CHAPTER XVIIL

Mr. Thomas Barcus picked himself up from the bottom of the lifebook, where he had been violently precipitated by the impact of grounding, blinked and wiped tears of pain from s, solicitously treted his nose med to derive little if any com-

In the bows Mr. Law two many saved himself a beading in the end Alan gave up the saved himself a beading "She's all right," he reported, release that are the heal) felt tenderly of ing the wrist whose pulse he had been made as the heal) felt tenderly of ing the wrist whose pulse he had been made as the heal) felt tenderly of ing the wrist whose pulse he had been made as the heal). plunge overboard when the shoal took fast hold of the keel) felt tenderly of his excoriated shins, then, rising, com-passed the sea, sky and shore with an in the offing there was nothing but

flat, limitions expanse of the night-ad tide, near at hand vaguely silbound tide, near at hand vaguely sir-vered with the moonlight, in the dis-tances blending into shadows; never a light or shadowy, stealing sail in hight or shadowy, stealing sail in that quarter to indicate pursuit. "Where are we?" he wondered aloud.

"Ask me an easy one," Barcus re-piled; "somewhere on the south shore of the cape—unless somebody's been tampering with the lay of this land. tempering with the lay of this land. That's a lighthouse over youder." Alan took soundings from the bows.

"Barely two feet," he announced rithdrawing the our from the water, and colgrass no end."

"Oh!" Barous sjaculated with the accent of enlightenment; and leaving the motor, turned to the stern, over which he draped himself in highly un-decorative fashion while groping un-

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

Like Mr. Law, he were neither shoes

or other garments that could be more lamaged by suit water than they had seen—but only shirt, trousers and a "If you've nothing better to do, my

eritical friend," he observed as he little fishing village that dotted the steeped to hack and tear at the mass rising ground—a community of perof wood embarrassing the propeller, "you might step out and give us a trial shows. Don't strain yourself—just see if you can move her."

The heat budged not an inch—but

Mr. Law's feet did, slipping on the treasherous mud bottom with the upthat of his downfall; with a mighty splack be disappeared momentarily beneath the surface—and left his tem-

per behind him when he emerged.

As for Mr. Barons, he suffered like less within ave minutes; when, with much pains and patience having freed the wheel, he climbed aboard and ought to restart the motor. After a few affecting coughs it relapsed into tubbers silence.

Studious examination at length

ight out the fact that the gasoline ank was empty.



Dag Into His Money Batt. "It's up use," he conceded at leastly

regrested mildly from the place also add taken in the store in order to lighten the bown. "It isn't far—and

"That's the only sensible remark sat's been uttered by any party to its imactic enterprise stace you have like corobet of me, Mr. Law," said ir. Harens, "Respectfully submitted."
"The verdict of the lower court

"But there's no cence in Miss Trine

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

he granted frankly, when Boats, it was implied, were plentiful, readily to be chartered.

A time-table supplied all other need to be chartered.

A time-table supplied all other need ful advice. Also wrote his message

"Good Lord!" Bareus declaimed, as Alan gently lowered the inert body of the girl to the sands. "And to think I didn't understand she was so nearly all in—chaffing her like that! I'd like to kick myself!"

to kick myself!"
"Don't be impatient," Alan advised
grimiy; "I'm busy just at present, but
... Meantime, you might fetch
some water to revive her."

said evemed to derive little if any compet from the discovery that it was not
broken, opened his mouth . . . and
remembered the presence of a lady.
"Poor Mr. Barcus!" she said gently.

The format I'm hereremained in them by the time he had 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 noth-"The so corry. Do forget I'm here—
and say it out loud!"

Mr. Barcus dropped his hands and
tropped his head at the same time.

"It can't be did," he complained in
embittered resignation: "the words
have never been invested . ."

In the bows Mr. Law (who had

In the end Alan gave up the effort 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, myself . . ."
"No; let me," Alan insisted. "It's

not far-not more than a quarter of a mile. And she'll be sale enough here, in your care, the little time I'm gone."

Barcus nodded. His face was drawn and gray in the moon-giare. "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

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 lightheeper when he paused, struck by sight of what till then had been hidden from him.

The promontory, he found, forme the eastern extremity of a wide-armed if shallow harbor where rode at moor-ings a considerable number of small craft—pleasure vessels assorted about equally with fishing boats. And barely an eighth of a mile on, long-legge wharves stood knee-deep in the water like tentacies fung out from the sleep; rising ground—a community of per hape two hundred dwellings.

Nor was this all—even as Alan hove in view of the village he heard a series of staccato snorts, the harsh telling o a brasen 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 speed-ing northwards, up the caps, toward Boston and the land of law and order.

Buch 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 railroad station just as the agent was clos

ing up for the night.

A surly citizen, this agent, III-please to have his plans disordered by chance Sung strangers. He greeted Alan's iless query with a grant of ingrained churits

"Nah," he averred, "they ain't no I'm shuttin' up?"

"But surely there graph station-" "You bet your life they is right here in this depot. An' I'm shuttin' it

"Has the operator gone for the

"He's going. I'm the op'rator. No Call raound at eight o'clock tomor row mornin'. Now if you'll jest step out of that door, I'll say g'd-night to

"But I must send a telegram." Alar protested. "I tell you, I must. It's a matter of life and death." re, young feller. It always is-

after business hours." Won't you open up again "I tell you, not"

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

"Let's see your dollar," the other re-turned with no less craft—open in-credulity informing his countenance. And, surely enough, Alan brought orth an empty hand. "Make a light," he said sharply. "My

oney's in a belt round my watet. Open your office. Tou'll get your dol ar, all right." "All right," he grumbled, reopening

"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 measure. It sin't often I do this—but I'll make an exception for you."

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

to any city of importance was by bos across Bussard's bay to New Bedford

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

But now, though he was all uncon-scious of the fact, he went no more

His shadow in the moonlight kee him company upon the sands; and above, on the edge of the binfis, an-other shadow moved on parallel course and at a pace sedulously patterned after his.

found his sweetheart and his friend much as he had left them, with this difference—that Mr. Barcus now lay flat on his back and snoring He was wakened quickly enough

however, by Alan's news. But when it was the turn of Rose-they faltered. She lay so still, betrayed her exhaustion so patently in every line of her unconsc every line of her unconscious posture, es well as in the sharp pallor of her seemed scarcely less than downright

fahumanity to disturb her.

None the less, it had to be done.

Alan hardened his heart with the reminder of their urgent necessity, and

ing he had gone over the stern self as well.

The other two men made a sad bust nees of attempting to overpower Mr. Barcus. In less than a minute they

were both overboard.
"And just for this," Alan said before getting out of earshot—"I'm going to treat my party to a joy-ride in your pretty powerboat."

He concluded this speech abruptly

as Barcus brought them up under the quarter of the power cruiser. Within two minutes the motor was spinning contentedly, the mooring had seen slipped, and the motorboat was

heading out of the harbor,
Within five minutes she had left it well astern and was shooting rapidly westward, making nothing of the buf-fets of a very tolerable sea kicked up

by the freshening southwesterly wind.
"My triend," observed Alan, "as our acquaintance ripens I am more and more impressed that neither of us was born to die a netural death,



eventually brought her to with the ald 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—reanimated by the more promise of food-Rose disengaged their arms and en-tered without more assistance; while Barcus was deterred from treading her heels in his own famished caperness, by the hand of Alan falling heavily upon his arm. "Wait!" the latter adm

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 invis-ible 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 gravelye "Or some spy of bers!" Then rousing Alan rei

friend, with a smart shove urging him "Go on," be insisted, "join Rose and set your supper. I'll be with you as

soon as I can arrange for a boat. har nothing more than that that I body was abed before looking round.

turned to find his landlord apreaching from the direction of the notel 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 ut-tered before the landlord lifted a willman kiling nearby.

"Hey, Jake come here!" Introduced as Mr. Breed, Jak pleaded guilty to ownership of the fastest and stanchest power-cruise 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 woo steps down the side of the town wherf while the promised rowboat of Mr Breed drew in, at most leisurely pace

Abourd and away from the whar the burden of Alan's solicitude seems to grow lighter with every squae of the greaseless carlocks, with ev-ery dip and splash of the blades which, wielded by a crew of villainou contenance, brought them nearer the kandsome motorboat which Mr. Br designated as his own. It was not until Alan looked up suddenly to find Mr. Breed covering him with a re-volver of most victous character that he had the least apprehension of say he had the least appreneusion of any danger nearer than the offing, where Judith's echooner might be lurking, waiting for its prey to come out and

"I'll take that money-belt of your young feller," Mr. Breed announce "and be quick about it—not forgetth

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 upprofessional — for he
mostled it saids as if it had been nocked it saids as if it had been nothing more dangerous than a straw And in the same flutter of an eyelast he inunched bimosif like a wildont at

or at the hands of those us: but rather to be who d

hanged themon pirates."

"You have the courage of ignorance," Bares replied coolly; "if you'll take the trouble to giance astern I promise you a sight that will move you to suspend judgment for the time

being."
At this Ains sat up with a start.
Back against the loom of the Elisabeth islands through which they had navigated while he nodded, shone the milk-white sails of an able schooner.
Sheets all taut and every inch of canvas fat with the beam wind, she footed it merrily in their wake-a sil

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 clude the vigilance and pertinacity of the the worthy burghers of New Bedford woman who sought his life, women who sought his life.

more display of emotion than resided in narrowing eyelids and a tightening of the meacles about his mouth. "Much farther to go?" he inquired presently, in a coloriess voice

"At our present pace say, two "And will that enable us to hold our own?" "Just about," Barcus allowed, squin

How much lead have we got?" "A mile or so—none too much."
"Anything to be done to mond mat

"Nothing-but pray, if you remen

ber how." margia. The face of Judith Tripe was light of early dawn to those aboard the power cruiser as she swept up as speedily as was consistent with harbor and almed for the first wharf that promised a fair landing on the

main waterfront of the city. There was petther a policeman watchman of any sort in sight. Nor was there, for all his hopes and Dighy, a sign of a motor car.

Still, not much of the street was revealed. The docks on either hand were walled and roofed, cutting off the man an old employe of her father's

If they run for it, they must surely overhauled. Something must be no to hinder the crew of the "Here!" he cried sharply to Bu

You take Rose and hurry to the street and find that motor-ear. I know she's there. Digby never falled "But you."
"Don't waste time worrying about

"Don't waste time worrying about me. Fil he with you in three shakes. I'm only going to just a spoke in Judich's wheel. I've got a spoke in Judich's wheel. I've got a scheme!" As fir his scheme—he had none other than te give them bettle, to sacrifice himself if need be, to make sure the course of Rose.

These, heat method on him to this existst, that in turning his eye lighted on a fluorical length of stout, three-midship class.

But soon, dwarmed, his case was desperate—and there were two al-ready safe upon the dock and others scrembitag up to reinforce

Wildly ne cast about for some substitute weapon, he leaped toward a small pyramid of little but heavy kegs. and seising one, swung 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. Vain. But Alan had no time to wonder whether the man had tripped and bringing its right forward wheel up bringing its right forward wheel up a second hurting keg, or had turned coward and fied. It was enough that be had returned, procipitately and heavily, to the schooner.

The kee, meeting with no resistance ursued him even to the dock, 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 hariest notion that they were powder hariest notion that they were powder hers he used as ammunition. That kegs be used as ammunition. Ties! they were heavy and hurt when they when the world to a house dawn collided with burnen flesh and bone; allowed or still pod to 9 skinded awars

was all that interested him.
In the same breath he heard s

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

"Oh," she cried, "I hate you, I hate

"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 chesp he held her, Alan had tossed the pistol over the end of

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

keg.

And with a roar like the trump of foom and a mighty gust of flame and amoke the decks of the schooner were riven and shattered; her masts tottered and fell . . .

CHAPTER XXI.

Alan came to himself supported by arcus-his senses still reeling from the concussion of that thunderbolt which be had so unwittingly loosedthe cloud of sulphurous smoke and yet dissipated by the wind.

Judith lay at his feet, stunned; and round about other figures of men in-sensible, if not, for all be could say,

And then Barous was hustling him "Come! Come!" he rallied Alan. stiff upper lip. Rose is waiting in source you. We're quits. But next the car, and if you don't want to be arrested you'll stir your stumps, my soul That explosion is going to bring

His prediction was fustified even before it was made; already the nearby dwellings were vomiting halflothed 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

And while the man hesitated Alan grabbed him by the shoulder, threw ing critically at the chase; "she's him bodily from the car, dropped into some foctsr, that schooner; and this his seat, cried a warning to Rose, and is just the wind she likes best." threw in the clutch. The machine responded without a jar; they were a undred 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 n My 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 premaof the environs of the city when Rose left her seat and knelt behind his, to opmmunicate the intelligence they were already being pursuod.

A beavy touring car, she said ! driven by a man, a woman in the seat by his side-Judith the latter, the by the name of Marrophat. Marrophat!

Alan remembered that one. He could only trust in his skill as driver, and skill to the lesser factor

such a race.

They could overtake the fugitives cally when they would. But for some welrd, incomprehen sible reason they chose to hang a cer-tain distance in the rear, a distance that could readily be bridged by two minutes of furious driving. Wayt

In the succeeding quarter-hour the ness of fatalism became Alan's. They were biding their time tor som secret and fatal purpose. The blox was predestined to fall, but cruelly de

And then, quite clearly, he re-

character of the road that lay before

One Episode Each Week

him as the cur sped like a dragon-fly down a slight grade. swung away in a wide, graceful curve.

But when I'm gone, if even one bordered for some distance by railroad

Can weep because my life is done, tracks on a slightly le .er level.

Ho had guesred the fiendish plan of the other driver only too truly. As they approached at express speed the stretch where the road paralleled the tracks Alan sought to hug

the left-hand side of the road, but in beside the left rear wheel of his car, then more slowly forging up entil. with its weight, bulk and superior power, it formed it'm inch by lach to

the right, toward the tracks, until his right-hand whrels left the road and ren on uneven turf, until the left hand whosis as well lost grip on the road metal, notil the car began to dip on the riors to the tracks.

sideways with frightful house our

toward the milroad tracks, execut its wheele against the Her. and the dock, and knew that Harcus was ball on a string. There was a creek. roar . . . There was nothing-ob

> The car had turned turtle, pinning Rose and Also beneath it.
> "Alan!" she gashen. "You are no kill>d?"

"No-not even mach bart, I funcy," he replied. "And yu. ?" "Not much-"

The deep-throated roar of the loco-He closed his cyes.

Then abruptly the weight was lifted from his chest. He saw a man drag-ging Rose from under the machine. and sew that the man was Marroadat. And almost immediately sources life ed his head and shoulders, rought tim

with two hands benealt his arm pits

ard drew him clear of the meritire. And the face of his rescuer was tho The crush he by t experted, of the car being crumpled to by its oncoming lucomotive, did not solica.

As he scrambled to ble feet, his arst glance was up the track, and discorered the train slowing to a halt. Dis next was one of wonder for the him; her look almost illegible, a curi-

ous compound of passions coicring itrelicf, regret, hatred, love . . His third glanco descried beyond or 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 re volver that protruded from her pecket. With a short, hysterical gasp, he began to laugh. "What!" he taunted her-"again?"

"Think what you like!" she cried in "Pull yourself together and keep a a frenzy. "You saved me once-now

"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

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

"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 prom iee you-you shall never see Rose sgain before you die!"

And while he stood gaping, she swung from him and ran, quickly covering the little distance between him

As she jumped into this and droppe own upon the seat beside her halfconscious sister, Marrophat swung the

SET BWRY.

It vanished in a dust-cloud as throng of railroad employee aurrou ed and assailed him with clamoros

WHEN I AM GONE

When I um dead, if men can say, "He helped the world upon its way. With all his faults of word and deed Mankind did have some little need Of what he gave"—then in my grave No greater bonor shall I crave

if they can say-if they but can-"He did his best; he played the

Man; Ilis way was straight; his soul was

clean. His failings not unkind, nor mean; He loved his fellow men and tried to help them"-I'll be satisfied.

And feel the world is something bare Because I am no longer there; Call me a knaye, my life misspent-No matter, I shall be content

The stors shine through the cypress

Who,hopeless, lays his dead away Not looks to see the breaking day. Across the mournful merbles play! Who hath not learned in hours of

faith The truth to flesh and sense unknown.

That life is ever Lord of Death, Andd Love can never lose its own. -John G. Whittier.

ONR FEATURE DEMON-STRATION WORTH OVER \$500,000.00 PER YEAR

Some Excellent Results Shown By

a Summary of a Preliminary An-

nual Report By State Agent C. R.

The Farmer's Co-operative Demonstration Work carried on by our A. and M. College and our State Department of Agriculture, co-operating with the United States Department of Agriculture, is now in operation in 69 countles of the State, with a County Agent in charge of metive bellowing danger affenced him, the work in each county. During the present year thes men have enrolled as demonstrators and directly under their supervision, 5,859 farmers. These farmers were gowing fo their own benefit and as demonstrations in their respective communities the following crops, where the best known methods an agriculture were applied: 11,086 acres of corn, 3,068 acres of cotton, and 55,487 acres of other crops, or a total of 69,651 acres. This is an everage of

over 1,000 acres per county in Demonstration territory. During the present year these ag-ents have made 38,607 personal viscountenance of Judith Trine as she its to individual farmers. They stood, at a little distance, regarding here talked to 100 mg. have talked to 104,884 farmers to meetings attended. They have probably advised and helped as many more of which we have no record. Each demonstration plat influences from five to one hundred farmers. Parmers often drive from eight to ten miles to study these plats. Aside from this, there were enrolled asbout 10,000 other farmers, some of whom were visited and all of whom received agricultural bulletins, pamphlets, etc In this work there is not much stress put upon the method of giving instructions or advice by correspondence, till several thousand letters have been written in reply to requests for information by farmera. By all of these methods combined, there has probably been reached 500, 000 furmers, most of them in a prac-

tical way. the ordinary summer crops, another valuable feature of work, has been the gowing and planting of 60,737 acres of winter growing crops. A conservative estimate of these to that they are worth at least \$10.00 per acre, or a total value of over \$500,000.00. These crops consist of 82,510 acres of clover; 4,240 acres of grases, and 12,987 acres of other crops, consisting of rye, vetch, rape

small grain, etc. During the season County Agents have started definite systems of rointion of crops with 1,081 farmers. Theae will furnish valuable object lessons in their respective communities, and will furnish much valuable information to Demonstration Agents to be distributed through their counties.-Extension Farm

Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the Postoffice at Dunn, Week Ending February 20 \ 1915

1. Johnson, J. W. 2. Mobley, Willie Norman 8. McDougald, Allie

4. McLamb, J. L. 5. Robinson, E. E. 6. Rodgers, S. E.

7. Simpson, Herrison. 8. Strickland, Jasper 10. Sizen, George 10. Sizen, George

11. Bass, Miss Minni

12. Bryant, Anna 13. McLean, Mrs. Dicy 14. Peligue, Miss Annie 15. Randiph, Mrs. C. T.

WAKE FOILEST STUDENT KILLED BY LOCOMOTIVE Wake Forest ,N. C., Feb. 21,-R.

B. Hayes of LaCrosse, Va., a studen of Wake Forest college was fattally injured, while attempting to alight from a slowly moving train here at an early hour today, being thrown beneath the wheels and so badly man gled that he died in the college hospital a few hours later.