

THE GRIP OF HONOR

Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "The Southerners," "In the Wasp's Nest," Etc.

Copyright, 1900, by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

CHAPTER IV. ENTER MAJOR COVENTRY.

THREE days later the Ranger, under all plain sail, in a gentle breeze, was slowly plowing along through the Irish sea, off the English coast, near the mouth of the Mersey. The whaleboat, manned by six of the smartest seamen, armed with cutlass and pistol, and dressed in their best clothes, old Price being coxswain again, was just being made ready. The ship was presently hoisted to, and a side ladder was dropped overboard at the gangway where Miss Elizabeth Howard and her maid were standing waiting for the lowering of the whaleboat, and around which the officers of the deck speedily congregated.

They were a sorrowful lot of men, these impressionable sailors, for O'Neill was not alone in his captivity. True to his promise, Captain Jones had shifted his course and was about to land his fair passenger. He had chosen to put her ashore upon a rocky beach four or five miles away from a fort at Birkenhead which guarded the mouth of the river which gave entrance to the harbor, not caring to venture his ship in any closer proximity to the fortifications and the war vessels probably in the river. It was a risky performance at best, but he trusted to the known speed of the Ranger and his own seamanship to effect his escape in case the ship should be discovered and pursued in force.

Once on shore it would not be a difficult matter for the lady and her maid

to procure a conveyance to take them to the city, a little farther inland. The melancholy duty of landing the two women, by special request, had been allotted to the first lieutenant, much to the disgust of the various midshipmen, who conceived that the matter of taking charge of boats appertained more properly to one of their number.

The farewells were soon spoken by the grateful girl to the officers, who had done their very best in making the days pass pleasantly and lightening the tedium of the voyage, and to the captain, who had been kindness and consideration itself. The young lieutenant, still somewhat pale from his adventure, had clothed himself in a handsome full dress uniform and, with a splendidly jeweled sword swinging by his side, came on deck from his cabin, the envy of all the others.

The ship had been hoisted to, the accommodation ladder shipped, the whaleboat was lying at the gangway now, and the three passengers at once took their places in the stern.

"See Miss Howard safely landed, Mr. O'Neill," said the solicitous captain, leaning over the rail, "and assure yourself as far as possible of her ability to reach the town without harm and then return at once. In any event do not leave the beach. We will watch you, sir."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered O'Neill. "Shove off—out oars—give way!" and the little boat at once shot away from the side, and, under the impetus given by the watchful men, dashed toward the not distant shore.

Miss Howard should have been radiantly happy at leaving the Ranger and in her proximity to Liverpool, where she was about to meet not only friends and family connections, but one who was destined to be something more. This person was Major Edward Coventry, a gallant and distinguished young officer, the son and heir of her guardian, Lord Westbrooke, and to whom for many years—from infancy, in fact—she had been betrothed. But an unaccountable tinge of sadness hovered over her lovely face, though she strove to conceal it under an affectation of lightness and gaiety.

As for O'Neill, he made no effort whatever to hide his misery. The impressionable young Irishman had fallen deeply in love with Elizabeth Howard. He had fallen in love a thousand times before, but not in this way, and the heart which had withstood the successful assaults of the brilliant beauties of the gay court of France had literally succumbed at the first sight of this beautiful English girl whose benignant fortune had thrown across his path.

She, and she only, was his fate, then and thereafter. A new and hitherto unknown feeling had been excited in his heart at the sight of her. In that hour in the boat when he lay with his head upon her knee, when he had looked up at her, heaven had opened before his gaze, and to his disordered fancy she had seemed an angel. Each passing moment discovered in her a new charm, and he loved her with the impetuosity of a boy, the dotting passion of an old man and the consecration of a devotee.

With the dawning of his race, he had not hesitated to acquint the girl with his passion, either, though it was stale news to her. There is nothing a woman discovers more quickly and more certainly than the feelings of a man who loves her. That she had laughed at his ardor had not in the least deterred him from persisting in his attentions, which she had not found unwelcome, him she had not understood the value for he thoroughly understood the value of determined pursuit. She had told him that they were like two ships sailing the great sea, whose paths happened to cross for a moment. They met, not to each other, and pass on; the deep swallows them up, and they see each other no more forever.

He had vowed and protested that it would not be so; that England was a little country and Admiral Westbrooke a great man; that she could not be anywhere without attracting the attention of the world—the could by no means hide her light; that he would withdraw from the American service, which he could honorably do, and search the whole island until he found her—all of which was pleasant for her to hear, of course, though it elicited no more favorable reply. She was attracted to the young man; his handsome person, his cultured mind, his charming manners were such that no one—a woman, that is—could be indifferent to them; but she did not love him, at least not yet.

Elizabeth Howard was a woman to make a man fall desperately in love with her, and many men had done so. She was tall and graceful, golden haired, blue eyed and of noble presence. She was witty, she was wise, she was wily, she was gay, she was contemplative, in different moods. She was wondrous, could not exhaust the charms of her infinite variety, though far down beneath the surface of her nature were the quiet depths of constancy and devotion—what plummet could sound them, who should discover them? There was about her that indefinable air of one born for homage and confidant which speaks of general

Advertisement for Kendall's Spavin Cure. Includes text: 'HAS NO EQUAL For Spavins, Ringbone Splints, Curbs, and all forms of Lameness, whether or long standing.' and an illustration of a horse.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co. I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure for 30 years and have found it an infallible remedy. Please mail me your book at once as I have a colt I am now having trouble with. Yours truly, L. J. JAMES, Dayton, Tenn.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS

Owing to the demand for harness in the West the Rudd Harness Co. have decided to sell out their branch stores and open up a wholesale store in the west and ship by the carload to that country.

Mr. H. J. Little, manager for the Lindsay Branch has purchased this stock and will carry a full line of Harness, Horse Goods, Trunks and Valises.

The Rudd Harness Co. would like any outstanding accounts settled at once, in order to wind up the business.

H. J. LITTLE 93 KENT-ST, LINDSAY

Advertisement for W. F. DEVER & CO. STOCK AND BOND BROKER. Includes address: 19 Wellington-st East Toronto. Telephone 4303 Main.

S. J. PETTY'S ANNOUNCEMENT NEW GOODS. NEW GOODS

Our New Goods for the fall and holiday season are coming in, and this week we will show some pretty things in Silver Novelties, Silver Plates, China Goods, Cut Glass, Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc. Finest assortment in Rings in the County.

S. J. PETTY, The Jeweller Milne's New Block, 99 Kent Street, Lindsay.

Advertise in the Watchman-Warder

Edward Coventry, the son of my guardian, Admiral Westbrooke. "And your betrothed, Elizabeth; you forget that," added Coventry. "I almost wish I could," she replied sharply, gathering courage. "You remind me of it too constantly for it to be pleasant and at no time so inopportunistly as at the present."

"Allow me," said O'Neill, and then, without waiting for permission, he lifted her gently in his arms and carried her to the shore. "Would that all the earth were water and that I might carry you forever," he said as he put her down upon the sand.

"You would not like heaven then?" she replied, jesting. "I find my present experience of it delightful, madam. But why do you say that?" he asked anxiously.

"Because there, we are told, there will be no more sea!" she answered with well simulated gaiety. "This a poor place for a sailor, then," he replied gravely, in no mood for badinage, "and I fear few of them will get there."

"Price, who had followed his officer's example with the maid, now stopped up to him for his orders, necessarily interrupting the conversation. "Price," he said to that intrepid old sailor, "you may go back to the boat and shove off and keep her under the lee of that little point until I call you. Keep a sharp lookout too."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the old sailor, turning to fulfill the command. "Now, I suppose, the time has come for me to say goodby to Lieutenant O'Neill," said Elizabeth. "Oh, not yet, Miss Howard. I cannot leave you here alone until I know that you are safe."

"But your duty, sir?" "A gentleman's, a sailor's, first duty is always toward a helpless woman, especially if she is— "His prisoner, you would say, I suppose," she said, interrupting hastily. "That was not at all what he had intended to say, but he let it pass.

"You know who is prisoner now and forever, Miss Howard." "If you refer to Lieutenant O'Neill, I will release him now and forever as well, at once, sir," she said archly. "You cannot."

"As you will, sir," she replied; "but as I happen to see several horsemen coming down the road yonder I imagine you will not be detained from your ship a very long time. Let us go forward to meet them. Perhaps they can give us some information."



"Allow me," said O'Neill.



To the Weary Dyspeptic, We Ask This Question: Why don't you remove that weight at the pit of the Stomach? Why don't you regulate that variable appetite, and condition the digestive organs so that it will not be necessary to starve the stomach to avoid distress after eating?

Burdock Blood Bitters Has No Equal. It acts promptly and effectually and permanently cures all derangements of digestion.

G. T. R. TIME TABLE ARRIVALS. 30. From Toronto, fgt., 5.00 a.m. 32. From Halliburton, 8.55 a.m. 21. From Port Hope, 9.10 a.m. 22. From Toronto, 10.50 a.m. 20. From Cobocook, 10.10 a.m. 30. From Port Hope, 2.00 p.m. 35. From I. B. & O. Jet, 5.20 p.m. 42. From Port Hope, 6.23 p.m. 23. From Whitby, 7.30 a.m. 54. From Toronto, 8.05 p.m. 24. From Whitby, 8.45 p.m. 56. From Midland, 8.10 p.m. 94. From Belleville, 5.50 p.m. 45. From Belleville, 10.20 p.m. DEPARTURES. 12. For Belleville, 6.25 a.m. 51. For Whitby, 6.30 a.m. 21. For Toronto, 9.15 a.m. 22. For Port Hope, 10.53 a.m. 23. For I.B. & O. Jet, 11.00 a.m. 65. For Whitby, 11.05 a.m. 27. For Toronto, 12.05 p.m. 23. For Halliburton, 2.40 p.m. 33. For Toronto, 6.23 p.m. 23. For Cobocook, 6.35 p.m.

MONEY TO LOAN J. B. WELDON, Mariposa township Clark, Oakwood, Ont. Insurance Agent, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancing in all its forms. MONEY TO LOAN.

Reduction in Prices Artificial teeth \$6 to \$8.50 per set. Guaranteed best workmanship, best tooth and rubber. Plates guaranteed not to break. No charge for extraction when plates are ordered.

Dr. Day, Dentist Office over Higginbotham's Drug Store LINDSAY, ONT.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Groves' signature is on each box. 25c.

Pascoe Bros General Merchants Oakwood, Ont. Successors to Hogg Bros.

Tailoring Department. For the past year the tailoring department has been a very busy part of the business. The people have been well pleased with Mr. Champion's workmanship, also quality of goods and prices. We have almost an entirely new stock of Tweeds and Worsteds to offer, as we have cleared out the old stock at prices to sell, which were regardless of cost. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Furs. By ordering your Furs from us you will save money and get a better article. If you call at the store and give us particulars we will select personally from the different wholesale houses, with the understanding that you are not asked to take goods unless satisfactory.

Poultry Wanted. We are making arrangements to handle any quantity of Live Chickens or Old Hens, also different kinds of Poultry a little later. The ten departments always kept well assorted. Highest market price paid for Butter and Eggs.

Terms Cash or Trade Early Closing Monday, Wednesday, Friday Evenings at 6 o'clock

Pascoe Bros OAKWOOD

Vertical text on the left margin, likely part of an advertisement or list of services, including 'The Watchman-Warder' and various legal notices.