pening he had gone over the stern

and had involuntarily disarmed him-

The other two men made a sad bust-

Barcus. In less than a minute they

treat my party to a joy-ride in your

He concluded this speech abruptly

"My friend," observed Alan, "as

our acquaintance ripens I am more

and more impressed that neither of us

as Barcus brought them up under the

quarter of the power cruiser.

heading out of the harbor.

"And just for this," Alan said before

self as well.

were both overboard.

pretty powerboat."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Stranded. Mr. Thomas Barcus picked himseli up from the bottom of the lifeboat where he had been violently precipitated by the impact of grounding, blinked and wiped tears of pain from his eyes, solicitously tented his nose and seemed to derive little if any comfort from the discovery that it was not broken, opened his mouth . . . and

remembered the presence of a lady. "Poor Mr. Barcus!" she said gently.

"It can't be did," he complained in embittered resignation; "the words

anxious gaze. in the offing there was nothing but

"Ask me an easy one," Barcus replied; "somewhere on the south shore of the cape-unless somebody's been tampering with the lay of this land. That's a lighthouse over yonder."

"Barely two feet," he announced, withdrawing the oar from the water,

accent of enlightenment; and leaving the motor, turned to the stern, over which he draped himself in highly undecorative fashion while groping under water for the propeller.

"That's the answer," he repeated; "there's a young bale of the said eelgrass wrapped round the wheel. Which, I suppose, means I've got to go overboard and clear it away."

critical friend." he observed as he stooped to hack and tear at the mass of weed embarrassing the propeller, "you might step out and give us a trial shove. Don't strain yourselfjust see if you can move her."

The boat budged not an inch-but

oss within five minutes; when, with nuch pains and patience having freed he wheel, he climbed aboard and ought to restart the motor. After few affecting coughs it relapsed into

ank was empty. "Not so much

us reported.



We're here for keeps." "Why not wade ashore?" Rose Trine iggested mildly from the place she ad taken in the stern in order to shten the bows. "It isn't far-and

r. Barcus. "Respectfully submitted."

"The verdict of the lower court ands approved, Alan responded

eb-footed as it is, and she's too red."

"Well, what then?" "We can carry her, can't we?"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Gee!" he grunted frankly, when ter a tollsome progress from the at, Rose at length slipped from the "And it was me who swiftly. ggested this!"

The girl responded with a quiet ugh of the most natural effect imagable until it ended in a sigh, and thout the least warning she crum-

"Good Lord!" Barcus exclaimed, as But now, though he was all uncom-Alan gently lowered the inert body of scious of the fact, he went no more the girl to the sands. "And to think alone. I didn't understand she was so nearly all in-chaffing her like that! I'd like him company upon the sands; and to kick myself!"

grimly; "I'm busy just at present, but course and at a pace sedulously pat-. . Meantime, you might fetch terned after his. some water to revive her."

It was an order by no means easy remained in them by the time he had lustily. dashed from the shallows back to the spot where Rose lay unconscious, while the few drops he did manage to sprinkle into her face availed nothing toward rousing her from the trayed her exhaustion so patently in trance-like slumbers of exhaustion into which she passed from her fainting

In the end Alan gave up the effort. "She's all right," he reported, releasfast hold of the keel) felt tenderly of ing the wrist whose pulse he had been his excoriated shins, then, rising, com- timing. "She fainted, right enough, but now she's just asleep-and needs it, God knows! It would be kinder to let her rest, at least until I see what sort of a reception that lighthouse is inclined to offer us."

"You'll go, then?" Barcus inquired. "I'd just as lief, myseif . . .

"No; let me," Alan insisted. "It's not far-not more than a quarter of a mile. And she'll be safe enough here, in your care, the little time I'm gone." Barcus nodded. His face was drawn and gray in the moon-glare. "Thank God!" he breathed brokenly, "you're able. I'm not."

He sat down suddenly and rested his head on his knees. "Don't be longer than you can help," he muttered thickly.

He had come to the headland of the lighthouse itself before the ground began to shelve more gently to the beach; and was on the point of addressing himself to the dark and silent cottage of the lightkeeper when he paused, struck by sight of what tilf then had been hidden from him,

The promontory, he found, formed the eastern extremity of a wide-armed if shallow harbor where rode at moorings a considerable number of small craft-pleasure vessels assorted about equally with fishing boats. And barely an eighth of a mile on, long-legged wharves stood knee-deep in the water, like tentacles flung out from the sleepy little fishing village that dotted the rising ground—a community of perhape two hundred dwellings.

lir was this all-even as Alan hove in view of the village he heard a series of staccato snorts, the harsh tolling of a brazen bell, the rumble of a train pulling out from a station. And then he saw its jewel-string of lights flash athwart the landscape and vanish as its noise died away diminuendo.

Where one train ran another must. He need only now secure something to revive Rose, help her somehow up the beach, and in another hour or two, of a certainty, they would be speeding northwards, up the cape, toward Boston and the land of law and order,

Such thoughts as these, at least, made up the texture of his hopes; the outcome proved them somewhat too presumptuous. He jogged down a quiet village street and into the raiload station just as the agent wa ing up for the night.

A surly citizen, this agent, ill-pleased to have his plans disordered by chanceflung strangers. He greeted Alan's breathless query with a grunt of ingrained churlishness.

"Nah," he averred, "they ain't no more trains till mornin'. Can't y' see I'm shuttin' up?" "But surely there must be a tele-

graph station-

"You bet your life they is-right here in this depot. An' I'm shuttin' it up, too.' "Has the operator gone for the

night?" "He's going. I'm the op'rator. No business transacted after office hours. Call raound at eight o'clock tomorrow mornin'. Now if you'll jest step

you." "But I must send a telegram," Alan protested. "I tell you, I must. It's

out of that door, I'll say g'd-night to

a matter of life and death." "Sure, young feller. It always isafter business hours."

'Won't you open up again-"

"I tell you, no!"

In desperation Alan rammed a hand into his trousers pocket. "Will a dollar influence your better judgment?" he suggested shrewdly.

"Let's see your dollar," the other returned with no less craft-open incredulity informing his countenance. And, surely enough, Alan brought

forth an empty hand. "Make a light," he said sharply. "My money's in a belt round my waist. Open your office. You'll get your dol-

lar, all right." "All right," he grumbled, reopening the door of the telegraph booth and making a second light inside. "There's blanks and a pencil. Write your message. It ain't often I do this-but I'll

Alan delayed long enough only to make a few inquiries, drawing out the information that, for one who had not patience to wait the morning train northbound, the quickest way to any city of importance was by boat across Buzzard's bay to New Bedford. Boats, it was implied, were plenti-

ful, readily to be chartered. A time-table supplied all other needat formed by the clasped hands of ful advice. Alan wrote his message a two men. "And it was me who swiftly.

Addressed to Digby, his man of business in New York, it required that gentleman to arrange for a motor-cor to be held in waiting on the water front of New Bedford from 3:00 a, m. until called for in the name of Mr. Law, as well as for a special train at Providence, on similar provisions.

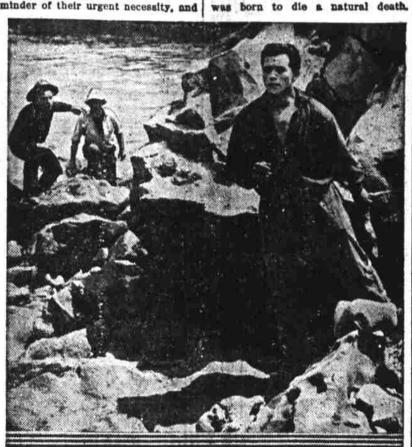
His shadow in the moonlight kept above, on the edge of the bluffs, an-"Dun't be impatient," Alan advised other shadow moved on parallel

He found his sweetheart and his friend much as he had left them, with to fill; Barcus had only his cupped this difference—that Mr. Barcus now hands for a vessel, and little water lay flat on his back and snoring

He was wakened quickly enough, however, by Alan's news.

But when it was the turn of Rosethey faltered. She lay so still, beevery line of her unconscious posture, as well as to the sharp pallor of her face upturned to the moon, that it seemed scarcely less than downright inhumanity to disturb her.

None the less, it had to be done, Alan hardened his heart with the reminder of their urgent necessity, and



Two Men Shadowed Him.

eventually brought her to with the aid of a few drops of brandy.

Between them, they helped her up the beach, past the point, and at length to the door of the hotel, where-reantmated by the mere promise of food-Rose disengaged their arms and entered without more assistance; while Barcus was deterred from treading her heels in his own famished eagerness, by the hand of Alan falling heavily upon his arm.

"Wait!" the latter admonished in a half-whisper. "Look there!"

Barcus followed the direction of his gesture-and was transfixed by the sight of a rocket spearing into the night-draped sky from a point invisible beyond the headland of the light-

The two consulted one another with startled and fearful eyes,

As with one voice they murmured one word: "Judith!" To this Alan added gravely: "Or some spy of hers!

Then rousing, Alan released his friend, with a smart shove urging him across the threshold of the hotel.

"Go on," he insisted, "join Rose and get your supper. I'll be with you as soon as I can arrange for a boat. Ten her nothing more than that-that I thought it unwise to wait until every-

body was abed before looking round." He turned to find his landlord approaching from the direction of the hotel barroom. And for the time it seemed that the wind of their luck must have veered to a favoring quarter; for the question was barely uttered before the landlord lifted a willing voice and hailed a fellow towns-

man idling nearby. "Hey, Jake-come here!"

Introduced as Mr. Breed, Jake pleaded guilty to ownership of the fastest and stanchest power-cruiser in the adjacent waters, which he was avariciously keen to charter.

They observed haste religiously; within ten minutes they stood upon a float at the foot of a flight of wooden steps down the side of the town wharf, while the promised rowboat of Mr. Breed drew in, at most leisurely pace, to meet them.

Aboard and away from the wharf, the burden of Alan's solicitude seemed to grow lighter with every squeal of the greaseless carlocks, with every dip and splash of the blades which, wielded by a crew of villainous countenance, brought them nearer the handsome motorboat which Mr. Breed designated as his own. It was not until Alan looked up suddenly to find Mr. Breed covering him with a revolver of most vicious character that he had the least apprehension of any danger nearer than the offing, where Judith's schooner might be lurking. waiting for its prey to come out and be devoured.

"I'll take that money-belt of yours young feller," Mr. Breed announced, and be quick about it-not forgetting what's in your trousers pocket!"

In the passion of his indignation Alan neglected entirely to play the game by the rules. The indifference he displayed toward the weapon was positively unprofessional - for he knocked it aside as if it had been nothing more dangerous than a straw. And in the same flutter of an eyelash he launched himself like a wildcat at the throat of Mr. Breed. Before that one knew what was hapwhether abed or at the hands of those who dislike us: but rather to be

hanged as common pirates." "You have the courage of igno- tered and fell . . . rance," Barcus replied coolly; "if you'll take the trouble to glance astern I promise you a sight that will move you to suspend judgment for the time

being. At this Alan sat up with a start. Back against the loom of the Elizanavigated while he nodded, shone the

milk-white sails of an able schooner. dissipated by the wind. Sheets all taut and every inch of canvas fat with the beam wind, she footed it merrily in their wake-a silver jet spouting from her cutwater.

CHAPTER XX.

Hell-Fire.

But by this stage in his history Mr. Law had arrived at a state of mind immune to surprise at the discovery that he had once more failed to elude the vigilance and pertinacity of the woman who sought his life.

He viewed the schooner with ne more display of emotion than resided in narrowing eyelids and a tightening of the muscles about his mouth.

"Much farther to go?" he inquired presently, in a colorless voice. "At our present pace-say, two

"And will that enable us to hold our own?"

"Just about," Barcus allowed, squint ing critically at the chase; "she's some footer, that schooner; and this is just the wind she likes best." 'How much lead have we got?"

"A mile or so-none too much." "Anything to be done to mend mat ters?"

"Nothing-but pray, if you remem ber how."

In the end they made it by a narrow margin. The face of Judith Trine was light of early dawn to those aboard the power cruiser as she swept up as speedily as was consistent with through the reaches of New Bedford harbor and aimed for the first wharf that promised a fair landing on the

main waterfront of the city. There was neither a policeman no a watchman of any sort in sight. Nor was there, for all his hopes and prayers, based on the telegram to Digby, a sign of a motor car.

Still, not much of the street was were walled and roofed, cutting off the

If they ran for it, they must surely be overhauled. Something must be done to hinder the crew of the schooner from landing.

"Here!" he cried sharply to Barcus. You take Rose and hurry to the street and find that motor-car. I know she's there. Digby never failed me yet!"

"But you-" "Don't waste time worrying about me. I'll be with you in three shakes. minutes of furious driving. I'm only going to put a spoke in Judith's wheel. I've got a scheme!"

As for his scheme-he had none other than to give them battle, to sac- They were biding their time for some rifice himself if need be, to make sure the escape of Rose.

Sheer luck smiled on him to this extent, that in turning his eye lighted | on a four-foot length of stout, threescantling, an excellently for-

But soon, disarmed, his case was desperate—and there were two already safe upon the dock and others madly scrambling up to reinforce

ness of attempting to overpower Mr. them. Wildly he cast about for some substitute weapon, he leaped toward a small pyramid of little but heavy kegs, getting out of earshot-"I'm going to and seizing one, awung it overhead and cast it full force into the midriff of his nearest enemy; so that this one doubled up convulsively, with a sickish grunt, and vanished in turn over the end of the wharf.

His fellow followed with less injury. Within two minutes the motor was spinning contentedly, the mooring had But Alan had no time to wonder been slipped, and the motorboat was whether the man had tripped and thrown himself in his effort to escape a second hurtling keg, or had turned Within five minutes she had left it coward and fled. It was enough that well astern and was shooting rapidly westward, making nothing of the bufhe had returned, precipitately and fets of a very tolerable sea kicked up by the freshening southwesterly wind. heavily, to the schooner.

The keg, meeting with no resistance, pursued him even to the deck, where the force of its impact split its seams.

None of the combatants, however, Alan least of all, noticed that the powder that filtered out was black and coarse. Alan, indeed, had only the haziest notion that they were powderkegs he used as ammunition. That they were heavy and hurt when they collided with human flesh and bone was all that interested him.

In the same breath he heard a friendly voice shout warning far up the dock, and knew that Barcus was coming to his aid.

A glance over-shoulder, too, discovered the cause of the warning; two men who had thus far escaped his attentions were maneuvering to fall upon him from behind. The bound required to evade them brought him face to face with Judith as she landed on the dock.

"Ch," she cried, "I hate you, I hate you-"

"So you've said, my dear, but-" His final words were not audible even to himself. In his confidence (now that Barcus was taking care of the others) and his impatience with the woman, and in his perhaps unworthy wish to demonstrate conclusively how cheap he held her, Alan had tossed the pistol over the end of the wharf.

It was an old-fashioned weapon, and the force with which it struck the deck released the hammer.

Instantly the .44 cartridge blazed into the open head of a broken powder

And with a roar like the trump of doom and a mighty gust of flame and smoke the decks of the schooner were riven and shattered; her masts tot-

CHAPTER XXI.

Anticlimax.

Alan came to himself supported by Barcus-his senses still reeling from the concussion of that thunderbolt beth islands through which they had which he had so unwittingly loosedthe cloud of sulphurous smoke and yet

Judith lay at his feet, stunned; and round about other figures of men insensible, if not, for all he could say,

And then Barcus was hustling him unceremoniously down the wharf.

"Come! Come!" he rallied Alan. "Pull yourself together and keep a stiff upper lip. Rose is waiting in the car, and if you don't want to be arrested you'll stir your stumps, my son! That explosion is going to bring the worthy burghers of New Bedford buzzing round our ears like a swarm of hornets!"

His prediction was justified even before it was made; already the near by dwellings were vomiting halfclothed humanity; already a score of people were galloping down toward the head of the wharf; and in their number a policeman appeared as if by

magic. And while the man hesitated Alan grabbed him by the shoulder, threw him bodily from the car, dropped into his seat, cried a warning to Rose, and threw in the clutch. The machine responded without a jar; they were a hundred feet distant from the scene of the accident before Alan was fairly settled in his place.

As he grew more and more calm, he congratulated himself on having drawn an excellent car in the lottery of chance. It was light, but the motor distinctly revealed by the chill gray ran famously, and if not capable of a racing pace it would serve his ends reasonable care for the life of the woman he loved.

Yet his congratulations were premature; they were not ten minutes out of the environs of the city when Rose left her seat and knelt behind his, to communicate the intelligence that they were already being pursued.

A heavy touring car, she said it was driven by a man, a woman in the revealed. The docks on either hand seat by his side—Judith the latter, the man an old employe of her father's by the name of Marrophat.

Marrophat! Alan remembered that one. He could only trust in his skill as

a driver, and skill is the lesser factor at him: in such a race. They could overtake the fugitives practically when they would.

But for some weird, incomprehensible reason they chose to hang a certain distance in the rear, a distance that could readily be bridged by two Why?

In the succeeding quarter-hour the calmness of fatalism became Alan's. secret and fatal purpose. The blow was predestined to fall, but cruelly de-

For his own part, he drove like an exceptionally cunning madman. . . . And then, quite clearly, he recognized the time and the place and the character of the road that lay before him as the car sped like a dragon-fly were my only relief for short down a slight grade.

bordered for some distance by railroad tracks on a slightly lower level. He had guessed toe fleudish plan of

the other driver only too truly. As they approached at expres speed the stretch where the road par alleled the tracks Alan sought to hug

pursuing car swept up and baffled him. bringing its right forward wheel up beside the left rear wheal of his car. then more slowly forging up until, with its weight, bulk and superior power, it forced him inch by inch to it my duty to recommend this great the right, toward the tracks, until his medicine to all suffering humanity. right-hand wheels left the road and ran on uneven turf, until the left-hand wheels as well lost grip on the road metal, until the car began to dip on the slope to the tracks.

He heard the far hoot-toot of a freight locomotive . . .

There followed a maniac moment, when the world was upside down. Alan's car slipped and skidded, swung sideways with frightful momentum toward the railroad tracks, caught its

wheels against the ties, and . . . The sun swung in the heavens like a ball on a string. There was a crash, a roar . . . There was nothing—oblivion . . . The car had turned turtle, pinning

Rose and Alan beneath it. "Alan!" she gasped. "You are not killed?" "No-not even much hurt, I fancy." he replied. "And you?"

The deep-throated roar of the loco-

"Not much-"

motive bellowing danger silenced him. He closed his eyes. Then abruptly the weight was lifted from his chest. He saw a man dragging Rose from under the machine, and saw that the man was Marrophat, And almost immediately someone lifted his head and shoulders, caught him with two hands beneath his arm pits

and drew him clear of the machine. And the face of his rescuer was the face of Judith Trine.

The crash he had expected, of the car being crumpled up by the oncoming locomotive, did not follow.

As he scrambled to his feet, his first

glance was up the track, and discove ered the train slowing to a halt. His next was one of wonder for the countenance of Judith Trine as she stood, at a little distance, regarding

ous compound of passions coloring itrelief, regret, batred, love . . . His third glance descried beyond her the figures of Marrophat carrying Rose in his arms, stumbling as he ran

toward his car on the highroad. He moved precipitately to pursue but found his way barred by Judith. "No!" she cried violently. "No, you

shall not-!" Her hand sought the grip of a revolver that protruded from her pocket. With a short, hysterical gasp, he be-

gan to laugh. "What!" he taunted her—"again?"

"Think what you like!" she cried in frenzy. "You saved on the cried in frenzy. "You saved on the cried in frenzy. "You saved on the cried in frenzy." a rrenzy. "You saved me oncespare you. We're quits, But next

time-"O-rot!" he interjected. "You will



The Face of Judith Was Distinctly Revealed.

never have the courage to pull that trigger when I'm helpless in your hands!"

The hot blood mantled her exquisite face like red fire. She caught her breath with a sob, then flung wildly

"Well, if you must know-it's true. I can't bring myself to kill you. I would to God I could. But I can't. For all that, you shall die-I could not save you if I would! And this I promise you-you shall never see Rose again before you die!"

And while he stood gaping, she

swung from him and ran, quickly covering the little distance between him and the car. As she jumped into this and dropped down upon the seat beside her haif-

conscious sister, Marrophat swung the car away. It vanished in a dust-cloud as a throng of railroad employes surrounded and assailed him with clamorous

FINALLY FOUND RELIEF. Having suffered for t years with a pain in my side, I

have found rollef in Dr. E. Swamp-Root. Injections of mo of time. I became so nick that From the bottom of the grade it to undergo a surgical operation of the grade i for two years. When the same came back one day I was so sick that I gave up hopes of living. A friend advised me to try your Swamp Root and I at once commenced using it. The first bottle did me so much good the left-hand side of the road, but in that I purchased two more bottles, vain.

I am now on my second bottle and am Roaring, with its muffler cut out, the feeling like a new woman, I passed a gravel stone as large as a big red bean and several small ones, I have not had the least feeling of pain since taking your Swamp-Root and I feel

> Gratefully yours, MRS. JOSEPH CONSTANCE, Rapids Par.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Personally appeared before me, this 15th day of July, 1911, Mrs Joseph Constance, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and

in fact. Wm. MORROW, Notary Public. PROVE WHAT SWAMP ROOT

WILL DO FOR YOU Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghampton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will aslo receive a booklet of valuable information, telling sbout the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Kinston Weekly Free Press. Regular fiftycent and one-dollar size bettles for sale at all drug stores.

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Of Mrs. Chappell, of Five Years Standing, Relieved by Cardul.

Mt. Airy, N. C.—Mrs. Sarah M. Chepeli of this town, says: "I suffered live years with womanly troubles, a stomach troubles, and my punishin was more than any one could tell."

I tried most every kind of medici but none did me any good.

I read one day about Cardul, the man's tonic, and I decided to try is, had not taken but about six bottles us I was almost cured. It did me me good than all the other medicines I bried, put together.

My friends became retained to the medicines I be tried, put together. him; her look almost illegible, a curi-

My friends began taking my looked so well, and I told the Cardul. Several are now taking Do you, lady reader, suffer of the ailments due to womanly such as headache, backache, sleeplessness, and that evertastic feeling?

just as it has a million the past half century.

Begin taking Cardul to-day. You won't regret it. All druggists.

PONCE DE LEON FAILED: HIS PRIZE IS FOUND.

Ponce de Leon, the daring explorer, searched among the awamps of Florida for the Fountain of Youth, which the Indians said would restor power and make people young. He did not find it.

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back the health of youth. Why suffer from indigestion, gases on the stomach, fainting spells, to pid liver, constipation and all the evils of a disordered stomach, when there is relief here? Mayr's Wonder ful Stomach Remedy is now sold here by J. E. Hood and Company.

It took a big physician speci many years to find out the siz cause of suffering and how to re-it. Two things, he discovered, always present, no matter who disorder—inflammation and co tion. Relieve them and the trand pain vanishes. His mosely and pain vanishes. His pre-used very successfully in his was secured by the Nixon La and carefully put up under to of "Nixon's Menthol Balm." suffer from Croup, N monia, Sore Throat, ache, Swellings, Soreness and Rheumatism Rheumatism, you are ing from congested and indictions. Instead of paying for the prescription you a to the drug store of J. E. F. Kinston, N. C., and get a for only 25 cents. Be suron's Menthel Balm.

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"I'm so sorry. Do forget I'm hereand say it out loud!" Mr. Barcus dropped his hands and dropped his head at the same time.

have never been invented . . ." in the bows Mr. Law (who had harely saved himself a headlong plunge overboard when the shoal took passed the sea, sky and shore with an

the flat, limitless expanse of the nightbound tide, near at hand vaguely silvered with the moonlight, in the distances blending into shadows; never a light or shadowy, stealing sail in that quarter to indicate pursuit. "Where are we?" he wondered aloud.

Alan took soundings from the bows.

"and eel-grass no end." "Oh!" Barcus ejaculated with the

Like Mr. Law, he wore neither shoes nor other garments that could be more damaged by salt water than they had been-but only shirt, trousers and a "If you've nothing better to do, my

Mr. Law's feet did, slipping on the treacherous mud bottom with the upshot of his downfall; with a mighty splash he disappeared momentarily beneath the surface—and left his temper behind him when he emerged. As for Mr. Barcus, he suffered like

tubborn silence. Studious examination at length rought out the fact that the gasoline



Dug Into His Money Belt. "It's no use," he conceded at length.

hat's one more weiging?" "That's the only sensible remark at's been uttered by any party to is lunatic enterprise since you hove ithin earshot of me, Mr. Law," said

avely. "But there's no sense in Miss Trine make an exception for you." ading," Barcus suggested. "We're

ed upon herself, and would have lien heavily, in a dead faint, but for lan's quickness,