

LADDIES.

Though we've sounded a warning 'gainst lads who persist in smoking the vile cigarette, Bear in mind that good lads, in our mind, are as fine As the best of the lassies e'er get.

TO BE HELD FOR RANSOM.

Gerald Jennerton, who had been absorbed in the study of a report concerning the misdeeds of a much wanted criminal, was disturbed by a slight tapping a few yards away. He looked up and discovered to his surprise that he had a visitor.

"That's just it," Philip pointed out. "Yankeedoodle's a rum kid—a n American, you know—but he isn't a bad sort, and he's been through it once before. They kidnapped him from somewhere in New York State. That's why he's over here now. His name's Hammerton. His father was supposed to be the richest man in the world, wasn't he Yankeedoodle?"

He went on, as a third boy made a somewhat tentative appearance. "He is not a bad kid, but he's a wolf at strawberries." Arrived at the tent, the boys, with unlimited supply of cake and strawberries before them, settled down to business, and light conversation was impossible.

continued. "I want you to find Howson, if he's anywhere about." "I'm ready," Philip agreed, slipping off his stool. "He spends most of his time here, drinking whiskies and sodas, but tonight he seems to be hanging around the side door all the evening. I believe he's looking for those Americans. Yankeedoodle swears he heard one of them a little time ago talking to a chauffeur, asking about the Portsmouth Road. This way, Mr. Jennerton."

could they discern any sign of Yankeedoodle. His small fair-headed companion from the Priory was wandering about disconsolately. Philip hurried across to her, asked a few questions, and came back with a scared expression on his face. "I say, Sir," he announced, "she says that Major Howson came up and took Yankeedoodle away. What an ass I was not to have stayed with the kid!"

"But what else is there to do except follow them?" Gerald demanded. "Find out the catch," his father replied. "So far as following is concerned, that's a blind business, and it isn't necessary. I've spoken to Henslow at the Yard, and before another hour has passed, the whole of the South coast will be blocked against them. I don't think it would matter. Mr. Jennerton went on thoughtfully, "if we took the Brighton Road or the Portsmouth Road—I don't think if we travelled a hundred miles an hour we should come up with them."

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