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The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd).

They travelled down from Fen-church Street, accompanied by Dick and Mrs. Tipping, the skipper, who was painfully on the alert for any chance of escape, making a great fuss of his foot, and confessing to a feeling of unusual indisposition. He sat in one corner of the carriage with his eyes half closed, while Miss Tipping, with her arm affectionately drawn through his, was the unconscious means of preventing a dash for liberty as the train steamed slowly through a station.

The nearest station to the "Rose of Essex" was five miles distant, a fact which (owing perhaps to the expensive nature of newspaper charges) did not appear in the advertisement.

"It's a nice little place," said the landlady of the Railway Hotel, as they asked her opinion over lunch; "there's a little land goes with it. If you want to drive over, I'd better be having something got ready."

Mrs. Tipping, who halved the duties with Flower, she doing the ordering and he the paying, assented, and in a short time they were bowling rapidly along through narrow country lanes to their destination. The skipper noticed with pleasure the lonely nature of the country, and his heart beat fast as he thought of the chances of success of a little plan to escape.

So far as appearance went the inn was excellent. Roses clustered round the porch and hung in fragrant bunches from the walls, while three or four sturdy lime trees in one corner threw a grateful shade over a rustic table and settles. Flower, with a grateful sigh, said that it was the very thing. Even Mrs. Tipping, after a careful inspection, said that they might do worse; Dick, with an air of professional gravity, devoted most of his attention to the cellar, while the engaged couple walked slowly round the immense garden in the rear exchanging tender whispers.

"We'll think it over and let you know," said Mrs. Tipping to one land-lord.

"There's been a lot after it," said he slowly, with a glance at his wife.

"And yet it ain't gone," said the business-like Mrs. Tipping, pleasantly. "I'm going to take it, mar," said Miss Tipping, firmly.

Mrs. Tipping sighed at her haste, but, finding her determined went down the cellar again, accompanied by Dick, for a last look round. Captain Flower, leaning heavily on Miss Tipping's arm, limped slowly to the carriage.

"Tired?" she inquired, tenderly, as he sank back into the cushions.

"Foot's painful," he said, with a faint smile. "Good gracious!"

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Tipping, alarmed by his manner.

"I've left my pipe in the garden," said Flower, rising, "the one you gave me. I wouldn't lose it for the world."

"I'll get it," said Miss Tipping, springing out of the carriage.

"What abouts did you leave it, do you think?"

"By the bee-hives," said Flower, pale with excitement, as he heard Mrs. Tipping and Dick coming up from the cellar. "Make haste; somebody might take it."

Miss Tipping darted into the house, and immediately afterwards the Tippings ascended from the cellar, attended by the landlady.

"Driver," said Flower, sharply.

"Sir," said the man, looking round and tenderly rubbing his back.

"Take that to the lady who has just gone in, at once," gabbled Flower; "hurry up."

For want of anything better he handed the astonished driver his tobacco-pouch, and waved him to the house, the lad descended from his perch and ran to the door just as Dick Tipping, giving vent to a sharp cry, was rushing out. The cry acted on the skipper like magic, and, snatching up the whip, he gave the horse a cut in which was concentrated the fears of the last fortnight and the hopes of his future lifetime.

The animal sprang forward madly just as Dick Tipping, who had pushed the driver out of the way, rushed out in pursuit. There was a hard white road in front and it took it at a gallop, the vehicle rocking from side to side behind it as Flower played on it with the whip. Tipping was close

behind, and the driver a good second. Flower, leaving the horse to take care of itself for a time, stood upright in the carriage and hurled cushions at his foremost pursuer. The third cushion was long and limp, and, falling on end in front of him, twined itself round his swift-moving legs and brought him heavily to the ground.

"He's winded," said Flower, as he saw the coachman stop and help the other man slowly to his feet; "shows what a cushion can do."

He clambered on to the seat, as a bend in the road shut the others from his sight, and gathering up the reins, gave himself over to the joyous feelings of his new-found liberty as they rushed through the air. His ideas of driving were elementary, and his mode of turning corners was to turn them quickly and get it over; but he drove on for miles without mishap, and, the horse having dropped to a steady trot, began to consider his future movements.

"They'll be setting the wires to work, I expect," he thought, soberly. "What a comfortable old world this must have been before they invented steam and telegraph. I'll go a little bit farther, and then tie it up to a tree."

He made what he considered an endearing noise with his mouth, and the startled animal at once bounded forward with the intention of getting out of hearing. A gentle incline favored the pace, which was now so considerable that the skipper, seeing another craft approaching him, waved his hand towards it warningly.

"I wonder who ought to get out of the way?" he said, thoughtfully; "I s'pose the horse knows."

He left it to that able quadruped, after giving it a little bang on the flank with the butt end of the whip to keep its faculties fresh. There was a frenzied shout from the other vehicle, a sudden violent stoppage, with the crashing of wood, and Flower, crawling out of the ditch, watched with some admiration the strenuous efforts of his noble beast to take the carriage on three wheels.

"Look what you've done!" roared the driver of the other vehicle, foaming with passion, as he jumped out and held his plunging horse by the head. "Look at my gig, sir! Look at it!"

Flower looked, and then returned the courtesy. "Look at mine," he said, impressively; "mine's much the worst."

"You were on the wrong side of the road," shouted the other.

"I was there first," said Flower; "it wouldn't have happened if you hadn't tried to get out of my way. The course I was on I should have passed you easily."

He looked up the road. His horse, trembling violently, was standing still, with the wreck of the carriage behind it. He stooped mechanically, and picking up the whip which was lying in the road said that he would go on for assistance.

"You stay here, sir," said the other man, with an oath.

"I won't," said the skipper.

His adversary made no reply, but, having by this time soothed his frightened horse, took his whip out of its socket and strode towards him with the butt raised over his head. Flower arranged his own whip the same way, and both men being new to the weapon, circled round each other two or three times waiting for a little instruction. Then the owner of the gig, whose temper was rising every second, ran in and dealt the skipper a heavy blow on the head.

The blow dispelled an idea which was slowly forming there of asking the extent of the damage, and if it were not too much, offering to make it good. Ideas of settlement vanished; ideas of honor, morality, and even escape vanished too; all merged in the one fixed idea of giving the other man a harder blow than he had given.

For a minute or two the battle raged fairly equally; both were securing a fair amount of punishment. Then, under a heavy blow from Flower, his foe went down suddenly. For a second or two the skipper held his breath with fear, then the other man raised himself feebly on his knees, and, throwing away his whip, staggered to his feet, and, unfastening the reins, clambered unsteadily into his gig and drove off without a word.

The victorious skipper looked up and down the lonely road, and shaking his head sadly at the noble steed which had brought him into this mess, tenderly felt his bruised and aching

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head, and then set off as fast as his foot would permit up the road.

He looked about eagerly as he went for a place of concealment, fully aware of the inability of a lame shipmaster to outdistance horseflesh. Hedges and fields bounded both sides of the road, but half a mile farther along, on the right-hand side, the field stretched away upwards to meet a wood. Towards this wood Captain Flower, having first squeezed himself through a gap in the hedge, progressed with all speed.

He sat on the trunk of a fallen pine to regain his breath, and eagerly looked about him. To his disappointment he saw that the wood was of no great depth, but was a mere belt of pines running almost parallel with the road he had quitted. With the single idea of getting as far away from the scene of his crime as possible, he began to walk through it.

(To be continued).

Lightning Hits Chestnuts.

Lightning shows a marked preference for chestnut trees, according to the U.S. Department of Forestry by its foresters. Of a total of about 2,000 trees struck by lightning on the State Forests in the past four years, 655 were chestnut. Pitch pine comes next with 327 trees struck, and then follow in order rock oak, white pine, hemlock, red oak, white oak, black oak, locust, and sugar maple. Black birch is at the foot of the list with only one tree struck in four years. Poplar and walnut come next, only two of each being struck.

There are a number of women miners employed in Bohemia.

One thing we can't understand is where girls get the notion that paint improves the appearance of a cheek.