

## The Miss-adventures of Jimmy Carew.

(From the Log of Harold Brooks.)

By G. R.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### *Weatherbee Meets with Another Waterloo.*

I focussed the glass hurriedly, as the lens caught the blur of the rapidly moving skiff. Its occupant was indeed Algernon Chumley Potts. And in each of the three motionless boats were two men, all lying on their oars and apparently "all in."

"Bob!" said Giggs, hoarse with excitement, "we've got 'im! Those chaps that took 'im in on Grindstone 'as found out that 'e took *them* in. They've got over their beer." I passed the binocular to Giggs, and he trained it on the boats. "That's them!" he said feverishly. "They've chased 'im across, but 'e's been too fast for 'em. 'E's beat the doubles again, an' they're quitting now." A shout reached our ears. "'Ello, that chap in the canoe is stopping now! W'y, blimey, it's Weatherbee! Ah, Potts 'ailed 'im! Potts is rowing over to 'im now! There, they've got their 'eads together! Now Weatherbee's off again! 'E's cutting across to the town a bit! Potts is following, but coming down more. Now Weatherbee's coming down. Ah, I see their little gyne! *They're agoin' to try and sandwich Mr. Carew!*" The glass swung from right to left in Giggs' sturdy but trembling hand. "Row on, Bob! That Grindstone bunch is goin' back. No, by 'eings, they're spreadin' hout! One boat's goin' hup between Tidde's an' the town! 'Ullo! There's another boat comin' hout from the town wharf, with three in it! 'Anged if I don't think it's that Dutch Hans in the stern! 'Ere, Mr. Brooks!" Giggs whirled back on his seat, handed me the glass in a hurry, and seized his oars. The pair dashed away at top speed, and I trained the glass on the drama.

Events were shaping rapidly for a climax and a coup. Jimmy, now beyond Dark Island, was pursuing the even tenor of his way toward the *Inn*. Potts was still coming down, but with circling glances toward the boats approaching him from five points. Now he shot a look over his right shoulder and quickened his stroke. I put the binocular down and paddled rapidly on, for it was plain that within a minute Weatherbee, Potts and Jimmy must come together upon their convergent way.

A voice rang sharply over the water. It was Weatherbee's, shrill and malapert.

"Carew!" he piped, and rattled his paddle across the gunwales. "Hold up, do you hear? My name's Weatherbee!"

"So my ear and my eye informed me!" sang out Jimmy, paddling blithely on. "There's isn't a boat on the river with your siren of a voice or beautiful figurehead, thank the Lord!"

"Don't thank *Him* too soon!" snapped Weatherbee, crossing Jimmy's bow. "I haven't done with you!" Then the two light racing canoes came together with a bang.

"Look out!" shouted Jimmy, and pushed Weatherbee's boat away. "Now, what is it? I've no time to waste!"

"Oh, you can't heckle me!" retorted Weatherbee. "We're not in the Committee's tent now, Carew! I want that locket, do you hear?" He waved a bronzed bared arm; and Potts, who had lain on his oars some lengths away, stern on, swung his skiff about.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" Jimmy roared, suddenly fighting mad. "Come on, Potts! You're a pretty pair!"

Another canoeist had come up stream, and now lay on his paddle, drinking in the scene. It was White, the boy who had laid a tenner on Weatherbee in the race for the Cup.

Potts hesitated, with a sweeping glance at the converging skiffs, then came on. He rushed his skiff through the placid water with the intention of striking Jimmy's craft on the beam. But Weatherbee's canoe had lapped Jimmy's again. Jimmy reached far forward quickly, seized the nearest gunwale of Weatherbee's boat, and with a sudden, strong pull, shot it astern, where it was struck smashingly by the bow of Potts' skiff; and Weatherbee, who had raised single blade in hand was thrown to the boards.

"You damn fool!" he snarled, getting to his knees. He struck at Potts with his paddle, the blow falling short.

But Potts did not retort. He gripped his oars afresh. For in his ears was the sweep of many oars and the rapid rush of boats through the moonlit blue. Giggs' voice rang out:

"Potts! Ship your oars! You can't get away! The game's hup! I've got a warrant, do you 'ear?"

Potts heard, but thought otherwise. He glanced to left and right. Below him was another skiff, coming on. Beyond Giggs were two more, coming in. And still a fourth was coming down, and from its stern a big voice bellowed gutturally to the moon:

"Botts! Allcherman Shumminny Botts, yess! I haf a varrant yet alretty! In der