# THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER. SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1890.

# THE SPLENDID SPUR.

John Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marcel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 1642-3: written by himself.

### EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "0."

#### CHAPTER XVIII. MAN DOES ME HER LAST SKRVICE.

JOAN DOES ME HEB LAST SERVICE. We came, a little before midnight, to Sir Bevill's famous great house of Stow, near Kikhampton; that to-night was brightly lit and full of captains and troopers feasting, as well they needed to, after the great victory. And here, though loath to do so, I left Delia is the care of Lady Grace Grenville, Sir Bevill's fond, beautiful wife, and of all gen-tiewomen I have ever seen the pink and practice, as well for her loyal heart as the prices of her mind; who, before the half of strips of her mind; who, before the half of the was out, kissed Delia on both checks and led her away. "To you, too, sir, I would counsel bed," said she, "after you have enten and drunk, and especially given God thanks for this day's work." Bir Bevill I did not see, but, striding down

into the hall, picked my way among the drinking and drunken; the servants hurrying with dishes of roast and baked and great tankards of beer; the swords and pikes flung fown under the forms and settles, and stick ing out to trip a man up; and at length for a groom who led me to a loft over one of the barns; and here, above a mattress of hay, I dept the first time for many months between fresh linen that smelt of lavender, and, in binking how pleasant 'twas, dropped sound

there is no better, sweeter couch than this of linen spread over hay. Early norning 1 woke with wits clear as water, and not an ache or cunce of wearings in my bones; and, after washing at the pump be-low, went in search of breakfast and Sir Bevill. The one I found, ready laid, in the hall; the other seated in his writing room, studying in a map; and with apology for my ided him Master Tingcomb's con-

ion and told my story. Then 'twas over, Sir Bevill sat pondering,

and after a while said, very frankly: "As a magistrate I can give this warrant; and twould be a pleasure, for well, as a boy, do I remember Deakin Killigrew. Young -he rose up, and, taking a turn acros the room, came and laid a hand on my shoul--"I have seen his daughter. Is it too to warn you against loving her?" "Why, yes," I answered, blushing; "I think

She seems both sweet and quaint. God forbid I should say a word against one that has so taken me! But in these times a man should stand alone; to make a friend is to rul a chance of a soft heart; to marry a wife the chance sure"

He broke off, and went on again with a change of tone; "For many reasons I would blithely issue

But how am I to spare men to this warrant. carry it out! At any moment we may be as-

"If that be your concern, sir," answered I, "give me the warrant. I have a good friend here, a scafaring man, whose vessel lies at this moment in Loose Haven, with a crew on mard, that will lay Master Tingcomb by the heels in a trice. Within three days we'll have him clapped in Launceston jail, s. o

there at the next assize you shall sit on a grand jury and hear his case, by which time, I hope, the king's law shall run on easier wheels in Cornwall. The prisoners we have already I leave you to deal withal; only, egainst my will, I must claim some mercy

egainst my will, 1 may for that rogue Settle." To this Sir Bevill consented; and, to be To this Sir Bevill consented; morning bort, the three knaves were next morning d off to Launceston; but in time, no ence being brought against them, re-ed their freedom, which they used to 1.50 the guilding such in his own way. age no longer concern this history,

and so I gladly leave them. To return, then, to my proper fale, 'twas not ten minutes before I had the warrant in set. And by 11 o'clock (word having arried to Delia, and our plans laid be himself to belp us) our horses were brought round to the gate and my mistress appeared all ready for the journey. For though as-sured that the work needed not her presence, and that she had best wait at Stow till Master lingcomb was smoked out of his nest, she would have none of it, but was set on riding with me to see justice done on this fellow, of whose villainy I had toid her much the night hefore. And glad I was of her choice, as I mw her standing on the entrance steps, fresh Lady Grace had in a fit habit once more; for horse, but also a riding dress and hat of gray velvet to equip her, and stood in the porch to wish us god-speed, while Sir Bovill helped Della to the saddle. Bo, with Billy tramping behind us, away we rode up the combe, where Kilkhampton tower stood against the sky; and, turning to wave hands at the top, found our host and hostess still by the gate, watching us, with hands raised to shield their eyes from the At Launceston, Billy Pottery took leave of us; and now went due south, towards Looe, with a light purse and lighter heart, undertaking that his ship should lie off Gleys, with her crew ready for action, within eight hours. Delia and I rode faster towards the southwest; and having by this time recovered my temper, 1 was recounting my flight along this very road, when I heard and that brought mys heart into my behind the hill in front or is. And at the same moment I understood. It must be Sir George Chudleigh's cavalry returning, on news of their comrades' defeat, and we were riding straight towards them as into a trap Now what could have made me forgetful of this danger I cannot explain, unless it be that our thorough victory over the rebels had given me the notion that the country behind us was clear of focs. And Sir Bevill must have had a notion we were going straight to Loos with Billy. At any rate there was no time to be lost, for my presence was a danger to Delia as well. I cast a glance about me, There was no place to hide "Quick!" I cried; "follow me and ride for dear life! And, striking spur into Molly, I turned

en nums to the BTL of Gs, on the root of Joan S cottage, on the scar of the high road, and the sides of the tall tor above it. "In ten minutes," and I, "we may be safe." Bo down into the plain we harried; and I thought for the first time of the loyal girl waiting in the cottage yonder; of my former ride into Temple; and (with angry shame) of the light heart with which I left it. To what had the summoning drums and trumpets led had the summoning drums and trumpets led met Where was the new life, then so care-lessly prevented? But two days had gone, e was I running to Joan for help,

a child to his mother. Past the peat ricks we struggled, the sheep cotes, the straggling fences—all so familiar— crossed the stream and role into the yard. "Jump down," I whispered; "we have time, and no more." Glancing back, I saw a cou-

ple of dragoons already coming over the heights. They had spied us. Dismounting, I ran to the cottage door time:

and flung it open. A stream of light, flung back against the sun, biazed into my eyes. I rubbed them and halted for a moment For Joan stood in front of me, dressed in

the very clothes I had worn on the day we first met-buff coat, breeches, heavy boots, and all. Her back was towards me, and at the shoulder, where the cost had been cut away from my wound, I saw the rents all darned and patched with pack thread. In her hand was the mirror I had given her.

At the sound of my step on the threshold turned with a short cry-a cry the like of which I have never heard, so full was it of which I have never heard, so full was it of choking joy. The glass dropped to the floor and was shattered. In a second her arms were about me, and so she hung on my neck, sobbing and laughing together. "Twas true-'twas true! Dear, dear Jack --dear Jack, to come to me; hold me tighter, there is how the set houst is hursting."

-dear Jack, to come to me; hold me lighter, tighter-for my very heart is bursting?" And behind me a shadow feil on the door-way; and there stood Delia regarding us. "Good lad-all yesterday I swore to be strong and wait-for years, if need be. Fie on womankind to be so weak! All day I sat an' sat, an' did never a mite o' work-never set hand to a tool; an' by sunset I gave in an'

went cursing mysel', over the moor to War-leggan, to Alsie Fascoe, the wise womann' she taught me a charm-an' bless her, less her, Jack, for 't hath brought thee!" "Joan," said I, bot with shame, taking her arms gently from my neck; "listen: I come because I am chased. Once more the dra-

gooners are after me-not five minutes away. 'ou must lend me a horse, and at once." "Nay," said a voice in the doorway, "the

horse, if lent, is for mel" Joan turned, and the two women stood looking at each other-the one with dark wonder, the other with cold disdainfulnessand 1 between them scarce lifting my eyes. Each was beautiful after her kind, as day and night; and though their looks crossed for a full minute like drawn blades, neither had the mastery. Joan was the first to speak.

"Jack, is thy mare in the yard!" I noticed. "Give me thy pistols and thy cloak." She stepped to the window hole at the end of the kitchen and looked out. "Plenty o' time," she said, and pointed to the ladder leading to

the loft above—"Climb up there, the both, and pull the ladder after. Is't thou they want—or shef" pointing to Della. "Me chiefly they would catch, no doubt-

being a man," I answered. "Ay—bein' a man; the world's full o' folly.

Then, Jack, do thou look after her, an' I'll look after thee. If the rebels leave thee in peace, make for the Jews' Kitchen and there shide me." She flung my cloak about her, took my

nistols and went out at the door. As she did o the sun sank and a dull shadow swept over the moor. "Joan!" I cried, for now I guessed her purpose and was following to hinder her; had caught Molly's bridle and was already astride of her. "Gsc back" sho called, softly, and then, "I make a better lad than wench, Jack," leaped the mare through a gap in the yall and in a moment was breast ing the ball and galloping for the high road Is this than a minute, as it seemed, I heard pounding of hoofs, and had barely time to follow Delia up the ladder and pull it after me, when two of the dragoons rode skurrying

by the house and passed on yelling. Their cries were hardly faint in the distance before there came another three. "'A's a lost man, now, for sure," said one; "be danged if 'a's not took the road back to

ma, an chu wi'ne - Courch and King! Call, lad-'Church an' ?-----The warm arms loosened; the head sank

back upon my lap. I looked up. There was a shadow across the entrance, blotting out the star of night. Twas Delia, leaning there and listening.

CHAPTER XIX. THE ADVENTURE OF THE HEARSE.

The day spring came at last, and in the sick light of it I went down to the cottage for spade and pickax. In the tumult of my senses I hardly noted that our prisoner, the dragoon, had contrived to slip his bonds and

steal off in the night. And then Delia, seeing me return with the ad tools on my shoulder, spoke for the first

'First, if there be a well near, fetch me two buckets of water, and leave us for an Her voice was weary and chill, so that I

dared not thank her, but did the errand in silence. Then, but a dozen paces from the spot where Joan's father lay, I dug a grave and strewed it with bracken, and heather, and gorse petals, that in the morning air smelt rarely. And soon after my task was

done, Delia called me. In her man's dress Joan lay, her arms crossed, her black tresses braided, and her face gentler than ever 'twas in life. Over

ounded breast was a bunch of some tiny pink flower that grew about the tor.

So I lifted her softly as once in this same place she had lifted me, and bore her down the slope to the grave, and there I buried her, while Della knelt and prayed, and Molly browsed, lifting now and then her head to

look. When all was done, we turned away, dry eyed, and walked together to the cottage. The bay horse was feeding on the moor below; and, finding him still too lame to carry Delia, I shifted the saddles, and, mending the broken rein, set her on Molly. The cottage

door stood open, but we did not enter; only looked in; and seeing Jan Tergagle curled be side the cold hearth, left him so. Mile after mile we passed in silence, Delia riding and I pacing beside her with the bay.

At last, tortured past bearing, I spoke: 'Delia, have you nothing to say?" For a while she seemed to consider; then,

with her eyes fixed on the hills ahead, an swered: "Much, if I could speak; but all this has rhanged me somehow-'tis, perhaps, that I have grown a woman, having been a girl-

and need to get used to it and think. She spoke not angrily, as I looked for, but with a painful slowness that was less hopeful. "But," said I, "over and over you have

shown that I am nought to you. Surely"----"Surely I am jealous? 'Tis possible-yes, Jack, I am but a woman, and so 'tis certain. "Why, to be jealous you must love me!" She looked at me straight, and answered

very deliberate: "Now that is what I am far from sure of."

"But, dear Delia, when your anger has cooled"-----"My anger was brief; I am disappointed,

rather. With her last breath, almost, Joan and you were weaker than she; she loved you better than I, and read you clearer. You are weak. Jack"-she drew in Molly, and let her hand fall on my shoulder very kindlyhave been comrades for many a long mile, and I hope are honest, good friends; wherefore I loathe to say a harsh or ungrateful seeming word. But you could not under stand that brave girl, and you cannot under

stand me; for as yet you do not even know yourself. The knowledge comes slowly to a man, I think; to a woman at one rush. But when it comes, I believe you may be strong. Now leave me to think, for my head is all of a tangle."

Our pace was so slow (by reason of the lame horse) that a great part of the after-noon was spent before we came in sight of the House of Gleys. And truly the yellow sunshine had flung some warmth about the naked walls and turrets, so that Delia's homecoming scemed not altogether cheerless. But what gave us more happiness was to spy, on the blue water beyond, the bright canvas of the Godsend, and to hear the cries and stin of Billy Pottery's marines as they hauled down the sails. And Billy himself was on the lookout with

his spyglass. For hardly were we come to the beach when our signal-the waving of a matrice man board, and within half an hour a boat puts off, wherein, as she drew nearer, I counted eight fellows. They were (besides Billy) Matt. Soames, the master; Gabriel Hutchins, Ned Masters, the black man Sampion, Ben Halliday and two whose full names I have forgot-but one was called Nicholas. And, after many warm greetings, the boat was made fast, and we climbed up along the peninsula together, in close order, like a little army,

tresties in the center of the room. The coffin was closed and studded with silver nalls; on the lid was a silver plate bearing these words written: "Hannibal Tingcomb, MDCXLIII," with a text of Scripture below. "Why have you nailed him down?" I asked.

"Now where be thy bowels, young man, to talk so unfeelin'! An' where be thy experience, not to know the ways o' the ble dead in summer time?"

"When do you bury him?" "To-morrow forencon. The spot is two mile from here." He blinked at me, and hesitated for a minute. "Is it your purpose,

sirs, to attend "" "Be sure of t sure of that," I said, grimly. "So have beds ready to-night for all our com-

"All thy-! Dear sir, consider; where are beds to be found? Sure, thy mariners can

pass the night aboard their own ship?" "So then," thought I, "you have been on the lookout;" but Delia replied for me:

"I am Delia Kiligrew, and mistress of this house. You will prepare the beds as you are told." Whereupon what does that decrepit

old sinner but drop upon his kness. "Mistress Delia! Oh, goodly feast for this one poor eye! Oh, that Master Tingcomb and seen this day !"

I declare the tears were running down his iose; but Delia marched out, cutting short his hyperisy. In the passage she whispered:

"Villainy, Jack!" I answered, "and listen: Master "Hash!"

Tingcomb is no more in that coffin than L." "Then where is he?" "That is just what we are to discover." As

"That is just what we are to discover." All I said this a light broke on me. "By the Lord," I cried, "'Its the very same!" Doin opened her eyes wide, "Wsit," I said; "I begin to touch ground." We returned to the great hall. The straight

haired man was still eating, and opposite sat Billy, that had not budged, but now ing to me, very mysterious, whispered in a voice that made the plates rattle; "That's-a damned-rogue!"

Twas discomposing, but the truth. In fact, I had just solved a puzzle. This holy speaking minister was no other than the groom I had seen at Bodmin fair holding Master Tingcomb's horses. By this time the sun was down, and Delia

soon made an excuse to withdraw to her own room. Nor was it long before the rest followed her example. I found our chambers prepared, near together, in a wing of the use at some distance from the hall. was next to mine, as I made sure by knock ing at her door; and on the other side of me slopt Billy with two of his crew. My own bed was in a great room sparely furnished, and the linen indifferent white. There was a plenty of clean straw, though, on the floor,

had I intended to sleep-which I did not. Instead, having blown out my light, I sat on the bed's edge, listening to the big clock over the hall as it chimed the quarters, and waiting till the fellows below should be at their ease. That Master Tingcomb rested under the coffin lid I did not believe, in spite of the terrifying fit that I could vouch fo But this, if driven to it, we could discover at the grave. The main business was to catch him; and to this end I meant to patrol the mildings, and especially watch the entrance. on the likely chance of his creeping back to house (if not already inside) to confer

with his fellow rascals. As 11 o'clock sounded, therefore, I tapped on Billy's wall, and finding that Matt. Sommewas keeping watch (as we had agreed upon). slipped off my boots. Our rooms were or the first floor, over a straw yard, and the dis tance to the ground an easy drop for a man But wishing to be ailent as possible, I knotted two blankets together and, strapping the end round the window mullion, swung myself down by one hand, holding my boots in the other.

I dropped very lightly, and looked about. There was a faint moon up and glimmering on the straw; but under the house was deep shadow, and along this I crept. The stray yard led into the court before the stable, and so into the main court. All this way I heard no sound, nor spied so much as a speck of light in any window. The house door was closed, and the bar fastened on the great gate across the yard. I turned the corner to explore the third side of the house,

Here was a group of outbuildings jutting out, and between them and the high outer wall a narrow alley. "Twas with difficulty I dark as pitch, and rendered the straighter by a line of ragged laurels planted under th house; so that at every other step I would stumble, and run my head into a bu

ing quice plain to us from the other size of the panel. I held out and conforted Matt, as well as I could, feeling sure we should find Master Tingcomb at our journey's end. Soon we chimbed a hill, which eased us a little, but shortly after were bumping down again, and suffering worse than ever. "Save us," mouned Matt.; "where will this end!"

end" The words were scarce out when we turned sharp to the right, with a jolt that shook our teeth together, rolled for a little while over smooth grass, and drew up. I heard the fellows climbing down, and got

my pistols out. "Simmy," growled the minister, "where's the lantern?"

There was a minute or so of silence, and then the snapping of fint and steel and the sound of puffing.

"Lit, Binmy?" "Ay, here 'is." "Fetch it along then." The handle of the door was turned, and a light flashed into the hearso. "Here, hold the lantern steady! Come hither, eld Squeaks, and help wi'the end." "Sorrely I will. Well was I called Young Look-alive when a gay, fleeting boy Simmy, my son, thou'rt sadly drunken. O youth, youth! Thou wine bibber, hold the light steady, or I'll tell thy manuny!" "Oh, sir, I do mortally dread the devil an' all his works!" On three sides the sky compassed me-wild and red, save where to castward the dawn was paling; on the fourth the dark rocky face seemed gliding upward as Billy lowered. Far below I heard the wash of the sea, and

all his works!"

ill his works?" "Now, if ever! 'The devil,' says he—an' Master Tingcomb still livin', an' in his own nouse awaitin' us?" Be sure, his words were as good as a slap Master

The sure, his words were as good as a ship in the face to me. For I had counted the bearse to lead me straight to Master Ting-comb binaself. "In his own house," too! A fright seized me for Delia. But first I must deal with these scoundrels, who were already dragging out the coffin. "Steady there!" calls the minister. The offic way more than half way outside.

coffin was more than half way outside. I leveled my pistol over the edge of the tool chest and fetched a yell fit to wake a ghost— at the same time letting fly straight for the

minister. In the flash of the discharge I saw him, half In the flash of the discharge I saw him, has turned, his eves staring and mouth agape. He chapped his hand to his shoukler. On top of his wild shrick broke out a chorus of screams and oaths in the middle of which the coffin tilted up and went over with a crask. "Satan! Satan!" bawled Simmy, and, dropping the lantern, took to his heels for dropping the lantern took to his heels for dear life. At the same moment the horses took fright, and before I could scramble out we were tearing madly away over the turf and into the darkness. I had made a sad

mess of it, ness of it. It must have been a full minute before tak-hedge turned them, and gave me time to drop out at the back and run to their beads. Matt, Soames was after me, quick as thought, and soames was after me, quick as thought, and soames was after me, due the soarch the soarch taken taken the soarch taken the soarch taken take Soames was after me, quick as thought, and very soon we mastered them, and gathering up the reins from between their legs, led them back. As luck would have it, the lan-tern had not been quenched by the fall, but lay flaring, and so guided us. Also a curious bright radiance seemed growing on the sky, for which I could not account. The three knaves were nowhere to be seen, but I heard their footsteps scampering in the distance, and Simmy still yelling "Satan!" I knew my builet had hit the minister; but he got away, and I never set eyes on any of the

three again. Leaving Matt. to mind the horses, I caught up the lantern and looked about me. As well as could be seen, we were in a narrow meadow between two hills, whereof the black slopes rose high above us. Some paces to the right my car caught the noise of a stream

I turned the lantern on the coffin, which lay face downwards, and with a gasp took in the game those precious rogues had been playing. For, with the fall of it, the boards being but thin) were burst clean asunder and on both sides had tumbled out silver

and on both sides had tumbled out silver cups silver saitcellars, silver plates and dishes, with the lantern's rays, sparkled prettily on the turf. The collin, in short, was stuffed with Delia's silverware. I had picked up a great flagon, and was turning it over to read the inscription when Matt. Soames called to me and pointed over the hill in front. Above it the whole sky was read and abasing.

red and glowing. "Sure," said he, "''tis a fire out yonder!" "God heip us, Matt.—'tis the House of Glowe." Glova

It took but two minutes to toss the silver back into the hearse. I clapped to the door, and, snatching the reins, sprang upon the driver's seat.

## CHAPTER XX.

#### THE ADVENTURE OF THE LEDGE.

rock. The ledge was breaking. I saw a seam gape at my feet. I saw it widen and spread to right and left. I heard a ripping, rending noise—a rush of stones and earth; and, clawing the air, with a wild evreech, Master Tingcomb pitched backward, We had some ado to find the gate; but no sooner were through, and upon the high road, than I lashed the horses up the hill at a gailop. To guide us between the dark hedge we had only one lantern and the glare ahead The dishes and the cups clashed and rattled as the hear so bumped in the ruts, swaying wildly; a dozen times Matt. was near being pitched clean out of his seat. With my legs

A state on an information or all of our passes and pavels, besides over 4200° in coined money. There were two more left behind, they mid, besides several small bags of gold. The path path of the several small bags of gold. The path path of the several several small bags of gold. The path path of the several severa fortune, for he added: fortune, for he added: "Be a truth speakin' man i' the main, Jack —lay over 'pon my belly, and spied a ledge— fifty feet down or less—reckon there be a way thence to the foot. Dear, now! what a rampin', tearin' sweat is this!" For, as fast as I could tug, I was hauling up the rope. Nearly sixty feet came up before I reached the end—a thick twisted knot. I

rove a long noose, pulled it over my head and shoulders, and made Billy understand he was to lower me. "Sit I' the noose, lad, an' hold round the

"Sit I the noose, had, an hold round the knot. For sign to holst again, tug the rope hard. I can hold." He paid is out carefully while I stepped to the edge. With the noose around my loins I thrust myself gently over, and in a trice

hung swaying. On three sides the sky compassed me-wild

could just spy the white spume of it glimmer-ing. It stole some of the heart out of me,

ing. It stole some of the heart out of me, and I took my eyes off it. Some feet below the top, the cliff fetched a

slant inward, so that I dangled a full three

feet out from the face. As a boy I had ad-ventured something of this sort on the north

tides of Gable and the Pillar, and once (after

a nest of englets) on the Mickledore cliffs; but

then 'twas daylight. Now, though I saw the ledge under me, about a third of the way down, it looked, in the darkness, to be so ex-

tremely narrow that 'tis probable I should

have called out to Billy to draw me up but

so, instead, I held very tight and wished it

Down I swayed (Billy letting out the rope

very steady), and at last swung myself in-ward to the ledge, gained a footing and took a giance round before slipping off the rope.

round the cliff some way to my left and then,

as I thought, broke sharply away. 'Twa

mainly about a yard in width, but in places

no more than two feet. In the growing light I noted the face of the headland ribbed with

several of these ledges, of varying length, but all hollowed away underneath (as I sup-pose by the sca in former ages), so that the cliff's summit overhung the base by a great

way, and peering over I saw the waves creep-ing right beneath me. Now all this while I had not let Master

Tingcomb out of my mind. So 1 slipped off the rope and left it dangle, while I crept for-

the rope and left if dangle, while I crept for-ward to explore, keeping well against the rock and planting my feet with great caution. I believe I was twenty minutes taking as many steps, when at the point where the ledge broke off I saw the ends of an iron had-

ledge broke off I saw the ends of an iron hadder sticking up, and close beside it a great hole in the rock, which till now the curve of the cliff had hid. The latter no doubt stood on a second shelf below. I was pausing to consider this, when a bright ray atreamed across the sea towards me, and the red rim of the sun rose out of the waters, outfacing the glow on the headland, and rending the film of smoke that hung like a curtain about the horizon. Twas as if hy

a curtain about the horizon. 'Twas as if by alchemy that the red ripples melted to gold, and I stood watching with a child's delight. I heard the sound of a footstep, and faced

Before me, not six paces off, stood Hanni

bal Tingcomb. He was issuing from the hole with a sack on his shoulder, and sueaking to descend the steps, when he threw a glance behind—and

saw me! Neither spoke. With a face gray as ashes he turned very slowly, until in the unnatural light we looked straight into each other's syes. His never blinked, but stared-stared horribly, while the voins swelled black on his forchead and his lips worked, attempting mesch. No works canno only a long drawn

forchead and his lips worked, attempting speech. No words came—only a long drawn sob, deep down in his throat. And then, letting slip the sack, he flung his arms up, ran a pace or two towards me, and tumbled on his face in a fit. His left shoul-der hung over the verge, his legs slipped. In a trice he was hanging by his arms, his old distorted face turned up, and a froth about his lips. I made a step to save him, and then jumpsdback, flattening myself against the rock. The ledge was breaking.

ic edge. I shut my eyes and shouted.

realed; my fingers dug into the rock behind till they bled. I bent forward-forward over the heaving mist, through which the sea crawled like a snake. It beckoned me down,

that crawling water. 1 stiffened my knees, and the faintne

passed. I must not look down again. It fashed on me that Delin had called me weak, and I hardened my heart to fight it out. I would face round to the cliff and work to-wards the round

All the rope. All the way I kept shouting, and so, for half an hour, inch by inch, shuffed forward until I stood under the rope. Then I had to

turn again. The rock, though still overarching, here

pressed out less than before, so that, working round on the ball of my foot. I managed preity easily. But how to get the rope! As I said, it hung a good yard beyond the ledge, the noose dangling some two feet below it. With my finger tips against the cliff, I leaned out and churched at it. I missed it by a foot.

out and clutched at it. I missed it by a foot. "Shall I jump?" thought I, "or bide here till

help comes?" "Twas a giddy, awful leap. But the black "Twas a giddy, a budy now. In a minute

Twas a giddy, awin reap. Dr. in a minute borror was at my heels now. In a minute mere 'twould have me, and then my fall was certain. I called up Deha's face as she had taunted me. I bent my knees, and, leaving my hold of the rock, sprang forward—out,

over the sea. I saw it twinkle, fathoms below. My right

I should be a should be reper then my left, as I swung far out upon it. I slipped an inch--three inches--then held, swaying wild-ly. My foot was in the noose. I heard a shout above, and, as I dropped to a sitting

"Quick! Oh, Billy, pull quick!". "Quick! Oh, Billy, pull quick!". He could not hear, yet tugged like a Trojan. "Now, here's a time to keep a man sittin'!" he shouted, as he caught my hand and pulled me full length on the turf. Why, lad—hast

There was no answer. The one a north bad overtaken me at last. They carried me to a shed in the great court of Gleys, and set use on straw; and there, till far into the afternoon, I lay be-

twixt swooning and trembling, while Delia bathed my head in water from the sea, for no

other was to be had. And about 4 in the afternoon the horror left me, so that I sat up and told my story pretty steadily. "What of the pouse?" I asked, when the

"What of the house?" I asked, when the tale was done, and a company sont to search the east cliff from the beach. "All perishes!." said Dolla, and then, smil-ing, "I am houseless as ever, Jack." "And have the same good friends." "That's true. But listen—for while you have lain here, Billy and I have put our heads together. Ho is bound for Brest, he says, and has agreed to take me and such poor chattels as are saved to Brittany, where I know my mother's kin will have a welcome

Said I, "How else should I look, that am to lose there in an hour or more?" She made no reply to this, but turned away to give an order to the sulors. The last of Delin's furniture was hardly aboard, when we heard great should go be for search the chiff. They lave between them three large oak coffers, which being broke.

was no answer. The black horror

een a ghost f

There

I stood on a shelf of sandy rock that wound

for the certainty that he would never

over.

round.

"Is there any more to come?" she asked. "No," said I, and God knows my heart was heavy; "nothing to come but 'Farewell?" She haid her small hand in my big pairs, and, glancing up, said very pretty and de-

and, glancing up, said very pretty and de-mure: "And shall I leave my best! Wilt not come, too, dear Jack!" "Delia!" I stammered. "What is this! I thought you loved mo not." "And so did I, Jack; and, thinking so, I found I loved these better than ever. Fie on thee, now! May not a maid change her mind without being forced to such unseemly, bra-zen words?" And she heaved a mock sigh. But as I stood and heid that little band, I seemed across the very mist of happiness to

But as I stood and bein that but on a second a second a section of the very mist of happiness to read a sentence written, and spoke it, perforce and slow, as with another man's mouth "Delia, you only have I loved, and will love! Blithe would I be to live with you, and

to serve you would blithely die. In sorrow, then, call for me, or in trust abide me. But go with you now I may not." She lifted her eyes, and looking full into mine, repeated slowly the verse we had read at our first meeting:

Man's airy notions mix with earth. Thou hast found it, sweetheart-thou hast

found the Spiendid Spur!" She broke off, and clapped her hands to-gether very merrily; and then, as a tear

started: "But thou'lt come for me ere long, Jack! Else I am sure to blame some other woman.

She drew off her ring, and slipped it on my

little finger. "There's my token! Now give me one to

"There's my token! Now give me one to weep and be glad over." Having no trinkets I gave my glove, and she kissed it twice and put it in her bosom. "I have no need of this ring," said I. "for look!" and I drew forth the lock I had cut from her dear head that morning among the alders by Kennet side, and worn ever since over my heart. "Wilt marry no man till I come?"

"Now, that's too hard a promise," said she

I watched her standing in the stern and

aving till she was under the Godsend's side en turned and mounting Molly rode inland

THE END.

In Honor of a Great Inventor.

THE STATUE AT NEWARK.

unveiled at Newark, N. J., has a unique

distinction. It is the first monument

ever erected to a workingman that rep-

resents the subject as employed at his

Seth Boyden became a resident of

Newark in 1815, when he was 27 years of

age. He died in that city in 1870. To

him is due the invention of malleable iron,

the perfection of enameled leather, the

introduction of straight axles and con-

necting rods on locomotives, and the

discovery of the reversing gear for engines

and the duplex valve gear for pumps.

He also made valuable researches in

electricity, photography and metallurgy.

Mr. Boyden was a native of Foxboro.

Mass., and began life as a farm laborer.

STRAUSS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

He Landed in America in Spite of Oppo-

sition and Is Now Giving Concerts.

the musical organizations to prevent Ed-uard Strauss and his famous Vienna or-

chestra from landing in America, he has successfully led his forty-six musicians

with their instruments, valued at \$20,000, over the gang plank and has given concerts

in Boston which have set the Bostonians

\*ID

EDUARD

STRAUSS.

The composition of Herr Strauss' orchestra

s eight first violins, six second violins, six

violas, five 'cellos, five double basses, one

harp, two flutes, two oboes, two bassoons,

two clarinets, two horns, two trumpets,

two trombones, one tuba and one tympani.

popular one. Johann Strauss, who first

light music, was born in 1804, five years be

fore Mendelssohn and Chopin and nine

years before Wagner. Edward Strauss, the

conductor of the American tour, is the

youngest son. He has composed over 200

meritorious selections and has been in

charge of the orchestra for twenty years.

court balls in Vienna, which created a

furer in London in 1885, and which is held

TENNIS.

R W. Braddell, who, with J. Coomber.

won the tennis championship of the North of England at "doubles" for two years, re-

cently represented Singapore against Hong

Kong in a tournament. After quite

struggle he was beaten by E. J. Coxon, a

pion at "singles," says that it is almost im

possible for him to keep up practice neces-sary to do himself justice in different matches, and that he will probably take

part in only one event this year, which will

are arranging for a grand tennis tourna-ment to take place on the lawn at the Fron-tenac in June / This time is chosen on ac-count of it being so near the closing of the

Several hotels in the Thousand Islands

Henry W. Slocum, Jr., the tennis cham-

many to be even superior to the famous

It is this orchestra which plays at

Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin.

left handed player.

be the championship.

The name of Strauss has long been a

ade the name famous in the annals of

wild with delight.

Notwithstanding the efforts of some of

daily task.

The statue to Seth Boyden, recently

laughing and shaking her curls.

o the wars.

"In a wife's lap, as in a grave,

sharp off the road and galloped across th moor to the left, with Delia close after me. Down the hollow we raced with three dra

goons at our heels, the rest going round the hill. But they did little good by so doing, for after the hollow came a broad, dismal heet of water (by name Dozmare pool, have since heard), about a mile round and banked with black peat. Galloping along the left shore of this, we cut them off by near half a mile. But the three behind fol lowed doggedly, though dropping back with every stride

Beyond the pool came a green valley, and a stream flowing down it, which we jumped casily. Glancing at Delia as she handed on the farther side, I noted that her cheeks were glowing and her eyes brimful of mirth.

"Say, Jack," she cried, "is not this better than love of womenf"

"In heaven's name," I called out, "take carel

But it was too late. The green valley here melted into a treacherous bog, in the which her bay was already plunging over his fet locks and every moment sinking deeper.

"Throw me the relu!" I shouted, an d, catch ing the bridle close by the bit, leaned over and tried to drag the horse forward. By this Molly also was over hoofs in liquid mud. For nute and more we heaved and splash and all the while the dragoons, seeing our fix. were shouting and drawing nearer and nearer. But just as a brace of bullets splashed into the slough at our feet, we staggered to the harder slope, and were gaining on them again. Bo for twenty minutes along the spurs of the bills we held on, the enemy failing back and hidden, every now and in the hollows-but always following; at the and of which time, Delia called from just be

"Jack-here's a to-do; the bay is going

There was no doubt of it. I suppose he must have wrung his off hind leg in fighting through the quag. Anyway, ten minutes more would see the end of his gallop. But at this moment we had won to the top of a stiff accent; and now, looking down at our feet, I had the joyfulest surprise. "Two the moor of Temple spread below the smap, the low sun striking on the ruin-

'How 'bout the galf' asked another voice. "Here's her horse i' the yard." "Drat the gal! Sam, go thou an' tackle

her; reckon thou'rt warriors enow for one The two hastened on; and presently I heard the one they called Sam dismounting in the

yard. Now, there was a window hole in the loft facing, not on the yard, but towards the country behind; and running to it, I saw that no more were following-the other three having, as I suppose, early given up the chase. Softly pulling out a loose stone or two, I widened this hole till I could thrush the ladder out of it. To my joy it just reache the ground. I bade Delia squeeze herself

through and climb down. But before she was half way down I heard a wild screech in the kitchen below and the voice of Sam shrieking: ''Help-help! Lord ha' mercy 'pon me-

tis a black cat-'tis a witch! The gal's no somebody ! gal, but a witch!"

Laughing softly, I was descending the ladswered. der when the fellow came round the corner screaming-with Jan Tergagie clawing at his back and spitting murderously. Delia had just time to slip aside, before he ran into the

ladder and brought me flying on top of him. And there he lay and bellowed till I tied him, and gagged his noise with a big stone in his mouth and his own scarf tied around it. "Come!" I whispered; for Joan and her

pursuers were out of sight. Catching up her ong skirt Delia followed me, and up the tor we panted together, nor rested till we were safe in the Jews' Kitchen. "What do you think of this for a hiding

place?" asked 1, with a laugh. But Delia did not laugh. Instead, she faced

me with blazing eyes, checked herself, and answered, cold as ice: 'Sir, you have done me a many favors

How I have trusted you in return it were best for you to remember, and for me to forget." The dark drew on; but as I think, about 16 'clock, I heard steps coming over the turf. I ran out. "Twas Joan herself and leading Molly by the bridle. She walked as if tired and, leaving the mare at the entrance, fol lowed me into the cave. Glancing round, I noted that Delia had slipped away

"Am glad she's gone," said Joan, shortly "How many rebels passed this way, Jack?" "Five, counting one that lies gagged and bound down at the cottage." "That leaves four"-she stretched herself

on the ground with a sigh-"four that'll never trouble thee more, lad." "Why! how"-

"Listen, lad; sit down an' let me rest my head 'pon thy knee. Oh, Jack, I did it brave-ly! Eight good miles an' more I took the mare-by the Four Holed Cross, au'across the moor past Tober an' Catshole an' over Brown Willy, an' round Roughtor to the nor' west; an' there lies the bravest quag-oh, a black, bottomless hole-an' into it I led them an' there they lie, every horse, an' every

mother's son, till Judgment Day." "Dead?" "Ay-an' the last twain wi' a bullet spiece in their skulls. Ob, rare! Dear heart-hold my head-so, at ween thy hands. 'Put on his cast off duds,' said Ailsie, 'an' stand afore a glass, sayin' "Come, true man?" nine-an'-ninety time.' I was mortal 'feard o' losin' count; but afore I got to fifty I heard thy

step an'-hold me closer, Jack. "But Joan, are these men dead, say you?" "Surely, yes. Why, lad, what be four

ebels, up or down, to make this coil overi Hast never axed after me!" Joan-you are not hurt?"

In the darkness I sought her eyes, and, peer ing into them, drew back. "Joan !"

"Hush, lad-bend down thy head, and let me whisper. I went too near-an' one, that was over his knees, let fly wi'his muske Jack, I have but a minute or two. Hush lad, hush-there's no call! Wert never the man could ha' tamed me-art the weaker, in

a way; forgie the word, for I loved thee so, boy Jack F Her arms were drawing down my face to

her, her eyes dull with pain. "Feel, Jack-there-over my right breast. I plugged the wound wi's peat turf. Pull it sit, for 'tis b eding inwards, and hurts cruelly-pull is out?" As I hesitated, she thrust her own hand in

and drew it forth, leaving the hot blood to "An' now, Jack, tighter-hold me tighter

Kiss me-oh, what brave times! Tighter.

All this time there was no sign or sound about the House of Gleys to show that any one marked us or noted our movements. The gate was closed, the windows stood shattered. as on my former visit; even the chimneys were smokeless. Such effect had this deso lation on our spirits that, drawing near, we fell to speaking in whispers, and said Ned

"Now a man would think us come to bury

"He might make a worse guess," I an-Marching up to the gate I rang a lond new

on the bell, and, to my astonishment, before the echoes had time to die away, the grating was pushed back and the key turned in the lock. Step ye in-step ye in, good folks! A so

ry day-a day of sobs an' tears an' afflicted blowings of the nose-when the grasshopper is a burden an' the mourners go about seeking whom they may devour the funeral meats Y' are welcome, gentlemen."

'Twas the voice of my one eved friend a he undid the bolts; and now he stood in the gateway with a prodigious black sash across his canary livery, so long that the ends of in

swept the flagstones. "Is Master Tingcomb within?" I helped Delia to dismount, and gave our two horses to a stable boy that stood shuffling some pace

off. "Alas!"-the old man heaved a deep sigh, and with that began to hobble across the yard. We trooped after, wondering. At the house door he turned:

'Sirs, there is cold roasted capons, an' r ham, an' radishes in choice profusion for such as be not troubled wi' the wind; an' cordia wines-alack the day !" He squeezed a frosty tear from his one eye

and led us to a large bare hall, hung round with portraits; where was a table spread with a plenty of victuals, and born hamiled knive and forks beside plates of pewter; and at the table a man in black, cating. He had straight hair and a sallow face; and looked up as we entered, but, groaning, in a moment fell to

agatti. "Eat, sirs," the old servitor exhorted us 'alas! that man may take nothing out o' the world.m

I know not who of us was most taken aback. But noting Delia's sad, wondering face, as her eyes wandered round the neglected room and rested on the tattered por traits, I lost patience.

"Our business is with Master Hannibal Tingcomb," said I, sharply. The straight haired man looked up again

his mouth full of ham. "Hush!"-he held his fork up, and shook his head sorrowfully, and I wondered where I had seen him before. "Hast thou angel's wingsf" he asked.

"Why, no, sir; but the devil's own bootsas you shall find if I be not answered."

"Young man-young man," broke in the one eyed butler, "our minister is a good minister, an' speaks roundabout as such; but the short is, that my master is dead, an' in his

coffin "The mortal part," corrected the minister, cutting another slice. "Ay, the immortal is a-trippin' it i' the

New Jeroosalem; but the mortal was very lamentably took wi' a fit three days backthe same day, young man, as thou camest wi' thy bloody threats.

"Ay, sir, an' verily such a fit as thou thysel' witnessed. 'Twas the third attack, an' he cried, 'Oh!' he did, an' 'Ah!'-just like "Oh?" and then "Ah?" Such were his last dvin' speech. 'Dear master,' save L 'there's no call to die so hard;' but might well ha' whistled, for he was dead as nails A beautiful corpse, sirs, dang my buttons!

"Show him to us." "Willingly, young man." He led the way to the very room where Master Tingcomb and I had held our interview. As before, six candles were burning there, but the table was pushed into a corner, and now their light fail as p long black colling

I had done this for the eighth time, and as cursing under my breath, when on a sudden I heard a stealthy footfall coming down the alley behind me. "Master Tingcomb, for a crown!" thought

I, and crouched to one side under a bush The footsteps drew nearer, A dark form parted the laurels; another moment, and 1 had it by the threat, -"Uugh-ugh-grri For the Lord's sake,

Loaned my hold; 'twas Matt. Soames "Your pardon," whispered I; "but why have you left your post?"

"Black Sampson is watchin', so I took the freedom-ugh! my poor windpipe!-to-to"-He broke off to catch me by the sleeve and pull me down behind the bush. About tweive paces ahead I heard a door softly opened and aw a shaft of light flung across the path between the glistening laurels. As the ray touched the outer wall I marked a small po tern cate there, standing open.

Cowering lower, we waited while a man might count fifty. Then came footsteps crunching the gravel, and a couple of me crossed the path, bearing a large chest be In the light I saw the handle tween them. of a spade sticking out from it; and by his gait I knew the second man to be my one eyed friend.

"Woe's my old bones!" he was muttering; "here's a fardel for a man o' my years!" "Hold thy breath for the next load!" growled the other voice, which as surely was

the good minister's. They passed out at the small gate, and by the sounds that followed we guessed they were hoisting their burden into a cart. Pres ently they recrossed the path and entered the house, shutting the door after them.

"Now for it ?" said I in Matt.'s car. Gliding forward, I peeped out at the postern gate, but drew back like a shot.

I had almost run my head into a great black hearse, that stood there with the door open, backed against the gate, the heavy plumes nodding above it in the night wind. Who held the horses I had not time to see but, whispering to Matt to give me a leg up, clambered inside. "Quick?" I pulled his after, and crept forward. I wondered the man did not hear us; but by good luck the borses were restive, and by his maudlin talk to them I knew he was three parts drunk-on the funeral wines doubtless.

the funeral wines doubless. I crept along and found the tool chest stowed against the farther end; so, pulling it gently out, we got behind it. Though Matt. was the littlest man of my acquaintance, 'twas the work of the world to stow ourselves in such compass as to be hidden. By coll-ing up our limbs we managed it; but only just before I caught the glimmer of a light and heard the pull of rascia returning. and heard the pair of rascals returning. They came very slow, grumbling all the way; and, of course, I knew they carried the

"All right, Sun P asked the minister

"All right, Sim?" asked the minister. "Ay," piped a squeaky voice by the horses', heads i twas the shuffing stable boy)—"ay, but hock sharp! Lord, what sounds I've herri! The devil's I' the hearse, for sure!" "Now, Simmy," the one-eyed gaffer expos-tulated, "thou doesn't think the smoky king is a took in, same as they poor folks up stairs! Tee-hee! Lord, what a trick!-to come for Master Tiseccinb, an 'Ind-aw dear! aw, bless my old ribs, what a thing is humor!" "Shut up?" granted the minister. The end of the coffin was tilted up into the hearse. "Push, old varmint!" "Ay-push! push! Where be my young, active sinews! What a surveded garment is all my concinens! The devil inside," says Simmy-haw, h. w?" "Bur the thing! 'twon't go in for the tool box. Push, then carking old worms!"

box. Fush, thou eackling old worms!" "Now so 1 be, but my natural strength is abated. 'Yo heave ho? like the salted sca-fardingers up stars. Fusht push!" "Oh, my invards!" groans peor Matt. mder his breath, into whom the chest was

"Right at last?" says the minister. "Now, Simmy, my lad, hand the reins an jump up. There's room, no'you'll be wanted." The door was clapped to, the three regues climbed upon the seat in front, and we started. instanted.

started. I hope I may never be called to pass such another half loour as that which followed. As soon as the whoels loft turf for the hard road, 'twas jok, joir, all the vay; and this lying mainly down hill, the chest and collu-came grinding into our ribs, and pressing till we could scarcely breaths. And I dared not climb out over them, for fear the follows should hear us; their clauching voices com-

screech, Master Tingcomb pitched backward, bead over heels, into space. Then followed silence; then a horrible splash as he struck the water, far below; then again a slipping and trickling, as more of the ledge broke away—at first a pebble or two sliding —a dribble of earth—next, a crash and a cloud of dust. A last stone ran loose and dropped. Then fel a silence so deep I could catch the roar of the flames on the bill be-hind. Standing there, my arms thrown back and planted firm, I flogged away like a madman. and like mad creatures the horses tore up ward.

On the summit a glance showed us all-the Standing there, my arms thrown back and wild, crimsoned sky-the sea running with fingers spread against the rock, I saw a wave run out, widen, and loss itself on the face of the sea Under my feet but eight inches of the cornice remained. My toes stuck forward lines of fire-and against it the inky headland whercon the House of Gleys flared like beacon. Already from one wing-our wingthe corner remained. All tows that for water over the guil. A score of startled guils with their cries called me to myself. I opened my eyes, that had shut in sheer giddiness. Close on my left the ledge was broke back to the very base, cutting me off by twelve feet from that part where the hadder still rested. No man could jump it, standing. To the right there was no ener but in one place only was the footing a leaping column of flame whirled up through the roof, and was swept seaward in smoke and sparks. I marked the coast line, the cliff tracks, the masts and hull of the Godsend standing out clear as day; and nearer, the yellow light flickering over the fields of young We saw all this and then were plunggap; but in one place only was the footing over ten inches wide, and at the end my rope hung over the sea, a good yard away from ing down hill, with the blaze full ahead of us e heavy reek of it was flung in our nostrils

as we galloped. At the bottom we caught up a group of I shut my eyes and shouted. There was no answer. In the dead stillness I could hear the rafters falling in the House of Gleys, and the shouts of the men at work. The Godsend lay around the point, out of sight. And Billy, deaf as a stone, sat, no doubt, by his rope, placidly waiting my signal. I screamed again and again. The rock flung my voice seaward. Across the summit, vaulted above, there drifted a puff of brown smoke No one heard. A while of weakness followed. My brain realed; my fingers dug into the rock behind then running. 'Twas a boatload come from the ship to help. As our horses swept past them one or two came to a terrified haft ; but presently were running hard again after us. The great gate stood open. I drove straight into the bright lit yard, shouting, "Delia! -where is Delin?"

"Here!" called a voice; and from a group that stood under the glare of the window came my dear mistress running. "All safe, Jack! But what"- She drew

back from our strange equipage. "All in good time. First tell me-how

came the firef" "Why, foul work, as it seems. All I know is I was sleeping, and a woke to hear the black seaman harnmering on my door. Jumping up. I found the room full of smoke, and es caped. The rooms beneath, they say, were stuffed with straw, and the yard outside heaped also with straw, and blazing. Ben Halliday found two oil jars lying there"

"Are the borses out?" "Oh, Jack -- I do not know! Shame on me o forget them!" I ran towards the stable. Already the roof

was ablaze, and the straw yard beyond, a very furnace. Rushing in I found the two horses cowering in their stalls, bathed in sweat, and squealing. But 'twas all fright. So I fetched Molly's saddle and spoke to her, and set it across her back, and the sweet thing was quiet in a moment, turning her head to rub my sleeve gently with her muz zle, and followed me out like a lamb. The bay gave more trouble, but I soothed him in the same manner, and, patting his neck, led him, too, into safety. I had fastened the horses by the gate and

vas ready to join in the work when a shout was raised:

Bully! Where's Billy Pottery! Has any seen the skipper?" "Sure," I called, "you don't say he was

never alarmeil!" "Black Sampson was in his room-where's

Black Sampson !" "Here I bet" cried a voice. "To be sure I

woke the skipper before any o' ye." "Then where's he hid? Did any see him

come out f" "Now, that we have not?" answered one or

two I stood by the house door shouting thes questions to the men inside, when a hand was laid on my arm, and there in the shadow waited Billy himself, with a mighty curious twinkle in his eye. He put a finger up and

signed that I should follow. We passed round the outbuildings where, three hours before. Matt. Soames and 1 had hid together. I was minded to stop and pull on my boots, that were hid here; but (and this was afterwards the saving of me) on second thought let them lie, and followed Billy, who now led me out the postern gate.

Without speech we stepped across the turf, he a pace or two ahead. A night breeze was blowing here, delicious after the heat of the We were walking quickly towards the fire. east side of the headland, and soon the blaze behind flung our shadows right to the cliff's edge, for which Billy made straight, as if to thing himself over.

But when, at the very verge, he pulled up I became enlightened. At our feet was an iron bar driven into the soil, and to it a stout rops knotted, that ran over a block and dis appeared down the cliff. I kuelt, and, pull ing at it softly, looked up. It came easy in the hand.

chattels as are saved to Brittany, where I know my mother's kin will have a welcome for me, until these troubles be passed. Al-ready the half of my goods is aboard the Godsend, and a letter writ to Sir Bevill, begying him to appoint an honest man as uy steward. What think you of the plan?" "It seems a good plan," I answered slowly; "the England that now is, is no place for a woman. When do you sell?" "As soon as you are receivered, Jack." "Theon that's now." I got on my feet and draw on my boots (that Matt. Scennes had found in the laured bashes and brought). My knees tremblad a bit, but nothing to matter. "Art looking downcost, Jack." "Art looking downcost, Jack. Billy, with the glare in his face, nodded, and, bending to my ear, for once achieved winisper.

"Saw one stealing hither-an' followed. A man wi'a himp foot-went over the side like

I must have anneared to doubt this soul