us, busying himself about the fire un-der the cliff where Anna was cooking. The Grand Inquisitor watched him with his small, twinkling eyes, and the half caste never so much as looked in our di-rection. Presently, however, Anna came over to us with some strips of boiled beef laid upon platters of palm leaf, very fresh and tender.

"Eborra him us keen well in the rear."



The ISLE of the WINDS

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Sir James Stansfield, of New Milns, in company with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an innhouse his son Philip and his son's paramour, Janet Mark. They quarrel. Sir James goes home, taking his grandson. That night he is murdered by his dissolute son and Janet Mark. They lay his body outside on an los floe, in the effort to lay the crime to others. But the boy Philip has wincesed the crime. He slib his grandfather's chief tenant, Umphray Spurway, who succeeds in naving the real murderers brought to justice. Philip is sentenced to be hanged, and his woman accomplice to be transported. Mysteriously he escapee the gallows, seeks out his wife, finds her in the company of Spurway, and tries to murder her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Abercalirn for cure, leaving her son in charge.

This is what sweeter of throat, for the hot reek blasting in my face turned me sick and faint, and I swayed upon Will as I stood.

At last we came out upon the unstable simmit. It had a lip narrow, crumbling and dangerous. There was, however, a wind here which blew most of the smoke away from us, so that the place was more favorable than upon the breathless of the Winds. The pirates are few in number—most of them probably away on their expeditions. We will take them at unawares, root out the murderous nest, hand as I did so. My guard would on not be the chain, sinking his halbert does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Abercalirn for cure, leaving her son in charge.

This is what I saw. Abercairn for cure, leaving her son in charge of Spurway and with little Anna Mark, who teaches him that in some ways girls are worth quite as much as boys. Still, they are excelquite as much as boys. Still, they are studies in the school to which they go. John Stansfield, Philip's lawyer-uncle, brings in a new teacher, Deemine Rithgrose, a small man, with wonderful eyes. Shortly after his coming the countryside is shocked and thrilled by a number of bloody and mysterious murders, evi-dently for the sake of robbery. Business calls Umphray Spurway from home. In his absence is shocked and thrilled by a Umparey Spurway from home. In his ansence a big packing case, purporting to be full of fine Spanish wool, is delivered to Will Bowman, Umphray's clerk, who puts it in the weaving shed. That night Philip, playing about it, sees shining through the gauze a pair of eyes. He calls Will Bowman, who counts three, then calls Will Bowman, who counts three, then stabs the case with a small sword. Blood flows. They open the case, and find Dominie Ringrose inside, apparently dead. Shortly after the house is attacked by robbers, whom Ringrose had meant to let in. They are beaten off; but afterwards Philip's mother refuses to let bim spend the holidays at New Milna. Returning from a day's visit to New Milna. Philip. from a day's visit to New Milns, Phillip falls in with Saul Mark, Anna's gypay father, who, under pretense of showing him Sir Harry Morgan's treasure, makes him a prisoner. Anna finds out his plight, and leads Spurway on his track. By the help of his ellent partner, Provost Gregory Partnn, Saul Mark, super-cargo of the ship Corramantee, imprisons both Anna and Spurway, robbing Spurway of much ey and a portrait of Philip's mother. Philip the elder goes out in Spurway's clock to his wife's house, and by threats induces her aboard the Corramantee. Anna and Philip make friends with Eborra. He shows them the secrets of the island, and where Sir Harry Morgan's treasure is, guarded by Fer-de-lance and his hosts. Eborra has scented a boat, in which he plans to escape with Anna, Philip, Mrs. Stansfield and his mother; also Will Bewman, who is in the clutches of the pirate. The pirates sail away with two or three ships. boat starts, encounters other pirates, but is towed safely away by a monster devil-fast. The boat reaches Fuerto Rico in safety, and its inmates approach a convent seeking help. The convent takes in the women. The men go into a chain gang. It is making a road men go into a chain gang. It is making a road for the pleasure of the governor's wife. She chances to pass along, and Will Bowman and Philip discover her to be Janet Mark, little Anna's mother. Janet Mark, now the Lady Juanita Silveda, stands friend to her countrymen, but they seen find it is a perilous favor. Notwithstanding Janet grows violently jealous when little Anna somewhat takes the Governor. when little Anna somewhat takes the Governor's eye. She is about to kill the girl, when Philip tells her the truth—that Anna is her own daughter. Another boat comes ashore at Puerto Rico. It holds Saul Mark and Philip

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Stansfield, who have been beaten in the en-counter with hostile pirates. Saul recognizes his wife. He and Stansfield persuade the Gov-

Will Bowman abourd, and Anna, who is dised. The expedition reaches the islands, they find the volcano active, and Morgan's

CHAPTER XLVIII-(Continued.)

That which fronted us now was no cas tellated wall of black basait. The dry, black sand had grown hot under foot and crumbling slopes of loose, gray ash sloped steeply up to a hilltop which snorted and roared above us. Subterraneous rumblings made our hearts quiver within, and the red light we had seen sprang upward and anon sank low. We were now near enough to see that this was not fire, but, as we say in Scotland, the 'skarrow' or reflection of the fiery heart of the mountain thrown upward on the great hooded column of smoke, shaped like pagain tree or long-staiked mushroom that towered above all into the sky.

The dawn was now coming fast, and

The dawn was now coming fast, and its aspect every moment, now growing pink like a roseleaf and anon flashing into whiteness, as, rising out of the sen, the sun smote its upper part long bethe black and blasted growths on the edge

gazing upward. It was the first time I had ever seen him ready smile, for I do not count the grimacing of Yellow Jack. He pointed toward the mountain we could see breaking through the jungle before

It was very near now. The flery furnace in which Saul Mark designed that we should walk. But there was in my heart none of the confidence of the three youths in the book of Daniel—and that the state of heith Eherra and Captain Stansin splite of both Eborra and Captain Stans-

field.

Suddenly, as we mounted the cone, the black ashes changed to crystals of sulphur yellow and brown, glistening like the stones which come from off the mounthe stones which come from off the mountain called Cairngorm. Wide black rifts and holes, their sides feathered in brightest red and yellow, led down into the heart of the mount. These continually believed up burning steam and choking odors, which blew in our faces like the breath of the property of the way Obeah as Eborra

blasting in my face turned me sick and faint, and I swayed upon Will as I stood.

slopes beneath.

I looked over into the crater, setting my breast to the edge and holding Anna's hand as I did so. My guard would on ne account approach nearer, but stood at the limit of the chain, sinking his haibert deep in the ash for a holding post, and indeed I do not blame him, for the sights and sounds were heart-shaking enough.

This is what I saw.

and sounds were heart-shaking enough.

This is what I saw.

Immediately beneath me and so abruptly so that one could toss a stone to the bottom, was a lake (as it seemed), no longer of pitch sluggishly turning over in its sleep, but of fire bubbling merrily, like a great broth pot. From this jets of steam hissed furiously upward. Blocks of glowing rock spat out viciously, and when a loose stone or bowlder fell from the precipices above into the caldron it was instantly dispersed, often exploding with a loud report like a bombshell and casting the fragments high over our heads as we lay and watched. I have listened

were taken off, and one more kind than the rest gave us a salve and lint for our chafed skin and ankles and where the

the pot, before beginning to eat we all clasped hands and said, "God be thanked!"

of Saul Mark. For of my father, who had striven to do one great deed at least

was unwilling to be rid of so dangerous

green in color, but the big warty seniors were as gray and bloodthirsty of aspect as if they had been formed out of the rock itself.

fringe of white surf, the deep indigo blue

reefs sunk in the azure of the Caribbean sea, with the sun beginning to sink com-fortably in the west.

Anna went to and fro among us dealing out what provender had been landed from the ship. Several of the negro overseers accompanied her, and at the back against a wall of rock a fire was lighted, the smoke of which dispersed itself among the tangled mass of creepers happing

the tangled mass of creepers hanging down from the cliff.

And so quickly do men in these out-landish places reconcile themselves to

Beneath these again appeared

But in this we thought chiefly we spoke

casting the fragments high over our heads as we lay and watched. I have listened to pleasanter music than the sound of these black jags of rock as they snored past us, booming upward like drone beetles in the summer gloaming.

Saul Marks stood near us. I could see him biting his lip and clenching his hands as he looked down. But even then and in this place he seemed to know no fear Don Nicholas and one or two of the bolder spirits among the Spaniards had mounted after us, and we stood all close together on the highest part of the crater lip. In every other direction the deadly vapors prevented closer access, and though the stones fell about us like summer rain, they were mostly small and did chafed skin and ankles and where the weight of the belt dragged heaviest above our thigh bones. Anna made broth for all in the cauldron, and in this fairly good case we waited Eborra's return. It was curious that all rejoiced greatly that Saul Mark was dead, which may appear strange when one of us was a daughter, and a maid of tender heart like Anna. But after so many trials and so much svil, both threatened and accomplished by this man, there were no ties of affection possible between them. And when Anna brought us broth in the iron lid of the pot, before beginning to eat we all mer rain, they were mostly small and did us no great hurt.

"What of Morgan's treasure now?" said my father, looking at Saul Mark with a kind of grim pleasure on his dark face in a full of the noise.

The man's features were instantly con-torted with an access of devilish fury. "Morgan's treasure is gone," he cried; "but I tell you there is another over to wipe away so much evil, I at least to wipe away so much evil, I at least could not think save with gratitude. And I wondered greatly what my mother would say when we told her. Now, though both the Commandante and the Grand Inquisitor had been sorely yonder—(he pointed to the direction of the pirate village)—a greater doubtless than

"We might have gone thither at once, then," answered Captain Stansfield; "It was a waste of time to bring us here with so great ceremony, all to see this devil's caldron boil."

I could plainly discern that for some

and the Grand Inquisitor had been sorely disappointed in the matter of Morgan's treasure, yet I could gather, as they stood consulting together, that they were not altogether ill-satisfied with the turn affairs had taken. For though at the first Saul Mark had been taken up by the priests and afterward supported by Don Nicholas, I judge that neither of them was unwilling to be rid of so deservers. reason of his own my father was try-ing to irritate Saul Mark. And if such

was unwilling to be rid of so dangerous a man and one who threatened to suppered to seed a man and one who threatened to suppered to see a section of the head.

"I will show you, Philip Stansfield, whether I have brought you here only to see a pot boil. Cast off these chains!"

The cried to the soldiers. "Now couple the lads together. They are traitors and villains. Their black slave bind also with them. He has deceived us. Fling them all three into the fire!"

The soldiers, obeying a sign from the Commandante, who stood lowering darkly behind Saul, began to do as they were

Saul moved his hand with a comm ing gesture, without answering the Com-mandante. The soldiers set us three close

drag you down to the pit and blot out your name and seed from the earth. Behold the fire heated seven times for your first-born! See how it leaps up. It is a quick and easy death. Hold back the girl there! Make ready. Fling them in!"

I could feel the soldiers at my arms and back breathing deeply and retracting their muscles a little as men do who are about to make a mighty effort. I. too, firmed mine, that I might not cry out with sheer terror. I saw Will Bowman holding back with his feet stiffened against the black

sprang at him and caught his enemy

was breaking through the jungle before us.

"Harry Morgan has come himself for his treasure." he said, "and has brought his master along with him! They are both very gind to see Master Saul."

And, indeed, there was semething eminently devilish in the smoking, coughing, spitting, roaring monster before us. I looked across to where Saul Mark stood shading his eyes with his hands and watching the raging fire mountain where he had expected the quiet lake of pitch It must have been a terrible disappointment to him. Yet of that he showed nothing.

"Forward!" he cried, pointing upward to the cone of ashes. And first of all the expedition he started up the wingward side of the flery mountain.

"Bring these lads along!" he cried to our guards, thinking of us even in that moment of disillusionment.

And so, bent double by the slope of the mountain, and slipping among the loose cilinkers of the lava streams, we mounted as best we could after him. Anna came lightfoot with us, often running a little before and giving us a hand when otherwise the weight of our chains would have brought us to a standstill.

It was very near now. The fiery furnace in which Saul Mark and caught his enemy in his arms.

The man with the earrings struggled ferecely, but the grasp was too strong. Captain Stansfield pushed him steadily forward till they stood among the last crumbling embers that slip away from them into the burning pit.

"Tell Mary that it is for her sake!"

Tell Mary that it is for her

Silently we turned away and went down again, with no gladness in our hearts. For we knew not yet what should betail us. At the foot Eborra spoke for the first time. "Behold," he sald, "they will be much afraid. I told the black men that a judgment would befail, and that all should perish who dared to threaten a hair of your heads! It has come to pass!"

CHAPTER XLIX

CHAPTER XLIX. Hanged in Chains.

And so indeed it proved. We found all the Spaniards anxious for a speedy re-treat. The blacks whom Eborra had terrified were clamorous for it, and the others shared their alarm. But the Commandante, being a brave and determined man, stood out alone. He refused to re-

laid upon platters of palm leaf, very fresh and tender.

"Eborra bids us keep well in the rear," she said smiling and pointing to the strips of beef as if asking how we liked them, "then at the first sound of shot we are to drop off and lie close among the underbrush until he joins us!"

Will and I each shot a question at her, but she only laughed merrily and nodded her head again as she tripped back again to the fire, making believe all the way that we were greedy fellows who were not content with what we had gotten, but wished for double rations.

Half an hour after sundown it was dark, and we started up the side of a creek full of rich, fat mud. From this the miasma rose palpably, the mosquitoes hummed and pinged in cloud-banks like those about Newfoundland. "Zzzzzzzek!" was what they said. And when they came to "eek." pronounced with a little upward twirl of their really remarkable voices, in went the poisoned stilletto, and we smote the part with ittle upward twiri of their really remarkable voices, in went the poisoned
stiletto, and we smote the part with
cheerful alacrity without waiting for further information. Most of us also offered remarks in our several vernaculars,
but these I need not write down here.

As we marched, I desired to assist Anna as best I might, but she preferred to
persevere in her own way, only taking
my hand when the ditch or swamp happened to be too wide for her to lean.

my hand when the ditch or swamp hap-pened to be too wide for her to leap. almost directly over our heads. Look-

We stumbled over gourds, pricked ourselves on the bush called figs-of-the-moor, stumbled against fruit trees which sent heavy globes down forthwith to break our heads. Then after a breathing run of a quarter of an hour, having left the attack of the Spaniards well away to the right, we crouched on some open ground at the foot of a clump of tail trees. The rattle of musketry beneath us grew almost continuous. We could hear the Spaniards going bravely at it, their high acreaming shout rising and falling. But what was that which answered? Not the wild pirate yell! It was no, it could not be—yet surely it was a cheer—the mouth-filling, heart-stirring cry which men of English speech make all over the world when they fight for the mastery.

The moon had risen and the mist grown luminous about us. Suddenly anna clutched me and I felt swift fear run coursingly through her.

"What is that Philip—Oh, what are these?"

"What is that. Philip—Oh, what are these?"

She pointed above our heads. The moon shone a little clearer. We had stopped under a great row of tall forest trees, which stretched their branches stiffly at right angles. There were so many that the line disappeared into the mist on either hand. Many of the limbs shone gaunt and white, like the arms of skeletons fantastically disposed. But that was not the terror which caused Anna to grasp me by the arm.

grasp me by the arm.

From every naked bough a dead man dangled, stiff and still, turning only slowly, some of them, as the rope twisted and



THE MAN WITH THE EARRINGS STRUGGLED FIERCELY.

Thus the whole expedition followed Ebor-ra through a kind of parklike savannah chains, the scarce-dimmed metal glinting country. He was making a long detour in the cold gray of the mist-choken moon. in order to avoid the volcano which we could still see flickering beyond the high woods. But the light was not clear and wide like autumnal sheet lightning, as it had been the night before. The bluish swamp fog which came up from the creeks spread sideways till it was as enough. We resolved to wait, according to the half-caste's instructions, till the

guns began to go.

The firefles continually jetted across us, flying almost into our eyes and van-"I wonder if they know their way or where they are going?" I whispered. For I was ever prone to notice trifles at the

Then we heard Eborra laugh. In such place it was a sound to chill the blood, "For heaven's sake—speak Eborra, who

are these?" I hardly knew my own voice as I spoke. Light as a blown leaf. Eborra danced swamp log which came up from the creeks spread sideways till it was as much as we could do to see the men in front of us. It would have been easy enough to have "dropped off" here and none the wiser. But the prospect of hiding all night on rotting leaves in an atmosphere of pure fever was not inviting go. Eborra warn the English Captain propused. We received to wait according. Pimiento-red pepper in the pod, the Spaniards will get tonight. No more chains-no more slave gangs! The English have taken the Isle of the Winds. We just wait here a little till the botheration

olas and the little black priest!"

And again Eborra danced his weird dance in the feeble light of the moon, as

The half-caste left us down by the east-ern shore, where the liberty men used to take their walks. It was almost day-break, though as yet there was no sign of the day, for the false dawn had long passed and the moon was eclipsed by the high trees we had left behind us. Over the reef passages we could see the mist beginning to break, and whiri

tain Key and your bloody pirates—now you swing by the neck! Hitch farther along! Leave plenty room for Don Nichwrong times when my thoughts ought to have been upon more serious matters. "Who are going where?" growled Will, who are going where growled will, dance in the feedle light of the moon, as the crackling of firearms thinned out and the flesh.

"The fireflies!" said I. But Will did not make all safe!" "The fireflies!" said I. But Will did not show any interest. He was sore and miserable and felt the beginnings of a tendency to shiver. He muttered a wish with regard to the fireflies which consorted ill with his recent confession of Church of England baptism.

"I would be content to know where we are going!" he added sharply.

About an hour after this, the word was are going!" he added sharpsy.

About an hour after this, the word was the ranks that now we must seath and change that, if it were not passed along the ranks that now we must away in rolling cloudlets, as peat reel



SHE THREW BACK HER VEIL AND WHITE FOREHEAD BAND, AND FELL WEEPING INTO HIS ARMS.

Will and I who ourselves had been de-livered from death, I do not think that any of those who waited the going down of the sun so much as thought of the two men who an hour ago had gone whiri-ing into that fiery gehenna locked in each other's arms.

ing into that flery gehenna locked in each other's arms.

The Commandante and the Grand Inquisitor talked together, summoning first this one and then that to assist them, by his counsel. About an hour before sunset Eborra returned with his companion. They brought the news that very few pirates were to be seen, and that the village appeared to be deserted. I judged, however, that Eborra, who knew every foot of the jungle, had not permitted the man to see more than he wished. There were three ships in the harbor, but each of them appeared to be manned only by a sparse watch.

Will and I were exceedingly anxious to get speech with Eborra after his return, but the latter kept carefully away from

be ready to fall on at any moment. Eborra had reported that the pirate village was near. We could hear a restless cook crowing every few minutes, and more than once there came a whiff as if hot wood ashes and the unchilled hearths of man.

On the back of this ensued so long a pause that it seemed to have no end. I could hear in the stillness the toads croaking, and nearer at hand the whisper of the Commandante arranging his men for the assault. Anna and I waited hand in hand. Will Bowman opened his mouth and inclined his ear into the darkness. A gun went off below us, sharp as a signalthen the clear notes of a bugle. The Commandante shouted a loud order in Spanish. There was a lively rush through the underwood. Crack! crack! crack! The guns were going now with a venge ance.

"Into the brush with you—quick!" said Eborra, hurrying us away to the left."

does from a low chimney on a windy day. The wings of sea mews glanced white as they swept low over us, screaming entity had. Will was muttering the toung entity for the coming of the morning that had be himself. I could not tell what.

Anna and I kept very close together.

Suddenly we heard Eborra's whistle. I answered him. The half-caste bounded joyously toward us. Boon we could discern him plainty, a lithe, black figure against the white coral sand. Behind him strode a tall, stout man, cloaked and hand inclined his ear into the darkness. A gun went off below us, sharp as a signalting the white coral sand. Behind him strode a tall, stout man, cloaked and hand in hand. Will Bowman opened his mouth and inclined his ear into the darkness. A gun went off below us, sharp as a signalting the white coral sand. Behind him strode a tall, stout man, cloaked and hand in hand. Will Bo

man and I with one voice. And Umph-CHAPTER L

"Tell the dogs that if so much as a hair of her head be touched I will twist his wisened popish neck. Higher than Haman will I heng him and all his slavedriving, torturing crew! Tell him that!" were those of Umphray Spurway.

The great Yorkshireman was never car ful of his speech. As soon as he heard where my mother was, he proceeded to the storeroom in which the prisoners were confined with a strong guard of sailors and marines over them. Don Nicholas was there, also, wounded in the shoulder, but bearing his misfortunes with the philosophy of a man and the courage of a

Spanish gentleman.

But the interpreter was not needed. The little inquisitor answered for himself in his quaint, creaky English.

"Sir," he said, "the lady is better than well. All day she sings with Sister Agatha. Every night she prays. Every morning she confesses."

"I shall soon stop all that nonsense. Poor Mary, that the should be turned into

Poor Mary, that the should be turned into a Papist at the last. I will have her on board the ship in half an hour."
"Impossible." chirruped the Father Inquisitor, "the lady has cast aside this

quisitor, "the lady has cast aside this world, renounced its vanities. She is now a sister of the Convent of St. Mary of Brosns. She has taken the solemn vows! I myself laid them upon her."
"Then, by the head of Cromwell, you yourself will take the vows off, or I shall take your head from off your shoulders and level to the ground the Convent of St. Mary of Brosss. I swear it by—"
But he did not finish. The little Jesuit held up his hands.

"The vow is not final-it shall be as the

sister wills. She has not yet taken the black veil." "White veil or black veil, or green veil, or red veil," cried Umphray, "It shall be as I will, and that right speedily!"

While we sailed for the Island of Puerto Rico, Umphray told us all that had passed since we were carried off, and I had left him standing over his own open grave in the limekiln of Provost Partan. He told now by favor of the King's Advocate he had gotten letters of introduction to the Governors of Jamaica and Barbadoes, commanding them to put at his disposition commanding them to put at his disposition all His Majesty's available sea forces within their jurisdiction. Armed with this he hurried to Abercairn, where he had put into commission the best and soundest fighting brig that ever cleared from any Scottish anchorage. Here he had armed under letters of marque, and put a notable crew aboard, all the most dar-ing blades of half a dozen ports. He told us how long he had searched before he us how long he had searched before ne discovered the whereabouts of the buccaneer's city of refuge, from one of a former crew, married in Barbadoes and settled down to respectability upon his gains. Then he proceeded to recount how gains. Then he proceeded to recount how clenched hands stretched out toward the place of her desire. he and the commanders of His Majesty's two vessels had arrived too late to capture their prey, but just in time to take Cap-tain Key and his desperadoes after a stiff fight. The captain and the ringleaders had been promptly hanged for a hundred enormities, even as Saul Mark and Philip Stansfield would have been-and that in spite of Captain Key's quasi-commission from the Governor of the New England plantations. They were just about to burn the place and depart when Eborra was brought in with his strange message. The

rest we knew. As to those who had been left behind in Scotland. Umphray Spurway had no very recent news. My poor grandmother was dead and my Uncle John in full pos-session of all the properties. That was all he could tell me.

"But we will flit him," said Umphray, "and that as soon as we get your mother out of the clutches of those gentry!" He indicated the poop where the Grand Inquisitor and Don Nicholas were walking

up and down in grave converse.

It is not necessary that I should write down the tale of the sack of Puerto Rico by the English. It is written in all the histories of these parts, as well as by Mr. Champlain, the Frenchman, in his very entertaining travels. Besides, there are things that it is not very pleasant to re-Nation. Yet though an immense booty was taken, there was no brutality to women and little vindictiveness, save to the more cruel of the slavedrivers, whom the ma-rines and sailor men chivvied all over the island as hares are coursed on the holms

mercy as poor puss when caught.

As soon as the capture of the castle and town was assured—(and they were carried at one charge, as it were by mere wind of the assailants' attack)—Umphray and a of the assailants' attack)—Umphray and a strong party hastened toward the Monastery of St. John, and the Convent of St. Mary of Brozas. At the first breath of the assault upon the town many of the blacks and mulattoes, thinking that the pirates had come and that a period of universal rapine would begin, made an assault upon the nunnery. They had even liberated some of the worst of the chain. liberated some of the worst of the chain-gang, brutal ruffians sentenced for crimes done on the islands, not heretics from old

The nuns had barricaded themselves it their chapel, and when we arrived the ruftheir chapel, and when we arrived the ruf-flans were engaged in smoking them out like bees. We could hear their loud shout-ings, and see the reek beginning to swirl up from the gates and door against which the faggots were piled.

"Now, let them have it, lads!" cried Umphray to his men, and the Scottish muskets went off in a volley. The blacks and convicts ran like cased rats and

and convicts ran like caged rats, and were shot down as they fied or bayonetted as they crouched in corners. Then we called out that the doors be opened, but the crying of the servitors and the chant-

the crying of the servitors and the chanting of the Sisters for a time prevented them from hearing us.

Meanwhile, however, in spite of our scattering it outside, the fire was gaining rapidly, and there was no time to lose. So Umphray Spurway and his ship's captain slung a mahogany pole for a battering ram and forthwith drove in the doors. We streamed in, and Anna, who knew the place, ied us at once to the chapel. I shall never forget the sight which greeted us when she threw open the doors—the whole interior lit as for a high festival, the sliver lamps a-swing in the choir. whose interior lit as for a high festival, the silver lamps a-swing in the choir, the tail candles shining down on the gold and tinsel of the decorations. And on the floor we saw as it were a crowd of dark forms, the sisters, rank on rank, all kneeling, with clasped hands, their crucifixes upheld as if to withstand in the name of the Most Merciful the incomes of the heat. the Most Merciful the inroads of the brut-

al mob.

In the very midst I discerned my mother. She was kneeling beside Sister Agatha. She wore the dress of a neophyte of the order. She did not see either Anna or myself. But when the Yorkshireman's great figure, crowned with his steeple hat, filled up the doorway, she rose to her feet with a sudden glad cry.

"Umphray—Umphray," she cried, "he has come! We are saved. God hag sent me Umphray Spurway, even as I knew he would!"

And with her old quick impulsiveness she let beads, crucifix and psalter drop

and with her old quick impulsiveness she let beads, crucifix and psalter drop clattering upon the floor. She threw back her veil and white forehead band and fell weeping into his arms.
"Tou have been so long, Umphray—so very long," she moaned, without lifting her forehead from his breast.

"I like this better than being a nun," said my mother, some days after, when we were once more on board the ship, and we all stood about her. Umphray had gone below to find a plaid to wrap about her, for the wind of the Atlantic was shrewd from the north.
"Nor do I think that Will Lucy could have been a very good Catholia," she continued, "for he used to row over to see my father as often as ever a priest came to say man. Besides, it is best

to stick to the religion one is born and

We were all happily on board the Mary, as Umphray had called his vessel—that is, all save Eborra and Janet Mark. The is, all save Eostra and Janet Biark. The latter welcomed her commandante back with happiness in her eyes, scarcely dimmed by the fact that his majesty's marines had made firewood of the red and gold coach. The news of Saul Mark's death (and perhaps also that of my father) had made a new woman of her. From this time forth she went no more in fear of the mouse in the wainscot. in fear of the mouse in the wainscot.

And Don Nicholas, re-established in his Governorship with little loss, save of the household gear that had been stolen, kissed with more than his ancient affection the plump hand of Donna Juanita Silvada.

The Grand Inquisitor was shipped back to Spain by the San Esteban, which, having been left on the opposite side of the Isle of the Winds, escaped capture. and came to Puerto Rico three days after the English had taken ship again. Her Majesty's vessels, however, broke up the chain gangs and gave all a free passage naica or New England, where they were to be permitted to settle. Jean Carrel, however, elected to return with Umphray Spurway, having a desire to learn the English and Scottish weaving. And so he came on board with us, imthe stearn Scots' diet or outmeal three

It was our one unhappiness to leave Eborra behind us. We would have given much to have brought him with us. Um-phray offered him a livelihood if he would return. But at the thought of a new country and settled habits he de-

"Eborra will die out of the woods!" he said, smiling. "He will go back to the Isle of the Winds and keep guard over

Morgan's treasure."
So, since no better might be, Umphray gave him muskets and ammunition, to-gether with a half-decked boat, which he bought for him in Puerto Rico. would take no money, but we loaded his little ship with all that makes wealth in these parts. Before he bade us good-bye, he told us that his mother was dead. She died the same night Philip Stans-field had leaped into the flery abyss with Saul Mark in his arms. She had stood upon a point of rock near the castle all the evening, muttering incantations and stretching her hands out toward the sea, till some of the guard had threatened to shoot her for a witch. But soon after midnight she had broken into a song. linging in a glad, strong voice, like that singing in a giad, strong voice, like that of a young woman. No white man knew the meaning of that song, but down in the negro quarters the blacks crouched and sweated with fear in the darkness.

"That is the death song!" they whis-"Obeah surely comes now to

pered. "Obeah claim his own!" And from the sea horizon toward the Isle of the Winds there came a sound of a mighty thundering. In the morning the sentinel looked.

CHAPTER LL. Tutor at Law.

It was night when we arrived in the town of Abercairn. The Mary cast anchor, by a curious chance, almost in the same place from which the Corramantee had set sail. It seemed most marvelously strange to sit on deck in the earliest morning and see the glimmer of the little whitewashed row of houses about the quay, and then, as the dawn came on, to listen to the cocks beginning to crow in the scattered landward farm

towns. In the morning I was to go to claim my inheritance without delay, Will Bowman and Umphray Spurway accompanying me. Anna and my mother were to remain on board till we made things ready for them at the Miln House, or if my adventure with my uncle should fall out well, at the Great house of New Milns. When we landed, there was a prodigious gathering of folk on the quar

prodigious gathering of folk on the quity to meet us, and foremost among those who stood there was Provoat Gregory Partan.
"Oh, lads, lads," he cried, ere we got ship, the Corramantee—that I in mine innocence delivered into the hands of wicked and designing men?"

He-cried the words down to us before we had time to grasp a hand or

answer any of the warm greetings which were showered upon us.
"The Corramantee was a common plrate, sir," said Umphray, sternly, the men you put in charge of her were

Here he stopped, as if not willing to say anything against the dead or per-haps because he thought of Anna and

"Oh, sirce me, dinna say that they turned out blackguards—the like was never kenned! And sae muckle o' my guid gear in their handlin'. Is there nocht saved—nocht ava' o' a' my adventure?"

"Stand out of my way, Provost Partan—I have nothing to do with you," said the Englishman, "the deaths of many are upon your conscience!"

"Na, na, guid Master Spurway, say not so," cried the Provest, in some distress, "I was but as a lamb in the midst of wolves. I kenned meeting o' only ill-doings beyond the seas;"
"Sis" orded Unaberry with dealers.

"Sir," cried Umphray, with decision, "the blood of those young children en-trapped into your foul hole of a lime-klin, sold into slavery, dead or dying of ill usage and cruelty in cane-brake and plantation shall never cease to lie at your door!"

"No at mine-no at mine-" wailed the provost, "tak' tent o' your words. It canna be proven that ever I handled a plack of the price. What kenned I of ony nefarious pracitees? But tell me, guid Maister Spurway, is there like to be no a farthin' savit? Is a' tint even unto the uttermost? Aweel-aweel, gin that be sae, the Lord's will be dune! It is indeed a blessed thing to hae the consolation in

We three left the Provost to his consola tion and proceeded on our way. The little house in the vennel was empty, the key in the possession of a neighbor who had had the kindness to keep on fires in the Winter season. But we did not bide there.

Much more remained for us to do.

And oh, when we had gotten us horses and taken the track over the hills, it was a joy beyond words to feel the caller air blow in our faces, to discern the Miln House shining afar among its willows copses, and to hear the weir singing and the mill wheel clattering on as of yore. The weavers were all at their tasks as if Umphray had simply stepped out to show

Umphray had simply stepped out to show hispitality to a customer.

Tet neither did we tarry here, great as our desire was to do so. My uncle was reported at home. He had spent much of his time lately at the great house, oftentimes riding all the way from his law business in Edinburgh.

It was the deep silence of noon, a brooding day sullen with great heat, when I turned down the avenue past the lodge yett, where I had so often played. I could not help looking for the window through which—but I had other matters to think upon today. Will Bowman was on one side of men, Umphray on the other. I was surely coming to my own at last. Then came the turn of the avenue at which, high above the great beeches, I saw the turrets of the house of New Milns, All was in excellent order, better, I think, than in my grandfather's time.

"He will show fight," said Will: "surely the man will never give up all this with-

"He will show night, said with; surely the man will never give up all this without a struggle!"
"Give it up he shall—I judge him to be lawyer enough to know that he must," said Umphray, the corners of his mouth going grimly down. "Philip, lad, are you feared to face him? We will come in with your if you are!"