FOR KING OR CONGRESS? BY JOHN T.M'INTYRE

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS

A STRONG, hardy, well-favored New Englander, George Prenties, comes to New York with dispatches from General Putnam. On the wharf epposite the Brigantine Inn, at the foot of Broad street, he meets Mr. Dana and his partner, Mr. Camp, two Tory merchants; also Miss Pegsy Camp, a nice of the merchant and an exceedingly handsome damsel.

As Mr. Camp, a choleric old gentleman, sets into a dispute with a lot of roughs, George rescues him and whips the bully of the wharf, to the evident admiration of Miss Camp. The affray is ended by the arrival of Lieutenant Herbert Camp, a nephasy of the merchant, and a detail of colonial soldiers. Later in the day George goes to Geograp Putnam's head-quarters to deliver his dispatches, and is affronted on the way by a foppish young dragoon officer named Henderson, who is trying to show off before Miss Camp and other fashionable women, who happen to be present. But George gets decidedly the better of the argument and reaches his destination without further incident.

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If he a critical time for the colonists. Many of Washington tones are suspected of having joined his cause with the sole intention of 'playing safe" and of switching to the British army the moment it gives promise of putting down the revolt.

Washington himself is expected soon in New York, and the dispatches George carries, relating to his plans, are therefore of great importance. The young man refuses to deliver them to higher Hyde, a cousin of Miss Camp, who is in charge of Putnam's headquarters, and insists on seeing the general himself. The latter takes a great liking to the young fittle and disminess him the chief hostelity of New Tork at that time, for dismediated the chief hostelity of New Tork at that time, for dissert. To his table there comes a big, boorish fellow, who is swidepity seeking a quarrel. Near them, at another table, are Mr. Camp, Mr. Dana and Lieutenant Herbert Camp, and it transpires that Mr. Camp is trying to take his nephew away from the colonial cause. A threat of distheritance seems meffectual in this, and the atrange bully, who has been covered to the conversation, gives no further trouble to any ohe. meal is ever and the Camp party has left, George evene, the hully, named Slade, tell Major Hyde and Henders, the foughth dragoon, that there was no necessity to pick a quarrel with young Camp, as he seemed likely to be disinherited, anyhow, because a fair stubbornness. The inference was that Hyde would get Camp's money without dealing volonity with the lieutenant.

Next, George is summoned by General Putnam, who assigns him to ferret out the spies in the colonial army, as many men have taken service under Washington merely to keep the British informed of what is going on. He is to go to the Wheat Sheaf Inn, where Mr. Dans wanted to meet him.

Next, George is summoned by General Putnam, who assigns him to force the party of the colonials whose looying to Washington merely to keep the Sritish informed of what is going on the intercolonials whose looying to whe had been spring at the col

(CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY)

CHAPTER XII

Tells How Two People Peered Through the Window of the Old Mill



HE night was without moon or stars, but the low, coppery sky made things distinguishable, and the horse ridden by George Prentiss had no difficulty in maintaining a steady lope. Once outside the city

proper, the rider struck knowing that Bayard's woods were no great distance from Washington's headquarters. Entering a path that skirted the wood, he pushed along until he saw the glow of lights through a growth of heavy trees.

"That will be the tayern," said George, "For none but a public house would have so many candles burning."

Quistly he rods for-ward; suddenly his horse

snorted and reared; only a good seat and a firm hand saved the young New Englander from a fall. His keen eyes, by this time well accustomed to the semidarkness, saw a dark shadow flit across his path.

"Hello!" he called, and his right hand clutched the pistol butt; "take care, there!" The unknown made no answer, and the rustling of

the thick, spring growth showed that no pause was made, George held in his nervous horse, his eyes searching his surroundings as best they could. But the shadow had disappeared into the thicker ones beyond, and all was

The young man did not waste any time in search, but, speaking to his mount, headed toward the lights of the tavern. Upon the side by which he approached the land lay low; then the path ascended a knoll, and upon the low; then the path ascended a know, and upon the of this arose a spreading, uncouth shadow against the copper of the sky.

When he had gained the summit of the rise, George recognized that the building was a mill; its solid outline and broken wings showed it to be, perhaps, still another reminder of the Dutch who had held the land in years

Here the young New Englander dismounted and tied

horse.
'It will be just as well," said he, "to attract as little attention as possible. And a horse can never be depended upon to keep silent."

upon to keep silent."

He had taken to the path once more and had gone but half a dozen yards when he suddenly came to a stand. Listening intently, he caught the scuff-scuff of advancing footsteps. Straining his eyes, he dimly made out two figures, arm in arm, and approaching with great Instinctively young Prentiss shrank back into the shadow of the mill wall; then he waited until the two unknowns came up. They were almost abreast of him

when they paused.

"This is the place." spoke one, in a voice strange to
the listener. "We can talk inside here without danger
of being observed or overheard. Many's the time I've
transacted risky business here, and I've always found it

transacted risky business here, and I've always found it as safe as any."

Once more they advanced, apparently directly toward the flurking figure against the wall; a hand was outstretched, so it seemed to George, to grasp him; but in reality it was to open a door close beside him. The rusty hinges creaked and complained querulously; then the two passed into the mill and the door closed after them. George waited for a few moments; then he stole to the door. With his ear close against it, he detected the clink of a steel against flint, then through the long seams that now showed between the warped boards of the door, he caught the gleam of the spark.

that now showed between the warped boards of the door, he caught the gleam of the spark.

The apertures were not wide enough for him to get a view of the interior, so he cautiously looked about for a more promising point. He did not seek far; there was a window with a broken shutter only a halfscore feet away, and through this a dim, flickering yellow light could be seen.

They've lighted a candle," he murmured to himself.

"They've lighted a candle," he murmured to himself. The window, however, was some dozen feet above the ground, and he was gazing up at it speculatively, when he noticed the swaying shoots of a vine playing back and forth in the square of light. A touch showed him that a species of hardy vine, thick stemmed and clinging tenaciously, grew against the wall and clambered up toward the roof of the mill.

Carefully he took hold of this and began to draw himself upward; inch by inch he ascended, until finally his head rose above the level of the window. Securing a good foothold in a tough fork of the stem, George settled himself to observe what was before him. The room was a fairly large one, having ence upon a time been used for a storeroom by the miller for his grist. A candle end aputtered fitfully upon the head of an upturned cask, and beside it sat two figures engaged in carnest conversation. The long flame of the candle set their shadows dancing upon the bare floor and walls; every gesture was marked by a mammeth, grotesque duplicate that swept the black ratters from end to end.



"Such as you are always to be depended upon to arrange their traps cleverly."

Looking down at them as he was. George had no very plain view of their faces, but their words came distinctly enough to his ears.

"I wish," spoke the voice which he had heard a few minutes before, "I had known of your willingness some time ago. You would have been very useful." "I may still be so," replied the second person; and

young Prentiss started and barely managed to choke back the exclamation that arose to his lips. The speaker was Herbert Camp!

"No," said the first man. "Our plans are now com-plete. Nothing remains but to await the moment when the signal is given."
"And when will that be?" inquired Camp.

There was a short pause; the shadow of the man addressed gave an uncouth, high-shouldered shrug; his hands went out in a gesture of complaint.

"How am I to answer that?" said he. "I know very

"How am I to answer that?" said he. "I know very little of anything except the danger."
"They don't tell you the important things, then?"
"Only those that they must. There are men among them that are not half—no, not a tenth—as much concerned as I am, and yet they have the details at their fingers' ends."

fingers' ends."

"It would seem to me that you are not well treated. Hickey," said Herbert Camp.

In the uncertain candlelight George now recognized the uniform of Washington's guard which the second man was wearing; he had seen the British deserter only a few times, but, now that he was called to mind, the watching youth had no doubt but that this was he.

to mind, the watching youth had no doubt but that this was he.

"Did you or anybody else ever hear of Tryon treating those who serve him decently?" demanded Hickey. "He's one of the sort that get all they can out of you-squeeze you dry—and then drop you by the wayside." Here the man laughed in an unpleasant way. "But," he went on, "when he's made up his mind to drop me, my pockets will be well lined, for if he does not give me his confidence he does give me his money. I insist upon that," and once more the deserter laughed. "And with a neat sum, well laid away against stormy weather, a man need have little fear of what's to come."

What Herbert made answer young Prentise did not hear; but in a moment the other began speaking What Herbert made answer young Prentiss did not hear; but in a moment the other began speaking again.

"It is not for such as me to speak of neat sums well laid away," laughed he. "I fancy you could tell me tales of such that would make mine look poor enough. When old Dana recommended you to me, I naturally had my doubts. Is he to be trusted? asks I. 'As you'd trust yourself,' says he. 'Are you sure of that?' says 1. 'As sure as I am of anything,' says he. 'It means £60,000 to him in ready money, real property and some of the finest ships that sail the sea. Oh, yes, you can trust him to any length! he'll not miss a fortune like that,' says he. "No more would any man," answered Herbert Camp. "A less sum, perhaps, would not have stirred me. But one like that you've just mentioned is not to be lightly put aside."

"Lightly!" cried Hickey. "It would require more argument than mortal man has at his tongue's end to make me ido it. Why here I am," bitterly, "taking my life in my hand every moment of the day for a beggarly few hundreds."

Once more Herbert Camp's reply was lost to George, for at the moment the youth began speaking a sound outside the mill came to the ears of the young Rew Englander. He drew his head down out of the lighted square of the window and listened. But nothing followed.

"It must have been the horse stamping," was

lighted square of the window and listened. But nothing followed.

"It must have been the horse stamping," was George's thought, after a few moments. He was about to resume his former position when he caught the soft fall of feet almost directly below him, and, while he crouched low, listening, he felt the vine shaking, as though under an inquiring hand.

"Some one is coming up," he breathed. And sure enough, another moment proved the truth of his surmise. The stout vine shook and strained under an additional weight; slowly and with much more difficulty thap he had had George felt the unknown ascend. For a moment he fancied that he had been discovered and that the newcomer was swarming up the vine to seize upon him. His hand went to the pistol in the belt, and he awaited the first hostile, word or touch to draw it for use.

pistoj in the beit, and he awaited the first hostile word or touch to draw it for use.

The window was rather a large one, and the point that George had gained, through pure chance, was to the extreme left of it. And now it also chanced that the newcomer scaled to the right; in the darkness a head came even with the young man, and, indeed,

with his feet, knees and left hand holding to the thick stem of the vine, George hung, clutching the pistol butt and awalting the moment to act. But, so it seemed, the stranger had more interest within the mill than without, for the head went cautiously above the window's edge the dim yellow rays fell upon the face, and with a sharp gasp of breath, George recognized Peggy Camp!

CHAPTER XIII

In Which Peggy Camp Shows Her Courage

OR a moment George Prentiss was so startled in recognizing Peggy Camp that he almost slipped recognizing Peggy Camp that he almost slipped his hold on the vine; as it was, the hasty steadying of himself so shook and swayed the stout old plant that it snapped and creaked alarmingly. But, apparently, Peggy took no notice; her interest in the two in the room below was so great that she forgot everything else; the dim rays of the candle were reflected in her eager syes.

Though George, owing to his position, could not see the deserter and his companion, their voices were so pitched that he had no difficulty in hearing their

"The cause of the colonies attracted me," he caught from young Camp. "It was the romance of it, no doubt, and partly it was the spirit of rebellion that every young man feels against the powers that be. Another thing, there was a chance to rise in the new service, where in the British there was little or none. But when my uncle made it so plain to me that it was against my interests to continue as a Colonial

was against my interests to continue as a Colonial officer, why, I did not hesitate an instant. Credit and fair fame are all well sneugh, but golden guineas, broad fields and much shipping are more to be desired by a person of sound sense."

A fist struck the cask head, and the flickering candle leaped and almost went out.

"Now, that is what I call reason, well spoken," declared Hickey. "Let a man put his own interests first and foremost, say I. If he does not, he'll find that none will do it for him; he'll see that he's no more considered than a stick or a stone."

"Mr. Dana must have teld you my opinions of these things," said young Camp, "so there is no need of my repeating them. My object in coming here tonight was to offer my services in any way that you might be able to use me."

"As to that," replied the other, "I don't know. There are others to be considered besides myself, you see. But, "hars his voice fell into a much lower key, and finally trailed off into a soft whispering, which continued for some time. Then Herbert Camp was heard to say emphatically:

"I'll you will do that, it is all that I can ask in

inued for some time. Then Herbert Camp was heard to say emphatically:

"If you will do that, it is all that I can ask in reason. Come," and the pushing back of stools told that the two had arisen, "let us go at once. I believe in making haste in things of this sort, for the opportunity does not always last."

There was a low-voiced reply from the deserter; then the light went out and the dimity illumined square of the window vanished. Once more the neglected hinges creaked, then the door closed and footsteps went stumbling away toward the tayern.

of the window vanished. Once more the neglected hinges creaked, then the door closed and footsteps went stumbling away toward the tavern.

And now Peggy Camp began to descend the vine; in reaching out to take a fresh hold she slipped and would probably have fallen had not a firm hand caught and held her. A frightened little cry came to her lips; but a voice, almest in her ear, said:

"Don'; be alarmed; I am a friend."

But the words were unheeded; the terfor of, a presence so near to her and so unsuspected overcame all else; she swung herself down to the ground with the celerity of fear, and George, when he also descended, found her gone. For a moment he stood trying to pierce the gloom in all directions; then a now familiar sound came to him—the rasping, complaining squeak of neglected hinges. A few steps brought him to the door through which he had first seen the candlelight; slipping within, he closed it behind him.

"Once more," said he, calmly, "I ask you not to be nlarmed. You have no occasion for it." With the deftness that comes of experience, he kindled a blaze; the candle end was still in its place upon the upturned cask, and lighting this, he looked about him.

Peggy stood a dozen feet away, her eyes fixed steadily upon him; the tilt of her chin and the proud pose of her young body told as plainly as words could have done that though she might be well-nigh sick with terror, still she would not show it. George regarded her for a moment or two in silence; then he said:

"I fancied that I would find you here."

garded her for a moment or two in silence; then he said:

"I fancisd that I would find you here."

"And I." flashed she, "was sure that you would be at no great distance."

There was something in her manner and voice that affected him unpleasantly; he felt his face flush helly.

"Oh, indeed!" was all that he could find to say in return. "And may I ask why?"

"Because," said Peggy, coldly, "there are underhand things being planned—there is work that needs the cover of night for its doing."

Words did not, somehow, come readfly to him. With any one else they would have flowed briskly enough; but with her he was strangely tongue-tied.

"It so happens, now and then," said he at last, and rather lamely, "that one is forced to contend with such conditions."

"Forced!" Her eyes flashed scornfully as she caught the word up, "It seems, sir, that you are a trifle disingentious. It is rather a matter of choics, I should inink."

He shuffed the long wick of the candis with his

"Forced!" Her eyes flashed scornfully as she caught the word up. "It seems, sir, that you are a trifle disingentious. It is rather a matter of choics, I should inlink."

He shuffed the long wick of the candis with his fingers; in the heightened light he looked at her with attention. And as he looked his wits slowly returned. He resented the scorn so plain in her dark eyes; his anger grew at the contempt written so straightforwardly in her face; he felt the blood in his temples throb heavily.

"Here I ani," was his thought, "and for no other purpose in the world but that she might be kent from danger; and she goes out of her way to treat me as though I were some scurvy rascal, no better than I should be."

Then, aloud, he said:

"Then, aloud, he said:

"That I chose to be abroad upon another night, as you will perhaps recall, served certain people well. Who knows but that another such occasion might now arise? For, unless I am mistaken, the conditions are much alke."

He heard her breath intaken sharply at this; and when she answered, her voice shook a little.

"I don't think I quite understand," she said.

"Do you mean that you don't understand what happened at that other time, or what may happen tonight?"

"As to that other night," she said. "I was puzzled at first But later I came to understand. I saw that the matter had not sone far snough to serve year purpose and you desired to learn more than you knew. Then," and she flashed him a look of contempt, "they might selze upon my brother and welcome." She caught the suppression that flitted across his face at this shrews surmise and added: "I see you do not this shrews surmise and added: "I see you do not

deny this. Well, that, at least, is something in your 'He made no reply, though she paused for one. After

moment she proceeded, but in an altered tone. "But you spoke of tonight. What did you mean?" "I said that the sonditions are not unlike. Your brother is here, in secret, and you have followed him

-also in secret." "And the rest-?" eagerly. He shrugged his shoulders, and his gigantic shadow mimicked him much as Hickey's had done a little

while before.

"As to that," said he, "I would not venture to "I do not require you to do that," she said. "I merely ask you to tell what you know." She came a step hearer to him and her head bent forward, as she continued: "That night at the Wheat Sheaf a party of colonial soldiers showed themselves. Will it by the hesitated; like lightning she seized upon this

as an answer.

"It will," she cried. "You have seen to that. Such as you are always to be depended upon to arrange their traps cloverly."

Her eyes now fairly burned with scorn; her gesture as she shrank back from him was one of repulsion. And it was this gesture that goaded him beyond and urange.

endurance.
"I have laid no trap!" he answered; "and I have not been a party to the laying of one. I do not expect you to believe one, for I see that you have made up your mind to think the worst of me. But even if I were seeking to snare your brother, would I be anything like as false as he?" She seemed about to make answer, but he waved it back. "I at least, would be working for truth and the cause I'd sworn to uphold, while he—" while he—"
Her laughter interrupted him—hard, high-pitched laughter, mirthless.
"You working for truth! You "You!" she cried. "You working for truth! You "You!" had sworn to do so!"

"You!" she cried. "You working for truth! You upholding a cause because you had swern to do so!"
Her tone rendered him furious; and it was with great difficulty that he kept back the bitter words that came to his lips. Indeed, he felt that his resentment had already caused him to go too far as it was. So he remained silent.

She stood looking at him or though expecting him to reply; but as he did not do so, she went on:

"I know the pose that you have assumed; and it does not become you. Because you have overheard my brother just now, you think there is nothing to be

brother just now, you think there is nothing to be said in his defense. But you are wrong. There is this: No matter what his words may have been again she bent toward him, the is as free of wrong as

said in his defense. But you are wrong. Increase this: No matter what his words may have been," and again she bent toward him, "he is as free of wrong as you are."

George was about to make a reply, when suddenly there came a smothered crash of shots from some little distance away, mingled with excited shouts and cries of pain. Instantly he threw the door open, and as he leaped forth he was aware that Peggy had blown out the candle. The tavern was a bediam of sound: rapid shots were being exchanged within; a haze of smoke could be seen drifting through the open windows and doors.

Through both these latter men were springing, followed by others whe were grappling with them and bearing them to the ground. But one, an active and speedy runner, gained the outside without mishap and raced away from the inn, a half dozen pursuers at his heels. With a leap of the heart George knew him as Herbert Camp, and though he desired nothing to do with his taking, duty was plain before him.

"He's a self-confessed traitor," muttered the youth, "and I am bound to bring him down if I can."

With the tavern light behind him, young Camp could be made out with more or less plainness; and he was headed directly toward the abandoned mill. As he drew near. George Prentiss gathered himself for an effort; the scattering sluks from the heavy pistols of those in pursuit sputtered and hummed about him, but he did not flinch. The fugitive had reached a point a dozen wards away when the young New Englander made his contemplated rush. However, he had not gone more than a few steps when he felt his foot grasped strongly; and down be went at full length upon the ground.

What followed was rather confused; a half dozen or more colonials ran by and over him. A few paused to drag him to his feet and disarm him. Then he heard Nat Brewster's voice call out:

"He's gone inside here; the door's barred. Get something to force it."

Lights sprang up and danced upon the stone walls of the mill; a heavy log thundered upon the deor. "It was she that tripped

the threshold.

"Empty!" he cried. "See, there is another door!"

Sure, enough, there was—one that had escaped
George's notice, but which Peggy had evidently observed. And while they stood staring at it, the sudden
rattle of hoofs told the patriots that their man had
made good his escape.

CHAPTER XIV Shows How the British Ships Came Into the Bay

T. A few words from his friends, George Prentiss was released; but Hickey and some otherswho had been taken were marched to a Next day all was in a turmoil; the Tories in and about the city feared for their lives. As Nat Brewster had predicted, Matthews, the mayor of New York, was arrested by a detachment of Greene's brigade;

his house and person were searched, but no incrim-inating papers were found. Those of the Tories who, had prepared for an outbreak fied upon learning the their leaders, had been taken; the woods and moras es of Long Island were mainly selected as their place of hiding, and for a time swarmed with armed and desperate men. Washington struck swiftly and strongly; those

of the plotters who belonged to the army were at once brought before a court-martial; the others were handed ever to the civic power. Of the members of the general's guard taken, only Hickey was convicted; he was promptly banged on June 28,

On the day following this execution, a lookout on Staten Island reported a feet of forty sail in sight. The news quickly spread and the city, not yet recovered from the shock of the Tory conspiracy, was wild with excitement once more.

The fleet proved to be from Halifax and carried some 10,000 of the troops which Washington had only recently driven out of Boston; also there were six transports, having on board some regiments of Highlanders which had met with and joined the fleet At sight of this formidable armament heading up the bay, Washington's couriers were sent dashing

here and there with the news and warning all the commanders along the Hudson to hold themselves in readiness in case the British should attempt to push their warships up the river. But there was no such attempt. Day after day, however, the fleet increased; not long afterward there were 130 men-of-war and transports in the bay; the troops were disembarked and the hillsides of Staten Island were whitened with their tents.
This force was under the command of Howe, and Washington watched it anxiously, knowing that the British general only-awaited the coming of the ad-

miral, his brother, to begin operations. Young Cooper carried a message to the president of congress, urging the Massachusetts authorities to send its quota of Continental troops to New York; the formation of a flying camp of 10,000 men in the Jerseys, to be used wherever required, was also advised. Recruits began to pour into the city; upon every open space they could be seen going through the manual One afternoon, George, who had carried a dispatch

summoning General Greene to headquarters, was riding with that officer across a stretch of fields beyoud Broadway. A company of provincial artillery were going through their drill; and the deftness of their work, the smooth, capable manners of their commander, a small-sized youth of about 30, attracted the general's attention. Quick to recognize ability, the general pulled up and sat his horse, watching the proceedings; and during a pause he inquired the officer's name. The youth saluted.

"Alexander Hamilton," he replied, "A student at King's College."

And it was that same evening, just at twilight, that George was pacing along Maiden lane, near to William street, his hands behind him and his head bent. He still frequently rode and walked in that neighborhood; always did he grow thoughtful when there and always upon the same subject. That Herbert Camp had been recognized by no one but himself that night at Corbie's tavern was evident, as no search had been made for him; but George was puzzled to know if he—and particularly she—had come off unhurt in the rain of pistol shots that followed the dash from the tavern.

"Neither of them could have been grievously injured," he mused, "If they had been, they would have more than likely not been able to make off sequickly."

Jured," he mused, "If they had been, they would have more than, likely not been able to make off so quickly."

But it was Peggy's attitude that occupied him more than anything else. People had held him in wrongful contempt before this, but he had no dimerculty in passing it by. That he was in the right had always been enough; and life was too full of other things to spend it worrying over the injustice of persons whose opinions meant nothing to him. But, somehow, this present matter was not so easily gotten over.

"Now, why," the young man mutely demanded, "should she so set herself to insult me? How have I deserved it? Is there one thing which I have done since I came to New York, and which touched har in any way, that has not been in the nature of a service?—On the wharf where the Nancy Breen tied up, I lent a helping hand to her uncle. And she recognized it as such, for a few hours later, when those popinjays on the parade sought to make me a butt for their wit, she was kind. I helped her brother out of a tight place at the Wheat Sheaf; and even then she seemed to show appreciation, for she warned me against a mysterious danger. Once more at Corble's I try to serve her; and she turns upon me like a fury—scorn, contempt, hard words—none are too much for me. There are underhand things being planned, said she; there is work that needs the cover of night for its doing; and so I was sure that you'd be at no great distance."

At the remembrance of this he felt his anger rise once more; resentment seemed to boil in him. And instead of desiring to pass her words by, he felt somehow that he should like to force her to see the truth.

"Such as you," he was still quoting her. "are

somehow that he should like to force her to see the truth.

""Such as you," he was still quoting her, ""are always to be depended upon to arrange their traps cleverly." He clinched his hands at this. "And, he went on, "when I spoke of working for the cause I'd sworn to uphold she laughed me to scorn. I know the pose you have assumed, said she, and it does not become you. What did she mean? What conclusions had she arrived at concerning me between the night at the Wheat Sheaf and the one at Corbie's?"

He was still fuming along with bent head when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder.

"Your pardon, young sir, if I am mistaken," spoke a voice; "but it seems to me that I should know you."

you."

It was Merchant Camp, and the young New Englander, freeing himself from his exasperating thoughts, smiled as he answered:

"I had the pleasure of meeting you one morning and the pleasure of meeting you one morning."

"I had the pleasure of meeting you one morning sir, on the river front when a certain sailor may differed with your political beliefs."

The stout old Tory burst into a laugh; red freed and gasping a little, he patted George on the shoulder.

"Right!" cried he. "Right, sir! So it was. I knew the moment I put eyes on you that you were one that I should not pass as a stranger. I suppose," inquiringly, "that I thanked you at the time? Yes? Well and good. But I will also thank you now." He shook George warmly by the hand. "It was no light thins to do, sir, to lend a hand to a king's man in New York at this time. It was indeed a matter of some risk and the deeper the chancs you ran 'the greater is my obligation."

"The political side of the incident did not occur to me, Mr. Camp," said the youth. "I oply saw that you'd be outmatched in a game of buffets, that was all."

"He was a sturdy rascal, to be sure," replied the

to me, Mr. Camp, "said the youth. "I only saw that you'd be outmatched in a game of buffets, that was all."

"He was a sturdy rascal, to be sure," replied the old merchant. "But take ten years off my age and it ask no odds of him." He looked at George for a moment, and his big red face wrinkled with smiles "That was a rare drubbing you gave him," chuckled he. "It's not been my good fortune to ever have seen so heat a one or so finished. 'Pon my life, he was like a child to you, for all his bigness."

"Given some skill," said George, "he would have not been overcome so easily. As it stood, it was science alone that brought him down."

"And a useful science it is for a young man to study," approved the old Tory, "I'll warrant you that Doctor Franklin has no more serviceable a one a his command. But come," after a moment, "I have yet to hear your name."

"George Prentiss," replied the young man. "I am from Boston."

"Prentiss—Boston!" The merchant looked at him with fresh interest. "Can it be possible that you are kin to Seth Prentiss, of that city."

"I am his grandson," answered George.

Again the merchant, grasped his hand.

"There is no one in all the colonles for whom I have a greater regard than I have for your grand, father," spoke he heartly. "There is no more successful merchant than he, no more honest man and no one more deveted to the cause of the king."

It was upon the tip of George's tongue to correct this last; but he restrained himself. There had been no more ardent king's man in all Boston town that of more ardent king's man in all Boston town that for the colonies as he had heretofore stood for that force.

"I cannot tell you," went on Merchant Camp, "how

loes. "I cannot tell you," went on Merchant Camp, "how pleased I am to meet with you and all the more so the conditions being what they are. I trust," eagerly "that you are in no way engaged for the evening, my

"No." replied George.

"Excellent! I am on my way heme just now: I live but a step from here and I want—" Here he paused, at though something had occurred to him; he looked searchingly at the young man for a moment, ther went on with less enthusiasm: "If you have nothing better to do with your time, I would like to have you dine with me." George bawed his willingness "My nephew, who dines with me tonight, will be pleased," said Mr. Camp. "And my niece no doubt will be delighted to greet you."

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY)