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THE REFUGEES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,  
Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

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companion.  
"I would have you remember, father," said he, "that if faith is a virtue charity is no less so." Then, speaking in English, "Which is Captain Savage?"  
"Ephraim Savage of Boston."  
"And Master Amos Green?"  
"Amos Green of New York."  
"And Master Tomlinson?"  
"John Tomlinson of Salem."  
"And Master Mariners Hiram Jefferson, Joseph Cooper, Seek-Grace Spaulding and Paul Cushing, all of Massachusetts Bay?"  
"We are here."  
"It is the governor's orders that all whom I have named shall be conveyed at once to the trading brig Hope, which is yonder ship with the white paint line. She sails within the hour for the English provinces."

A buzz of joy broke from the cast-away mariners at the prospect of being so speedily restored to their homes, and they hurried away to gather together the few possessions which they had saved from the wreck. The officer put his list in his pocket and stepped across to where De Catinat leaned moodily against the bulwarks.  
"What is to be done with us?" asked De Catinat.

"You are to be confined to the ship until she sails, which will be in a week at the furthest."

"And then?"  
"You are to be carried home in her and handed over to the governor of Rochelle, to be sent back to Paris. Those are M. de Denonville's orders."

De Bonneville left De Catinat with a few blunt words of sympathy, but the friar still paced the deck, with a furtive glance at him from time to time, and two soldiers who were stationed upon the poop passed and repassed within a few yards of him. They had orders evidently to watch his movements. As he stood gazing his attention was drawn away by the swish of oars, and a large boat full of men passed immediately underneath where he stood.

It held the New Englanders, who were being conveyed to the ship which was to take them home. There were the four seamen huddled together, and there in the sheets were Captain Ephraim Savage and Amos Green conversing together and pointing to the shipping. The grizzled face of the old Puritan and the bold features of the woodsman were turned more than once in his direction, but no word of farewell and no kindly wave of the hand came back to the lonely exile. He stooped his face to his arms and burst in an instant into a passion of sobs. Before he raised his eyes again the brig had hoisted her anchor and was tacking under full canvas out of the Quebec basin. De Catinat's bunk was next to a port-hole, and it was his custom to keep this open, as the caboose in which the cooking was done for the crew was close to him and the air was hot and heavy. That night he found it impossible to sleep, and he lay tossing under his blanket, thinking over every possible means by which they might be able to get away from this cursed ship. But even if they got away where could they go to then? All Canada was sealed to them. The woods to the south were full of ferocious Indians. The English settlements would, it was true, grant

them freedom to use their own religion, but what could his wife and he do without a friend, sirrah, or a good folk who spoke another tongue? That Amos Green remained true to them, then indeed all would have been well. But he had deserted them.

But what was that? Above the gentle lapping of the river he had suddenly heard a sharp, clear "Hiss!" Perhaps it was some passing barman or Indian. Then it came again—that eager, urgent summons. He sat up and stared about him. It certainly must have come from the open port-hole. Something fell upon his chest with a little tap and, rolling off, rattled along the boards. He sprang up, caught a lantern from a hook and flashed it upon the floor. There was the missile which had struck him—a little golden brooch. As he lifted it up and looked closer at it a thrill passed through him. It had been his own, and he had given it to Amos Green upon the second day that he had met him.

This was a signal, then, and Amos Green had not deserted them, after all. He dressed himself, all in a tremble with excitement, and went upon deck. It was pitch dark, and he could see no one, but the sound of regular footfalls somewhere in the fore part of the ship showed that the sentinels were still there.

The guardsman walked over to the side and peered down into the darkness. He could see the loom of a boat. "Who is there?" he whispered.  
"Is that you, De Catinat?"  
"Yes."  
"We have come for you."  
"God bless you, Amos!"  
"Is your wife there?"  
"No, but I can rouse her."  
"Good! But first catch this cord. Now pull up the ladder."

De Catinat gripped the line which was thrown to him and on drawing it up found that it was attached to a rope ladder furnished at the top with two steel hooks to catch on to the bulwarks. He placed them in position and then made his way very softly to the

cabin amidst the ladies' quarter, which had been allotted to his wife. In ten minutes Adele had dressed and, with her valuables in a little bundle, had slipped out from her cabin. Together they made their way upon deck once more and crept aft under the shadow of the bulwarks. They were almost there when De Catinat stopped suddenly and ground out an oath through his clinched teeth. Between them and the rope ladder there was standing in a dim patch of murky light the grim figure of a Franciscan friar.

But De Catinat was not a man with whom it was safe to trifle. His life had been one of quick resolve and prompt action. Was this vindictive friar at the last moment to stand between him and freedom? It was a dangerous position to take. The guardsman pulled Adele into the shadow of the mast, and then, as the monk advanced, he sprang out upon him and seized him by the gown. As he did so the other's cowl was pushed back, and instead of the harsh features of the ecclesiastic De Catinat saw with amazement the shrewd gray eyes and strong, stern face of Ephraim Savage. At the same instant another figure appeared over the side, and the warm-hearted Frenchman threw himself into the arms of Amos Green.

"It's all right," said the young hunter, disengaging himself with some embarrassment from the other's embrace. "We've got him in the boat, with a buckskin glove jammed into his gullet."

"Who, then?"  
"The man whose cloak Captain Ephraim there has put round him. He came on us when you were away rousing your lady. Is the lady there?"  
"Here she is."  
"As quick as you can, then, for some one may come."

Adele was helped over the side and seated in the stern of a birch bark canoe. The three men unhooked the ladder and swung themselves down by a rope, while two Indians who held the paddles pushed silently off from the ship's side and shot swiftly up the stream. A minute later a dim loom behind them and the glimmer of two yellow lights were all that they could see of the St. Christophe.

"Take a paddle, Amos, and I'll take one," said Captain Savage, stepping off his monk's gown. "I felt safer in this on the deck of your ship, but it don't help in a boat."

"I hope, madame, that all is well with you," said Amos.  
"Nay, I can hardly understand what has happened or where we are."



There was standing the grim figure of a Franciscan friar.

"Nor can I, Amos."  
"Did you not expect us to come back for you, then?"  
"I did not know what to expect."  
"Well, now, surely you could not think that we would leave you without a word."

"I confess that I was cut to the heart by it."  
"I feared that you were when I looked at you with the tail of my eye and saw you staring so blackly over the bulwarks at us. But if we had been seen talking or planning they would have been upon our trail at once."

"And what did you do?"  
"We left the brig last night, got ashore on the Beaufre side, arranged for this canoe and lay dark all day. Then tonight we got alongside and I roused you easily, for I knew where you slept. The friar nearly spilt all when you were below, but we gagged him and passed him over the side."  
"Ah, it is glorious to be free once more! And where are we going?"  
"Ah, there you have me. It is this way or none, for we can't get down to the sea. We must make our way overland as best we can, and we must leave a good stretch between Quebec and us before the day breaks, for, from what I hear, they would rather have a Huguenot prisoner than an Iroquois sagamore. By the eternal, I

To be continued.

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GAMBLING.

By Rev. Wm. Farquharson.

Whether gambling is increasing as rapidly as many assert or not, there is no question of its being very prevalent. It has secured a footing in almost every circle of human interest. For long it has possessed the turf, and it threatens in like manner to degrade every form of sport. It has invaded the civic and political domain so that the prospects in a presidential election, or the fate of a government is rated by the odds that are staked on the issue. It is even working its way into social life, and its presence is marked in the forms of common speech. Under these circumstances I ask for space in your columns, briefly, to discuss "What is gambling, what leads up to it and how it may be checked."

What then is gambling? In general it may be said to be gaming for money, yet all gaming for money is not strictly speaking, gambling. Races are run and feats of skill accomplished for the incentive of a prize, which cannot be classed as gambling, although in cases where the prizes are made up of the money paid for entering on the contest it approaches that form of gambling where the money is pooled and the possession of it determined by the race or game. In any case if the prizes are made so large as to induce a class of people to enter on the games as a professional means of making gain, the results will be scarcely less injurious than where money is lost or won by definite gambling. It may indeed be questioned whether games are ever on a real, healthy footing, where more encouragement is needed than the floral wreath for which the youth of ancient Greece used so manfully to contend.

The specific character of gambling then is the staking of money on a game of hazard, or of hazard and skill combined, in the hope of making gain. There are many forms in which it is practised but the most common are the lottery and betting. In the train of gambling come a whole group of vices that seldom are far severed from it. Money easily made is easily spent and a so-called code of honor enjoins that both winner and loser shall treat the company to drink. In this way drinking habits are usually associated with almost every form of gambling. Then in most of the games there are ways of winning other than playing fair, so that expertness in cheating is encouraged, and thus there is produced a crookedness of character and a way of using one's wits that is not honorable. This habit of crookedness readily leads to quarrelling and there are strifes and blows and sometimes even shedding of blood. All these and other vices follow in the trail, but the original and essential mark of gambling is the staking of money in the hope of gain.

What then leads to gambling? There are two master passions at whose door the charge of the sin of gambling may be laid. The first is the passion for gain—the lean wolf of Avarice which Dante says "has ravished many lands." You see this on every side. It is evident in speculations in land and grain, in stocks and bonds. Some of these transactions may be carried on in ways that are honorable, but many of them would more properly be classed as gambling. So long as this kind of speculation is popular so long will the passion be fed that leads up to the gambling table.

The other passion that leads to gambling is the mad craving for excitement. Chambers in his Encyclopaedia analyses this passion in the following judicious sentence: "In general it (gambling) is resorted to as a refuge against the depressing sensations of languor and vacancy, which the want of active exertion causes in those who have no inner life." There in a word is the root of gambling. The vacant mind demands excitement to produce which at every step the stimulant has to be increased. Thus as the game palls there has to be added the lash in the form of a money stake. This in turn has to be increased in amount till reckless of everything, a man will stake his all, aye his very life and honor, to gratify the excitement of the moment. If these are the master passions

which feed the voracious gambling habit, the question comes, in how far are they stimulated by the practice of playing cards, pool, billiards or other game or practice with which the gambling habit is connected? It is evident that skill in any of these does not directly produce gambling, but the question is in how far do they feed the passion for gain or the passion for excitement which leads to gambling. If Chambers is right in saying that gambling is resorted to as a relief from the sensation of languor in those who have no inner life it follows that any game that absorbs the interest and takes up any large part of the time which is given to feed the inner life will leave a hungering which it has nothing to satisfy. It is this constant stimulating of the passion for excitement, without stirring the inner life, that seems the greatest danger of all this class of games to which I have referred.

It will be asked in how far this danger is obviated by substituting for cards or billiards such games as Nations, Lost Hair, Finch, Logomania, or any of myriad forms of amusement that the ingenuity of gamblers has devised. If, as many claim, that some at least of these are the old game of cards in a new dress, then whatever danger lurks in the game played by spades and clubs will still be found in the same game though arrayed in more modern apparel; even if, as others claim, there is an essential difference between the passion stirred by these and that awakened by cards and others of a like order, it will scarcely be held that the mental food which these can supply will go far to awaken the mind or soul within. So long as that is the case if much time is devoted to the best of them, the result will be much the same as in the absorption of the mind in the mad condemned cards. If a temporary excitement is produced without any stirring of the deeper life, the tendency will ever be to keep up this superficial excitement by ever increased stimulation. Thus for the kid glove games will come the craving for plain spades and clubs, and from these again the weary spirit will turn to the same old excitement in the form of gambling only to find that all such excitement instead of being bread for man is but husks for the swine. The ill is deeper rooted than can be cured by a mere change in the form of the game.

How then is the ill to be cured? Call in the help of law and break up the gambling resorts? All that may be very well, but for the poor soul seeking for a satisfaction which continually flees as he approaches, law comes too late. He is ruined ere it reach him and then it may punish, but it cannot save.

Lift up your voice like a trumpet and cry out against the lax moral sense that as speculating or gambling takes money without giving an honest equivalent. All this is very well, but there is still the soul that in its emptiness craves for satisfaction.

What then is the cure? If you would root out the spirit of gambling you must stir the soul and open its inner springs. To this end all that gives culture in art or literature, all that leads out of narrow selfishness to a real care for the welfare of others, all that awakens man to his true mission will give a healthy satisfaction to the inner craving and help to quench the soul's burning thirst. No better direction to this end was ever given than that of the Apostle: "Whosoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any praise, think on these things."

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