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THE ADVENTURERS (Continued from page two)
"And here is how ye shall find the treasure: If ye will descend by the stairway in the guard room within the northern tower ye will find a gallery among the donjons of the basement. Keep upon this, feeling upon the walls, until ye shall touch the corner where the castle turneth to the south."

Now I paused for a moment, for here the document which Sercombe had given me was ended. I cast a glance at the others as I laid it aside and took up the other portion. Sercombe's face was appalling in its marks of greed. The vulture shone from Hood's eyes. I resumed:

"Turning this corner, it is necessary to proceed upon the western side of the castle for the space of thirty footsteps, and at the close thereof to pause and survey the walls. If ye will then determine a height of five feet from the footway, there will be hereupon disclosed a small knob, the which revolving will give access to a large cupboard within the wall. Observe diligently upon the back of the cupboard and where the oaken lining adjoins the stone. Here will be a spring, the which pushing, a doorway shall open behind the cupboard, and ye shall find entrance to an interior vault. A flight of stairway leadeth."

At this point, as you will remember, the document grew illegible and nothing but the blur of faint characters was discernible. But we had all that was necessary in that explicit narrative of the dead Cavalier, and in proof of this up jumped the captain, his green eyes shining with emotion, and—"You will give me a copy of that, sir?" he asked sharply. I nodded.

"You are welcome," I said. "If you will write I will dictate." And forthwith, pen and paper being fetched, we proceeded upon the odd task. When we had finished he gave a look at Hood, who joined him, and the two pored over the sheet together. Then Sercombe rose and, putting the paper in his pocket, remarked: "You see I have trusted you, Mr. Greatorex. I take your word. And as you have

As I rose a man grappled with me, now the whole document of the late Mr. Kesteven in your possession I wish you joy of it." "There is one word more," said I sternly. "The man who stole this piece of paper from its owner is morally guilty of his death."

"Fish!" he exclaimed lightly. "We can't make an omelet without breaking eggs, Mr. Greatorex. And now I must reluctantly wish you goodby. I owe you an excellent dinner, and if fortune favors me I shall look forward to returning it. There is no need to part on bad terms."

He held out his hand, but ere I could accept or refuse it Sheppard sprang forward. "Allow me, captain," he said. "Ah," smiled Sercombe, in no way abashed by my hesitation, "it is a pity you and I are not cast for companions, Mr. Sheppard."

"At last," said Sheppard, "as accords we can respect each other." Sercombe broke out laughing, and with one glance at Hood, in which, as I thought, he appeared to offer a question, he marched out of the room. The innkeeper followed, and Sheppard went after them, full of geniality to the last and calling for Captain Sercombe's cloak. Out of the window I saw them pass under the dim light of the oil lamp before the doorway, and Sheppard was still ushering them across the courtyard to the gateway of the castle.

Suddenly I heard my name called in a loud voice, and Montgomery started to his feet and threw open the window. This gave upon the courtyard from the northerly side of the castle. In an instant I recognized the cry of Sheppard, pleading shrilly through the noise and clatter of a struggle. Shouting to Montgomery to follow me, I dashed out of the room and down the staircase, almost falling upon the slippery cobble of the courtyard in my haste. As I rose a man grappled with me; but, being now strung to fighting pitch by my excited anticipations, I flung him heavily to the stones, where he lay inert, and I leaped over his body to the assistance of Sheppard.

CHAPTER IX. YOU will remember, if I have been explicit enough, that the entrance to the castle lay across the drawbridge and by way of a great stone archway running through the width of the easterly wing. This passage, which was not more than ten feet across, was in effect a vault twenty feet high and thirty feet long. It was here that the noise attracted me, and into this narrow channel I ran, breaking tumultuously upon the aggregated knot of men that seemed to struggle in the uncertain light. Stars flimmed the sky very faintly, but in that passage the gloom was heavy, and I could perceive very little. As I was casting about, tossing among the swaying bodies, I saw immediately to my right the fair head of Sheppard rise, struck with the evening glow from without. Forthwith I dashed the body nearest me to the ground and with my fist dislodged another man in front of me. Then I heard Sercombe's voice raised in angry remonstrance. I gathered nothing, neither words nor sense, from it, but, occupied merely with the physical lust of battle, drove right through the press of the melee to Sheppard. It seemed to me then that there were dozens of people crowded within those narrow walls, but I believe, some eight or ten. Sheppard rose and fell and rose again. "Ned! Ned!" he called, and at the sound, plunging upon human bodies, I

lurched and went under. A stampede of feet seemed to rush over me. I felt battered and bruised; the wind was all out of my lungs; but, slowly edging on my stomach toward the wall, I drew out of the press. As I did so I heard a great dull noise, thud, thud, intervening upon the sounds of the struggle, and presently, my eyes being now accustomed to the darkness, I caught sight of Montgomery's tall form, his arms uplifted and wielding a heavy bar of iron.

"Bravo!" I cried and, struggling to my feet, pushed toward him. "Turn, you fool! Curse you, turn!" I was conscious then of white teeth and a grotesque scowling neck that rose up before me, and even while I put up my hands to choke it I felt the warm sting of a knife in my shoulder blade. By some magical thought, dawning at the moment, I recalled Montgomery's revolver, which I carried in my breast pocket, and, producing it, fired at the bestial form before me. There was a sharp cry, the enemy appeared to recoil, and then Montgomery's fall descended in a pitiless shower of blows. Of Sheppard there was no sign.

Seeing that the affray was turning in our favor, I sprang to the side, and, opening a small doorway in the southerly drum tower, rushed up the stairs. It was fortunate that I had made so complete a study of the castle, for the crank I wanted and turned the wheel, putting forward all the strength I had in my muscles. Slowly the mighty portcullis descended, shrieking as it fell, but this, as I had hoped, following upon the report of my revolver, and accompanied as it was with Montgomery's continuous and powerful blows, proved the turning point for our enemies. As the grouting gate descended there were cries uttered in a foreign tongue, and a rush ensued for the gateway. Leaving the machine to revolve by its own impetus, I flew down into the archway. Sercombe stood in the light expostulating. Montgomery's weapon stretched some one flat upon the stone as I entered, and the man cried out. I fired another chamber of the revolver aimlessly, and the flash lit up the passage while the sound reverberated dully from the ground vault. The portcullis fell lower and Sercombe was driven across the drawbridge by his retreating allies.

"Dead or living, they shall have him," said some one in my ear, and I beheld Sheppard, his face smeared with blood, dragging a body in his arms. Together we thrust it forth, and it lay half-way across the threshold. The portcullis dropped inexorably and was now within a foot of the ground. The man lay under the range of its iron spikes. The wheels creaked above, and the distance shortened. Montgomery ran forward and shoved the body outward. But it still hung halfway. And then Sercombe came rapidly back and, stooping, by a swift movement drew the inanimate form from beneath the iron spikes of the drawbridge. He said no word, but merely glanced at us as we stood behind the gate.

As Sercombe's figure faded blackly into the night I turned and peered into the gloom of the archway where my companion stood. Sheppard struck a match, and the tiny flame cast a precarious light upon the three of us. Two streaks of blood crossed Sheppard's forehead. "First blood and first honors," he said. Montgomery breathed like a blacksmith. "It was a mean trick," he observed. An acute pain struck suddenly through my shoulder. The foreigners use their knives aptly," I remarked.

"They do that," said Montgomery fiercely. "One devil has pierced my stomach through." "Let us go back to the house," I said and, setting the example, turned. Sheppard's light went out, and as the flame vanished the blue-black darkness fell like a pall again. We walked back into the castle. "What about this wound, Montgomery?" I asked anxiously. The boy stood up straight, his well cut face severe and immobile. "It's no wound," he rejoined. "A pia prick."

"Oh, well, let us see," I said carelessly. He stripped off his shirt and coat, and a great red bulging spot met my eye below the breast. Sheppard put his fingers on it. "Let me want a bandage," he said, and, meeting my eye—"no, there's nothing much in it. A nasty place, but merely superficial."

"We'll have old Toms over tomorrow," I said. "The doctor?" queried Sheppard. "But what about?" "Oh, I dare say we can compose some sort of lie. Besides, as a medical man, our confidences are sacred."

"That's true," said Sheppard, and a little silence fell between us. "Well, he resumed presently, "can we sleep, do you think?" "I think we are likely to have a lively night," I answered. "And for me, I am in no mood for bed."

"Nor I," declared Montgomery. "Very good," says Sheppard. "Then what about this treasure?" "Precisely what I was thinking," I said. "Let us see the papers," said he. "Oh, I have them burning in my mind," I answered. "And if all are agreeable, we may take a lantern. They won't trouble us just yet."

But just at that moment came a knock at the door, and Mrs. Main showed in the open doorway, wearing a face of alarm. "Mr. Montgomery's pistol went off by accident," said Sheppard promptly. Mrs. Main apologized and retired. "I think we shall have to square the old lady or get rid of her," I observed. "Leave that to me," says Sheppard cheerfully. "Well, come along," said I, and, setting the lantern, I stepped out into the courtyard and made for the entrance to the northerly drum tower. Sheppard broke a jest or two at the entrance as we stumbled up the stairs, but once we were in the passage and had descended into the basement a deep silence enveloped us. The corridor rang with our feet, and the great slabs of stones were damp, and we felt even through our boots. As we proceeded on the way I noticed that now and then a narrow passage branched off to the right, and on each occasion,



Montgomery wrenched at the knob.

at the farther end, I caught the soft glow of the external lights of the night. From this I gathered that the chambers we were passing (whatever was the use to which they had been put) were cut off by exiguous channels to the outer wall of the castle and breasted by gratings upon the moat. One of these passages we explored, and by peering through the grating, set with heavy iron bars, we were able to perceive that the floor of the sepulchral corridor was buried some feet below the level of the moat itself, for the gratings stood high above our heads and were only reached by climbing. I assumed that they stood just above the proper level of the water.

We were now, we judged, upon the western face of the castle—that is to say, upon the back parts which looked upon the park of trees and the brook behind, where the hill (or pitch, as it was called) rose in a thicket to its uttermost summit. We had twice turned at right angles and, pausing, consulted the document once again for the sake of certainty. We had now to proceed some thirty paces. Suddenly I stopped. "The wall," said Sheppard, who had the paper by heart as well as myself, and forthwith set to fumbling upon the right hand.

"There is no doorway here," he observed in a low voice, "and yet this should be a chamber such as we have passed already." "Five feet from the ground," I said in equally low tones; "that is what it says." "Is it here?" he whispered.

Sheppard gave vent to an exclamation. "Got it," he said sharply. "Throw the light this way." I moved the lantern forward, and sure enough there under Sheppard's hand stood out a round iron knob or handle in the huge masonry. "Press," said I. "No; turn," said he. Nothing ensued upon his action. "Let Montgomery try," I suggested. The boy stepped forward and wrenched at the knob. "It's stiff with rust of centuries, but it's set in iron," said Sheppard. "We shall want oil."

"Oil be hanged!" said Montgomery. "I'll do this or die." He swung, doubling on himself, and the veins jumped in his forehead. "You will move your wound," I protested. Montgomery said nothing, but renewed his exertions, and with a creak the knob turned and a gap grew in the wall.

"Hurrah!" said Sheppard, his voice ricocheting down the musty corridor. "Hush!" I enjoined. "Pull it open." The two bars back the cupboard door, and my lantern flashed on an appalling space of blackness. "There is nothing here," said Montgomery. "We're not finished, you duffer," said Sheppard eagerly. "Feel along the back wall. Here, let me. Oh, the devil! I'm too short!"

Thrusting the lantern into Sheppard's hands, I sprang at the wall, and with a leap seated myself on the floor of the cupboard. "The back is wooden," I said. My fingers ran swiftly across the oaken surface and presently stopped. "The lantern," I called to him. Sheppard let the lantern fall in his excitement, and in a moment we were plunged in darkness. At the same time there arose a sound on the grim silence of the corridor. I drew in my breath, and I think every one did the same. I felt rather than heard Montgomery fumbling with his revolver. Ten, twenty, thirty seconds passed, and then Sheppard struck a match.

(Continued next week.)

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Grand Trunk Railway Time Table ARRIVALS

60 From Toronto..... 5:00 a.m. 19 From Peterboro..... 8:00 a.m. 32 From Haliburton..... 8:55 a.m. 1 From Port Hope..... 9:10 a.m. 0 From Cobocook..... 10:10 a.m. 22 From Toronto..... 10:50 a.m. 35 From Port Hope..... 2:05 p.m. 2 From I. B. & O. Jct..... 5:45 p.m. 23 From Port Hope..... 6:28 p.m. 54 From Toronto..... 7:30 p.m. 24 From Toronto..... 8:05 p.m. 26 From Whitby..... 8:45 p.m. 18 From Toronto..... 9:40 p.m. 1 From Belleville..... 9:45 p.m.

DEPARTURES 34 For Port Hope..... 6:00 a.m. 51 For Toronto..... 6:30 a.m. 0 For Belleville..... 7:30 a.m. 2 For Toronto..... 9:15 a.m. 21 For Toronto..... 10:53 a.m. 3 For I. B. & O. Jct..... 11:00 a.m. 55 For Whitby..... 11:05 a.m. 37 For Toronto..... 12:05 p.m. 33 For Haliburton..... 2:40 p.m. 31 For Toronto..... 6:25 p.m. 19 For Cobocook..... 6:35 p.m. 18 For Peterboro..... 9:46 a.m. 19 For Toronto..... 9:55 a.m.

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GREATEST OF ALL WARSHIPS. A despatch from Washington says: If the Naval Appropriation Bill which has been prepared by the House Committee on Naval Affairs becomes law as it now stands, the Bureau of Construction and Repair of the Navy Department will enter at once upon the work of preparing plans for the construction of the greatest of all warships, eclipsing even England's latest wonder, the Dreadnaught. It will carry 12 12-inch guns, will be 20,500 tons, and will have a speed of 21 knots an hour. There is no doubt that the vessel will be the most powerful fighting craft afloat, much more powerful than the famous Dreadnaught, the new British battleship. It will have two more 12-inch guns than the Dreadnaught, as greater speed, and will be 2,000 tons greater in displacement. The naming of the new fighting monster is already under consideration. Some want the vessel named the Constitution, after "Old Ironsides," and others advocate Republic.

THE GOVERNMENT MAJORITY The first division of the session took place in the Legislature on Thursday night, resulting in a majority for the government of 38, on a total vote of 74. Twenty-two members were paired, and one unpaired. It was a straight party vote, and took place on the second reading of the Government's bill proposing a return to the old system of constituting county councils. TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box, 25c.—5-52.