

Unconquered

By Henry C. Rowland

SYNOPSIS.

Sylvia, heiress of Hiram Gates, the millionaire, appears while canoeing and a reward of \$100,000 is offered for her capture. Matt, a young man, is seen in a boat in the water. He is seen to be in the water. He is seen to be in the water. He is seen to be in the water.

SYNOPSIS.

ridicule first as last, Matt picked up his basket and wandered dejectedly back. Pausing at the mouth of the shelter, he beheld Sam in sitting posture, his big hands clasped before his knees, rocking backward and forward. He was looking at Matt with a look of intense interest.

SYNOPSIS.

"That's to head off another possible attack of nerves," said he, and then, to his consternation, for remedies do not work always in the same way, Nancy burst suddenly into tears, ran up the steps and into the house.

SYNOPSIS.

reagent in a cloudy precipitate, and it showed him immediately and in every clear solution just why he had kissed Nancy.

SYNOPSIS.

musical note which might have proved contagious to most listeners, but which turned Matt cold. He had heard them before, some hours earlier in the day.

SYNOPSIS.

shame and disgrace through—let's call it fortuitous circumstance, reacting on a mind which is swift but none too sound.

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

Matt's Castle Crashes.

Bill stared at him sullenly, then glanced at the crate which was awash as if half inclined to let it go. He had immediately recognized Matt and gave no sign of pleasure at the renewal of their acquaintance. To Matt there was nothing surprising in this considering the fact that he had tried so hard to pump the lad about the lawbreakers in whose service he now appeared to be.

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

Matt's Castle Crashes.

"I'm afraid I cannot say as much," said Matt. "In the depleted condition of my system I'd trade them all for one good second mate's drink."

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

Matt's Castle Crashes.

"That would not have done the rest of us much good," said Nancy, "and I love chicken lobsters, but, of course, that scarcely would be expected to interest you."

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

Matt's Castle Crashes.

"That remark," said Matt, "is as unkind as it is unfair. From the moment of the curtain's rising on this farce my principal effort has been directed toward getting you what you wanted."

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

Matt's Castle Crashes.

"Nancy flushed, seemed about to make some tart reply, thought better of it, then said in a voice which struck through Matt with pleased surprise: 'Well, I think that you've succeeded pretty well, if that is any comfort to you.'"

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

Matt's Castle Crashes.

"I'll be," said Matt, "and was about to hand back the olive branch, when Sam, starting into the gathering darkness with the eyes of a trained mariner, said sharply: 'Here comes another boat.'"



Matt looked up to see May on the threshold. She carried . . . a long glass containing some sort of amber fluid.

"What bootleggers?" demanded Bill. "Just walking up and down like Satan," said Matt, "and taking the air, which is fresh and plentiful out here."

"That's our launch," cried Nancy. "Is this tomorrow or today?" said Matt. "That word, like your definition of reputation, represents an abstract quality which we never quite catch up with."

He rose to his feet, stepped outside, and, picking up the zinc bucket, beat upon it with a stick of firewood. This tocsin was immediately heard by the faithful Murphy, who waved his sou'wester. A moment later the launch came nosing up to the keel covered rocks, when Murphy, at sight of Sylvia, let out a jubilation cry.

It even true that he was not in love with her an awful lot? But, if so, when had it happened? And did he find her, sort? he cried. "Murphy," said Sam in a dry voice, "I sure did. I found her paddling along the shore in her canoe and took her for a little sail."

"I'll stop," said May. "Nancy and I are quite a little in some respects. We never were riggers, like a good many girls. Besides, our life drama has held a good many more sobs than laughs for the last several years, and once in a while we try to catch up."

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"You can make all the money on the side you like, Bill," Matt answered. "In a matter like this you have my permission to flood the market and the law be damned. I never had any sympathy with such a law anyhow."

"Murphy stared from one to the other of the smiling faces. 'There does not seem to be much broken,' he observed. 'But you had all best be getting in the launch and we will hurry back in time to save the poor squire from going off his head entirely. O, Mister Sprague, his voice was reproachful, 'tis the devil and all ye have raised by this outrageous act.'"

"That's establishing a precedent," said Matt. "Heretofore I've always been the one to request the audience." He pushed back the tall glasses from which he had taken but a swallow, then placed a small book carefully across its top. May watched this maneuver with a twinkle in her gray eyes.

"I'm apt to need the rest when Uncle Jerry gets through talking to me," Matt explained, "and I must say you remind me a real one, May. A sort of strumpet, I fancy."

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"How many do yer want?" asked Bill. "How many can you spare?" Matt answered. "O, a dozen, I reckon—they don't go very fur with folks that's fond of 'em."

"Well," said Nancy, "Sam did a terrible thing, but I'll stand by my former remark, that a man who loves a girl enough to risk her everlasting hatred and a long term in the penitentiary on the off chance of making her come to his way of thinking is a man worth hanging for a husband. When are you going to claim the reward?"

"I'm not," said Matt shortly. "Are you?" "Of course not," said she. "I never had any such idea. But do you really mean that you are going to pass up that hundred thousand dollars because they are both bound in all honor to pay?"

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