CHAPTER DL

The thing was managed with in fr-ensity that Alan termed devilish—it was indisputably Machievellian. The levers had come down from the forth in hot haste and the shadow of courts in hot heate and the shadow of death. Two days of steady traveling or cases. By woods trail, by lake heateses—durin-eight hours of fatigue and studies from this high tension of influsion upon which their very lives appealed—wore to a culmination sh this tedious afternoon on the refn from Moosehead—a trap of phys-ical terment only made possible by Alan's look in securing, through sheer socident, two parlor-car reservations

destined to share, pleading fatigue—
destination; in another hour or two
they would be in Portland—free at
last to draw breath of case in a land
of law, order and sane living.

destined to share, pleading fatigue—
and hurried away into the night with
only the negro driver of a public back,
picked up haphazard at some distance
from the hotel, for his guide. As if in answer to this thought, the

train alowed down with whistling trucks grouned and moved anew lest of a boy came galleping down the chile, brandtaking two vellow onslopes and blatting like a stray calf: Talleta Lawr! blista Lawr! Tel-

Alsh had been expecting at every cation a prepaid reply to his wire for esservations on the night express from ferthand to New York.

But why two savelopes superscribed Mr. A. Lew, Kineo train southbound,

He ture one open, unfolded the incurt advice, opened the other and

Thrusting it back quickty, he siapped aid envelopes together, tore them see a hundred fragments, and scathered them from the window. But the Sandhh wind whisked one small semp buth—and only one!—into the ap of the woman he loved.

Valuey he prayed that she might be usless. The affice inches trembled on her cheeks and lifted slightly, diseleping the dark glimmer of question-ing eyes. And as she elipped the scrap of endboard between thumb and foree be bent forward and silently took it from her—one-corner of the fater of hearts, but inevitably a corner hearing the figure "8" above a heart. "The Pullman agent at Porlland pures no reservations available on any

Fork train m the next thirty-six re," he said with lowered voice. do't we possibly ental the New

fact, best tenticht?"
He shoult a gium best. "No-degließ that up first. It leaves before up get in."

to get in."

The paid, "Too bad," abstractedly, adjusted her eyes, and apparently speed many into semi-connolence—as without deceiving him who could not get a bot beart.

He could have ground his teeth in assepuration—the impish inscience of that warning, timed so precisely to set



Me Could Have Ground His Tests is

The gries, wild absurdity of it! To think that this was Asserios, this to think that this was asserted, in twentieth century, the spex of the fact force of civilization the world is ever known—and still a man all be instead from piller to post, unted with threats, harried with at-mate at assessmation in a bundred

cell of silence and shadows in New York, day after day, eating his heart out with impatience for the word that his vengeance had been consummated by the daughter whom he had inspired

An hour late, in dusk of evening the train lumbered into Portland sta-tion; and, heart in mouth, Alan helped Rose from the steps, shouldered a way for her through the growd, and almost lifted her into a taxicab.

"Lest hotel to town," be demanded. "And be quick about it-tor a double

tip."
Re communicated his one desparate scheme to the girl en route, re civing her indorsement of it. So, having registered for her and seen her safely to the door of the best available room in were learning Kineo station.

We matter—the longest afternoon must have its evening: the pokiest of trains comes the more surely to its destination; in another hour or trains comes the more surely to its destination; in another hour or trains comes the more surely to its destination; in another hour or trains and the state of th

CHAPTER X

Fortuity. He wasted the better part of an bour in fruitiese and perhaps ill-advised inquiries; then his luck, such as it was, led him on suspicion down a poorly lighted wharf, at the oxtreme end of which he discovered a lonely young man perched stop a pile. hands in pockets, gase turned to a tide whereon, now black night had failen, pallid wraiths of yachts swung just visibly beneath uneasy riding-

"Pardon ma," Alan ventured, "but "You've come to the wrong shop, my friend," the young man interposed with morose civility; "I couldn't help anybody out of anything—the way I

"I'm sorry," said Alan, "but I thought possibly you might know where I could find a seaworthy boat to charter."

The young man slipped smartly down from his parth. "If you don't look sharp," he said ominously, "you'll charter the Seaventure." He waved his hand toward a vessel moored alongside the wharf: "There she is, and a better boat you won't find anywhere—echooner-rigged, fifty feet over all, twenty-five horsepower, motor auxfilary, two staterooms—all ready for as long a constwine cruise as you care to take. Come aboard."

He led briskly across the wharf,

down a gangplank, then aft along the dock to a companionway, by which the two men gained a comfortable and roomy cabin, bright with fresh white

Here the light of the cabin lamp re vealed to Alan's searching scrutiny a person of sturdy build and independent carriage, with a roughly modeled, good-humored face, reddish hair, and steady though twinkling blue eyes.

"Name. Barcus," the young man in-troduced himsalf cheerfully; "chris-tened Thomas. Nativity, American. State of life, fast broks. That's the rub," he laughed, and shrugged, sharme-faced. "I found myself hard up this spring with this boat on my hands, sunk svary cent I had—and then some —fitting out on an oval charies with -fitting out on an oral charter with a moneyed blighter in New York, who was to have met me here a fortnight since. He didn't-and here I am, in

Bow much do you ower "Dywards of a hundred."
"Buy I advanced that amount—when

one we sall?" The young man reflected briefly. There's something so engagingly idiotic about this proceeding," he observed wistfully. "I've got the strangest kind of a bunch it's going to go through. Pay my bills, and we can be

off inside an hour. That is-" He checked with an exclamation of dismay, chapfallen. "I may have some trouble scaring up a crew at abort notice. I had two men angaged, but last week they got tired doing noth-ing for nothing and left me flat."

"Then that's settled," Alan said. " know boats; Pil be your crew-and the better satisfied to have nobody else

aboard." The eyes of Mr. Barros clos "See here, my headlong friend, what your little game, anyway? I don't mind playing the fool on the high sens, but I'll be no party to a kidnaping

"It's an elegement." Also interrued on inspiration. "We've simply got to get clear of Portland by midnight." "You're on!" Barous agreed promptly, his face clearing. "God only knows why I believe you, but I do-and hepe's

CHAPTER XL

Sive Water. Anxiety ate like an acid at Almer met. If this shift to the sea might he thought a desperate venture, he was a weathered salt-water man and ndismayed; nothing would have been sere to his liking than a brink coast

gave him new heart—momentarily it seemed almost as if his back had turned. For, as he passed by the death of the confider to demand his bill, the elevator gate opened and Rose came, out engarly to meet him with an engar air of hope that masked measurably the eiges of fatigue.

"I worsted so I couldn't read," she teld him genededly as he drow her acids; "so I erose and got ready, and watched from the window till I cam you dryp up?

A'LEX CONTRACTOR

Re acquainted her briefly with his

confidence or even to overcome the heaviness of her spirits when their cab, without misadventure, set them down at the wharf.

Here, Alan had feared, was the cru-cial point of danger—if the influence of the tray of hearts was to bring disaster upon them it would be here. in the bush and darkness of this decerted water front. And he hore himfrom the car and to the gangplank of



Lingered Watchfully on Deck.

the Seaventure. But nothing hap-pened; while Mr. Darcus was as good as his word. Alan had barely set foot on deck, following the girl, when the gangplank came aboard with a ciatter, and the Seaventure swung away from the wharf.

Until the distance was too great for even a flying leap Alan lingared watch-fully on deck. At length, satisfied that all was well

he returned to the cabin.
"All right," he nodded; "we're clear of that lot, apparently; nobody but the

rarefied gold, even as he passed from conviction of security to realization of immediate and extraordinary peril. His first glance discovered the wheel deserted, the woman with back to him standing at the taffrail, Barcus—nowhere to be seen. The second confirmed his strains that the Seaventure had come in into the wind, and now was yawing off wildly into the trough of a stiff into beavy sea. A third showed him, to his amassment, the Gioucaster fisherman — overhauled with such bear that morning and now with such the that morning and now, by rights, well down the northern horison—not two miles distant, and stand-

This time misguided consid

induced Barous to let his crew sleep

through the first afternoon watch. Six

bells were ringing when, in drowey ap-prehension that something had gone

suddenly and radically wrong. Alan

He was do deck again almost befor

LOUIS JOSERII VANCE

tng squared for the smaller vessel.

Bewildered, he darted to the girl's side, with a shout, demanding to know what was the matter. She turned to him a face he hardly recognised—but still he didn't understand. The inevitable inference seemed a thing unth@kable; his brain faltered whon asked to credit it. Only when he saw her tearing frantically at the ter, striving to cast it off and with it the dory towing a hundred feet or so astern, and when another wonder-ing glance had discovered the head and shoulders of Mr. Barcus riging over the stern of the dory as he strove to lift him self out of the water—only

then did Alan begin to appreciate what had appened. Even so, it was with the feeling that all the world and himself as well had gone stark, raving mad, that he seized the girl an. . despite her struggles, tore her away f om the rail before she had succeeded in unknotting the painter.
"Rose!" the cried stupidly. "Rose! What's th matter with you? Don't you see wist you're doing?"
Defiance indamed her countenance

and accenti "Can't you ever say any thing but 'scene! Rose! Rose!' Is there no caller name that means any-thing to act. Can't you understand how intol. I see it is to me? I love you no leaders she better than she

"What do you mean?" Illumination oams he a blinding flash. "Do you mean it was you—you whom I brought aboard last night?"
"Who size?"

I loved? I knew you'd never know the

difference at least I was fool enough for the moment to believe I could stand being loved by you in her name!

athwaships and a minute Alex from frost after the starn roused Alex from his ministernation to fresh appreciation and started and start and start

of the spergency. With scant consideration he heated the woman to the

" as able to articulate other



She Whips Out a Gun as Big se a Cannon.

three of us aboard. Now you'd best ever dramed of loving you—because turn in. This is evidently to be youn! I hate you, too! What is tove that stateroom, this one to port, and you'll is so make than love? Can't you ushave a long night's sloep to make up derstand?": for what you've gone through dear

He drew nearer, dropping his voice tenderly. And of a sudden, with a little low cry, the girl came into his little low cry, the girl country to him, arms and clung parionately to him, need rest as much as II What she

"Ob. no I don't" he contended. "Besides I'll have plenty of time to rest up once we're fairly at sea. Barons and I stand watch and watch. course. There's nothing for you to do but be completely at your ease.

ot-you must let me so." Kyes half-closed, her head thrown back, she seemed to suffer his kies rather than to respond, then turned hastily away to her stateroos ing him startog with wonder at her

By midnight the Seaventure was reefed to a snoring sou'west windthe fixed white eye of Portland head light fast falling estern.

CHAPTER XIL

At four o'clock, or shortly after, Alan was awakened by boot-besis Down the Cape went on deck again, to stand both dog-matches—saw the sun lift up sating over a world of tumbled blue water, crossed the wake of a Cunary to bound for Boston, raised and over-hauled a graceful but businesstike fish-filementer. Barous ed the wake of a Cunard liner toerman (from Gloucester, Baren opined when called to stand his triel ti eight) and naw it a mile or two estern when—still aching with fatigue—he was free to return to his berth

bloody-minded vixen is your blushing bride-to-be !"

out much satisfaction either to him self or to the outraged Barcus.

She's ber sister—I mean, the right riri's sister—and her precise double— 'm afraid."

he rebbed the sleepiness from his oyes, smeating abruptly from the haif-light of the cabin to a damle of sub-light that falled the cup of day with now she's gained already!"

"But how did she happen to throw

"Happen nothing!" Barcus snapped, getting to his feet. "She did it a-purpose—fiew at me like a wildost, and before I knew what was up—I was slammed backwards over the

"I can't tell you how sorry I am."

"And that?" Mr. Barcus inquired suspiciously.

"To get rid of the lady," Alan an-sounced firmly. "Make that flaher-

grumbled. "Cheap at the price! He took Alan's place, watching him with a sardonic eye as he drew the tender in under the leeward quarter. made it fast, and reopened the companiosway.

out other invitation, in a sullen rage that only heightened her wonderful loveliness. Alan noted that her first look was for him, of untempered malignity; her second, for Barcus, with a curling lip; her third, astern, with a glimmer of satisfaction as she recognised how well the fisherman had drawn up on the Seaventure. "Friends of yours, I inter?" Alan

Judith nodded

"Then it would save us some trouble mough to step into the dory without a

struggle."
Without a word, Judith stepped to

the little boat sheered off, Barcus, with a sigh of relief, brought the Seaventure once more back upon ber

and have a look at that motor."

this between decks the fisherman luffed, picked up the dory and its occupant, and came round again in When Barens reappeared it

erved obscurely, coming aft, "from all their works, goo d Lord deliver us!

should happen to want a sur "Judith!" he cried in a voice of stuperaction "But-Good Lord!-how did you get aboard? Where's Rose!" of highly explosive gasoline sloshing around in the bilge!" "Whose you'll not find her easily again," the woman angrity retorted. "Trust die for that!"

No Quarter "Yes, yes," said Mr. Barcus indol-

"You waylaid her there in the hotel, substituted yourself for her, deceived me into thinking you—!" "Of course," she said simply. "Why not? 'When I saw har sleeping there—the moreor of myself, completely at my makey—what else should I think of that to take her place with the man f it. It's all d-n foolishness!"
His voice took on a plaintive ac-"Particularly this!" he expostulated, and waved an indignant hand,

reasonable enough," he said, "they won my credulity—and I'm a native of Missouri. But this last chapter is im-It wis easy today, when I'd had time to titigh; that I realized how impos-sible that wan!"

A stillen slap of the mainsell boom athwestering and a simultaneous cry possible. And that's flat. It couldn't manner of speaking, we are!"

Against the western horizon a long. low-lying strip of sand dunes rested like a bar of purple cloud between the

and closed her in with the site--her motor long since inert for want of fuel-in shoel water a mile or so of the desolate and barren coast that

as able to articulate coher with the aid of glasses, figures might be seen moving about her decks; and BOUTH BOUND BY THE STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE

Alan shook a helpless head. thing defied reasonable explanation. He made a feeble stagger at it with

"No-it's all a damnable mistake! poled me-not quite right in the bead,

"You may well be afraid, you poor flat!" Mr. Barcus snapped. "D'you know what she did? Threw me overboard! Fact! Came on deck a while ago, sweet as peaches—and all of a sudden whips out a gun as big as a cannon, points it at my head and or-ders me to luff into the wind. Before could make sure I wasn't dreaming. she had fired twice—in the air—a sig-nal to that blessed fisherman astern there—at least, they answered with two toots of a power whietle and changed course to run up to us. Look

rou overboard?"

Alan responded gravely. "There's more to tell-but one thing to be done

man a present of the woman in the case. You don't mind parting with the dory in a good cause—if I pay for "Take it for nothing," Barcus

As the girl came on deck with-

the rall and, as Barcus lufted, swung herself overside into the dory. Immediately Alan cast off, and as

For some few minutes there was silonce between the two man, while the tender dropped swiftly astern, the woman plying a brisk pair of cars.

Then, suddenly elevating his nose, Barcus sniffed audibly. "Here," he said sharply, "relieve me for a minuta, will you? I want to go forward In the time that he remained invis-

with a grave face. "The devil and the deep She," he ob-

"What's the trouble now?" "Nothing much—only your playful little friend has been up to another of her light-hearted tricks. . . . If you anything to eat when you go below, just find a mirror and kiss yourself good-by before striking the match The drain-cocks of both fuel tanks have been opened, and there are upwards of a hundred and fifty gallons

CHAPTER XIII.

gently, breaking a long silence. "Very interesting, tudeed. I've seldom listened to a more entertaining life-history, my poor young friend. But I tell you candidly, as man to man, I don't believe one word

compassing their plight. "The rest of your adventures are

The wind had gone down with the oun, leaving the Seaventure becalmed

Still another mile further off shore the so-called Gloucester name and rode, without motion, waters are still, and glassy. Through the gloaming figures might

as it grew still more dark she lower a small boat that theretofore had swung in davits. A little later a faint numming noise drifted across the tide. "Power tender," the owner of the

Beaventure interpreted. "Coming to call, I presume. Sociable lot. What I can't make out is why they seem to think it necessary to tow our dory back. Uneasy conscience, maybewhat *

He lowered the binoculars and glanced inquiringly at his employer, who grunted his disgust, and said no

"Don't take it so hard, old top," Burcus advised with a change of note from irony to sympathy. Then he rose and dived down the companionway, presently to reappear with a mega-phone and a double-barreled shotgan.

"No cutting-out parties in this outfit," he explained, grinning amiably.
"None of that old stuff, revised to suit your infatuated female friendaboard the lugger and the man is mine!" Stationing bimself at the seaward

rail, where his figure would show in sharp silhouette against the glowing sunset sky, he brandished the shotgun at arm's length above his head, and bellowed stertorously through the megaphone:

"Keep off! Keep of! This means you! Come within gunshot and I'll blow your fool heads of!" Putting aside the megaphone, he sat



Flames Lieked Out All Over the

this reek of gasoline; but just for moral affect. Phew-wi I'd give a doilar for a breath of elean air; I've in-

lar for a breath of elean atr; Fve in-haled so much gas in the last tow hours g'm dry-cleaned down to my stilly old toes!"

Gaining no response from Alan, he observed critically: "Chatty little cus-tomer, your are," and resumed the himoenlays.

For thirty minutes nothing happened, other than that the sound of the fisherman's launch was stilled. It rested moveless in the waters, two figures mysteriously busy in the cockpit, the Seaventure's dory trailing be hind it on a long painter.

Gradually these details became blurred, and were blotted out by the closing shadows. The afterglow in the west grew cool and faint. The crimeon waters darkened, to mauve. to violet, to a translucent green, to blackness. Far up the coast two white eyes, pearing over the horizon, stared steadfastly through the dark. "Chatham lights," Barcus said they

Abruptly he dropped the glasses and jumped up. "Hear that!" he eried.
Now the humming of the motor was again audible and growing louder with feet in turn, infected with the excitenent of Barcus, could just make out at some distance a dark shadow beneath the dim, spluttering glimme light, that moved swiftly and steadily

toward the Seaventure.
"What the devill" he demanded belesue.

"You uttered a mouthful when you said 'devil'!" Barous commented, grasping his arm and hurrying him to the landward side of the vessel, "Quick-kick of your shoes get set for a mile-long swim! Devil's work, all right!" he panted, hastily divesting himself of shoes and outer garments. "I couldn't made out what they were up to till I saw them lash the wheel, light the free, start the motor, and take to the dory. They've made on grand little torpedo boat out of that tender-"

He sprang upon the rail steadying himself with a stay. "Ready?" asked. "Look sharp!"

By way of answer, Alan joined him; the two had dived as one, entering the water with a single splash, and com-ing to the surface a good ten yards from the Seaventure. For the next several seconds they were swimming frantically, and not until three hus dred feet or more separated them from the schooner did either dare passe for breath or a backward glanca. Then the impact of the leanch against the Seaventure's side rang out

across the waters, and with a husky roar the launch blow up, spewing sky-wards a widespread fan of flame. Over the Seaventure, as this famed and died, pale fire seemed to hower like a fromendous pail of phosphoresonnon, a word and ghastly giare that suddenly descended to the dacks. These fol-lowed a cracking noise, a sound as of the labored breathing of a giant; the Seaventure, as this femed and and bright flames, orange, orimeon, violet and gold, licked out all over the schooner, from stem to stern, from

dock to topmasts. It seemed several minutes that sh burned in this wise—it was probably not so long—before her decks blow up and the finnes swept rouring to the sky.

By the time Alan and Burens, swim-

ming steadily, had gained a shoal which permitted them footing in waist-deep waters, the fleavanture had burned to the unter's adap,

WATCH THIS COLUM MISSIONARY ITEMS

In America Alone There Are 34,-796,000 Person Over Ten Years of Age Not in Any Church. Are the Mothers and Home Mission Workers Doing Their Duty?

Pauguration of Collegio, Methodista Ribeirao Preto, Brazil

On September 5, 1899, the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, opened a school in Ribeirao, Preto, Brazil. On the fifteenth anniversary of that day, September 5, 1914, the new building for the Collegio Methodista was inaugurated. This is a most important step in the history of the development of the woman's work in Brasil. The missionaries have a very large hold in this particular place because of the splendid work that was done some years ago during an epidemic of yellow fever. They proved their love and sympathy by staying to nurse the sick. Those who have had a share in this new building-and all our missionary women have hadshould pray that a larger work will be done because of it.—The Missionary Bulletin.

LONG BRANCH SCHOOL NEWS.

Congressman Godwn recently bent us a large wall map of the United States and eight dosen farm bulletins. The map helps us so much in our efforts to teach geography and history, and our agriculture class is interested in the study of the farm bulletins. We thank Mr. Godwin for the map and bulletins sent us this year and we appreciate him as a true and noble representative of our great State.

When you readers of our news wish to know how to care for a horse and make him look handsome we advise you to consult Carl Tart. We believe that Carl is on the job when it comes to feeding and caring for a horse. At any rate he has a handsome horse that was, only a few months ago, not handsome. Carl is evidently a good boy at home. He is a good pupil and that is proof that he is good at home. We give him excellent on his general average per cent and one hundred on deportment. Look for our monthly honor roll elsewhere in this issue and notice the

names of our punctual pupils. Ours is a rural district school having an enrollment of 94 pupils from a possible 106 and there eight of the 106 in school elsewhere. Our average attendance for the past

the facts that we are in the rural

district and that the weaher has been very inclement our people believe in their school as the attendance shows. The gentlemen of the committee

expect to have their school incorporate at an early date. -SAXON

ON HONOR

There is something about the proposition of Honor that gets into every heart-no matter how calloused the heart may be; no matter how seared by crime and desperation-Honor still smoulders and can light the way to the most abject and

wretched. When Bill Sikes by his scowling rk and menacing countenance owed Nancy that in his heart she appealed to him and said: "Bill, I have been true to you-upon my guilty soul I have." She saw remotely what honor meant -and asked for reward. Sikes of course must strike her down-his honor was not appealed to-his mer-

cy was sought, and he had none. And men who study the penal system are beginning to ascertain what they should have always known, that because a man is convicted of crime he is not always at heart a criminal. He has simply erred. He may still have honor and he may still have pride. But he will have neither if we treat him like a chained beast is treated, and therefore those who have watched and studied the different phases of the convict's life have concluded that Honor is a great 1sset in the prison and can be used a svantageously for the state and for

the prisoner. These thoughts are again suggested by an annoucement that at Corastock, New York, the prison authorities have six hundred prisoners who cultivate a farm of about a thousand eres. The guards are unarmed.

The convicts are jealous of the hon or and reputation of the camp and insubordination is not tolerated by them. Only two out of a thousand inmates have ever run away. Men leave the farm when their makes it necessary for them to do so. There are ball games and other amusements. Most of these men will leave the camp converted into prucers and industrious men.

And the bope is that ultimataly the armed guard will go; that convicts will be treated as individuals and not as a class. The man who sarns reward should be rewardedno matter where he is. The Christian religion gives up hope to atone for sin and be rewarded. The laws of man deny this-if you once err and become a convict in a strip od suit.-Everything.

Dr. J. B. Suries, of Four Oaks, wa in town yesterday on business.

ILL THE MEAN