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Re-Verses

"Does Scribbler get any return?" "That's all he does get."

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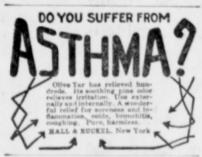


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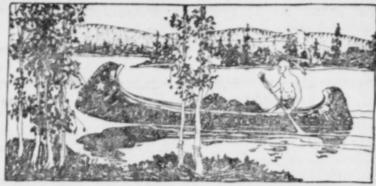
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AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.

not help it."

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cabin. But I raised my hand invol-

"I am surry," I went on quickly. "I

"You are never Scots, sir?" she an-

A light dawned in her eyes with the

"Ah, then you will be knowing the

song that I sang! 'Lochaber No More'

'tis called, and a bitter lament of ex-

"No. I never heard it before-but I

son who had Gaelic blood could have

"You will be one of the Good

I did not answer her, too confused

in my wits to know what to say; and

suddenly my confusion spread to her.

"It is wild I am talking, sir!" she

exclaimed. "Never heed my words.

Sure, who would be trusting his

heart's blood to the stranger that

"I think I would trust mine to you,"

"From your manner you would be

no Englishman, sir, saying such pretty

"I have been long out of England."

great for parting with all you have

"You have never been to America?"

"I had never been out of Scotland

until I came south to take ship today.

Ah, sir, there is a great sorrow at

We said nothing while you might

"And you go with us to New York?"

Her eyes danced with a glint of

"Pray, sir, will there be any other

"My name," I began-and then I

My name at present was William

have counted ten, and in the silence

my heart for the country I love."

she looked away from me.

shipping-place in the ocean?"

I asked fatuously.

I laughed.

topped abruptly.

"Then your sorrow will not be so

sympathized so instantly and so gen-

erously with a stranger's grief.

"An exile!"

stepped in his path?"

She smiled faintly.

things without consideration."

held dear. Lucky is your lot."

I answered boldly.

stars.

People !

asked.

DONE STATE OF

"WELL ENOUGH SIR

1 ANSWERED

SULLENLY.

untarily in a gesture of appeal.

voice and my plowboy garments.

"No, but I know Scotland."

iles out of their own homeland."

W.N.U. SERVICE

PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Harry Ormerod, long proscribed Harry Ormerod, long proscribed traitor to King George as a Stuart pariisan, returning from France to London rescues Alderman Robert Juggins from a band of assassins. Juggins proyes to be the grandoon of a former steward of Ormerod's father, to whom Juggins fools himself. whom Juggins feels himself in-debted. Ormerod tells Juggins he has abandoned the Stuart cause. Juggins informs Ormerod of a Jacobite plot in the American colonies to weaken England by forwarding French interests. by forwarding French interests. At its head is Andrew Murray, a Scotsman, and a Frenchman, De Veulle, deadly enemy of Ormerod. The two are in London furthering their schemes. Anticipating the plotters' early return to America, Juggins arranges for Ormerod to go there with letters to Governor Burnet, friend of Juggins, and work to foil Murray. Disguised as Juggins' servant, Ormerod arranges to take ant, Ormerod arranges to take passage to America.

CHAPTER III-Continued

"Why, a war for the right to grow and to flourish, a war for trade. At other times, mark you, nations clash over questions of honor or territory. So their statesmen say. Actually there is a question of trade or merchantry at the bottom of every war that has been fought since the world began. Today we are fighting with France for control of the trade of the Atlantic-and control of the Atlantic trade means control of the Western Plantations, America. We are fighting, Master Harry, with laws and tariffs and manufacturing skill and shipping instead of with men and deadly weapons.

"The country which wins the fur trade will win control over the greatest number of savages. And the country which is so placed, especially if it be England, will win the military struggle which some day will have to be fought for dominion in America. So I would have you feel yourself a soldier, a general of trade, sent out upon a venture of great danger and importance. It may be, Master Harry, that you carry on your shoulders the future of England and of nations yet

"All that I can, I will do!" I exclaimed.

"Good. I cannot ask more."

He clasped my hand in a wringing grip. "Good luck to you, lad, and write as occasion serves."

He went over the side with his lips pursed as if to whistle and a look of doleful pleasure on his face. Him, too, as it happened, I was never to see again. In fact, I wonder whether I should not have leaped over the vessel's side at that moment had I realized how complete was to be the severance of my life from all that I had known before.

By the cabin entrance under the poop I found the seaman who had collected my scanty baggage. "Where do you berth?" he asked me, pausing at the foot of the ladder-stairs.

"With the second mate."

He opened the door on the righthand, or starboard, side, revealing a space so tiny that I marveled how two men could force themselves into it at Two short, shallow bunks occupled two-thirds of its area.

"Do all the passengers lodge aft here?" I asked him carelessly as he disposed of my trappings.

"All save the negro; he is to sleep in the galley behind the companion-

When he had gone I curled up in the lower bunk, which the second mate obviously had surrendered to me. At last I must have dozed, for I was awakened suddenly by the strangest sounds-a woman's voice singing. It was a song I had never heard before, with a Scots accent to the words and a wonderful lilting melody that was somehow very sad and all the

while it was pretending to merriment. I rose from my bunk, and, stealing to the door, set it open, so that I might hear the better. I was so interested in the song and the singer's voice that I forgot even to watch the door of the cabin next to mine where she was singing. And judge to my surprise when the singer's door swung open and she stepped into the passage, almost at my

Her surprise, as was but natural, was greater than mine. So we stood there a moment within a long yard of each other, gazing mutely into each other's eyes. Her face, flower-white in the dim light that came down the companionway, had a sweetness of expression that belied the proud carriage of her head and an air of hauteur such as I had seen about the great ladies of King Louis' court. Her hair was black and all blown in little wisps that curled at her forehead and neck. Her eyes were dark, too,

"I heard you singing." I said. She turned and made to re-enter her

Juggins, and I had a feeling of reluetance at practicing deceit upon this girl at our first meeting. But she saved me from my quandary.

"You will not be what you seem, sir," she said gravely. "That I can see, and perhaps you will not think me indiscreet if I say so much." "Tis true," I assented eagerly. "In-

"But you will be meeting my-" she hesitated ever so little-"my father presently, no doubt, and he will make us known to one another. Now I must go on deck."

And she walked by me with a faint swish of skirts that sounded like an echo of far-off fairy music.

Her father! Who could he be? And then realization smote me.

Plainly, she could not be De Veulle's daughter-nor Captain Abbot's. She was Murray's.'

Murray's daughter! I rebelled against the idea. It could not be. It ought not to be. What right had he to a daughter-and such a maid as this? "Twas absurd! Manifestly abdid not mean to be rude. I-I could surd!

Why, I must hate the man. I had She regarded me gravely, evidently no other recourse. And he had a puzzled by the incongruousness of my daughter! And above all, this daugh-

When I came on deck the next morning we were driving down-channel before a smart northwest wind. Murray stood by the weather rail with the negro, who I learned afterward was called Tom, at his elbow. As I emerged from the companionway Tom leaned forward and whispered something to his master. Murray walked straight across the deck to my side, his eyes fastened upon my face.

have a brother buried on a hillside far "How, now, Master Juggins," he north of Lochaber, in the Clan Donald said heartily, his hand outstretched, "and did you leave your good uncle-The sorrow that came into her face or is it consin?-well?" was beautiful to sec. None but a per-

I perceived that he took me for the lout I was dressed to represent, and strove to play up to the disguise. "Well enough, sir," I answered sullenly, shifting clownishly from foot

"'Tis good!" he exclaimed. "Faith I am vastly relieved. I have a warm regard for honest Robert Juggins. He

has spoken of me, perhaps? The question, designed to catch my simple mentality unawares, gave me

considerable amusement. "Oh, aye," I muttered. "We have been rivals in our ventures, as you doubtless know," con-

tinued Murray. "But he doesn't take it seriously, sir," I assured him gravely.

"Eh? What's that?"

"He laughs about it, sir." And I giggled at him stupidly. After a moment's inspection of my countenance he seemed constrained to accept the remark as witless innocence, for a grim light of humor appeared in

"Laughs, does he? Zooks, I might have known it. He is a merry soul, Robert Juggins, and I should like to see him footing a morris to a right merry tune. Mayhap we shall see it some day. Who knows?

"Who knows, sir?" I repeated vacantly.

"That will have been the great sad-"And you are to cast your fortunes in America, lad? You may count upon ness upon you," she cried in the odd way that the Highland Scots have of my good offices in New York. Faith, using English. "Oh, sir, your woe will I shall be glad to do a favor if I can, have been deep! So far from his own for Robert Juggins' nephew-or did you say cousin? "Yes," I assented; "and he an exile.

But he saved me from the lie. "Ah, here is come one of our fel-She leaned toward me, her eyes like low passengers," he interrupted.

I turned to see De Veulle approaching us. "Tis a French gentleman," pursued Murray, bent upon winning my confidence with his easy manners and glib tongue, "on his way to Canada. Ha. chevalier, meet a young countryman of mine. Master Juggins-the Cheva-

lier de Veulle. All unusupecting. De Veulle made me a slight bow, a look of indifferent disdain on his face at sight of my plebeian figure. The disguise was good, and I hoped I might cozen him for a time at least. But no man forgets another who has toyed with his life,

instant his eye met mine. "Juggins?" he exclaimed in bewilderment. "Parbleu! 'Tis Harry Ormerod, the Jacobite refugee!"

and his indifference was dissipated the

Murray snapped his fingers to Tom, the negro, who had been a silent witness to our conversation. In an instant he stood beside us.

"Is this the man who came with Master Juggins to the hearing before the lords of trade?" snapped Murray.

"He de man, massa."

"You are sure?" "Yes, massa."

Ormerod is to be brought to a realization of the treachery of which a man of "honor," led by overweening ambition, can be capable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Travesty on Coffee Served by Javanese

served in the Dutch tropical posses-Saturday Evening Post.

most burned, and grind it. Then they let water drip through it or employ some other occult process, and produce a black, thick, acrid mixture arger pitcher of hot water. The plot your cup, fill the cup with the hot bination.

It doesn't taste like coffee. It nature sent by wire as legal.

Java coffee is renowned the world | tastes like some sort of chemical soover-in the bean. In the cup, as lution used for cleaning rugs. That is a detail. There isn't a good cupful sions, it is a frightful travesty on cof- of coffee, or a cupful of good coffee, fee, writes Samuel G. Blythe in the to be had outside of the United States anywhere in this world, so why im-They roast the bean until it is al- peach the Dutchman's idea of the

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