

PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Manual Contract of the August

Harry Ormerod, long proscribed traitor to King George as a Stu-art partisan, returning from France to London, rescues Alder-man Robert Juggins from a band of assausing. Juggins proves to be the grandson of a former steward of Ormerod's father, to whom Juggins feels himself in-debted. Ormerod tells Juggins be has shandoned the Stuard be has abandoned the Suart cause. Juggins informs Ormerod of a Jacobite plot in the Ameri-can colories to weaken England by forwarding French Internat. At its head is Andrew Murray, a Scotaman, and a Frenchman, De Vealls, deadly enemy of Ormerod. The two are in London further-ing their schemes. Anticipating the plotters' early return to America, Juggins arranges for Ormerod to go there with letters to Governor Burnet, friend of Juggina, and work to foil Mur-ray. Disgulaed as Juggin' serv-ant, Ormerod arranges to take passage to America. On the ship he meets a girl, Murray's daughpassage to America. On the ship he meets a girl, Murray's daugh-ter, ardent Jacobite, who he Heves him to be loyal to the Stu-brts. De Veulle recognizes Or-merod, and exposes him.

### CHAPTER III-Continued

--7---"Tom doesn't make mistakes," remarked Murray with a gesture of dis-missal to the negro. "May I ask who

you are, sir?" he addressed me. "I suppose you may." I replied coolly; and with a sense of relief I ripped the bobbed scratch-wig off my hend and tossed it into the sea. "Does that help you at all?" I inquired of De Veulle.

He stared back at me, his face all drawn with hatred. "I knew you with it on," he said say

agely. "It became you. Why should deserter wear the clothes of a gentieman ?"

I laughed at him, but Murray interwhet quickly. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

De Veulle made a gesture in my direction.

"This person, who was in the imme diate entourage of the Pretender, abandoned his leader not long ago and fied to England to seek a pardon, repudiated and detested by all honor-able men in Paris. But in England his protestations of loyalty were re fused, for they naturally doubted the sincerity of one who wearled so soon of an unfortunate cause."

"Is this true?" Murray asked me. "Within reason." I said.

Murray stared from one to the other "Stap me, but I rejoice to see of us. that we may look forward to an entertaining voyage!" he exclaimed "I had feared 'twould be most tedious. Are you seeking satisfaction from the gentleman, chevaller?"

"I shall fight him when I choose, on ground of my own choosing," replied De Veulle curtly,

"And by no means with smallewords." I Jeered. He gave me a black look,

will pray me to kill you if ever fall into my power, Ormerod. can wait until then."

lire for your company." I stared at her, mouth agape. "If I have offended-" I began.

"I may as well tell you," she interrupted me again. "I have heard that about you which will make me have no inclination for your company."

"And I shall ask you to tell me what that is." I retorted with mounting indignation. "It is not fair that you should accept the slurs of an enemy behind my back." She hesitated.

"That may be so," she admitted, "but you will be willing to answer me two questions?"

"Surely." "You are Captain Ormerod, formerly chamberiain to King James III?" 'Yes."

"And you not long ago abandoned the king's service and fruitlessly sought a pardon in London?"

"That is enough for me. You are a traitor, a deserter, proven out of your own mouth."

"But-" "No, sir; there is naught you can say would interest me. I should de-spise you none the less had you deserted in the same circumstances to my own side. It makes it no less culpable that you deserted from my side because our fortunes were at low ebb." "But you shall hear me," I protested. "This is absurd, what you say. You have taken two bare statements of fact and twisted into them the im-

plications skillfully made by a per-sonal enemy. You..." "Last night, sir," she said cuttingly, withdrawing the folds of her cloak so that they might not touch me, "you played upon my sympathies with your tale of exile and a brother buried in the Clan Donald country, and I was all for sympathy with you and sorrow for your sorrow. You as much as told me you were one of the Good People. You let me deceive myself, after you had deceived me first. Oh, you will have acted unspeakably !" "What I told you was true! I was

out in the '19; I fied to Scotland with my brother; he dled and was buried there; I escaped with the remnants of the expedition; I am an exile at this moment.

"An exile! Phaugh! Think on the honest men can truly say that in their misfortune this day! And you-I could weep for the shame that your dead brother and the mother that bore you will be feeling as they look down upon you!

With that she was gone, and I was left cursing De Veulle, whose trencherous tongue had planted the distorted shreds of truth in her mind; cursing Murray, who must have stood by and listened to it all, smugly amused; cursing my cousin who had put me in such a plight, after winning my inheritance; cursing the men and women at St. Germain who repaid years of sacrifice and ungrudging loyalty with such canards; cursing Juggins for having embarked me upon the ship with the girl; cursing myself for getting a false position ; cursing the

"Sir," she said stiffy, "I have no de | clothed the foremast. Somewhere be

yond the wastes of watery darkness that veiled my eyes lay England, the home which had disowned me. 1-Without any warning a huge arm was twisted around my shoulders and

a hand so buge that my teeth could make no impression in it was clamped down over my mouth. Another arm encircled my waist. My arms were pinned to my sides. My legs kicked feeoly at a muscular body which pressed me against the bulwark. Fighting back with all my strength, I was nevertheless lifted gradually from the deck and shoved slowly across the flat level of the fife-rall.

Do what I might, I could not resist the pressure of those tremendous arms, which seemed to have a react and a power twice those of my own. I gasped for breath as they squeezed my lungs-and in gasping I sensed a queer taint in the air, a musky odor which I did not at once associate with the seamen or anyone else on board the ship.

It was no use. I could not resist. The snakelike arms mastered me. One shifted swiftly to a grip on my legs. 1 was whirled into the air and dropped clear of the railing-falling, falling until the cold waters engulfed me.

### CHAPTER IV

### A Truce

I came to the surface, fighting for breath, my hands battling fruitiessly at the slimy side of the ship, which slid past as relentlessly as the passage of time. I tried to cry out, but the sait water choked me. Not a sound came from the decks above. The blackness was absolute, except for the mild gieam of a watch-lanthorn on the poop.

Death was only a brace of minutes away-not death from drowning, but death from the bitter cold that paralyzed my limbs and smote my heart. In the mad desperation of my fear I heaved myself waist-high out of the water, hands clutching and clawing for the support which reason must have denied me to expect.

I was sinking beneath a smoothrunning wave along the counter when my fingers came in contact with a dripping rope, which slipped through their grip and lashed me in the face. My hands possessed themselves of it again, and I rove a loose knot in the end.

With teeth clenched I drew myself upward along the rope, thrusting for-ward with my feet for purchase against the side. Sometimes I slipped on the wet planks, and then I was put to it to hold my position. But after I withdrew my body from the water, what with the urgency of my effort and the stimulation of the exercise, some degree of my strength returned; and presently I was able to pall myself up the rope, hand over hand, until I reached a small projecting structure at the level of the deck to which was fastened the starboard rigging of the malnunst.

On this bit of a platform I

Honor Among Thieves By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

THE "Henor Among Thieves club" was formed in the beginning more or less in the spirit of fun. Then, as the young girls of Akhurst, banded together in that secret society, began to mature, the club took on a more serious meaning.

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There were all types of girls in the club. They were banded together in inviolable bonds to guard the weifare of one another, especially in affairs of the heart. If one of their members was being besieged by one of the opposite sex it was the duty of members of the H. A. T to snorp into the man's credentials as a possible husband and in all ways try to insure the future happiness of their affected member.

Always when a love affair cropped up there was a meeting of the H. A. T. and the situation discussed openly from its very inception-the member herself giving full details up to date. After that the girls were regular bloodhounds on the trail of a doomed man-doomed, at least, if there was anything in his past or present that could put him out of the running.

One day Ivy Canfield told the H. A. T. of her engagement to Gregory Wells.

"You'll hardly credit." she told the meeting, "that I have become sugaged to a man who hardly knows a golf club from a walking stick and who doesn't dance, tennis or indulge in any sports, but-there you are."

"Must be something wrong-no companionship-no common interests and -but what are his weaknesses? Is 18 he a filrt?"

Ivy laughed her wholesome, frank Inugh. "No-I think he is the finest type of man I have ever come across. If you are to nip this affair in the bud you'll have to put your finest hounds on the scent." For a moment Ivy's eyes grew thoughtful. "I do wish sometimes though that-well, either greater soul-stirring depths were in me or less in Gregory."

There was just a moment's silence among the members, then Doris Ken-yon's soft voice broke it. "Perhaps loving so splendid a man will stir those deep places-love does wonderful things to us."

"I'm afraid the 'deeps' aren't here -that's the trouble. Now if it were you. Doris, well-it would be a different affair."

The club agreed unantmously that Ivy's man and Doris must meet. Had it not been Doris then another would have been selected. Ivy's future happiness hung in the balance. It was one of the club's most frequent means of discovering unstability in mankind -they chose their most likely vamp and set her to work. If the man fell he was not considered a fit mate.

Therefore when Gregory Wells again came to Akhurst to visit Ivy he was presented to many of the Honor Among Thieves club girls, and among them was Doris.

Gregory shook hands with all the girls and his most genial big-hearted smile greeted them all. Then- Poris found her hand in his. The smile suddenly left his eyes, though it lingered on his lips and her fingers grew icy within his grip. Their hands fell apart and they did not speak.

She bucked up a few moments later and was her own laughing self and found that with an apparently effort-



### **OVERSIGHT**

Spifkins was a practical man. hlegmatic and stolcal and very prac-His office was on the tenth One day he fell out of the wintical. floor. dow. But he landed unhurt on an automobile below, and rolled off onto the pavement.

"Aw heck!" he exclaimed, as he got up and brushed himself off. "Now I've got to go clear back up after my bat and umbrella."

## ONLY TAKING HIS TIME



going out! You're taking all night get your watch ! Hubby-No. I'm not, I'm only tak-

ing my time.

**Evolutionary Speculation** They say a man was once an ape: The ape was once a fish. The "has been" now assumes a shape That gives him high "posish."

Ding-a-Ling! Radio Expert (just awakened by loud noise from telephone)-Radio shop. Voice-Hello, we're holding a dance

to radio music on that set I bought of you last week. "Well-

"I want to know which dial to turn to make it play faster."-Science and Invention.

### Made It Worse

Girl's Mother-Helen is the very im age of what I was at her age. He-Really! I shouldn't have

He (seeing his error and striving to rectify it)-Oh-er-I was forgetting what a long time ago that must have

## JUST THE THING





In a novelist's hands a scandal be-comes a "romance."

Granulated evolida, sties, inflamed even relieved overnight by Roman Eye Balsam. One trial convinces, 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Many a farsighted man is a close observer.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR" A harmless vegetable butter color

thought it possible. Mother (coldiy)-May I ask why?

been.

"As you please."

He turned and left us. Murray took muff very deliberately, first offering the box to me-which he had not done before-and scrutinized me politely from head to foot.

"I fear I have been patronizing in my conduct, sir," he observed. "Pray accept my apologies. "Twas a perfect disguise. And your manner, if I may say so, was well conceived." "I thank you.

"In short, I find you an opponent of totally different importance. You are an opponent?" he shot at me,

"Sure, sir, that is for you to say." I made answer. "So far as I know at this time we merely happen to be passengers together on this craft."

He laughed.

"I might have known it!" he ex-claimed, ""Twas not like Juggins to send a bumpkin to Burnet. He hath been an enemy I might not scorn at any moment. But I must go below now. I have some papers to attend to. And I shall also attempt to induce the Chevaller de feulle to preserve the amenities of life whilst we are restricted to such confined quarters."

"He shall not have to labor against my hostility," I promised as he departed

Despite myself, I was taken with the man. His unmistakable breeding. his ready wit, the assurance of power and self-sufficiency which radiated from him and explained, as I thought, bis readiness to admit himself in the wrong, all these joined to inspire respect for his parts, if not admiration for his character.

During the rest of that day I made myself at home about the ship, talking with the seamen and their officers and watching vainly for the lady of the green cloak who had awakened me with her song. But she kept her cabin until the second afternoon, when we were sulling easily with a fair wind abeam. I found her then as I re-turned from a walk forward, stand-ing with her hand on the poop-railing to stendy her.

"I have met your father," I said, coming to her side, "and I make no doubt he would present me were he

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cirl-

But no. Common sense came to my rescue then. There was something unaccountably fine about her attitude. something I should never have thought to uncover in Murray's daughter, however beautiful and attractive she might be. There was devotion for you. faithfulness to a lost cause, the singleminded truthfulness which only a good woman can possess

The twilight faded rapdily, and I found myself with no appetite for the crowded main cabin, where De Veulle and Murray played piquet, or my stuffy berth. I strolled the deck, immersed in thought. I conned over what Juggins had told me, memorized anew many of the messages he had intrusted to me, speculated upon the possible turn of affairs. I planned in some vague way to win a fortune in that unknown new world ahead of me, and with the proceeds in one hand and a pardon in the other, return and re-

claim Foxcroft from those abominable Hampshire cousins, With chin cupped in hand I leaned upon the starboard rail in the black well of shadow which was formed by

the overhang of the forecastle, and the towering plies of canvas that

Swimmer Had Choice of Death or Agony

towards him. He returned to the To be attacked by a shark is, to my mind, one of the most terrifying or-deals imaginable, says a writer in a buoy. This ghastly business was repeated a dozen times until some one on the

South African paper. And of all the shark stories I have heard, this grim beach came out with a boat and resadventure on the coast of North cued the swimmer. Queensland is among the most dramatic.

A newcomer swam out from the beach during hot weather to an iron buoy about a bundred yards from the shore. He found that the buoy was too hot to hold, and turned back to the shore-turned and saw a maneating shark a few yards away. On to the burning buoy he scrambled. dancing in agony as his feet touched the hot surface. The shark swam round, eyeing him.

"Education teaches a man to read an' write," said Uncle Ebon, "but it, After a minute on the buoy, he jumped into the water to cool himself can't guarantee " keep "im from dolp" in a moment the shark was dushing both foolishly." - Washing or

myself, below the level of the bulwarks, one arm thrust round a tautened stay. I suppose that at the most not more than five minutes had elapsed since I had been heaved overboard. and obviously no one had witnessed the incident, for the deck was as quiet and deserted as it had been when I

was attacked. Who had done it? I accepted as a primary fact the impossibility that it could have been one of the crew. No, I must seek the assailant in the camp of my known enemies, and those im mense, twining arms could belong only to the apelike negro. I scrambled over the bulwark in a flash, and crouched down upon the deck to survey the situation. It was one against three-no. four, I reflected bitterly; for I made doubt the girl would array herself against me. I must have some weapon

Ormerod is to realize that in Murray he has an opponent who will stoop to anything to gain the ends to which he is fanatically devoted.

ITO BE CONTINUED.)

Sage Reflection

It's better to be dumb, but with

enough sense to get some pleasure out of life, than be intelligent enough to

understand higher mathematics, yet too dumb to get any joy out of living. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Uncle Eben

less effort she could chat with Gregory in a voice that did not vibrate with the emotion his coming had awakened.

"Sing for us, Dorts," commanded Ivy laughingly.

Doris sang for them. All the dormant ecstasy of her nature sud-denly awakened, flung itself into her voice, and even Ivy held her breath to listen. When she had finished some three or more, she went out on the wide verands to sit in silence.

Gregory Wells followed her out. Ivy watched him go and a queer little smile played about her lips.

Outside in the clear moonlight Gregory reached the balustrade on which Doris leaned. She looked straight up at him, the moon shining into the depths of her eyes. Gregory put his hand over hers and his touch swept her being as by a mighty wave.

"Don't," she said swiftly. "I am Ivy's best friend."

"It wouldn't make the slightest difference," Gregory Wells said. "Nothing would make any difference nowit must be-it couldn't be otherwise." His voice shook.

"Please send Ivy out to me." said Doris; "I want her.

"Ivy," said Doris stendily when her friend reached her side, "I am going to throw over the duties of the Honor Among Thieves club. I cannot vamp your Gregory because he's the only man in the world I could ever love" (she was a bit breathless) "and 1 want you to know I care too much for you to-to," her voice became in audible.

A helpless laugh escaped lvy, they she slipped her arm around Doris, "Dear, don't take it so hard. A

marriage between you and Gregory would be of Heaven itself, while with me it would only be of the Earth. There aren't so many great big love affairs that we can afford to let one slip by-there, there, dear, please don't cry. I shall be really happy only with some golf champion or baseball fanand I'll be a far better friend to Gregory than I would ever be a wife." And with her oucer little smile she slipped back into the house to send a man out to his mate

6

Monk-Whatcha' doin' now? Giruffe-Got a job as a radio tower!

### **Celestial Exhibition**

"Twinkle, 'winkle little star!" Scientists, so watchful, are, As you shed your glorious glow. Great press agents for the show!

### No Wonder

"Where is the sponge I asked you to buy?"

"I couldn't see a good one. They all had holes in them !"

### Perfectly

"You call these safety matches!" shouted the customer to the store-"Why, none of them will keeper. strike.

"Well, isn't that safe enough for you?"

"Does Ranks take any interest in

wife and daughters take all the interest."

Patient-That doctor always gives me a dirty look when I kiss you. Does he think that making love will delay my recovery? Nurse-1 suppose he does. He's

my husband.

#### Heroes Preferred

Gloria-What did you tell Charles when he complained that you did not give any encouragement?

Phyllis-I told him I preferred . man who didn't need any.

used by millions for 50 years. Dr stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandellon" for 35 cents.--Adv.

I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude. Henry David Thoreau.

Dr. Peary's "Dead Shot" is not a lounge or syrup, but a real, old-fashioned medicine which cleans out Worms or Tapeworm with a single dose, 372 Pearl St., N. T. Adv.

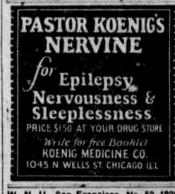
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