CONNODORE JUNK through, getting his arm well in and his shoulders beginning to follow till only his head was outside, and the dull light of the lantern seeming to show it plaintly, when to his horror he found that some portion of his garment had caught upon a rough projection and he was fast.

"Do I thing the sun'll shine agen?" growle of Hark. "Here's a feller! Horn same me as that there lass, ilved with her all his grys, and then he knows so little about her that he says, "Will she come agen?"

"Jenough to tire her out."

"Pohan!" cried Hark again, "when you know she'll keep on coming till she's an ald gray headed woman, or she gets ut away."

Abel shock his head, for he was low spirited and not convinced; but that night his heart leaped, for as he lay half asleep. Itstening to the thin buzzing hum of the sentry on guard ontside, there was the faint rattle of a chain, as if some prisoner had turned in his unquiet rest, and then all was silent again, till he started, for a rough hand was laid upon his mouth.

His first instinct was to seize the owner of that hand, to engage in a struggle for his life; but a mouth was placed directly at his ear, and a well-known voice whispered of the land. The these bits of mag about your irons so as they don't rattle.

The sergeant was carrying the lantern swinging at arm's length, on his left side, or I the bottom as he passed would only in few inches above the prisoner's head.

Abel caught at the pieces of cloth and canvas thrust into his hand, and, sitting up in the darkness he softly bound the links and rings of his feteres together, hardly dar-ing to breathe and yet with his heart beating tunultuously in his anxiety to know his

companion's plans.

For an attempt it must be, Abel felt, though up to the time of their going to rest after the day's work Bart had said nothing to him. He must have made a sudden discovery, and there was nothing for it but to obey in every way and trust to what was

ray round his chains, and as he was tying the last knot be felt Bart's hand upon his shoulder, and his tips at his ear. "Quiet, and creep after me. Keep touch; ing my foot so's not to miss me in the dark."

Abel's heart thumped against his ribs as it is obeyed, taking Bart's hand first in a firm gip, and then feeling a short iron bar thrust between his fingers.

apon his hands and knees, and was crawling toward the end of the long, low, stone walled building that served as a dormitory distant, as if it were the response to a chalfor the white slaves whose task was to entivate the rough plantation till they, as a rule, lay down and died from fever of some of the ills that haunted the tropie

dust then Bart stopped short, for there were steps outside, and a gleam of light appeared beneath the heavy door. Voices were heard, and the rattle of a soldier's

"Changing guard," said Abel to himself and he found himself wondering whether the sergeant and his men would enter the

To add to the risk of discovery, there was chuffling sound on the left, and a clink of the left, and a clink of the left, and a clink of the left is the left. effore; and his movement roused another, who also clinked his chains in the darkness and growled out an imprecation.
All this time Hart remained absolutely motionless, and Abel listened with the

perspiration streaming from him in the

the steps died out upon the car; there was just as the alligator bellowed again. or two of chains, and a heavy sigh from some restless sleeper, and once more in drew himself through the hole no easy the black silence and stilling heat there was task and Bart began to follow, but only to nothing to be heard but the lond trumpeter ing burn of the mosquitoes.

his crawling movement, after thrusting back his log and touching Abel on the chest with his bare foot as a signal.

The building was quite a hundred feet long by about eighteen wide, a mere gattery in shape, which had been lengthened from preased, and the men had about two thirds of the distance to traverse before they could each the end, and at their expositely slow rate of progress the time seemed intermine able before, after several painful halts, caused by movements of their fellow prisoners and dread of discovery, the final half was made.

Now then what is it ?" whispered Abel, The answer he received was a hand laid. series his mouth, and his heart began to beat more wildly than ever, for Bart caught his hand, drow it toward him, and as it was the stone level, with the floor.

Abol's heart give another bound, for that stone was loose, and as it was pressed aside he heard a faint gritting, his companion's breath seemed to come more thickly, as if from exertion, and for the next hour an hour that seemed like twelve Abol lay, unable to help, but panting with anxiety, as the gritting noise went on, and he could mentally see that Bart was slowly drawing out rough pieces of builty comented stone rough fragments really of coral and lime stone from the marest reef, of which the prison barenck was built.

Phrop times over Abel had tried to help, but the firm pressure of his companior hand forcing him back spake volumes, and he subsided into his position in the atter il knoss, listening with his pulses throthing lad, a subsiding, as the grifting sound was

breath of comparatively cool air began to play upon his cheek, as Hart seemed to work steadily on. That breath grow breader and fuller, and there was a soft odor of the sen introded with the damp contness of a the opening at which Hart had so patiently worked, for that there was an opening was plain enough now, as Abel exultantly felt. In his inaction the torture of the dread was intense, and he lay wondering whether, if they did get out, Mary would still be waite

ing, expecting them, or their efforts prove to have been vain. At last, just when he felt as if he could bear it no longer, Hart's hand gripped him by the shoulder, and pressed him tightly. Then in the darkness his hand was seized "What and leave him to give the alarm?" and guided where it hardly wanted guiding, for the young man's imagination had painted all to a rough opening level with the floor, a hole little larger than might have been made for fourle to pass in and out of w

poultry yard.
This done, Bart gave him a thrust which Abel interpreted to mean, " On on," anded with another, to indicate,

And responded with another, to indicate, "No; you go."
But gripped him savagely by the arm, and he yielded, crept slowly to the hole, went down upon his breast, and softly thrust his head through into the dank night ar, to hear plainly the sighing and creaking of the reptiles in the swamp, and see before him the sparkling scintillations of the myriad irelies during from bush to bush.

The worned himself on, and was about to

He wormed himself on, and was about to draw forth one hand and arm, but always moving as ellently as some nocturnal beast try, when it suddenly occurred to him that

He made a tremendous offert, but could

He made a tremendous offert, but could not drag to free, for his arms were pressed close to his sides and he was helpless. If Hart had known and passed a hand through he might have freed him, but he could not explain his position; and all the time the gnard was coming nearer and nearer, the lantern-light dancing upon the rough path, and it would hardly be possible for the nearest soldier to pass him without stumbling against his head.

Discovery, extra labor, the lash, more

Abel knew all this, as he pressed his teeth together to keep down the agonising feeling of despair he felt already as the men came on in gular pace, with the barrels of the maskers and their bayonets gleaming; and he expected to hear an exchanation of astonishment with the command "Halt!"—

when something unusual did happen.
For all at once, just as the back of Abel's head must have loomed up like a black stone close by the sergeant's path, and the rays of light glistened on his short, crisp, black hair, there came a loud creaking bellow from Abol felt this as he rapidly knotted the down in the swamp by the creek, and Dinny "Hark at that now!"

"Silence in the ranks!" orled the ser-geant flercely; and then, as if the Irishman's words were contagious, he, turning his head as did his men towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, exclaimed, "What was

between his fingers.

Then he became conscious from his companion's movements that he had gone down again !"

lenge. "Don't it earry you home again, sergeant

"Stlence in the How, Dinny?" said the sergeant, good-humoredly, for the men were laughting.

"Why, my mother had a cow—a Kerry cow, the darlint—and Farmer Magee, half a mile across the bog, had a bull; and you could hear him making love to her at toined just like that, and moighty plisant it was."

"And used he to come across the bog," said the sergeant, "to court her?"

"And did he come across the bog to coort at the sergeant, "to court her?"

"And did he come across the bog to coort laborious to him from the shortness of his feetlers making it difficult for him to keep up

her!" said Dinny, with a contemptuous fetters making it difficult for him to keep up

to 6 in his voice. "And could you go neross a bog coorting if Farmer Mages had put a ring through your nose and tied you up to a post, sergeant dear? Oh, no! The farmer was moighty particular about that bull's morals, and niver let him out of a believe that we sha'n't want bull's morals, and niver let him out of a believe that we sha'n't want bull's morals.

"Silence in the ranks! "Tention!" said the sergeant. "Half left!" Then there was a hearsely uttered come mand: the light faded away, the sound of men passed round the end of the building Abel drew a long breath and rapidly the whole three. stick before he was half way through. "I'm at it again," he whispered. "Natur"

> times like this Abel seized his hands, as he recalled the neident at the cottage.

> 'Now," he whispered, "both together Hart gave himself a wrench as his commanion tugged tremendously, and the resis-

"Half my skin," growled Bart, as he struggled to his feet and stood by his come who held them back might be able to keep " Now, lad, this way." "No, no; that's the way the soldiers

have gone. onder, and we couldn't get over the palis-

They crept on it silence, seeing from time pair into the fugitives' hearts. to time glints of the lantern, and in the midst of the still darkness matters seemed to grew more regular in its pulsation, and he was just asking himself why he had not had was just asking himself why he had not had invention enough to contrive this evasion, when a clear and familiar voice cried, "Shand!" and there was the click of a misket-lock.

Whet followed was almost momentary. invention enough to contrive this evasion,

Hart struck aside the bayonet leveled at his breast, and leaped upon the sentry be-fore him, driving him backward and clapping his hand upon his mouth as he knell upon his chest: while, ably seconding him, his companion wrested the musket from the man's hand, twisted the bayonet from the and of the barrel, and, holding it daggerwise, pressed it against the man's throat.
"Hold aside, Bart," whispered Abel, say

"The for our lives and liberty "whisper

ed Abel, fiercely, "Ay, Int-" growled Hart, "Lie still, will you!" he muttered, as fiercely as "Ay, but his companion, for the sentry had given a violent heave and wrested his mouth free. "Sure, an' ye won't kill a poor boy that how, gintlemen," he whispered, piteously, "Another word, and it's your last?" hiss-

"Sure, and I'll be as silent as Pater Mulloney's grave, sor," whispered the sentry what it's a mother I have over in the owld country, and ye'd break her heart if ye kilk

"Hold your tongue!" whispered flart,
"Sure, and I will, sor. It's not meself as
would stop a couple of gintlemen from escap"Here, quick!"

said Abel. "We're wasting time, man. "Tis his life or ones.

'Not at all, sor," whispered the sentry, pleadingly. "I won't give the alarm, on my hanner; and you can't kill a boy widout letting him just say, 'How d'yo do?' and 'Which is the way yander?' to the praste."
"Shall we trust him?" said Bart, in a low

"Phin take me wid yo, gintlemen. Patx, ye might force me to go, for the divil a bit do I want to shtay here."
"Look here," whispered hart; "It's neck or nothing, my lad. If you give the alarm, it will be with that bayonet struck through

"And would a Kelly give the alarm, afther he said on his hanner? Sure, you might thrust me,"
"Over with you, then, Bart," whispered Ahel; "I'll stand over him here." Take the

Abel C'I'll stand over mm nere and the freelies was unusually to had well grasped this thereognar tramp of feet, the was the lantern of the sentry's shoulder, and the bayonet close to his threat.

"An' is that the way for thrust a gintle man?" asked Dinny, contemptuously, as Hart, with all a suiter's and receclimber's activity from himself up, and dropped from the top of the wall at the side.

"Now, over with you," whispered Abelbegan to wrighte himself.

"An' is that the way for thrust a gintle man?" asked Dinny, contemptuously, as Hart, with all a suiter's and receclimber's activity, drew himself up, and dropped from the top of the wall at the side.

"Now, over with you," whispered Abelbegan to wrighte himself.

"We shall take you with us till we're safe ;

The two may thrust me," said the sentry, quickly. "Is it over wid me!"

"Yes; quick!"

The man scaled the gate as easily as Barthad done before him, and then Abel followed; but as he reached the top and shuffled sidewise to the wall, which he bestrode, there was the sound of a shot, followed by another, and another, and the fierce baying of dogs.

"Bedad, they've seen ye," mid the sentry, as Abel dropped down.

"They've been in the barrack," whispered Bart.

of Bart.
"To be sure they have, sor; the sergeant was going round."
"Quick, take his hand?" said Bart.
"No!" whispered Abel, leveling the hayonet. "No, no; for my mother's sake, sor!"

oried the sentry, piteously. "She has only six of us, and I'm one."
"Put away that bagnet!" said Bart, hoarsely. "Take his hand, and run!" hoarsety. "Take his hand, and run!"
"That's it, sor, at the double," said the sentry, rising from his knees, where he had flung himself. "I'm wid ye to the end of the world. It's a place I know, and—"
"Silence!" hissed Abel, as there was the lend clanging of a bell with the fierce yelping of dogs, and they dashed off, hand joined in hand, for the coffee plantation, away down by the cane-brake and the swamp.

The hue and cry rose louder and louder as the fugitives ran laboriously toward the imagle brake. Lights could be seen; a signal-gun was fired, and the little colony was up in arms, ready to hunt down the escaped criminals, lest they should take to the forest, from whence, after a time, they would issue forth as wild beasts. But in the darkness of that tropic night there would have been little danger of a recapture but for those sounds which told the evading men that their greatest enemies were now without light or sight, but would track them by scent with the greatest case.

"I'm coming wid you," cried!

Bart caught him by the should

"No, no, lad, we're escaping; this is no place you."

"Be my sowl, this isn't," said Dinny, shaking himself free, and seizing the side of the boat he began to wade and thrust her from the shore. "In with you too."

Bart said no more, but followed the Irishman's example, and together they waded on into the muddy creek, only to get a few world.

"They never saw the boat, and they would think you are hiding somewhere in the woods."

"They never saw the boat, and they would think you are hiding somewhere in the dogs crushed through the canes and recells, to stop, breast-deep, barking savage by scent with the greatest case."

"Dusta greatures !" whispeered Dinny." The hue and cry rose louder and louder as

without light or sight, but would track them by scent with the greatest case.

"Hark at that, now!" said the Irishman, as he run on, step by step with the escaping prisoners. "D'ye hear the dogs giving tongue? They haven't got the scent right yet, me boys; but they'll have it soon. Glong; ye don't half run."

"He coased speaking for a few moments, and then continued apologetically—"Kape on," whispered Dinny.

"Faix, and it's meself forgot. Ye've got the bilboes an, and they make it bad running. There, d'ye hear the dogs? It's like having the hounds back at home, before I listed for a soger, and got sent out here. Run, ye divils, run! But, I say: if we're tuk, and it comes to a thrial—court-martial, There was added to the same of added to the same with the court martial, and it comes to a thrial—court-martial, There was added to the same of added to the same with the court martial, and it comes to a thrial—court-martial, There was added to the same with the court martial, and it comes to a thrial—court-martial, There was added to the same with the court martial.

with his companions, "Bedad, they're well on the scent I" said

his whip any more : for --- "

" Hish!" cried Abel. "Av. I forgot," said Bart nodding his the dogs reach us, or it'll be awkward for the whole three. They'll forget to respect the whole three. They'll forget to respect to the whole three are the side of the water, where their splashing could be heard by those drow himself through the hole no easy the king's uniform in the dark. It's no good, my lads; they'll take us, and ye've had all your throuble for nothing. Faix, and I'm sorry for ye, whativer ye did, for

made me crooked o' purpose to go wrong at its a dog's life ye lead. Silence, man," whispered Abel. "Do you want the dogs to be on us?" "Divil a bit, sor; but they'll be down on us soon widout hearing us talk. Murther, but it's a powerful shensh of shmell they have. How they are coming on !"

It was quite true. The dogs were after them with unerring scent, and out for the up, they would have soon overtaken the fugitives. They were at no great distance as it was, and their baying, the encouraging shouts of their holders, and the sight of the lanterns rising and falling in the darkness, helped the Irishman's words to send des-

"Sure, and we're in the coffee-tree gyar den!" said the sentry. I "Oi know it by the ittle bits o' bushes all in rows. Thin the wood isn't far, and we'll get up a tree before the

him go?" oried Abel. "And is it let me go?" said the sentry scitedly. "You'd niver be such cowards Let the dogs have fair play.

"Silence!" cried Abel, imperatively "Sure it's meself that's the most ellent. " Abel !- Bart! This way!"

"To the left, lad," cried Bart, for they had now reached the edge of the jungle; and just as despair was filling their breasts, for Mary made no sign, her voice proved her fidelity by it being heard some distance to their left. "Thin it's all right," said Dinny, excited-

ly. "Ye've got triends walting?"

"Silence, I say?" cried Abel.

"Sure, and I'll hold my pace, and good luck to ye, for I heard the boy's spache, and maybe he has a boat waiting down by the

"Will you be silent, man?" oried Abel flercely, as the baying of the dogs increased Bart, we must not go on, for it would be

bringing the dogs upon someone else."
"Not it," said Dinny; "ye've plenty of time yet, maybe. Go along, me boys and bad luck to the dogs, for they'll be disappointed afther all!"

Abel gave a low peculiar whistle like a sea-birds cry, and it was answered not "Here, quick!" came in the well-known voice. "I'm here Jump; never mind the

They all jumped together to find themselves in a mirey place where Mary was waiting. "This way," she said. "I can guide you lirect to the boat. Quick, or the dogs will

"Well done, boy!" oried Dinny. "That's "And now," cried Abel, turning upon-him, "off with that pouch and belt."
"Certainly, sor," replied Dinny, slipping off and handing his cartridge-bag.
"Now, back to your friends, and tell-then we've cone."

hem we're gone."
"My friends!" cried Dinny,
here isn't a friend among them." "Step back, then, whoever they are."
"But the dogs, sor!"
"Curse the dogs. Back, I say!"
"Hut, sor, they're the most savage of bastes. They won't listen to any explanation, but pull a man down before he has

"All's ready," whispered Mary. I heard the shots, and knew you were coming. Abel your hand. Join hands all."

Abel caught at that of his sieter, at the same time extending his own, which was taken by Bart, and he in turn, almost involuntarily, held out his to Dinny.

In this order they passed rapidly through the jungle, along a beaten track formed by the animals which frequented the place, and one which during her long, patient watches had become perfectly familiar to Mary Dell, who threaded it with ease.

It was one wild excitement, for the dogs were now growing furious. The scent was hot for them, and ere the floeing party had reached the creek the fierce brutes had gained the edge of the jungle, through which they dragged their keepers, who mingled words of encouragement with oaths and ourses as they were brought into contact with the tangeled growth.

I was one wild excitement, for the dogs on one side, and the crockidills on the other. It isn't at all a tempting spot for a bathe; but I've got to have a dip as soon as we get out of this into the sea."

"Bekase I'm wet with fresh wather and mud, and I'm a man who likes a little salt outside as well as in. It kapes off the ugly fayvers of the place. Do you want me to eateh a cowld?"

"Silence, there!" said Mary, gruffly, from her place in the prow; and for quite an hour she toiled on through the intense darkness, guiding the boat from the tangle of weedy growth and cane into winding canalities portions of the lagoon, where every with the tangeled growth.

were nearly upon them as the boat was

into the mud, where he stood and held the side of the frail canoe.

"Here, room for me?" whispered Dinny.
"No," cried Abel, fiercely. "Keep Abel.

"I'm coming wid you," cried I
Bart caught him by the should
"No, no, lad, we're escaping; this is no

"Make ready!" cried the same voice	1
"Present! Will you or conder?"	
"Lie down and diction, whispered Dinny	
"Divil a let a substruction shoot."	
"Fire!" he bice, and a dozen	i
flashes end a land the many brake,	
There was the deafening	
There was and designing and the case was a second production of the case when the case was a second production of the case when the case was a second production of the case when the case was a second production of the case when the case was a second production of the case when the case was a second production of the case when the case w	
"Am belief to we was shown with	
lence government, he went to himself.	
"Push along, amous socialis als resprenengly	
we'll get in That I beaut, he's up to me	į.
chin all at wanst, he in stered. "Can you	
give a boy a band?"	
A hand sangles his was t, and he was help	
ed over the stern of the best, dripping, and	1
panting, as Bart scrambard in simultaneous	
ly, and though the latter vessel threatened	
to overset, it held from	
Then much a solar sone tool for the	ell.

mars by land at the edge of the creek, noingled with shouts at the dogs, which were now ly and cantiously by Mary, who knelt in the prow and thrust a pole she carried down in

The baying of the dogs as they kent ing rushes through the canes gave the purmmand given to the escaping men to surender, a volley was fired, the bright flashes from the muskets cutting the darkness, andshowing where their danger lay.

It was slow work for both parties, the pursuers having to force their way painfully through the tangled growth, while vily-laden boat had to be propelled through what was in places little more than liquid mud full of fibrous vegetation, and what had been but a light task to Mary when she was mone, proved to be almost beyond ber strength with so heavy a load. "Are you going right?" whispered Abel at last, for they were hardly moving, and it

seemed to him that they were running right in among the growth that whispered and creaked against the boat. "Yes; be patient," was the stern reply.
"I can see them. They're wading yonder in the mud up to their waists." "There they are," came from apparently

close at hand, and the dogs burst out more scoundrels, we can see you. Give up. "Faith, and it's a cat he is," whispered Dinny. "What a foine seathry he'd make for night duty!"
"Surrender?" shouted the same voice,

or we'll blow you out of the water.' "The ugly, yellow-faced divil!" mutter-

be so severe with you."
"Hark at that, now," whispered Dinny to Bart. "It's a baby he thinks ye, afther "Curse them! Fire then, sergeant," cried the overseer. "No mercy now."
"Down, dogs!" roared the man again.
"Quick, there—fire!"

A rattling volley from close at hand rang out, and it was followed by utter silence, as if those ashore were listening. "Curse your stupid fellows, sergeant! Why don't you make them fire lower?

"If they fired lower, we should have hit "Hang the dogs! I wanted you to the men. Now, then, fire again." There was the rattling noise of the ram

reds in the barrels as the men loaded, and once more silence. The sinuous nature of the muddy creek had brought the fugitives terribly near to the dense brake ; but Mary's pole remained perfectly motionless, an there was nothing to be done but wait till the party moved on, when there would be a chance to get lower down towards the open sea; while, after the next quarter of a mile, the creek opened out into quite a little estuary dotted by sand-banks and islets of

bamboos and palms.
"Now I have them!" cried the overs "Bring a gun, sergeant. I can pick off that fellow easily."
"Faith, and what a foine liar he would make wid a little training," whispered "Why, I can't even see my hand

"Hush," whispered Bart, and then he "Hush," whispered Bart, and then he half started up in the beat, for there was a sudden splashing, a shout, and the piteous yelping and haying of a dog, which was taken up in chorus by the others present.

Yelp—bark—howl, accompanied by the splashing and beating of water, and rustling of reeds and canes, and then a choking, suffecting sound, as of some animal being dragged under water, after which the dogs whined and seemed to be scuffling away.

"What's the matter with the dogs?" said

weedy growth and cane into winding canallike portions of the lagoon, where every
now and then they disturbed some great
reptile, which plunged into deeper water
with a loud splash, or wallowed farther
among the half-liquid mud.

The sounds ashore grew distant, the firing had ceased; and, feeling safer, the little reached.
"In first," whispered Abel; but Mary protested and would have hung back had not Bart lifted her bodily in after wading told that he had fallen fast asleep in happy carelessness of any risk that he might run. "How came you out here?" said Bart from his seat, after another vain effort to

"Now, Abe," he whispered.
"I can here them," shouted a voice,
"Loose the dogs. Seize 'em, boys, seize 'em!"

from his seat, after another vain effort to take Mary's place.
"Ship," she said laconically, and with a hoarse laugh. "But who gave you a passage?" said

"Gave! No one," she said, speaking in

quite a rough tone of voice. "How could I

"To put right down to the mouth of this creek, and round the shore. There are plenty of hiding-places along the coast. Inlets and islands, with the trees growing to the edge of the sea."
"And what then?" said Abel.

"What then " said Mary, in a half wondering tone. 'Yes; where shall we go?" There was an interval of silence, during which seemed to be quite opaque. "I had not thought of that," said Mary,

in the same short, rough voice which she seemed to have adopted. "I only thought of finding you, Abel, and when I had found you, of helping you to escape." "She never thought of me," muttered Bart, with a sigh.

"Good girl," said Abel, tenderly.

"Hush! Don't say that," she cried shortly. "Who is this man with you?"

she whispered then. One of the sentries "Why did you brus him?" "We were obliged to bring him, or-". "Kill him?" said Mary, hoassely, for her

brother did not end his sentence "You must set him ashore, of course. "Yes, of course. And then ?" "I don't know, Abel. I wanted to help you to escape, and you have escaped. You Turnip, must do the rest.
"You're a brave, true girl," said Abel,
enthusiastically; but he was again checked

"Don't say that," cried Mary, in an ceased speaking, and when his deep breathing took Bart's attention and he leaned for-

ward and touched him there was no re

Why, he's fallen asleep, Mary;" said Bart, in a whisper. 'Hish, Bart-don't call me that!" came "All right, my lass!" said the rough fel-"I'll do anything you tells me."

'Then don't say 'my lass' to me. "I won't if you don't wish it," growled Bart. "Here, let me pole her along now.
"No; sit still. Is that man asleep?" "Yes; can't you hear? He's fagged out like poor old Abel. But let me pole the

'No : she'll drift now with the current and we shall be carried out to sea. If the people yonder saw as then they would not know who was in the boat. You have es-

"Av, we've escaped, my—"
"Hush, I say!" cried Mary, imperiously; and Bart, feeling puzzled, rubbed one ear and sat gazing straight before him into the darkness where he knew the girl to be, his imagination filling up the blanks, till he seemed to see her standing up in the boat, with a red worsted cap perched jauntily upon her raven-black hair, and a tight, blueknitted jacket above her linsey-woolsey skirt, just as he had seen her hundreds of times in her father's, and then in Abel's

boat, at home on the Devon shore. All at once Bart Wrigley opened his eyes and stared. Had he been asleep and dreamed that he and Abel had escaped, and that he was in the Dell's boat, with Mary poling

What did it all mean? He was in a boat, and behind him lay back the soldier with his mouth open, sleeping heavily. On his left was Abel Dell, also sleeping as a man sleeps who is utterly exhausted by some terrible exertion.. But that was not the Devon coast upon which the sun was shedding its You can buy a 4 or 6 panel door at \$1.60. early morning rays. Dense belts of man-grove did not spread their muddy roots like intricate rustic scaffoldings on southern English shores, and there were no clusters of alligators lying here and there

among the mud and ooze. It was true enough. They did escape in ne night, and Mary had been there ready help them with a boat; but where was she now? and who was this sturdy youth in loose petticoat-canvas trousers, and heavy

fisherman's boots. Bart stared till his eyes showed a ring of white about their pupils, and his mouth opened roundly in unison for a time. Then eyes and mouth closed tightly, and wrinkles appeared all over his face, as he softly shook over, and then, after glancing at Abel and the Irish soldier, he uttered a low-"Haw, haw !"

The figure in the boat swung round and faced him sharply, glancing at the two sleeping men, and holding up a roughened brown d to command silence. "All right," said Bart, half-choking with mirth; and then, "Oh, I say, my lass, you do look rum in them big boots?"

"Silence, idiot!" she whispered, sharply.
"Do you want that strange man to know?"
"Nay, not I," said Bart, shortly, as he too glanced at Dinny. "But I say, you do look rum."
"Bart," whispered Mary, fiercely, and her eyes flashed with indignant anger, "is this a time to fool?"

this a time to fool ?" "Nay, my lass, nay," he said, becoming sober on the instant. "But you do look so rum. I say, though," he cried, sharply, "what's gone of all your beautiful long hair." "Fire," said Mary coldly.
"Fire! what!—you've cut it off and burn!

Mary nodded. "Oh!" ejaculated Bart, and it sounded [To be continued.]

Manufacturers' Life Insurance



May 15th, 1889.

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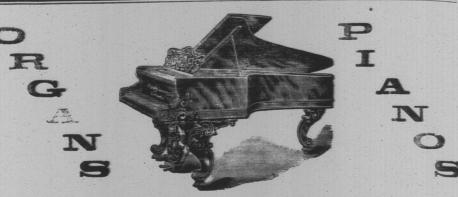
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