

hanging up, and with some of these the Amazon secured her prisoner in a stall. Then she searched him, retaliating upon the constable the indignities he had practised on his former victims. Handcuff and padlock keys were found in his pockets, and with these she silently freed her venerable father, who, in his turn, delivered young Rawdon from his bonds. "Now, you two," said the rescuer, quietly, "go round the end of the stables, cross the road into the bush beyont, and leg out fast as ye can. I'm a-goin' ter foller, and, ef I see ye take a step 'campment way, I'll have ye both hung, sure pop." Mr. Newcome gave the prostrate constable two parting kicks in the ribs, and obeyed orders, while his affectionate daughter followed, until she saw the fugitives safely on the homeward road. Then she strayed back to the kitchen, and guessed, seeing Ben was all safe, she'd go home, as the night was fine. She put in half an hour's irrelevant talk with Mr. Toner after this, and, thereafter, left him, suggesting, as she departed, that, when his watch was over, he might look into the stables, where the horses seemed to be restless.

Simple-hearted Ben informed Mr. Bangs that he had heard noises in the stables, which was not true. Proceeding thither with a lantern he found only one prisoner, who, on examination, proved to be the constable. He had attacked the unsavoury potato with his teeth as far as the tightness of his gag allowed, and was now able to make an audible groan, which sounded slushy through the moist vegetable medium. When released, he was speechless with indignation, disappointment, and shame. Ben flashed the lantern on the handkerchief, and recognized it as the property of a young woman of his acquaintance, whereupon he registered an inward vow to throw off a Newcome and take on a Sullivan. Bridget was better looking than Serlizer anyway, and wasn't so powerful headstrong like. Mr. Bangs came to see the disconsolate corporal, and Mr. Terry sought in vain to comfort him. The detective was not sorry, save for the possibility of the fugitives effecting a junction with Rawdon, who would thus be at the head of a gang again. Otherwise, Newcome was not at all likely to leave the country, and could be had any time, if wanted. As for the unhappy lad, he had suffered enough, and if there were any chance of his