yes." "On the roof?" which was undergoing repairs at the time. "No, on the floor."

A Dutchman, addressing his dog, said: "You vos only a dog, but I wish I vos you. Ven you go mit der bed in, you shust durn round dree times und lay down. Ven I go mit der bed in, I haf to lock up de blace und vind de clock und put de cat oud, undress myself und my wife vakes up und scols me, den de baby cries und I hef to walk him up und down, den maype ven I shust go to sleep, it's time to get up again. Ven you ged up, you shust stretch yourself und scratch a couple of dimes, und you vas up. I haf to light der fire, put on der kettle, scrap mit my wife already, und maype got some breakfast. You play round all day und haf plenty of fun. I haf to work all tay und half plenty of drouble. Ven you die you's dead; ven I die I haf to go to ? ? ? ? ? yet."

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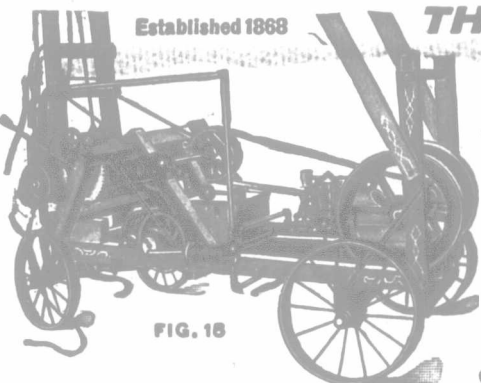
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W. F. STEVENS, Secretary

Clover Bar, Alta