



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" 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 Quashy, well known Jockey, and the kidnapping was to keep him from riding in a match race the next day. Quashy sends Lindsay to his employer, Colonel Singleton, to explain the matter. He does so, and next day Singleton's horse, with Quashy 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 the 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 in 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.

CHAPTER X.—Investigating a disturbance among the cattle, Lindsay, with two negroes, finds one of the animals frightfully mutilated, evidently not the work of any man, however powerful. That night the two negroes, watching, are killed in much the same manner as had been the other. The next day before Dick sees a black man in a canoe, evidently escaping from the island, and, believing him the murderer, shoots and kills him. The tension is relieved, but that night Lindsay finds McAllister investigating a buried treasure. While he watches, unobserved, McAllister is threatened by what seems to be a black man. Lindsay shoots him and the figure makes for the house. While seeking entrance, Dick shoots and kills him. The brute proves to be an orang-utan.

CHAPTER XI.—The big ape had escaped from the wreck of the Ashantee. Lindsay tells Helen, whom he has learned to love, the whole truth of his deception. She believes Barclay's story is true. Dick goes to meet the pirate, as arranged. At the plantation he hears rumors of an uprising of the slaves. On his way to Barclay Dick passes a stranger, whose appearance is vaguely familiar. Meeting Quashy, the Jockey, strongly urges Dick to return to the island at once. Barclay arranges to take Helen off the island to safety and then settles with McAllister.

spot where I had landed two weeks ago, my heart suddenly sank like lead at the sight of the familiar boat upon the beach, two sturdy members of the crew holding her bow against the sand, while the figure of Burford reclined comfortably in the stern.

As we made our way toward the vessel, I perceived that my companion was not in a communicative mood, and indeed I was too much occupied with my own thoughts to care for conversation, and presently, harassed with grim forebodings, I found myself once more on the deck of the Black Panther.

Let me be honest, however, and confess that it was not without a thrill of pleasure that I again clasped Barclay's hand. Whatever his merits or his failings, after the furtive McAllister and the drunken, bullying Shively, it was like a cool breeze on a summer's day to find myself again in the presence of a Man.

"Well, my lad," was his first comment, "so you have kept your promise." My nerves, I imagine, must have been, with all my worries, in rather an uncertain state, for I flared up, though quite without occasion, at his words.

"Then you doubted me?" I cried. At this he gave me one of his sunniest smiles. "Never," he assured me. "The boy who owned to missing his bird off the Jersey coast, that morning in the fog, would never break a promise. Before you tell me of your doings, one question first. Have you become an admirer of the brave McAllister? A disciple of the benevolent Shively? If so, my labors have been in vain."

I hastened at once, and in no uncertain terms, to inform him of my contempt and loathing for this precious pair. He heard me with the air of some skillful player who has calculated a move in a game, and beholds it come to pass precisely as foreseen. "Good!" he exclaimed. "I counted on that, if nothing else. And now, Richard," he added, as he refilled my glass, "the whole story, please from the moment you set foot on shore up to this very night."

Forthwith I told him all that had occurred; in particular, of the night when I had seen McAllister creeping out to the mangroves. Only one thing, as yet, I kept secret; I made no mention of Helen, or of our mutual love.

At last I had finished. I felt as though I had been speaking for hours, so vividly had it all come back to me.

as I lived through the past again. And all this time the captain had sat listening in silence, leaning slightly forward, his dark and handsome face supported by his hand, gazing at me as if he would read my very soul. Only once in the course of my narrative did he display emotion, and that was when I spoke of McAllister's nocturnal visit to his treasure. Then indeed his somber eyes gleamed with eagerness, and he made as if to speak, but checked himself and continued to listen as before. And even when I had finished he seemed in no hurry to break silence but sat as if deliberating over all that I had said. I imagined that he was weighing in his mind the importance of various details, passing over this, stopping to consider that; but when at last he spoke, it became evident that it was something else which lay uppermost in his mind.

"Dick," he cried, "it's all plain sailing now. Within three days I attack. You have told me all that I wished to know, and you'll find I'm not ungrateful. You will stay with me, help me in the fight, and I'll see to it that you get your fair share of the treasure."

I could feel my heart thumping against my ribs. Clearly the time had come when I must make matters plain to him. And thus I braced myself for the ordeal and answered, "Thank you for your offer. And I promise that I'll do nothing to thwart your plans. But something has happened since I left you; and much as I hate McAllister, I want to return to the island and take my chances there."

He stared at me as if in doubt whether I was crazed or jesting; then suddenly his keen brain glimpsed the truth, his face cleared, and he struck the table a mighty blow with his fist. "It's the wench," he cried. "I had forgotten all about her. From her picture she was a goddess. So that's the trouble. Richard Lindsay in love!"

My cheeks, I am sure, reddened, for I stood to my guns. "Yes, Captain," I admitted, "that is the trouble."

He continued to stare. "So she is beautiful?" he asked at length; and



"So That's the Trouble, Richard Lindsay in Love!"

unconscious that others, before me, had used the self-same words. I answered fervently, "She is the loveliest girl in the whole world."

I was quite prepared for ridicule, but instead his whole expression gradually changed and saddened, and I made no doubt that torturing memories of his past came back to him. So that when he spoke his voice was gentler than I had ever heard it. "Yes," he answered, "I'm sure she is. And now we must consider."

There was a long silence. And once more, when he did speak, I was unprepared for his words: "Go now back to the island. Tomorrow night put the girl in a skiff and row her downstream. I'll be waiting for you in the longboat, off the mouth of the river. I can take you up the coast to a place where she will be safe, and then you can help me run the old fox to earth."

I have never, I think, in my life felt such a thrill as I did at that moment. I seemed to hold the whole world in my grasp. "Captain," I cried, "do this for me, and I'll remember it as long as I live."

He waved aside my thanks. "You'll spend the night here," he said, and I realized, with pride, that we seemed to be no longer on the footing of captor and captive, but of equals. "I'll send for Burford," he went on, "and we'll have a bite to eat, and a talk over old times."

But cheerful as this sounded, suddenly Quashy's veiled warning came to

my mind. "I was advised," I said, "by a friendly negro to get back to the island tonight. Perhaps I had better push on. What do you think?"

But the captain made light of it. "Nonsense!" he declared. "There are always mutterings of a rising of the slaves. That's what he meant, of course, but they never take place. It's nothing but talk. And anyway it's far safer to travel by daylight than by dark."

This completely satisfied my mind, and for the next two or three hours all three of us, I think, enjoyed ourselves to the utmost. So delighted, indeed, was the captain at the prospect of coming to grips with his enemy that for once he seemed to throw reserve to the winds, and I had, for the first time, a glimpse of the ambitions that lay next his heart.

"Imagine, Dick," I remember his saying, "that the fight is over and the island is ours. Do you see the humor of it? In the eyes of the world you are McAllister's nephew, and you succeed to the estate. What a chance for you to run the plantation as it should be run."

But the prospect did not appeal to me. Things had been moving at such a pace that I had had no time to be really homesick, but I was aware that a great yearning for the Jersey shore was always in my heart. And this I told the captain.

"And the lass?" he asked.

"Will go where I go," I answered proudly.

He nodded. Then, after a time, laughed to himself. "Dick," he cried, "I tire of the sea. I tire of fighting. One more battle, and then, if you will, you may deed your fine estate to me. Jamaica is the loveliest island in the world; I'll live out my days here. I'll be a power in the land; drive in my carriage; be knighted before I die. Sir Francis Barclay—what do you say to that? Come, Dick, is it a bargain?"

I was quick to assent. In my present state of joyous excitement, I could see the rollicking humor in my signing over to the captain a huge estate to which I had not the slightest claim. There was humor, also, of a more subtle kind, in Francis Barclay becoming a pillar of society; and I could only trust that he would not employ, on land, those forthright methods

which had made him so successful upon the sea. Altogether, with the future mercifully veiled from us, we were all three in the highest spirits and it was long after midnight when at length, thoroughly wearied, I flung myself into my berth, and in an instant was sound asleep.

CHAPTER XII

The Avengers.

We paid the penalty, next morning, for our joyous bout, for we all slept late, and arose in a somewhat chastened frame of mind; but at length breakfast was over, and after a final discussion of the evening's plans, stepped into the gig, and, brimming over with impatience, left the Black Panther behind me.

Once ashore, I was of course at eagerness to regain the island and tell Helen the splendid and un hoped-for news; but the day was too hot for any rash display of speed, and, curbing my zeal as best I could, I walked the two miles to the Port as rapidly as I dared, and, once arrived there had my mind so centered on my own affairs that I forgot entirely Quashy's earnest insistence that I should see him before I left. Yet, as it chanced, as I was on the point of mounting my horse, I was suddenly reminded of what he had said by seeing him hurriedly entering the stables. As he caught sight of me he gave me a reproachful glance. "I tell you see me before you go," he exclaimed; and hardly heeding my excuses, demanded impatiently, "What time now?"

I looked at my watch and told him it was half past eleven, at which his face grew grave. "Wait minute," he said abruptly, and soon a mighty tumult and confusion led me to infer that the diabolical Satan was being saddled and bridled. Presently, indeed, the black cyclone appeared, erect on two legs as usual, and Quashy motioning me to follow him, dashed out of the stable into the highroad. There, as soon as he was able to get his mount under temporary control, he called to me, "You got d—n good horse. I got d—n good horse. You want ride like h—?"

"I'm ready," I called back, wholly mystified, but willing and eager for any plan that would bring me the sooner to Helen's side. And forthwith I had little time to think of anything else, as we made off at a terrific clip in the direction of home; for though after the first wild burst, necessary to keep Satan from bolting or performing some similar escapade, we settled down to a more reasonable pace, still we were traveling at a rate of speed which quite justified the picturesque language which Quashy had employed.

There was an earnestness in his manner that made it clear to me that something was in the wind. I thought of the rumors of an uprising among the slaves and of Shively's contemptuous rejection of the idea. He ought to know, I reflected, and yet Quashy's manner made me feel that a revolt might actually be near. His first words confirmed my worst fears.

"Slaves make rising," he said.

At the words a great fear darted through my mind. "Then I must get to the island at once," I cried.

Quashy laid a restraining hand on my arm. "You try to go island now," he said, "you killed quick." That why I hurry. Make rising at twelve o'clock. White folks tired, hot, eating, resting—black folks s'prise 'em."

I glanced at my watch; the slender-

but a single line. And at the instant the boom of a gong rang out, sounding the hour of noon, and filling my mind with premonitions of tragedy.

Even had I wished it, I was powerless to act; but as a matter of fact I had no desire to interfere. What I had seen of the cruelty of Shively and his associates had filled me with wrath; anything they were now to receive as punishment I felt they richly deserved. And so, like a spectator at a drama, I seated myself and waited for the curtain to rise.

There was no delay. Perhaps five minutes intervened the absolute hush of drowsy noon brooding over the fields. Then from the barracks of the slaves I saw a swarm of black figures stealthily emerge and quickly cross the space between their abode and the little cluster of buildings where dwelt the overseer and his assistants. Evidently everything had been carefully planned and rehearsed, for they divided quickly and methodically into smaller groups, which entered the various houses at almost the same moment of time. There was no tumult or outcry. In almost every instance the slaves emerged a few minutes later, with one or more bound captives in their midst; from one cottage a figure, which I was sure was the young bookkeeper with whom I had talked on the previous morning, leaped from a window and dashed straight for the boat landing, but the next second his dusky pursuers were after him like a pack of hounds in full cry, and he was soon sent sprawling to the ground and bound like the rest. It was only, indeed, as might have been expected, in Shively's quarters that anything occurred which could be dignified by the name of a struggle. Here there came to my ears, faint and distant, the "crack! crack! crack" of pistols; then all was silent; and when the blacks again emerged from the big house it was with Shively's tall figure in their midst, still striving desperately to burst the bonds which held him while behind him followed a group of rebels bearing two or three motionless bodies, mute witnesses to the fact that the overseer had fought to the last.

That such care was taken to bind the prisoners made me hope that they were merely to be held as hostages and were not to be tortured and put to death. And indeed for a time I believed myself correct in this supposition, for the little knot of whites wedged to the shelter of the wood, guarded by a ring of blacks armed with weapons which only a few moments before had belonged to their masters. The rest of the negroes dispersed, apparently to search systematically through the different dwellings, and when they emerged it was easy to see for what they had been hunting—liquor. And the moment I saw this I realized what

not take place at once. For perhaps an hour the blacks caroused, the fiery liquor continually rousing their passions to a higher and higher pitch, while on their native drums they beat melodies, if such they may be termed, which doubtless woke in their hearts memories of the land from which they had been torn, and of all the long chain of ensuing cruelty and abuse.

All this time, however, my thoughts had been but partly on the scene before me, for I was thinking of the island and of the fate of those who the blacks had tortured and slain their victims they would turn their attention to McAllister, who was, in reality, the chief object of their revenge. If Cudjo and Caesar had still been among his garrison, the outcome would have been at least hard to predict; and indeed, even as it was, the protection of the house and the good aim of its defenders might prevail against overwhelming numbers, and the possible danger and terror of a night attack. Surely I felt that I was needed there as never before; some way of reaching Helen I must devise. It might be possible, while the rebels were enjoy-

(To Be Continued Next Week)

What's Worrying You? What Can You Really Worry About, Except—

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3. To Need Money,
4. To Die,
5. Or To Be Poor In Old Age?

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