"Very well, then," oried Humphrey.
"Let's start, then, at once. Now, then, south?" he cried to the man.
"South!" said the Indian.
"Yes, south!" cried the captain, pointing, "Show as the way."
"Show. El Commodore Yunk. No."
He shock his head, and pointed around him, and then to the lanterus, which shed a dim light over the scene. hightweet the scene. No. Dark," he said.

He means it is too dark to go," said the

leight sun? "cried the Indian, eagerly, pointing to the east, and then seizing the thin rope which had been twisted round his neck, he ran to the gangway, slid down into his boat, made the cord last, and came agrambling up again to secure the signal-

This done, he said a few words to his companion, and, going to the side, threw him-self down under the bulwarks, and seemed to

go to sleep at once.

"Yes; that's plain enough," said Humphrey.

"He means to wait till daylight, keep a strict watch. We may have found the right man at last."

He need have been under no anxiety arte the two informers, for they lay metionless till daybreak, and then rose suddenly, looked sharply round, and, going forward, pointed to the rope which moored them in mid-

Half an hour later the sloop was gliding slowly out of the mouth of the river; the lowered sails caught the cool, moist morning breeze, and, in obedience to the Indian's directions which were embraced in the pointing of abrown hand southward, the king's ship sailed steadily along the coast a few miles from the shore, which, with its sandy beach alternating with bold headlands that ran down from ing with bold headlands that ran down from regularly formed volcanic-looking peaks, and creek, and river estuaries, fringed with palm and mud-loving growth, showed pleaty of spots where a vessel might find a hiding-place, and which it would have taken a fleet

of boats to adequately explore.

The Indian's conduct increased the confithe confidence of Humphrey; and as the day were on the officers and crew, who had been for months chasing myths, began to look forward hopefully to an encounter with the prutes, and to believe that the preparations for action might not this time prove to have been in value.

It was within two hours of sundown, as the men were at their drowsiest momentmany being fast asleep—when, as they were rounding a rocky point feathered with glorious palms, beyond which the country ranup toward the mountains in a glorious choose of piled up rock, rock, deep ravine, and fire-scathed chine, the principal Indian sudden-ly seized the the captain's arm and pointed straight before him to where, a couple of miles away, and looking as if she had just glided out of some hidden channel running into the land, there was a long, low, blackhulled schooner, spreading an enermous amount of canvas for so small a vessel; and as he saw the rake of the masts and the disproportioned size of her spars. Humphrey Armstrong felt a thrill of exultation run through him even as his whole erew was now galvanised into life, and he mentally repeated the words of the Indian-

'El Commodore Yunk.' Yes ; there could be no doubt of it. The shape and size of the vessel, answered the description exactly and no trader or pleasel, foreign or British, would sail with so dangerously an overweighting rig

At last, then !" cried Humphrey, excitedly, as he stood gazing at the long, suspicions looking craft ; and his heart beat heavily, his face thished, and the hands which held his glass trembled with eager-

The men made way to right and left as their captain strode aft and exclaimed. Bring the poor fellows here. They shall

have their reward and go."
Was it treachery; or fear of the enemy? Humphrey asked himself this question as shout came from the steersman, who, like the rest, had been gazing at the schooner, but who was the first to see and draw attention to a cance being paddled rapidly for

No one had been attending to the two Indians, who had waited until the attention of all was bent upon the buccaneer, and then silently slipped over the side, glided down the rope, and cast off, to paddle shorewards. There was good discipline on board ship even then, and at the call to quarters every

man fell into place. The long gun was run in, loaded, run out, and directly after there was a puff of smoke, a loud report which went echoing among the mountains and through the densely wooded ravines, as a shot skipped over the water right in front Hurrah !" shouted the men, as they

maw the long vessel after her course a little. he surrenders," said Humphrey to himself; and in the brief moments that followed he saw himself peturning to England in triumph, his task done, and beautiful, fash-ionable Lady Jenny Wildersey welcoming

It was a puff of funcy, dissipated like the puff of smoke which came from the schooner's bows; while, in company with the reround shot skipping over the calm surface of the sea, not forward like the summons to of the sea, not forward like the summand heave to of the king's ship, but straight at her hull, and so well aimed that it tore through the starboard bulwark amidships and passed just in front of the mainmast, which it al-

most grazed.
"The insolent!" exclaimed Humphrey:
turning purple with rage. "How dare

As he spoke he raised his spy glass to his eye, for something could be seen fluttering up the side of the great mainsail, and directly after a large black flag was wafted out by the breeze in defiance of a ship-of-war double the schooner's size, and heavily armed, as well as manned by a picked and disciplined over

disciplined orew. "Very good, Commodore to oriest Humophrey, with a smile. "You can't escape us now. Gentlemen, the ball has opened. Down with her spars, my lads. Never mind her hull; we want that to take back to Falmonth, from whence she shall sail next time with a different rigo

The men cheered and the firing commencthe men cheered and the firing commenced, when, to the annoyance of the captain, the wind dropped entirely, a dead calm ensued; night was coming on rapidly, as it descends in the tropic lands, and he had either to try and silence the schooner at long range, or man the boats and take her by boarding, a plan from which he shrank, knowing, as he did, that it could only be successful at a terrible cost of life, and that

he dreaded for the sake of his men.

The sloop crept a little nearer in one of the puffs of wind that came from time to time, and the firing went on, Humphrey and his officers being astounded at the ability with which the schooner's guns were served and the accuracy of their aim.

"No wonder that they've carried all before them among the merchantmen," muticed Humphrey, as a shot came crashing into them, and three men were carried below disabled by splinters. he dreaded for the sake of his men.

till the schooner was disabled, he kept up the artillery duet till the only guide for laying their guns was the flash of the enemy's pieces when some shot was fired.

By this time the fire of the bucaneers had proved so effective that the sloop's bulwarks were shattered and her decks were slippary with blood, while her captain was fuming with rage at the unfortunate aim of his men; for, though the schooner had evidently been hit again and again, she seemed to have on hit again and again, she seemed to have escaped the vital injury that a shot would have produced in one of her spars.

All at once, just as the darkness had be-

come complete, the firing of the schooner censed; and to have continued that on board of the sloop would have been wasting

shot.

"Man the lanneh and jolly-boat!" said the captain sharply, and their crews waited with intense excitement the orders to go and board the schooner, a faint groan of disappointment arising as the men heard the instructions given to the two lieutenants to patrol on either side of the sloop, and be ready to attack and board only if the buccancer should attempt to steal off in the darkness and oscane.

darkness and escape.

The night were on, with every one on the qui vive. Two more boats were ready waiting to push off and help in the attack on whichever side the schooner should attempt to escape; while in the event of an attack, the other patrolling boat was to come back to the sloop.

But hour after hour passed and no rushing of water was heard, no dip of long sweep, or creak of the great oar in the rowlock was heard; neither was a light seen; and the

heard; neither was a light seen; and the silence observed by the schooner was so profound that Humphrey, as he paced the deck, felt certain at last that she must have escaped; and, now that it was too late, he bitterly repented not attempting to capture the dangerous foe by a bold attack.

"She's gone," he groaned, "and I've lost my chance!"

my chance?"

He paced the deck in bitter disappointment, as he felt that he had let a prize slip through his fingers; and, as he waited, the night glided slowly by, till, slowly and tardily, the first signs of day appeared, and with a cry of joy Humphrey Armstrong ordered the signal of recall to be run up, for there, just as she had been last seen when night fell, lay the long, dark schooner, but without a man visible on board.

In a few minutes the two boats were

In a few minutes the two boats were alongside, and Humphrey gazed longingly at the prize he felt ready to give half his life

What should he do? Attempt to board her now that his four boats lay armed and ready for the fray?

order was given ; the four boats to attack at once, the men receiving the command with a tremendous cheer, and their oars took the water at once; while, compelled by his posi-tion to remain on board, the captain fever-ishly watched the progress of his boats in the growing light, and fromed and stamped the deck in his anger as he saw the crews were exhausting themselves in a race to see which should first reach the silent, forbid-

ding-looking schooner.

He shouted to them to keep together, but they were beyond the reach of his voice, and matters seemed hopeless from the way in which they struggled, when a combined attack was requisite for success.

Then all at once the launch remained

steady, and the smaller boats went off to right and left. Another minute and all were advancing togther, so as to board in four different parts of the ship at once. Humphrey Armstrong's eyes flashed his lips parted, and his breast heaved as he watched his men dash on with a faintly not a moving figure could be seen on board

the schooner, and it was plain that she had been deserted during the night.
"Curse him for an cel!" cried the captain, fiercely, as he felt that he was about to capture another vessel and leave her unning commander to man another, and carry on his marauding as of old; but he had hardly uttered his angry denunciation when his four boats raced up to the schooner

ost before the English captain could realize the fact, great pieces of iron, probably the schooner's ballast, were thrown into the boats, two of which were crushed through like so much paper, and the men as they sank left struggling in the

All that could be done was to reacue the frowning men; and as the two remaining loats were being overladen, and then made disgrace, a furious fire of small-arms was poured from every port-hole and from the schooner's deck, till, unable to p ustrate the stout boarding netting triced up all around the vessel, cut at, shot at, and thrust back into their boats with boarding pikes, the sloop's two boats fell off, and began to slowly

etrace their course. The moment the way was clear Rumph rey, who was almost beside himself with disappointment, began pounding away at the buccaneer with his heavy guns; but instead of exciting a response he found that sails were being unfurled, and that, instead of the oner being shut in, the bottom of the bay formed a kind of strait, and she was not

"She'll escape us after all!" groaned Hum-phrey, as he ordered sail to be made, and the sloop began to forge shared Sain the sloop began to forge ahead, firing rapidly the while, as the schooner began to leave he

She was sailing right in, and before the sloop could follow there were the two boats to be picked up.

This was done, the removal of the wounded being deferred till the buccancer was cap-

tured, and all the time a furious fire was kept up without effect, for the schooner seemed to sail right inland, and disappeared round a headland, the last they saw of the heavily-rigged vessel being when the careened over at right angles to the sloop and her shot-torn sails passed slowly behind the receive hing.

the rocky bluff.
"Only into shelter!" oried Humphrey Armstrong, excitedly; and giving rapid orders, fresh sail was made, and men placed in the chains with leads to keep up communications as to the soundings, but always to announce deep water, the land seeming to rise up sheer from an enormous depth in the channel-like gulf they entered.

channel-like gulf they entered.

"She's gone right through, sir, and will get away on the other side."

The sloop sailed on, with the water deep as ever, and before long she rounded the head, to find the narrow channel had opened out into a beautiful lake-like bay with the dense primeval forest running right down to its shores.

Hut the greatest beauty of the scene to Humphrey Armstrong was the sight of the schooner lying right across his course a quarter of a mile away, and ready to concentrate her fire and rake the sloop from stem to

her fire and rake the sloop from stem to stern.

"Curse him! no wonder he has had so long a career!" said Humphrey, stamping orders, and a well-directed fire was once made to answer that of the buccaseir, treat, he might have gone on for years."

The firing grew hotter than ever, and the schooner became enveloped in a cloud cannot which elicited a burst of cheers from "Enough!" he origin.

moke which clicited a burst of cheers from the sloop.

"She safire! she's after!" roared the menturphrey's triumph was now at hand. The scourge of the western seas was at his more, and shrinking from attempting to board so desperate an adversary for the sake of his crew, he gave orders to lay the sloop right alongside of the schooner, where he could cast grappling irons, and then pour his fire down upon her deels.

CHAPTEN XXIII.

Choosing Humphrey lay upon his back start.

"No, poor wretches! they're getting fire enough. I hope she will not blow up, for I'd give anything to take her home unhurt." There was a perfect rush of flame and smoke now from the schooner, and once more Humphrey's men cheered and shook hands Humphrey's men cheered and snook name together, even the wounded in the excitament of their triumph taking up the cry, when, just in the height of the excitament and when the sloop was within a hundred yards of the enemy, the men in the chafful the rest graphy hard at the right among the rest gazing hard at the rising amone, the war vessel careened over in an-swer to her helm in the evolution which was to lay her side by side with the burning schooner, and then there was a tremendous jerk which threw nearly every one off his

feet.

Then, shivering from head to heel, the sloop slowly surged back as if to gather force like a wave, and in obedience to the pressure upon her sails, struck again, literally leaping this time upon the keen-edged barrier of rocks under whose invisible shelter the schooner lay; and then, as a yell of horror rose from the men, the unfortunate ship remained fixed, her masts, sail-laden, went over the side with a hideous crashing noise, and all was confusion, ruin and despair.

The mements required to turn a stately sail-crowded ship into a state of chaes are very few, and to Humphrey Armstrong's agony, as, well-aided by his officers, he was trying to do something to ameliorate his position, he saw how thoroughly he had been led into a cunningly-designed trap. The schooner had been artfully manceuvred to place her behind the dangerous rocks, and, what was more, a glance at her now showed her sailing away from a couple of boats moored. her sailing away from a couple of boats moored beyond her, and in each of which were barrels of burning pitch sending up volumes

"A trap! a trap!" he cried, grinding his teeth. "Let her be, my lads," he roared. "Prepare for boarders!"

The men sprang to their pikes and swords, while a couple of guns were freed from the wreck of cordage, and sail which the shock had brought down.

had brought down.

These guns had hardly been trained to bear upon the schooner from the deck of the helpless sloop when a deadly fire was opened by the former—a fire of so furious a character that the confusion was increased, and in spite of the efforts of captain and officers, the men shrank from working at the guns.

What followed was one terrible scape of the men shrank from working at the guns. What followed was one terrible scene of despairing men striving for their lives against a fee of overpowering strength. The fierce fire of the schooner, as she came nearer and nearer, was feebly responded to and in a short time the deck streamed with blood, as the shot came crashing through the bulwarks, sending showers of splinters to de deadly work with the hail of grape. There was no thought of capture now; ne need of bidding the men attack; following the example of their officers, one and all doggedly determined to sell their lives dearly, the men dragged gun after gun round as those they worked were disabled, and sent a shot in reply as often as they could.

snaky craft, and in his agony of spirit and rage he determined to wait till the boarded, as he could see they would before long, and then blow up the magazine and send them to eternity in their triumph over the British ship.

But it was to destroy his men as well, and he felt that this should be the pirates work when all was over. "No," he muttered between his teeth.

"it would be a coward's act, and they shall The schooner's sides were vomiting smoke and flame, and she was close alongside now. She had been so manœuvred as to sail right found the end of the reef, whose position

seemed to be exactly known, so that from firing upon the sloop's bows, and raking from stem to stern, the firing had been continued as she passed along the larboard side round to the poop, which had been raked in turn, and here it was evident that the final attack was to be made. It was not long in coming. Hardly had Humphrey seen the enemy's intections and

gathered his men together, than the schooner's side ground up against the shattered stern of the sloop. Heavy grappling irons were thrown on board, and with a furious yelling a horde of blackened, savage-looking men poured on to the bloody splinter-strewn deck, and coming comparatively fresh upon the sloop's exhausted crew, bore down all opposition. Men were driven below, cut their arms, while the other, which included the captain and officers, backed slowly to-ward the bows, halting at every spot where they could make a stand, but forced to yield foot by foot, till their fate, it was plain to

It was a matter of minutes. The fight was desperate, but useless - Humphry Armstrong and those around him seeming deter. mined to sell their lives dearly, for no quarter was asked. They had given way step by step till there was nothing behind them but the shattered bulwarks, and then the sea, when, headed by their leader, the buccancers made a desperate rush; there was the clashing of sword and pike; and, as sailor and officer fell, or were disarmed. Humphrey stepped in a half-congeal-ed pool of blood, slipped, and went heavily backwards, the buccaneer's lieutenant leap-ing forward to brain him with a heavy axe. There was a rush, a fierce shout, Black Mazzard was thrust aside, and the Commodore sprang past him to plant his foot upon the failen officer's chest, while, the fight being over, the rest held their hands—the

sonquerors and conquered—to see what would be the captain's fate. "Now, Captain Armstrong," cried the buccaneer leader, "beg for your wretched life, you cowardly dog?"
"Coward?" roared Humphrey, raising himself slightly on one hand, as with the other he sweet the bleed for the head as with the

he swept the blood from his ens ed from You cursed hound! you lie!"

Las buccaneer shrank back as if from some blow; his foot was withdrawn from the wounded officer's chest, he lowered the point of his sword, and stood gazing at his pros-

The orders were rapidly executed, and the sloop bore down right for the smoke-enveloped schooner with little fear of being raked now, for the pirates had ceased firing, and could be dimity seen through the reck hurrying to and fro.

"Shall we give her one more salvo, sir?" asked the first officer, coming up to where Humphrey stood, trying to pierce the smoke with his glass.

"No noor westeless to the first officer, and the surgeon, and Dimy the hospital nurse. This was after three weeks' doubtful journey, wherein Dimny said "the obstinate divil had tried all he knew to die." And it was so ungrateful, Dinny said, after the cap-

Humphrey's conscience was a great stone god full twelve feet high—an object that looked like a mummy case set on end, as far as shape was concerned, but carved all over in the most wonderful way, the grotesque and weird bas-reliefs almost destroying the face, hands, and feet of the figure, flowing over them as they were, so that at first sight he looked upon a great mass of sculpture, out of which by degrees the features appeared.

The old artist who designed the idel had strange ideas of decorative effect. He had cut in the hard stone a fine contemplative cut in the hard stone a fine contemplative face; but over it he had placed a gigantic head-dress, whereon were stony plumes of feathers, wreaths, and strange symbols, while pendant in every possible direction about the body were writhing creatures and snakes, with variations of the human form, engaged in strange struggles, and amongst them human heads turned into bosses or decorations of the ciant robe.

corations of the giant robe. Humphrey Armstrong came partly to him-self to see the cold, implacable face of this idol staring down at him from the gloom, ten feet from where he lay; and it seemed to him, by slow degrees, that this was his conscience sternly and silently upbraiding him for the loss of his ship and the lives of his men, destroyed by his want of skill as a commander.

Day after day, through his semi-delirium, did that great idol torture him, and seem, with his reproachful eyes, to burn into his

busin.

Days passed, and by degrees he began to be aware that he was lying on a bed of comfortable rugs and skins, stretched in a curiour room, whose walls were covered with hieroglyphics—thick, clumsy-looking hieroglyphics—not like those of figypt, but carved with a skill peculiar to another race. Here and there were medallions of heads of gods or rulers of the land. Flowers of a peculiar conventional type formed part of the decorations or surrounded panels, in which were panthers, alligators, or human figures. In the centre of the wall to his right, was a recess in which, clearly cut and hardly touchrecess in which, clearly cut and hardly touched by time were the figures of a king seated upon a leopard-supported throne—seated cross-legged, as in the East, and in a wondrons costame—while another figure presented to him what seemed to be the spoil of a number of dead and living figures who were

trampled under foot.

The room was evidently a palace chamber, or a portion of a temple of great antiquity; and by degrees Humphrey realized that the ceiling was not arched or supperted by beams, but by the great stones of which it was composed being piled one above the other, like a flight of steps, from the walls on either side till they met in the middle.

The floor was of stone, and there was a large opening on his left, facing the recess where the complete of the heinst here.

where the carving of the king ornament those they worked were disabled, and sents shot in reply as often as they could.

With uniform torn and bedabbled with blood, face blackened with powder, and the red light of battle is his disable of battle is his continuous. It was a weird look-out—upon tree-trunks blood, face blackened with powder, and the red light of battle in his eyes, Humphrey Armstrong saw plainly enough that his case was hopeless, and that, with all her pomp of war and pride of discipline and strength, other trees and other serpent-like creepers seemed in friendly co-operation to have join-ed hands against the walls of the building, which they were striving to destroy. Huge

were thrust between the joints of stone and shifted them out of place. One lians waved a trailing stem through the window-opening as if in triumph, and to call attention to the feat of another creeper which had twisted itself completely round a great block, lifted it from one side, and held it suspended like a vegetable feat of strengts.

For pature was asserting herself on every

For nature was asserting herself on every hand, the growth of the forest penetrating the chamber like an invadingarmy of leaves and stems, and mingling with the works of nan to their steady overthrow; while, facing it all, stern, implacable, and calmly watching the progress of destruction going on, stood the stone idol, the work of a race passed from the face of the earth, and waiting, as it had waited for hundreds of years, till the potent forest growth should lay is

For a time it was all a nightmare-like confusion to Humphrey; but with returning strength came order in his intellect, and ke stioned Bart, who brought him food, and from time to time added carpets and various little luxuries of cabin furniture, which seemed strangely incongruous in that place. "Who told you to bring those things here?" he said one day.

"Commodore Junk." "Why? Am I a prisoner?"

"Am I to be shot?" " Don't know." "Where am I?" "But what place is this?"

"Don't know. Want any more wine or fruit?" "No; I want my liberty. "Belongs to the captain.

"Tell the captain I wish to see him."
Bart said no more, but took his departure The prisoner was more fortunate with Dinny, who could be communicative.

"That's it, captain, darlin'," he said one
day. "Don't ye fale like a little boy again,
and that I'm your mother washing your

"Yes; you can talk to me."

"Yes; you can talk to me."

"Talk to ye—can I talk to ye! Hark at him, mate!" he cried, appealing to the great idol. "Why, I'm a divil at it."

"Well, then, tell me how I came here."

"Faix, didn't I carry ye on my back!"

"Yes, but after the fight?"

"Afther the foight—oh! is it afther the foight ye mane? Sure, and it was the skipper's ordhers, and I carried ye here, and Bart—you know the tother one—he brought in the bed and the rugs and things to make ye dacent. It's a bit damp, and the threes have a bad habit of putting in their noses like the pigs at home; but it's an illigant bed-room for a gintleman afther all."

"It was the captain's orders, you say?"

"Sure, an' it was."

"And where are we?"

"Why, here we are."

"Why, here we are.

"Yes, ye': but what place is this?"
"Sure, an' it's the skipper's palace."
"Commodore Junk's?"
"Yis." "And what place is it -where are we?"
"Faix, and they say that sick payple is hard to deal wid. It's what I'm telling you

"Yes, yes."
"Why, right away in the woods."
"Far from the shore?"
"Ah, would ye!" cried Dinny, with a grin full of cunning, "Ye'd be getting all the information out of me, and then as soon as ye get well be running away."
"Yes," said Humphrey, "if I can."
"Well, that's honest," cried Dinny, "And it's meself would do it if I got w

not do that and leave my men."
"Faix, and they'd leave ye if they got a chance, sor." "How are they all?"

"Oh, they're getting right enough," said Dinny. "Ye've been the worst of 'em all yerself, and if ye don't make haste ye'll be

"Tell ye why you're kept in prison?" "An' ye want to know! Well, divil

wan of us can tell, unless it's the skipper's took a fancy to ye bekase ye're such a divil to foight, and he wants ye to jyne the regi-Regiment! Why, you've been a so

"And is it me a sodjer! Why, ye'll be wanting to make out next that I was a desarther when I was only a prishner of

War."

Humphrey sighed.

"Sure, and ye're wanting something, sor.

What'll I get ye? The skipper said ye were to have iverything you wanted."

"Then give me my liberty, my man, and let me go back to England—and disgrace."

"Sure, and I wouldn't go back to England to get that, sor. I'd sooner shtop here. land to get that, sor. I'd sooner shtop here.
The skipper's always telling Bart to look afther ye well."
"Why?" said Humphrey, sharply.
"Why?" said Dinny, scratching his head;

"perhaps he wants to get ye in good con-

"Yis, sor. That's what Black Mazzard "Is that the man who tried to cut me down with a boarding axe?"

"That's the gintleman, sor; and now let me put ye tidy, and lay yer bed shtraight. Sure, and ye've got an illigant cabin here, as is good enough for a juke. Look at the orniments on the walls."

"Are there any more places like this?"
"Anny more! Sure, the wood's full of

"About here! Oh, this is only a little place. Sure, we all live here always when we ar'n't aboard the schooner." "Ah, yes! The schooner. She way

destroyed, was she not?
"Divil a bit, sor. Your boys didn't shoot straight enough. The ship ye came in was, afther we'd got all we wanted out of her. She was burnt to the wather's edge, and then she sank off the reef." Humphrey groaned.
"Ye needn't do that, sor, for she was a

very owld boat, and not safe for a journey home. Mak' yer mind aisy, and mak' this yer home. There's plinty of room for ye, and—whisht! here's the captain coming. What'll he be doing here?"

"The captain!" cried Humphrey. "Then that man took my weeren."

that man took my message."
"What message, sor?"
At that moment the steps which had been heard coming as it were down some long stone corridor halted at the doorway of the prisoner's chamber, someone drew aside a heavy rug, and the buccaneer, wearing a broad-leafed hat which shaded his face, entered the place.

"You can go, Dinny. "Yis, sor, I'm going," said Dinny, obsequiously; and, after a glance at the prisoner, he hurriedly obeyed.

There was only a gloomy greenish twilight in the old chamber, such light as there was striking in through the forest-shaded sindow, and with his back to this, and retained his hat, the captain seated himself on a rug-covered chest. "You sent for me," he said in a deep,

dark eyes meeting his, and the thick black brows contracted as the gaze was prolonged. You sent for me," he repeated, abrupt-"what more do you want?" "I will tell you after a while," said Humphrey; "but first of all let me thank you for the kind treatment I have received at

your hands. You need not thank me," was the short reply. " Better treatment than you would have given me. "Well, yes," said Humphrey.

afraid it is, "Your cousin would have hung me." "My cousin! What do you know of my "England is little. Every Englishman of mark is known.

Humphrey looked at him curiously, and for the moment it seemed to him that he had heard that voice before, but his memory did " My cousin would have done his duty,"

he said, gravely.
"His duty!" cried the captain, bitterly "Your country has lost a treasure in the death of that man, sir." "Good heavens, man! What do you " Enough, sir. Let Captain James Arm-

strong rest. The name is well represented now by a gentleman, and it is to that fact that Captain Humphrey owes his life." The latter stared at the speaker wonder

Well, sir, why have you sent for me?" To thank you, Commodore Junk, and to ask you a question or two." "Go on, sir. Perhaps I shall not answer "I will risk it," said Humphrey, watch-

ing him narrowly. "You spared my life. "I told you." "Then you will give me my liberty?"
"What for?—to go away and return with mother and better-manned ship to take us and serve the captain of the schooner as I

have served you?"
"No. I wish to return home."
"What for?" "Surely you cannot expect me to wish to

sgrace?"
Humphrey started at having his own words repeated.
"To be tried by court-martial for the le of your ship! Stay where you are, sir, and grow strong and well."

"If I stay here, sir, when I have full li-berty to go, shall I not be playing the part of the coward you called me when I was "You will not have full liberty to Captain Armstrong," said his captor, quiet-ly. "You forget that you are a prisoner."

"We are not butchers, sir," was the cold reply.

"Then what is your object in detaining us. Is it ransom?

us. Is it ransom?"

"Possibly."

"Name the sum, then, sir, and if it is in my power it shall be paid."

"It is too soon to talk of ransom, Captain Armstrong," said his visitor. "You are weak and ill yet. Be patient, and grow well and strong. Some day I will talk over this matter with you again. But let me, before I go, warn you to be careful not to attempt to escape, or to encourage either of your men to make the attempt. Even I could not save you then, for the first man your men to make the attempt. Even I could not save you then, for the first man you met would shoot you down. Besides that risk, escape is impossible by land; and we shall take care that you do not get away by sea. Now, sir, have I listened to all you have to say?"

d, sir. I am growing strong

WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE

Is the best in America. The only machine made which can be relied upon to do all kinds of work and not get out of order. Every machine fully warranted. Over 600 sold in the county of Victoria and not, single complaint, A present of a new machine to any one who can find one not giving satisfaction with proper management.

J. WETHERUP. Sole Agent for Victoria

DR. PETTIS' Australian - Blood - Purifier

Is made from roots and herbs discovered by a missionary while travelling in the islands of Australia, and is the grandest Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine in the market. Remember our signature is on every bottle, 25c. or 5 for \$1.

AT HIGINBOTHAM'S DRUG STORE

18 doors from the Butter Market.

ORGANS,



Best in the market sold by W. LOGAN

General Agent, Lindsay,

Office and Show Room in Robson's New Block, Kent street west. June 19th, 1889.

GREGORY

CHOICE - SEEDS.

Imported direct from England and France. Mangold, Carrot. Grass Seeds Vegetable and Flower Seeds.

Corner of Kent and William Streets, Lindsay.

BUILDERS

Parties intending to build should call and get

prices for Frames, Sash, Doors, Mouldings,

Prices right and satisfaction guaranteed.

ALWAYS CO TO

If you want a Gent's Gold Watch go to S. J. Petty. If you want a Lady's Gold Watch go to S. J. Petty.

"Why do you wish to go home to meet sgrace?"

Humphrey started at having his own ords repeated.

If you want anything in Jewelry go to S. J. Petty. If you want a Clock go to S. J. Petty.

> Do you want a pair of BOSS SPECTACLES go to S. J. Petty. Do you want any repairing done to Watches, Clocks or Jewelry,

If you want anything in Silverware go to S. J. Petty.

S. J. PETTY.

Next Door to the Daly House, Lindsay Lindsay, May 14th, 1888.

ADVERTISE in the WARDER

"Captain Armstrong is a gentleman," said his visitor; "if he will give his word that he will not attempt to escape, he shall be free to go anywhere within the bounds of any little sattlement."

The largest Circulation of any Paper in the Midland DistrictThey ma are of a like to m walk wi glad to mious sta in Rever heaven! to be tw length a says tha tillion 9 serving heaven the wor makes read the who has will he fact is in a me the st the st crowds and on in getting of And I room only I any o James further hands and se and se

and do a

while the

is no

started

up again

occupied

As you

many r

As guard we are tion replaced heaved departition received this received that come right what sees read sang through the received heaved further than the come received the received heaved h