



CHAPTER VI.—Barclay sets Lindsay ashore on Jamaica island, after telling him to seek out Shively, manager of McAllister's plantation, introduce himself as Robert, find out all he can about his "uncle's" house, and its defenses, and report to Barclay in two weeks. On his way to the town Lindsay is a witness to the kidnapping and tying up of a colored man, whom he frees. The man tells him he is Quasny, well known jockey, and the kidnapping was to keep him from riding in a match race the next day. Quasny sends Lindsay to his employer, Colonel Singleton, to explain the matter. He does so, and next day Singleton's horse, with Quasny up, wins the race.

CHAPTER VII.—Lindsay has made the acquaintance of a young man, George Lewis, whom he admires. While watching a card game in which Lewis is engaged, Lindsay detects a player cheating. He denounces the cheater, and a duel follows. Lindsay wounds his opponent, but grants him his life on his admitting the truth of Lindsay's accusation.

CHAPTER VIII.—Lindsay finds Shively, introduces himself, and is coldly received. Shively is a cowardly tyrant, brutal to two slaves under his control. He is torturing a young female slave when the woman's husband tries to kill him with a knife. Shively shoots the man, but in his death throes the slave declares he will come back to haunt his slayer.

CHAPTER IX.—Lindsay is accepted without question as McAllister's nephew. He finds the man the embodiment of evil, and is convinced of the truth of Barclay's story of his villainy. Living with McAllister is his adopted daughter, Helen, with whom Lindsay is impressed. He finds the place strongly defended. His acquaintance with Helen progresses. During a hurricane McAllister's ship, the Ashantee, with a cargo of slaves, is wrecked on the island, not a soul surviving.

darting pain, and as he came leaping in to finish me, hurled my weapon full in his face.

The weapon struck him heavily on the shoulder, checking him just sufficiently to enable me to get to my feet and draw my knife before he had an opportunity to catch me unprepared.



"George," I said weakly, "I've Had Enough. Get Me Home."

Thus here we were, not six feet apart, and after these sudden shiftings of the tide of battle, again on even terms.

Presently, as we shifted and feinted in the treacherous sand I saw my chance, and leaping in, with a quickness born of long experience on the wrestling green at home, I succeeded, to my joy, in gaining the wished-for hold upon his wrist. But my venture was in vain, for Johnson, in the same breath, and with equal dexterity, managed to achieve the same grip on my knife arm that I had on his. And thus, both striving with our utmost strength, we swayed and struggled blindly, until at length the sand gave suddenly beneath our feet, and we crashed together to the ground. And here fortune favored me, for not only did I fall uppermost, but Johnson's head must, I think, have encountered the pistol I had hurled at him, for instantly his whole body went limp, the muscles in his wrist relaxed, and as his knife fell from his hand, I succeeded in wrenching my right arm free.

Here, then, was my opportunity; but, whether it be to my credit or my shame, I confess that I have never been by instinct, what is called a fighting man. Often enough, God knows, I have fought, and fought to kill, but never save where there seemed to be no other choice. And so now, with my enemy helpless, my arm was powerless to strike; it was too much like murder; and as I saw him staring at me with a half-dazed glance, I took a sudden resolution. "Johnson," I cried, "I don't want to kill you. Say that you cheated; promise you won't again; and leave town tomorrow. If you'll do this, your life's your own."

I shall never forget the look that came over his face at my words; the look of a man relieved in the very

shadow of death. On the instant, he seemed to summon all his remaining energy, and whispered, so faintly that I could scarcely hear him, "I promise."

At once I struggled to my feet, and taking care to possess myself of his weapon, I shouted, with what little strength was left to me, to George and Renfrew to come ashore. I started, I remember, to walk toward the boats, and the next that I recall with any distinctness was that George's arm was around me, and that his voice was asking me how badly I was hurt. I answered, stupidly enough, that I was not hurt in the least, to which he rejoined impatiently: "Look at your sleeve!" And when I did so I saw there a spreading stain of glistening red. "George," I said weakly, "I've had enough. Get me home."

CHAPTER VIII

I Meet Jack Shively.

George's first act, after getting me to bed, was to find a physician. He bathed and bandaged my wound, and, to my relief, assured me that it was not serious.

When morning came, I was not only ready, but eager, to leave the Port behind me. I breakfasted, though without appetite; then made my way to George's room and tried to persuade him to keep me company. But in vain. The pleasures of the palace still beguiled him. And so I bade him good-by, engaged a light vehicle, and was soon on my way toward McAllister's plantation.

An hour's leisurely jog trot brought us to the estate. No signs of life were visible; evidently it was the hour for luncheon and temporary relaxation from toil. Near at hand stood a large white house, without doubt the dwelling of Shively.

Dismissing my driver, I made my way, through the scorching heat, to the house, to find, on inquiry, that Shively had just finished his luncheon. He came forth to meet me, a tall, sal-low, unsmiling man, with a bald head, a hooked nose, and in his pale eyes an expression of perpetual distrust, which increased, I thought, rather than diminished, when I showed him my credentials and told him that my name was Robert McAllister. Altogether, he was a man for whom I experienced, at once, a hearty antipathy, and more and more I felt that Captain Barclay had told me, in every particular, nothing but the truth.

Shively was clearly in an ugly mood. He greeted me with scant civility; then, apparently dismissing me, for the moment, from his mind, he summoned from an adjoining room one of his subordinates named Evans, a callow, unprepossessing youth for whom I conceived no greater liking than I had for Shively. "Look here, Evans," he snarled, "that watch was stolen, and that sneaking, light-fingered Sally took that watch; now you get her here and make her say so."

The man answered, mildly enough, that Sally had already been questioned, and had denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of the watch. At which Shively broke forth into a torrent of vain and blasphemous cursing, and wound up by exclaiming: "Trice her up, the black liar. Trice her up till she says she took it. And if she won't own up, set her on the picket. I'll show these black trash who's master here."

I listened, with a sensation of helplessness, to this callous command. At once Evans took himself off, while Shively sat in silence, yet with what seemed to me an expression of sensuous anticipation upon his face, until presently Evans reappeared, followed by a comely colored girl, whose quivering lip and tear-stained cheeks bore witness to the treatment she had undergone. Shively began upon her venomously.

"So you took the watch, did you?" The girl fell upon her knees before him, with hands clasped in entreaty. "So help me," she cried piteously, "I never see watch. I say I take it 'cause I no bear pain. God's truth, I no take it."

"You lie, d—n you," roared Shively, "but it won't go down with me." And to Evans he commanded, "Trice her up again; we'll see who's master here."

At this the poor girl completely lost control of herself, for, as I could plainly see, she would say anything rather than endure a second tricing up. "No, no," she cried. "I lie. I take watch. No trice up again."

"I thought so," said Shively grimly. Then added threateningly, "Where have you hidden it? No lying, now. Where is it, you black thief?"

It was pitiful to perceive the girl's simple mind thrown into confusion. Since, as anyone could see, she had

never stolen the watch, naturally she could not confess where she had hidden it. But Shively, like a god upon his throne, was after her again. "Where? Where? Can't you understand English? Where is it, I say?"

Whereupon the girl, clearly snatching at the first thought that came into her head, answered wildly, "I throw watch in river."

Shively exploded in another torrent of rage. Of course I do not suppose that he was stupid enough to believe for an instant that the girl was guilty; all he wished was an excuse for punishing her. With a cruel smile curling the corners of his mouth he said something to Evans which I could not catch; but the woman heard and her frantic pleas for mercy told me that she must be facing some further ordeal more terrible than anything she had yet undergone. But Shively bade her be silent in a tone so menacing that her cries subsided into frightened sobs that fairly wrung my heart. And when the assistant led her away she followed submissively, as if realizing the futility of resistance.

At once, though knowing that my efforts would be vain, I attempted to intercede in the girl's behalf, but the look that Shively gave me and the contemptuous manner in which he heard me made it evident that our dislike was thoroughly mutual. Moreover, I knew, only too well, that these men were within their legal rights, and that Shively's action would doubtless have been approved by half the overseers on the island. Therefore, sorry as I felt for the poor girl, I subsided, only inquiring how soon he could provide me with a boat to take me to the island. To which, doubtless scenting a chance to make me suffer as well as the girl, he replied that he first wished me to see her punished, so that I might assure my uncle that discipline on the plantation was being maintained. Then, reaching for his hat, he bade me follow him.

I answered, curtly enough, that I would stay where I was; whereupon, with a scowl and a shrug of his shoulders, he departed, leaving me upon the veranda, gazing forth, sick at heart, into the blazing sunshine of the tropic afternoon. Presently, after the lapse of what might have been ten minutes, I was startled by the heartrending shrieks of a woman in mortal agony.

It was enough; spurred to instant action, I had traversed, in a twinkling, the space between the house and the spot, in the woods, whence the cries had come. There, in a little clearing, I beheld poor Sally bound hand and foot to a cottonwood, her face pressed close to the trunk of the tree, her brown back bared to the impact of the lash, while Evans and two other assistants stood by, and Shively, whip



Shively, Whip in Hand, Was Measuring His Distance for Another Blow.

in hand, was measuring his distance for another blow. A second more, and I would have been on him; was, indeed, in the very act of leaping for his arm, when suddenly, and without warning, a gigantic negro burst from the shelter of the woods and hurled himself full upon Shively. I saw a knife flash, and hoped, for one exultant moment, that it would find a resting place in the overseer's heart. But luck was against the avenger; Shively managed to parry the thrust, the two men, grappling, rolled over and over on the ground, and then the fortune of war was decisively altered as three assistants rushed to the rescue of their chief. Yet even then the negro, whose strength must have been enormous, succeeded in wrenching himself free, and with one final stab which slashed Shively's arm, he bounded off like a deer in the direction of the river.

"Catch him!" roared Shively, and with the blood running from his bared arm, he dashed after the fugitive, with the others at his heels. Making the most of my opportunity, I cut the thongs which bound the woman to the tree, laid her unconscious form on the ground, and then, knowing that I would do more harm than good by trying to help her further, I hastened after these chivalrous rulers of the plantation.

I found them grouped on the margin of the river, pistols in hand. The negro must have been a remarkable swimmer, for I could see no sign of him, but Shively explained savagely. "We saw him dive in. He's swimming under water, but he's no fish. He's got to come up."

The words had hardly left his lips when, at once, a pistol from the shore

the negro's head appeared above the surface. Almost instantly three pistol shots rang out, but the aim of the marksmen was hurried, their hands unsteady from running, and though the three bullets splashed close to the swimmer's head, no one of them took effect, and he disappeared again like a shadow. Shively alone had held his fire, and running out on a projecting point to lose no foot of his distance, he cried exultantly, "He can't stay under so long this time; watch me settle him when he comes up!"

The seconds passed. Then, suddenly, still farther out in the stream, and as though the protracted effort of staying so long submerged had sapped his energies, the head and shoulders of the fugitive burst from the water, presenting a mark too good to miss. I saw Shively's right arm extended, and prayed to myself that the bullet might go astray. Then came the sharp crack of the pistol, but this time there was no splash to mark a miss. I saw the negro's head snap back sharply, and his arms clutch convulsively at the air. Then, as if retaining his faculties to the end, his

(To Be Continued Next Week)

DURHAM

A bridge is being built across Durham creek at Durham Station, which has long been needed.

John Scheckla has graded a road through his lot tract adjoining Tigard, making quite an improvement.

The Durham school building is going to get a coat of paint, also the windows changed.

Mrs. George Heisler entertained her mother, Mrs. Schuble, of Reeds-ville last week, and sister, Mrs. Davis, of Tualatin.

The Durham Community Club will meet June 18. Plans will be made for a picnic. Everybody come so you will know all about it.

Mr. and Mrs. George Noyes of Portland, were Durham visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Dobson visited Mrs. Dobson's sister, Mrs. Arnold Cluter, Sunday.

The relatives of Mrs. Albert Scheckla gave her a surprise party Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Weiss, of Portland, spent Sunday with Mrs. Weiss's mother, Mrs. Heisler.

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