

ceiling in a thoughtful way, and his eyes finally rested on Mr. Baring. "Five hundred pounds!" he said interrogatively,—*"Five hundred pounds to arm a nation. Let us have common sense!"*

"Why, sir," I shall sacrifice all I have. I shall stake a thousand—two—three!" enthusiastically cried Mr. Baring. "Change that subject, my good friend," Fullerton replied. *We cannot approach one another on it; change it!"*

There was an amount of fixedness in Mr. Fullerton's manner and resolution that evidently wrought on the visitors' minds. Yet they were convinced that the whole thing was only oddity, as they knew he was in earnest and had the means; and they determined to see him again," when he had considered it. The conversation changed.

"Of course, you have plenty of arms, yourself?"

"Plenty! Oh, yes."

"A hundred?"

"Well, I can't say a hundred."

"But plenty?"

"Quite enough."

Mr. Baring exchanged a glance with his companion—only the flit of a beam. But Mr. Fullerton saw it, and he smiled in his heart grimly.

"Our 'chief' has profound confidence in you, Mr. Fullerton."

"Well, no one trusts him more, or loves him better than I do."

"I am going to see him this night."

"You are?"

"I and my friend here. Have you a note, or letter, or message? I shall be glad to deliver it."

Mr. Fullerton thought for a moment.

"How soon do you depart?"

"In one hour."

"Well, in that time I will be able to send a letter of some importance. Will you do me the favor of calling? or shall I send to your hotel?"

"Oh, I shall call, certainly."

Mr. Fullerton sat down to think; and the most prominent thought that possessed him was that Mr. Baring was to be utilised. He had not been long in this mood when, who came the way, but James, the Pilgrim.

"James! is that you?" cried Mr. Fullerton.

"Yes, sir. Everywhere, like the bad ether. A poor Summer, sir."

"James, you know Mr. Baring?"

"Yes, sir."

"He is a leading man—the 'captain.'"

"So I have heard, sir."

"Does he know where the chief is?"

"He! No."

"And you do?"

"I do."

"Mr. Baring is moving Heaven and earth to find the chief's whereabouts."

"He came here to get information," said James.

"Precisely," answered Mr. Fullerton.

"And you are going to write to the chief, arn't you?"

"I am."

"Well," James said, with the most comical face a man wearing belt and rosary ever yet put on, "here is the chief's address," and he looked full of fun at Mr. Fullerton.

Mr. Fullerton accepted the information with thanks, and, more than that, he made James wait for dinner.

Mr. Baring came in due time for the letter, and duly received the same. He did more, indeed. In a fit of patriotic liberality, he produced a magnificent case of pistols, snugly flannelled in a mahogany box.

"I am so much indebted to you Mr. Fullerton, that I beg your acceptance of this case of pistols. They will remind you of this day, when liberty shall have dawned upon our land."

"Pardon me, Mr. Baring. I informed you that I have more arms than I will know how to employ. You know numbers of your friends who will be glad to receive them."

"What! you will not take them?"

"Not for the world! You can find plenty who want them."

However, Mr. Baring had the letter, the address on the cover of which named a place *only seventy miles away from the sojourn of him they called the "chief,"* and the pilgrim and the patriot Fullerton laughed more than we can measure or describe.

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What is shocking to hear is that the case of pistols was taken from Baring as he went home, and that he got what some evil-minded people called "the father of a beating."