



BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEN

CHAPTER II

In Which a Young Woman Trespases.

MR. SHAW was a tall young man of thirty or thereabouts, smooth faced, good looking and athletic. It was quite true that he wore a red coat when tramping through his woods and vales, not because it was fashionable, but because he had a vague horror of being shot at by some nearsighted Nimrod from Manhattan. A crowd of old college friends had just left him alone in the hills after spending several weeks at his place, and his sole occupation these days, aside from directing the affairs about the house and grounds, lay in the efforts to commune with nature by means of a shotgun and a fishing rod. His most constant companion was a pipe, his most loyal follower a dog.

"There," he muttered, again holding his watch and fob up for close inspection, "he'll not soon overlook what I've said in that letter, confound him!" He had not observed the approach of Randolph Shaw, who now stood, pipe in hand, some twenty paces behind him in the road.



"Afraid? Didn't I say I was Lord Bazelhurst?"

Authorities and take out a warrant. I came to see you on business, sir, not folly. Lady Bazelhurst herself would have come had I been otherwise occupied, and I want to assure you of her contempt. You are a disgrace to her countrymen. If you ever put foot on our land I shall have you thrown into the river. Demmit, sir, it's no laughing matter. My watch, sir.

come over and get the watch—if you're not afraid of me—and I'll promise—" "Afraid? Demmit, sir, didn't I say I was Lord Bazelhurst? Of the guards, sir, and the Seventy-first? Confound you come over and get the watch and then see if you can get back to the horse and mount before I get to the log. If I beat you there, you lose. How's that?"

friendliest smile. "Oh, by the way, would you mind doing your brother a favor, Miss Drake? Give him this watch. He—or—he must have dropped it while pursuing me." "You ran?" She accepted the watch with surprise and unbelief.

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