ther, look at that!"

For at that mament a light flushed out and shimmered on the sea, sank, rose, and became brilliant, shining forth so that they could see that the three men down upon the shore had lit a pile of some inflammable material, beyond which, floating easily upon the surface of the sea and apparently close inshere, was a beat—the boat that was to bear them extely away.

They were shottered by the trees, and be shies, too far all to be seen by the men, whose acts, however, were plain enough to them, as one of them was seen to wade out to the boat, set had of her mooring rope, and drag her ashere.

"The impriherin' villains!" muttered time: "They're takkin' out the shores tack at that now! There's the barl o' wather and the bishkif, and now there's the sait. What'll I do intoirely? My heart's bruk wid 'em."

bruk wid 'am."

whispered Humphrey. "Is there no other boat we can get?"

"thelf a wan, sor, and if we shiay here we shall be talk. What it we do now?"

"Make a bold fight for it, and take them has a meader."

by encorise."

(Wid a woman as wan of our min, sor)
Sure and it would be a mut thelek. Wan of ne would be sure to go down, you or me, even if we bate the divite. Look at 'on, the first gaing down, and they're coming

Hamphrey save an angry stamp, for in her ageny of droad Mistress theenhous save herself a wrest from his arm, and hurled What's that it whispered Dinny.

"Whateone from how."
"What's gene back, sor! Whicht! darling the woman heard his words they only added to her alarm, for she hurried on, ap-parently as well acquainted with the way back as trinny, who immediately started in

parsuit.
"That are year years to do to whispered Manushrey.

"Ho, sor ! (to atthor hor,"

"No, no : we must escape now we've get

Share an' we will not; but to go for ward's to go to prish for you and to be dangcutch up to me poor freekened during and

They harried back in pursuit of their companion, but fear had made her fleet of feat, and in spite of their efforts they that "Sho'll have gone back to her quarthers," and Drang dismally. "Shall we go back

"No !" orled Humphrey, imperiously, "Hard heavens, man! our absence has been found out before now Let's take to the woods or hide in one of the enins till we can

share an' vere rotate, see, They've hoen afther ve, av comso, and the been interest and can't show moself usin widout hoing theated as a thraiter. Will yo thrust to me, and the find a place?"

Trust you's vos," said Humphrey; "Int what do you propose deing?"
"Poing, sory Holding till we can find a

change of cotting away."

If here will you hide?" "Yo said yo'd thrust me, ser," whispered Dany Come on

CHAPPER VYVIE

The bucomore had sought the ruled temple that evening in lowness of spirit and utter despendency. The old during spirit secured to be departing, and supremacy over the men passing capitally away, and he know how they talked among themselves, conse queat upon Margard's tracking, of the growing weakness of their commander,

And they're right," he said, bitterly, "I am loosing power and strength, and growing more and more into the pitiful, weak creature they way. And yet how f

the spring to his feet, for at that moment up the interfer of the old temple, showing the Withd figures stilling round as if watching him in his despendent mood. It was but inforentary, and then came a

crass as if heaven and earth had come to gether, followed by a long, unithering coar as the thunder of the explosion died away. The infinite before the Imconner had been heret, despendent and hopeless. The knowledge of what must have taken place brought back his flagging energies, and with a great dread seeming to compress his heart that evil might have betallen his prisoner, he tore out of the dark temple, and as hist as the gloom of the winding path would allow him toward the old amphi-

Hyste and the exoltement made his traste and the excitement made he treathing labored as he strove to get on more rapidly, but only to be kept back by the mass like paths, where he passed Humphrey and Pluny, and, gaining the open ground, dashed on to where his men were

unthored.

"Fart | quick!" he oried, as soon as he was convinced that no harm could have befolken his prisoner. "Take men, and down the path to the shore. "There will be an attempt to escape in the confusion, and thoy'll make for the ses."

that grasped the argency of the case, while Plany was next summoned. "Hun!" ejaculated the captain, drawing his broath between his teeth; "a traiter in

the came?"

He called for lights, and went straight to the corridor, entered and walked down it to the chamber, tonanted now by the grinted atone, and stood for a few moments.

"Will," he muttered, "he will learn the fruth of what I said. The firing of the pender must have been planned."
He went back to where his men were

watting outside and walked through to the terrace above the old amphitheetre, to had that the magazine was completely every away; but the darkness hid the shattered stenes lying in all directions and the tree identical and whitehed and stripped of leaf

Dick, stolidiy.

"Well," said the captain, drawing in his breath hard as he thought of the possibility of the escaped prisoners coming in contract, "there will be two to capture when the day break. No one can get away.

In an hour a messenger came from the sea in the shape of Bart, and he made his way to the captain's side.

(Well ?"

h! you must be mad."

nd two planks are rifted out of the

It will take a carpenter to make her

"Hart, forgive me,"
"Forgive you! Ah, yes! Fforgive,"
"I have need of all your aid. Captainrmstrong has escaped."
"Not far."

"Not far."
"Not far."
"Not far."
"Not far."
"Not far."
"Not far."
"Not far."
"I have the seper, and is at liberty."
"Hah!" ejaculated Hart.
"And those two may meet."
"Always of him." muttered Hart, sadly."
"Well, skipper, what is it to be now, when he is captured?"
"Death."

"To Captain Armstrong!"
"Man, are you mad? Let Mazzard
taken, and that Frishman, too."
"And....."

"Stlence, man! Let them be taken-

Bart drew a long broath.
"Nothing can be done till devlight, ex-

CHAPTER XXXIV

"No, no, man; make for the forest," whispered Humphrey, just at daybreak, as Dinny began to take advantage of the soming light to seek a safe place of conceal-

"What for, sor? To get buried in three

"What for, sor? To get huried in threes that don't so much as grow a carbage, where there's no wather and no company but monkeys and the suported tigers. Lave it for me, sor, and Fil tak' ye to a place where ye can lay shaug in hiding, and where maybe I can get spache of the darling as the bases freekened away."

"Where shall you go, then? Why not to that old temple where Mazzard made his attempt to kill the captain?"

"Phere, sor! Why, the captain would find us directly. You lave it to me."

Humphrey would have taken to the forest without hesitation, but, were out and suffering keenly from disappointment, he was in no humor to oppose, and signifying his willingness, he followed the Irishman by devious ways in and out of the rains for some time, till Diuny cronched down, and motioned to Humphrey to do the same.

The place was such a chaos, and so changed by the terrific force of the explosion that

ed by the terrific force of the explosion that Inmphrey had felt as if he were journeying along quite a new portion of the forest out-skirts, till, as he obeyed his companion and they cronched down among some dense her-lage, he stared with astonishment at the sight before him, a couple of hundred yards

ambling rains, was a perfectly lamillar athway, out of which he saw step into the broade inshine the picturesque figure of the inceancer captain, who strode toward a group of waiting men. A discussion seemed to take place, there

party disappeared.
"Why Phnny, man, are you mad?" whispered Humphrey. "I trusted to you to take me to some place of hiding, and you've

prought me right into the Hon's den. "Well, sor, and a moighty purty place too, so long as the lion's not at home. Sure nd we just saw him go out." Don't spake so lond, ser, "Whish's!

ture, now, if a cannon ball made a whole in the side of a ship, isn't that the safest place to put your head so as not to be hurt. They niver hit the same place twice."
"Then your hiding-place is my old lodg-

ing my prison ?"
Av corrects is! The skipper has been there to mak' sure that ye really are gone; and now he knows, he'll say to himself that this is the last place ye'd go and hide in; and troth, he's quite rought, isn't he?"

Humphrey hesitated for a few momente,

and then feeling how true the man's words wore, he wave wav. "Sure, ser, and its all reight," whispered thinny. "Aren't I thrying to keep my head out of a noose, and i've think I'd be for coming here if it wasn't the safest place, ('ome along; sure, it's a lion's den, as ye call it, and the best spot I know."

He whispered to Humphrey to follow cantionsly, and crept on all-fours among the dense growth, and in and out among the loose stones at the very edge of the forest, till the tunnel-like pathway was reached in safety, when after crawling a few yards out of the blinding sunshine into the shadowy ger m, Dinny rose to his foot.

There, sor," he said, "we can walk like Christians, now, and not like animal bastes,

As he spoke, there was a peculiar cry, and a gorgeously plumaged bird litted into sight, and perched on a piece of stone in the sunny opening of the tunnel, where its scarlet breast and dazzling golden green plumage

dittered in the sma.

"Sure and ye're a purty fowl, and I'm much obliged to you for the information," said Dinny, as the bird erected its brilliant crest, stared wildly, and then flew off with its long green tail feathers streaming out behind. "He says ther'es nobody about, sor, or he wouldn't be here. Come along."

It seemed like a dream to Humphrey after his sleepless night, to find himself once more in the gloomy corridor with the faint light streaming in at the side openings, instead of in a boat, dancing over the blue waters and bearing the buccancer's nest behind. But it was the bare reality, as Dinny went forward, drew the great curtain aside, and he passed in and on from behind the great idol to throw himself, wern-out and exhausted, upon his couch of skins.

"Sure and I wouldn't trate it like that, sor," oried Dinny, cheerfully. "We have eschaped, sor, though we haven' got away, and been obliged to come back a ain."

"Pon't talk felly, man."

"An' is it felly ye call it? Sure an' we have eschaped, or cles why are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in purchalt of us? We've get away, and they are they all in the great contains and a stream of the contains a stream of the contains

purshult of us? We've got away, and they tale it, and all that's happened is that we did reach the boat, but had to some back here for a rest till we were riddy to go on. At some of the tortillae and drink some of the wine, and thin, if ye won't think it presumption, I'll say afther you."

"Ent and drink, man. You must be faint. I have no appettee."

"An P cjaculated Dinny after about a quarter of an hour, which he had bravely omployed, "there's nothing like food and dhrink, if it's only potation and butthermilk. Sure I'm ready for anything now, and so will ye be sor, as soon as the wine begins to work."

place, be sure ye look under the bed. An yer mother niver gave you that advice, sor? He walked to the couch and threw up the drine which covered it, revealing what seemed to be a low, square bench of stone, whose top was one enormous sleb.

"Now, ser," said Dinny, "would ye moind theying to lift that?"

Humphrey stepped quickly to his side, bent down, seized the projecting slab, tried to raise it, and then straightened himself and shook his head.

"A down man could not raise it. Dinny,"

"A dozen men could not raise it, Dinny, "No, sor, but a Kelly can. Look here."
He bent down, placed his shoulder to one corner, gave it a thrust, and the whole top glided round as if on a pivot, and revealed an opening dimly lit apparently from be-

"There, sor," he said, I disheovered that

"There, sor," he said, I disheovered that by accident when I was here alone wan day. I pushed a big stone against that corner and it gave way, and when I pushed the whole place opened, and down there's as good a hiding place as a man need have."

"Dinny," cried Humphrey, excitedly, "and doesn't the captain know of this?"

"Sure and I think the last man who knew of it died before the flood, sor, and it hasn't been opened since."

"And these rough stairs—where do they lend?"

"Down into the cabin, sor, where there's a little door out into the forest. Sure and the artful baste who made it little thought he was going to find us as purty a hiding-place as was iver made. There it is, sor, all ready for us if we hear annyone coming. If we do, down we go and twirt the lid of the not basic over our heads, and then we can we us, down we go and twist the lid of the pot back over our heads, and then we can either go or shtay."

"Can you move the cover when you are

"Aielly, sor. I've thried it. Now, then,

"Aistly, sor. Pve thried it. Now, then, what do ye say to that?"

Humphrey's answer was to hold out his hand and wring that of his companion.

There was an ample supply of food in the place for a week, and water and wine. Dinny's ideas respecting their safety seemed to be quite correct, for though voices were heard at a distance, so one approached the place. They had the hidden subterranean tomb-like chamber into which they could retreat; and on the second night, while Dinny was watching and Humphrey, utterly worn out, was sleeping feverishly and trying to forget the troubles and disappointments of his failure, there was a faint rustling noise heard, and directly after his name was whispered softly from above.

"Murther!" cried Dinny, unable to contain himself as he sprang up.

Threner cried rinny, made to contain himself as he sprang up.

His exclamation and the noise he made brought Humphrey from his couch, alert, and ready for any struggle.

"What is it?" he said.

"Sure, ser, semething freekened me. A mouse, I think." "Dinny!" came in a reproachful votes "Mistress Greenheys!" oried Humphrey.

"Yes, I came to try and learn tidings of you. I did not know you were both prise "Sure an' we're not, darlin', "said Dinny. "We only tak refuge here, so as to be near

" You there?"

ore some sharp orders, and then the whole your An' where have you been?" I crept back to my place," mid the "and reached it without having Then ye're quite free to come and go ?

"Kein-go-bragh!" cried Dinny, excitedly. Then what ye've got to do, darling, is to go back and come agen as soon as ye can wid something to ate, for we shall soon be stary-"Yes, Dinny; I'll come again to night."
"There's a darlin' for ye, sor. But tell
What are they doing?"

"Searching for you far and wide; and the captain is furious. He says he will have you

"And ye've been quite well, darlin'?"
"Yes, Dinny, No, Dinny, I've been fretting to death to know what had become

of you."

"Sure and I've been quite right, only I wanted to know about you. Nobody's middled wid ye, then?"

"No, Dinny—not yet."

"Arrah, shpake out now, and say what ye mane wid your 'not yet," oried Dinny,

angelly. "Hack Massard." "Well, he's shut up."

'He escaped the same time that you "Eshcaped! Holy Moses!"
"That wrotch free!" cried Hamphrey.

"No one knows, sir; but they have parties out searching for him and for "Oh! murther! murther!" groaned Din-"My heart's bruk entirely. What'll

I do at all? Shtop, darlin'; ye must come "Stop here, Dinny! Oh, no, I couldn't!" said the woman, piteously,
"Sure no, and ye couldn't," said Dinny,
"It wouldn't be dacent, darlin', for ye've got a characther to lose. Captain, dear, what II I do!"

"We must wait, Dinny, and try to-night if we cannot find a boat." "And lave that poor darlin' to be freek-oned to death by that great black baste? Oh, captain, dear, I'll have to go wid her and purtoet her; and if I'm hung for it, why, I can't help it. I should have behaved

like a mane."

"Wait, Dinny," said the woman, cheerity. "You keep in hiding for a day or two, dear. If Black Mazzard does come and try to get me away, I can but die."

"Sure, an' what good'll that do me?"

"flue, in' what good'll that do me?"

"flue, too?"

"Hush! You're talking too loudly,"

whispered the woman. "Good-bye! Nexttime I come I'll bring food. Perhaps goog

"No, no; don't go yet, darlin'," cried Dinny. "She's gone. Oh, murther, sor! What'll Edo! Can't ye put me out of me

what'll I-do? Can't ye put me out of me misery at wanst?"
Dinny calmed down at last, and Humphrey resumed his place upon the couch, which was arranged so that at any moment they might secure their retreat. But the night had not passed before the faithful little woman was back again with such provisions as she could bring and lower down to them, for she would not hear of Dinny coming out, threatening to keep away if he ran any risk.

This went on for two nights, during which

ran any risk.

This went on for two nights, during which time they had no alarm. Not a soul beside approached the place; and the same repear was brought them that their hiding-place bailled all, but the captain was tiercely determined that the prisoners should be found. "Then why not try to escape inland, Dinny!" said Humphrey, at last. "Surely, it cannot be impossible."

it cannot be impossible."

"Haven't we all thried it again and quality wid the captain, see?" said Disay, in remembers and the captain, see?" said Disay, in remembers are that we couldn't be attacked from the land; and ye can't get a mile annywhere, for thick forest worked together like a powerful big hurdle that sail solid, and beyont that mountains and burning mountains and the divil knows what Sure, and ye can't get that way at all widout an army of wood-outtons, and a life a hundred years long?"

A week went by, food was weating, the prisoners were in deepnir, and they had both orep on was a second of the corridor and listened to try and and of the corridor and listened to try and a solemnity still, and the place night have been once more the abode of death, had not a couple sentrice always been visible keeping watch, so that it was insmalled to stir.

"I can't situate the testing of the darling of t

"I can't help it, sor. I've a faling upon me that Black Magard has got her again, and I'm going to fetch her away."

"You are going to your death; and it will be through me; san!"

"Make you moint sies, sor, about that. It would be all the same if ye were not here. Sure, and I'd be a sec sort of a boy if I towld a woman I loved her, and thin, when the darlin' was in difficulties, jist sat down quietly here, and left her in the lurch."

"She would not have you stir, Dinny, if she knew."

"What of that, so? Let 'em hang me if they catch me; and if they de, sor, OPII doie like a Kelly. And not a word will I shpake of where ye ire; and I wish ye safe away to your swatcheart—for ye've got wan, I'm thinking, or ye wouldn't be so aiger to

get away."
"Well, promise me this, Dinny-you'll wait a few hours and see we have news."
"I'll do that "Faix, and for your sake, sor, I'll do that He went to the widow opening and lean-od there, listening; while Humphrey seat-ed himself upon the edge of the couch to

watch the opening alove his head, in the expectancy that Mistres Greenheys might arrive and put an endto the terrible suspense as to her silence. The still, sultry heat was terrible, not a leaf moved outside, and the darkness came on

more obscure than unal; for as Humphrey looked out of the winlow from time to time, to gaze along the forest arcade, there was not a firefly visible, and the heavy, oppressive state of the air seemed to an

Dinny's figure had ong been invisible, but he made his presence known by crooning over snatches of the most depressing minor-keyed Irish melody he could recall; but after a time that ceased, and the silence grew "How long have I been asleep ?" he mut-

tered, starting up and listening. "Dinny!

No answer.
"Dinny! Hist! Are you asleep?"
He dare call no louder, but rose from the Humphrey Armstrong!" cried a hoarse voice, and he felt himself driven back into the

great tomb-like place.
"Commodore Junk!" cried Humphrey in "Yes, Commodore Junk. Hah! I have you. My prisoner once again." "Your prisoner? No, not if I die for it!"

cried Humphrey, passionately; and he strug-gled to free himself from the tightening "Itell you it is madness. You have proved it yourself, and, weary with your folly,

you have returned.

'Returned!" oried Humphrey, fiercely; "yes, but only to be free." There was utter silence for a few moments The captain tried to utter some angry ap-

peal, but a fierce struggle had comm and the great stony place seemed to be full of whispers, of hoarse sighs, the catching of breath, harsh expirations as the contenpair swayed here and there the captain, lithe and active as a panther, bailling again and again Humphrey's superior weight and strength. Twice over the latter tripped and nearly fell, but he recovered himself and strug-You do not know. gled on, seeking to wind his arms round the bucincerand lift and throw him with a west-country wrestling trick. But try how he would, his adversary seemed to twist like an cel and recover himself, till suddenly, as they swayed here and there, with the thick rugs kicked on one side, there was a low, jangling noise

as a sword escaped from its scabbard and fell upon the stony floor. It was a trilling incident, but it attracted the buccancer's attention for a moment-just ong enough to put bies of his guard—the result being that he was thrown heavily, Humphrey planting his knee upon his breast, and as he thrust out a hand it encountered the fallen sword, which he snatched up with a shout of triumph, shortened in his hand,

and held to the buccaneer's throat. "Now, he cried, fiercely, "I have the upper hand, my lad. You are my prisoner, Make but one sound, and it is your last," The buccaneer uttered a low mean, and snatched at the blade, but the intervening

hand was thrust away, and the point press-ed upon the heaving flesh.
"Do you give in?" " No! cried the cuccaneer, fiercely. "Strike, Humyhrey Armstrong; strike, and end my miserable life! Then go and say, I

have slain the woman who leved me with all "What !" cried Humphrey, starting back, as the sword fell from his nerveless hand, and a flash, as of a revelation, enlightened him as to the meaning of much that had before seemed strange.
"Well, why do you not strike? Did I not speak plainly? I am Mary Dell!"

CHAPTER XXXV. "Yes; who called?" cried Humphrey,

"Hist! Becareful. It is me." Humphrey sprang from his couch, and was about to speak, when the curtain was thrown roughly aside, and Bart entered

"What's the matter?" he said, roughly.
"Matter!" said Humphrey. "I-I-

Bart looked at him sourly, and then gave "What time is it?" said Humphrey,

tily. Humphrey gazed excitedly at the dimly-seen figure, visible by a faint light which-streamed in beside the curtain, and then as the curtain fell he advanced slowly till he could peer through and see that Bart had none right to the far end of the corridor, where he had a lantern set in a stone recess, e which he enseenced himself, and play

ed centry once sgain.

"Escape is impossible unless I choose the ates of death," muttered Humphrey, as he tole back cautiously, and then in a low voice

penetrates too far. How I have longed to mear from you!"

"Oh, sir, pray, pray, save him!"

"Dinny?" said Humphrey, starting.

"Your cake he rain that risk. Pray, try and mean him."

"As I am watched," said Humphrey, his

terly.

"Yes, sir; but you have not been untrue to your captain. You are not sentenced to death, and every man eager to see you hung. My poor Dennis! It is my fault, too. Why did we ever meet?"

Humphrey was silent.

"You will see the captain, sir, and ask

Humphrey ground his teeth. To ask Dinny's life was to ask a favor of Mary Dell, and to place himself under greater obliga-tions still.

"That is not all the trouble," said the woman, who was evidently sobbing bitterly.
"That wretch Mazzard is still at liberty."
"Not escaped!" cried Humphrey.
"Not escaped!—not taken!" said the woman. "He is in hiding about the place, and I have seen him." ad I have seen him."
She seemed to shudder, and her sobs green

"He has not dared to come to you?" "No, sir; but he came near enough to speak to and threaten me. He will come me night and drag me away, and it would be better to die. Ah!"

She uttered a low cry; and as Humphrey listened he heard low, quick talking, a faint rustling overhead, and then the sound of the voices died away. "Discovered!" said Humphrey, bitterly. "Fate is working against me now. Better, as she said, to die. A quarter of an hour's silence ensued, and

conscious that at any moment he might be watched, as far as the deep gloom would silow, Humphrey seated himself upon the edge of the old stone altar, and folded his arms, to see what would be the next buffet of fate he was to bear. He had not long to wait.

There was the sound of a challenge at the Inere was the sound of a challenge at the end of the corridor, and a quick reply, followed by an angry muttering, and Humphrey laughed mockingly.

"Master and dog!" he said, bitterly.

"Mistress and dog, I ought to say."

He drew birnself up, for he heard a well-brown standard and the say.

known step coming quickly along the passage. The curtain was snatched aside, and the buccaneer took a dozen strides into the place and stopped, looking round. in a harsh, imperious voice, deep almost as

that of a man. There was no reply "Where are you, I say?" was repeated operiously. "Are you ashamed to speak?" speriously. "Are you ashamed "No! What do you want?"

The buccaneer started in surpri freed round. "Are you there? Coward! Traitor! This explains all. This is the meaning of the haughty contempt—the miserable coldness. And for a woman like that—the mistress of the vilest slave among the men. Humphrey Armstrong—you, the brave offi-cer, to stoop to this! Shame upon you!

"Woman, are you mad?"
"Yes! Mad!" cried the buccaneer, fiercely. "I scorn myself for my weak, pitiful fancy for so despicable a creature as you. So this is the brave captain, holding nightly meetings with a woman like that ! "As I would with anyone who could help me to escape from this vile bondage," said

Humphrey. "Vile! Who has made it vile!" "You," said Humphrey, sternly; "and as if I were not degraded low enough by your base passion and declaration, you ome here in the night to insult me by such

and then aquick step forward; and before Mary Dell had cast herself down, thrown her arms around him, and laid her cheek me," she moaned. "I am mad. I did not think it. Humphrey, have pity on me.

his fists tightly; but making an effort over himself, he said coldly -"You have imprisoned the woman's lover, and she says he is to die. She came there as she has come many times before. to plan escape with me and the man I persnaded to be the partner of my flight. For

"It is the men's will," groaned the pros "She has been praying to me to save he lover. I felt I could not ask you ; but I do

"Do you wish it ?" "He shall be set free. You see. I can be merciful, while you alone are stern and cold. How long am I to suffer this?" "How long will you keep me here a pris

master here: for me to be your slave. How can I humble myself-degrade myself-Humphrey drew his breath in an angry, impatient hiss. "For Heaven's sake, rise!" he cried. "You lower yourself. You humble me. Come: let us talk sensibly. I do not want to be hard upon you. I will not say bitter

things. Give me your hand."

He took the hand nearest to him as he bent down and raised the prostrate woman. "Be seated," he said, gravely. "Let me talk to you as I would to some one who can

listen in an unprejudiced spirit."

There was no reply.

"In your character of the captain of these buccaneers you asked me, an English officer, to be your friend and companion to share with you this command. Is that all?"

"Let us tear away the veil," he continued "for surely I am no egotist when I say to you that from the beginning it was more

than this

"No; I did not know then. I thought that you might be my friends; that I should keep up this disguise until the end," was faltered piteously.

"Impossible!" cried Humphrey, steruly.

"Let me be plain with you. Let me tell you that I have sat here alone thinking, reading your character, pitying you for all

reading your character, pitying you for all-that is past."

"Pity!" came in a deep, low voice.

"Yes," he said, gently, "pity. Let me try, too, and be grateful. For you spared my life at first; you saved it afterwards."

"Go on. You tarture use."

"I must torture you, for I have words to speak that must be uttered."

He paused for a few moments; and then went on, speaking now quickly and agitatedly, as if the words he uttered gave him pain at the same time that they inflicted it upon

expedition, against one who had made the name of Commodore Junk a terror all round the gulf and amid the isles, I knew not what my fate might be. There were disease and death to combat, and I might never return."

He paused again. Then more hurriedly.

"There was one to whom."

"Stop!" came in a quick, angry voice.
"I know what you would say; but you do not love another. It is not true."
Humphrey Armstrong paused again, and then in a low, husky voice.
"I bade farewell to one whom I hoped on my return to make my wife. It pains me to say these words, but you force them from me."

"Have I no degraded myself enough: fave I not suffered till I am nearly mad hat you tell me this!" oams in pitcous

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