

Written by Hawley Smart

Author of "Saddle and Sabre"

CHAPTER XXXVII—Continued.

But this groping about his feet... "I'm bound to see the pattern of those stockings," muttered the strolling soldier, recovering himself, after receiving a nasty blow in the face from the apparently unconscious burglar's foot.

It perhaps made little difference in reality, but it had a decided effect on the soldier's blood. He determined to test his sublimity at any cost. He would probably have done so, had he not been in less peremptory fashion, had Blades refrained from such degrading treatment before he was hurled back upon the ground.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. The Escape from the Bill. That warm, steamy November day was succeeded by a glorious night. The moon, almost full, shone brightly over the bay of Weymouth and the harbor of refuge.

CHAPTER XXXIX. Chesil Beach. A good two hours have elapsed since Dainty and her captives had left the Mist, and those on board the schooner were in a state of great excitement.

"Aye, aye, sir," responds the master, "but I don't know of the whereabouts of the burglar's foot. It is longer than you can help. The breeze blows like a whip, and it is an awkward place to be caught in if it comes on to blow strong from the east-west."

"You needn't be afraid," suddenly interrupted the man in a harsh voice. "I know what you're thinking. No matter what might happen to me, I've promised Miss Jennie to see you safe to the Bill. It's done, and you'll see it."

"I understand," replied Maurice, and the two strolled through the straggling streets like a pair of old friends.

"You see the lighthouse," said Maurice tersely. "We run no risk till we get near them. I mean to pass between 'em and the Bill, and then we'll be out of the water."

"You owe me nothing," she said. "I will give you my word, I would have handed you over to the jailers again, if I interfered about you at all. I have only obeyed one whom I'm bound to obey. I hate you and all your name."

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It will be touch-and-go weathering that point. The yacht slipped through the heavy rollers bravely. The master himself was at the helm, and kept her as close to the wind as she could bear.

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Captain had found their way to the West Cliff, and watched the movements of the yacht from Blackrock Point in the first instance. Here they were found by Nance, who told them the escape was so far effected.

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ery to mutter platitudes to the bloodless lips beside him. The man pressed her as if he were in pain.

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say, a question of life and death with excruciating pain. The man who had been with her, now she was alone.

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