The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

—TERMS:—
$1.00 per year in advance.

OFFICE
On Main St., one door east of Wallace House.

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Travellers' Guide.

AND TRUNK RAILWAY (N. & N. W. Division).
GOING SOUTH — GOING SOUTH
P. M. — 10-00 A.M. 8-08 P. M.

CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY
GOING EAST
7.22 a. m., 9-12 a.m., 10.28 a. m. 7.42 p.m.
GOING WEST
9.07 a. m. 3.21 p. m. 5.35 p. m., 7.19 p. m.

The Canadian Champion.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY
Thursday Morning
—AT—
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COUNTY OF HALTON.

LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR, 1889.

Place of Sittings & P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Jan. 1890.	Hour of Opening
Milton	Wm. Panton	25	29	31	26	27	29	29	9.30 a.m
Oakville	R. Balmer	16	6	8	3	11	6	8	10 a.m.
Georgetown	L. Grant	8	12	14	9	17	12	21	9.30 "
Acton	J. Matthews	10	14	16		19	13	23	10 a.m.
Campbellville	S. R. Lister	4	8	10		13	8	10	10 a.m.
Burlington	Jas. Robinson	15	5	7	2	10	5	7	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 11th June, and Tuesday, 10th December, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 2nd April, and 1st October, at 10 a. m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 14th January, 1st April, Tuesday, 2nd July, and 7th October at 10 a. m.

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COMMODORE BLACK

CHAPTER XIII.

"My friends!" cried Dinny. "Sure, there isn't a friend among them."

"Step back, then, whoever they are."

"But the dogs, sor!"

"Curse the dogs. Back, I say!"

"But, sor, they're the most savage of bastes. They won't listen to any explanation, but pull a man down before he has time to say, Heaven preserve us!"

"Silence and go!"

"Nay, sor, ye'll tak' me wid ye, now! Quick! ye're losing time."

"Let him come, Abel," whispered Mary.

"That's well spoken, young sor. And if we're to have whole shkins, let's be getting on."

The advice was excellent, for the sounds of pursuit were close at hand, and the dogs were baying as if they heard as well as scented their prey.

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

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

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

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

But all the same the hunt was hot, and in spite of Mary's foresight and the manner in which she guided her friends, the dogs were nearly upon them as the boat was reached.

"In first," whispered Abel; but Mary protested and would have hung back had not Bart lifted her bodily in after wading into the mud, where he stood and held the side of the frail canoe.

"Now, Abe," he whispered.

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

"Here, room for me?" whispered Dinny.

"No," cried Abel, fiercely. "Keep back!"

"I'm coming wid you," cried Dinny.

Bart caught him by the shoulder.

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

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

Bart said no more, but followed the Irishman's example, and together they waded on into the muddy creek, only to get a few yards from the shore, as with a furious rush the dogs crushed through the canes and reeds, to stop, breast-deep, barking savagely.

"Purty creatures!" whispered Dinny.

"Sure, and we mustn't get in yet, or, if we do, it must be together. Push her on."

"Halt there!" cried a loud voice, suddenly. "I have you. Down, dogs! Do you hear! Halt!"

"Kape on," whispered Dinny.

"Make ready!" cried the same voice.

"Present! Will you surrender?"

"Lie down, me darlins," whispered Dinny. "Divil a bit can they see where to shoot."

"Fire!" cried the same voice, and a dozen flashes of light blazed out of the cane-brake. There was a roar that seemed deafening, and the darkness was once more opaque.

"Anybody hit?" whispered Dinny. "Sir, leave gives consent," he added to himself. "Push along, and as soon as it's deep enough we'll get in. Ugh! bedad, it's up to me chin all at wanst," he muttered. "Can you give a boy a hand?"

A hand caught his wrist, and he was helped over the stern of the boat, dripping and panting, as Bart scrambled in simultaneously, and though the little vessel threatened to overset, it held firm.

Then another volley was fired, for the bullets to go bursting through the canes, but over the fugitives' heads, and once more darkness reigned over the hurried buzz of voices and the furious baying of the dogs.

Order after order came from the soft marshy land at the edge of the creek, mingled with shouts at the dogs, which were now loose, and barking and yelping as they ran here and there at the side of the water, where their splashing could be heard by those in the boat, which was being propelled slowly and cautiously by Mary, who knelt in the prow and thrust a pole she carried down in the mud."

The baying of the dogs as they kept making rushes through the canes gave the pursuers some clew as to where the fugitives would be; and from time to time, after a command given to the escaping men to surrender, a volley was fired, the bright flashes from the muskets cutting the darkness, and showing where their danger lay.

It was slow work for both parties, the pursuers having to force their way painfully through the tangled growth, while the heavily-laden boat had to be propelled through what was in places little more than liquid mud full of fibrous vegetation, and what had been but a light task to Mary when she was alone, proved to be almost beyond her strength with so heavy a load.

"Are you going right?" whispered Abel at last, for they were hardly moving, and it seemed to him that they were running right in among the growth that whispered and creaked against the boat.

"Yes; be patient," was the stern reply.

"I can see them. They're wading yonder in the mud up to their waists."

"There they are," came from apparently close at hand, and the dogs burst out more furiously than ever. "Now, then, you scoundrels, we can see you. Give up."

"Faith, and it's a cat he is," whispered Dinny. "What a foine sentiry he'd make for night duty!"

"Surrender?" shouted the same voice, "or we'll blow you out of the water."

"The ugly, yellow-faced divil!" muttered Dinny.

"Now, then, come ashore, and I will not be so severe with you."

"Hark at that, now," whispered Dinny Bart. "It's a baby he thinks ye, afther all."

"Curse them!" cried the overseer. "Down, dogs!" roared the man again. "Quick, there—fire!"

A rattling volley from close at hand rang out, and it was followed by utter silence, as if those ashore were listening.

"Curse your stupid fellows, sergeant! Why don't you make them fire lower?"

"If they fired lower, we should have hit the dogs, sir."

"Hang the dogs! I wanted you to hit the men. Now, then, fire again."

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

"Now I have them!" cried the overseer, suddenly. "Bring a gun, sergeant. I can pick off that fellow easily."

"Faith, and what a foine liar he would make wid a little training," whispered Dinny. "Why, I can't even see my hand before me's face."

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

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

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

"One of those beasts of alligators dragged the poor brute down," said the sergeant. "It struck me with its tail."

There was a rushing, scuffling noise here, and the heavy trampling of people among the tangled growth, growing more distant moment by moment, in the midst of which Mary began to use her pole, and the boat glided on through the thick, half-liquid mud.

"Sure, an' it's plisant," said Dinny, coolly; "the dogs on one side, and the crockidills on the other. It isn't at all a tempting spot for a bathe; but I've got to have a dip as soon as we get out of this into the sea.

"What for?" whispered Bart.

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

"Silence, there!" said Mary, gruffly, from her place in the prow; and for quite an hour she toiled on through the intense darkness, guiding the boat from the tangle of weedy growth and cane into winding canal-like portions of the lagoon, where every reptile, which they disturbed some great with a loud splash, or wallowed farther among the half-liquid mud.

The sounds ashore grew distant, the firing had ceased; and, feeling safer, the little party began to converse in a low tone, all save Dinny, whose deep, regular breathing told that he had fallen fast asleep in happy carelessness of any risk that he might run.

"How came you out here?" said Bart from his seat, after another vain effort to take Mary's place.

"Ship," she said laconically, and with a hoarse laugh.

"But who gave you a passage?" said Abel.

"Gave! No one," she said, speaking in quite a rough tone of voice. "How could I find friends who would give! I worked my way out."

"Oh," said Bart; and he sat back, thinking and listening as the pole kept falling in the water with a rhythmic splash, and the brother and sister carried on a conversation in a low tone.

"I suppose we are safe now," said Mary. "They never saw the boat, and they would think you are hiding somewhere in the woods."

"Yes; and because they don't find us, they'll think the alligators have pulled us down," replied Abel. "Where are we going?"

"To get right down to the mouth of this creek, and round the shore. There are plenty of hiding-places along the coast, inlets and islands, with the trees growing to the edge of the sea."

"And what then?" said Abel.

"What then?" said Mary, in a half wondering tone.

"Yes; where shall we go?"

There was an interval of silence, during which the boat glided on in the darkness, which seemed to be quite opaque.

"I had not thought of that," said Mary, in the same short, rough voice which she seemed to have adopted. "I only thought of finding you, Abel, and when I had found you, of helping you to escape."

"She never thought of me," muttered Bart, with a sigh.

"Poor girl," said Abel, tenderly.

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

"One of the sentries."

"Why did you bring him?"

"We were obliged to bring him, or——"

"Kill him?" said Mary, heavily, for her brother did not end his sentence.

"Yes."

"You must set him ashore, of course."

"Yes, of course. And then?"

"I don't know, Abel. I wanted to help you to escape, and you have escaped. You must do the rest."

"You're a brave, true girl," said Abel, enthusiastically; but he was again checked shortly.

"Don't say that," cried Mary, in an angry tone.

"What's she mean?" thought Bart; and he lay back wondering, while the boat glided on, and there was a long pause, for Abel ceased speaking, and when his deep breathing took Bart's attention and he leaned forward and touched him there was no response.

"Why, he's fallen asleep, Mary!" said Bart, in a whisper.

"Hush, Bart—don't call me that!" came from the prow.

"All right, my lass" said the rough fellow. "I'll do anything you tells me."

"Then don't say 'my lass' to me."

"I won't if you don't wish it," growled Bart. "Here, let me pole her along now."

"No; sit still. Is that man asleep?"

"Yes; can't you hear? He's fagged out like poor old Abel. But let me pole the boat."

"No; she'll drift now with the current and we shall be carried out to sea. If the people yonder saw us then they would not know who was in the boat. You have escaped, Bart?"

"Ay, we've escaped, my——"

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

All at once Bart Wrigley opened his eyes and stated. Had he been asleep and dreamed that he and Abel had escaped, and that he was in the Dell's boat, with Mary poling it along?

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

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

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

"Haw, haw!"

The figure in the boat swung round and faced him sharply, glancing at the two sleeping men, and holding up a roughened brown hand to command silence.

"All right," said Bart, half-choking with mirth; and then, "Oh, I say, my lass, you do look rum in them big boots?"

"Silence, idiot!" she whispered, sharply.

"Do you want that strange man to know?"

"Nay, not I," said Bart, shortly, as he too glanced at Dinny. "But I say, you do look rum."

"Bart," whispered Mary, fiercely, and her eyes flashed with indignant anger, "is this a time to fool?"

"Nay, my lass, nay," he said, becoming sober on the instant. "But you do look so rum. I say, though," he cried, sharply, "what's gone of all your beautiful long hair?"

"Fire," said Mary coldly.

"Fire! what!—you've cut it off and burnt it?"

Mary nodded.

"Oh!" ejaculated Bart, and it sounded like a groan.

"Could a girl with long hair have worked her passage out here as a sailor-boy, and have come into that cane brake and saved you two?" said Mary, sharply; and as Bart sat staring at her with dilated eyes once more, she bent down after gazing at Dinny, still sleeping soundly, and laid her hand with a firm grip on her brother's shoulder.

He started into wakefulness on the instant, and gazed without recognition in the face leaning over him.

"Don't you know me, Abel?" said Mary, sadly.

"You, Mary!—dressed like this!"

He started up angrily, his face flushing as hers had flushed, and his look darkened into a scowl.

"What else could I do?" she said, repeating her defence as she had pleaded to Bart. Then, as if her spirit rebelled against his anger, her eyes flashed with indignation, and she exclaimed hoarsely, "Well, I have saved you, and if you have done with me—there is the sea!"

"But you—dressed as a boy!" said Abel.

"Hush! Do you want that man to know?" whispered Mary, hoarsely. "My brother was unjustly punished and sent out here to die in prison, while I, a helpless girl, might have starved at home, or been hunted down by that devil who called himself a man. What could I do?"

"But you worked your passage out here as a sailor?" whispered Abel.

"Ay, and she could do it, too—as good a sailor as ever took in sail; and, Mary, lass, I asks your pardon for laughing; and if I wasn't such a big ugly chap, I could lie down there and cry."

He held out his great coarse hand, in which Mary placed hers to return his honest clasp, and her eyes smiled for a moment into his, while Abel sat frowning and biting his lips as he glanced at Dinny.

"I don't know what to do," he said, hesitatingly. "It seems——"

"Heigh—ho—ho! Oh, dear me!" cried Dinny, opening his eyes suddenly, making Mary start and Abel mutter a curse.

There was only one of the two equal to the emergency, and that was Bart, who gave his knee a sounding slap and cried aloud—

"Jack Dell, my lad, you've behaved like a trump, and got us away splendid. I don't wish, Abel, I had such a brother. Hallo, soger, where shall we let you ashore?"

"Set me ashore?" said the Irishman, nodding at Mary; "what for?"

"What for?" cried Bart. "To go back."

"I'm not going back," said the Irishman, smiling. "Sure, I want a change."

"Change?" cried Abel. "You can't go with us."

"Sure, and you forced me to come, and ye wouldn't behave so dirthily as to send me back?"

"Bart we're escaping," said Bart.

"Sure, and I'll escape, too," said Dinny, smiling. "It's mighty dull work stopping there."

"But you're a soldier," said Abel.

"To be sure I am—a sowldier of fortune."

"You'll be a deserter if you stop with us," growled Bart.

"The divil a bit! Ye made me a prishner, and I couldn't help meself."

"Why, I wanted you to go back last night," growled Bart.

"To be ate up entirely by the ugly bastes of dogs! Thank ye kindly, sor, I'd rather not."

Dinny looked at Mary and gave her a droll cock of the eye, which made her frown and look uneasy.

"Sure, Misther Jack," he said, coolly, "don't you think they're a bit hard on a poor boy?"

"Hard!" said Mary, shortly.

"Av coorse. They knocked me down and took away me mushket and bagnet and, there they are in the bottom of the boat. Then they made me get over the gate and eshcape wid 'em; and, now they're safe, they want to put me ashore."

"We can't take you with us," said Abel, shortly.

"Aisy, now! Think about it, sor. Ye're going for a holiday, sure; and under the circumstances I'd like one too. There! I see what you're a thinking—that I'd betray ye. Sure, and I'm a Kelly, and ye never knew a Kelly do a dirthy thrick to anyone. Did I shout for help last night when you tould me not?"

"You were afraid," growled Bart.

"Afraid!—me afraid! Did ye ever hear of a Kelly who was afraid? No, sor; I said to meself, 'The poor boys are making a run for it, and I'll let them go.' Sure, and I did, and here ye are."

"It would not be wise to go near the shore now," said Mary, in a whisper to her brother.

"You have nothing to fear from him."

Abel glanced at the happy, contented face before him, and then turned to Bart.

"What do you say?" he asked.

"There's no harm in him, said Bart, with a suspicious look at the Irishman.

"Sure, and you'll find me very useful," said Dinny. "I was at say before I listed, so I can steer and haul a rope."

"Can you keep faith with those who trust you?" said Mary, quickly.

"An' is it a Kelly who can keep faith, me lad? Sure, an, we're the faithfullest people there is anywhere. And, bedad! but you're a handsome boy, and have a way wid you as'll make some hearts ache before ye've done."

Mary started, and turned of a deep dark red, which showed through her sun-browned skin, as she flashed an angry look upon the speaker.

Dinny burst into a hearty laugh.

"Look at him," he said, "coloring up like a girl. There, don't look at me, boy, as if ye were going to bite. I like to see it in a lad. It shows his heart's in the right place, and that he's honest and true. There, take a grip o' me hand, for I like you as much for your handsome face as for the way you've stood thrue to your brothers and his mate. And did ye come all the way from your own country to thry and save them?"

Mary nodded.

"Did ye, now? Then ye're a brave lad; and there ar'nt many men who would have watched night after night in that ugly bit o' wood among the shnakes and reptiles I wouldn't for the best brother I iver had, and there's foive of 'em, and all sisters."

Mary smilingly laid her hand in Dinny's, and gazed in the merry, frank face before her.

"I'll trust you," she said.

"And yo shall repeat it, me lad, for you've done no harm, and were niver a prishner. And now, as we are talking I'd like to know what your brother and number ninety-sivin did to be sint out of the country. It wasn't murther, or they'd have hung 'em, Was it—helping yerselves?"

"My brother and his old friend Bart Wrigley were transported to the plantations for beating and half killing, they said, the scoundrel who has insulted and ill-used his sister," cried Mary, with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks, as she stood up proudly in the boat, and looked from one to the other.

"Wid a shtick?" said Dinny, rubbing his cheek as he peered eagerly into Mary's face.

"Yes, with sticks."

"And was that all?"

"Yes."

"They transported thim two boys to this baste of a place, and put chains on their legs for giving a spalpeen like that a big batting wid a shtick?"

"Yes," said Mary, smiling in the eager face before her; "that was the reason."

"Holy Moses!" ejaculated Dinny. "For just handling a shtick like that. Think o' that, now! Why, I sent Larry Higgins to the hospital for sivin weeks wance for just such a thing. An' it was a contimptible thin shkull he'd got, just like a bad egg, and it cracked directly I felt it wid the shtick. And what did you do?" he added sharply, as he turned to Mary. "Where was your shtick?"

"I struck him with my hand," said Mary, proudly.

"More sorrow to it that it hadn't a shtick in it at the time. Sint ye both out here for a thing like that! Gintlemen, I'm proud of ye. Why didn't ye tell me before?"

He held out his hands to both, and, intruder as he was, it seemed impossible to resist his frank, friendly way, and the escaped prisoners shook hands with him again.

"And now what are ye going to do?" said Dinny, eagerly.

"We don't know yet," said Abel, rather distantly.

"That's jist me case," said Dinny. "I'm tired of sogering and walking up and down wid a mushket kaping guard over a lot of poor divils chained like wild bustes. I tuk the shilling bekase I'd been in a skrimmage, and there's been but setting up to shoot prishners and the bowl sergeant said there'd be make one; but if I was you I'd cut down plinty of foighting; and the divil a bit one of them bamboos and shtick the bagnet and I didn't want that. Now, ye'll tak me wid ye, only I must get rid o' these sogger clothes, and—look here, what are ye going to do wid thim chains?"

"Get rid of them," said Abel, "when we can find a file."

"I did not think of a file," said Mary, with a disappointed look.

"There's plinty of strange plants out in these parts," said Dinny, laughing, "but I never see one that grew files. Only there's more ways of killing a cat than hanging him, as the prasts said when he minded his own ovld brogues wid a glue pot. Come here."

He took off his flannel jacket, folded it, and laid it in the bottom of the boat, but looked up directly.

"Ye've got a bit o' sail," he said, "and there's a nice wind. Where are you going first?"

"Mary looked at her brother, and Abel glanced at Bart.

"Ye haven't made up yer minds," said Dinny, "so look here. About twenty miles out yander to the west there's a bit of an island where the overseer and two officers wist one day to shute wild pig and birds, and I went wid 'em. Why not go there till ye make up yer minds? It's a mighty purty place, and ye're not overlooked by the neighbors' cabins, for there's nobody lives there at all, at all, and we can have it our own way."

"Wild pigs there?" said Abel, eagerly.

"Bedad, yis, sor; nice swate bacon running about on four legs all over the place, and fruit on the trees, and fish in the say for the catching. Oh, an' it's a moighty purty little estate!"

"And how could we find it?" cried Mary.

"By jist setting a sail, and kaping about four miles from the shore till ye see it lying like a bit o' cloud off to the south. Sure, we could hang our hammocks there before night, and the mushket here all ready to shoot a pig."

"Yes," said Mary in response to a glance from her brother.

"Then I'll hoist the sail," said Bart.

"Nay, let the boy do it," said Dinny, "and you come and sit down here. I'll soon show you a thing as would make the sergeant stare."

Dinny drew a large knife from his pocket, and a flint and steel. The latter he returned, and, taking the flint, he laid his open knife on the thwart of the boat, and with the flint jagged the edge of the blade all along into a rough kind of saw.

"There!" he said; "that will do. That iron's as soft as cheese."

This last was a slight Hibernian exaggeration; but as Mary hoisted sail, and Abel put out an oar to steer, while the little vessel glided rapidly over the sunlit sea, Dinny began to operate upon the ring round one of Bart's ankles, sawing away steadily, and with such good effect that at the end of an hour he had cut half through, when, by hammering the ring together with the butt of the musket, the half-severed iron gave way, and one leg was free.

"Look at that, now!" said Dinny, triumphantly, and with an air of satisfaction that took away the last doubts of his companions.

"Now, thin, up wid that other purty foot," he cried; and, as the boat glided rapidly toward the west, he sawed away again, with intervals of re-jagging at the knife-edge, and soon made a rut in the second ring.

"Keep her a little farther away from the shore, Abel," said Mary, in a warning tone as the boat sped westward.

"Ye needn't mind," said Dinny, sawing away; "the inhabitants all along here are a moighty decent sort of folk, and wont tell where we're gone. They're not handt some, and they've got into a habit o' wearing little tails wid a moighty convanient crook in 'em to take howld of a tree."

"Monkeys?" said Mary, eagerly.

"Masther Jack, monkeys; and then there's the shmiling crockydills, and a few shnakes like ships' masts, and some shpotted cats. There's nobody else lives here for hundreds o' miles."

"Then you are safe, Abel," said Mary, with the tears standing in her eyes.

"Yes, Ma—yes, Jack," cried Abel, checking himself; and then meaningly, as he glanced at Bart, "you're a brother of whom a man may well be proud."

"Ay," cried Bart, excitedly, "a brother of whom a man may well be proud."

"Hurroo!" cried Dinny. "Howld still, my lad, and I'll soon be through."

And the boat sped onward toward the west.

The island was found just as the Irishman had foretold, and as evening approached without having even sighted a sail on their way, the little boat began coasting along, its occupants eagerly scanning the low, rock-reefed shore, above which waved a luxuriant tropic growth, but for some time no landing-place was found, while, though the sea was calm, there was a heavy swell to curl up and break upon the various reefs in a way that would have swamped their craft had they attempted to land.

The last fetter had been laboriously sawn through, Dinny having persisted in continuing the task, and he now sat resting and watching the shore with a critical eye.

All at once, upon sailing round a jagged point to which they had to give a wide berth on account of the fierce race which swept and eddied among the rocks, a pleasantly-wooded little bay opened out before them, with a smooth sandy shore where the waves just creamed and glistened in the sun.

"Look at that, now," said Dinny. "That's where we landed; but I was ashleep after pulling a long time at the oar, and I disremembered all about where we went ashore."

"How beautiful!" said Jack, gazing thoughtfully at the glorious scene, and asking herself whether that was to be her future home.

"An' d' yer caal that beautiful?" said Dinny, contemptuously. "Young man, did ye iver see Dublin Bay?"

"No," said Jack, smiling in the earnest face before him.

"Nor the Hill of Howth?"

Jack shook his head.

"Then don't call that beautiful again in the presence," said Dinny.

"Puts me in mind of Black Pool," said Bart, thoughtfully.

Further conversation was checked by the interest of landing, the boat being run up on the shore and hidden among the rocks, not the position of the fugitives and the dread said Dinny, eagerly, rather that it was likely that it would be seen, but distantly.

"That's jist me case," said Dinny. "I'm tired of being retaken inade them doubly cautious, Bart even going so far as to obliterate wid a mushket kaping guard over a lot of their footprints on the sand.

"Now, then," said Dinny, "you've got poor divils chained like wild bustes. I tuk the shilling bekase I'd been in a skrimmage, and there's been but setting up to shoot prishners and the bowl sergeant said there'd be make one; but if I was you I'd cut down plinty of foighting; and the divil a bit one of them bamboos and shtick the bagnet and I didn't want that. Now, ye'll tak me wid ye, only I must get rid o' these sogger clothes, and—look here, what are ye going to do wid thim chains?"

"Get rid of them," said Abel, "when we can find a file."

"I did not think of a file," said Mary, to ate."

"Hear that, Abel?" said Bart.

"Yes. I was thinking of how we could get down some cocoa-nuts. There are plenty of bananas."

"Hapes," put in Dinny; "and there's a cabbage growing in the heart of ivery one of thim bundles of leaves on top of a shtick as they call palms; but thim's only vegetables, captain, dear, and me shtomach is asking for mate."

"Can we easily shoot a pig—you say there are some?" said Abel.

"And is it aisily shoot a pig?" said Dinny.

"Here, give me the mushket."

He held out his hand for the piece, and Abel, who bore it, hesitated for a moment or two, and glanced at Jack, who nodded shortly, and the loaded weapon was passed to the Irishman.

"Ye doubted me," he said laughing; "but niver mind, it's quite nat'ral. Come along; I won't shoot any of ye unless I'm very hungry and can't get a pig."

He led the way through the opening in the rough cliff, and they climbed along a narrow ravine for some few hundred yards, the roar of the sea being hushed and the overhanging trees which held on among the rifts of the rocks shutting out the evening light, so that at times it was quite dusk. But the rocky