

FOOD FOR POWDER.

A Tale of Doctor Jameson's Raid on the Transvaal.

By P. Y. Black.

Author of "The Sergeant of the Guard," "The Way of the Trespasser," Etc.

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The moon was hanging, a thin crescent, just above the horizon when Lawrence awoke. The stars still shone. Day, however, could not be far off, and the hours before dawn were too chilly to permit sleep.

"Hast the country," he groaned, "and the man who forced me out to it." The moon was instantly hidden by massy clouds as he spoke, and he was left in sudden shadow. He laughed and looked up at the sky.

"Shocking, isn't it?" he sneered. "No wonder you run away. Of course, it is very wrong to curse one's father."

As he halted, shivering, the unmistakable and most characteristic of finely built men reached him from the front. He heard the creak of heavy wheels as a wagon rolled toward him, and the clack of oxen's long horns against the wooden yokes, the shrill, protesting call of the drovers, and the steady, unerring lash.

"Wacht ven beetje!" the landlord cried. "We'll do you good."

"I know him very well," said the detective. "He went under the name of Noble, Thomas Noble."

With loud jests and happy smiles, Lawrence looked at the man who had been his enemy. He was in too great a hurry to get home to stop at a hotel, and there the horseman threw himself off. His horse was at once taken charge of and led to the stable, and its rider was met by a middle-aged woman.

of three old Harrovians meeting in desert wilds must not be allowed to pass unnoted. Won't you take something to kill that chit? Hi, you! Lay another plate for breakfast!"

"I should say so," said the detective. "I should say so—that it is possible—that in the use of the word 'gentleman' I may unconsciously be misrepresenting."

"What's the man's name?" the landlord asked briefly.

"The good woman of the house pitted, but had sufficient instinctive tact not to press the feverishly agitated fact to remain. The landlady bustled about and him; saw to the guides and horses."

"I will! I will! Tell me all about it."

"I know, dear. I know."

"I believed it, and would not see him—he will never forgive me. The water took it. The wretch came a year ago. No, I must find my husband—and there are other things. He must have suffered horribly, but there is happiness for him yet. His father is dead and his brother. The title and estates are his, and everybody knows of his innocence. O, do—do help me to find him!"

In rising she faced the fireplace and on the mantelpiece rested a pocketbook, a neat morocco affair, which, as the landlady had observed, had been left by the new traveler on the piano, in the hurry of the raiders' preparation to join Dr. Jameson.

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"I KNEW HIM VERY WELL," SAID THE DETECTIVE. "HE WENT UNDER THE NAME OF NOBLE, THOMAS NOBLE."

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