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words and a high order of music."

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"Cannot you guess? Surely she must have given you some hint of her purposes, for 'twas in Her mind, as I learn, when she agreed to leave England and come hither."

"Nothing—we know nothing," fal-ters Dawson. "Tis all mystery and darkness. Only we did suppose to find happiness a-wandering about the country, dancing and idling, as we did be-

"That dream was never hers," answers the don. "She never thought to find happiness in idling pleasure. "Tis the joy of martyrdom she's gone to find, seeking redemption in self sacri-

"Be more explicit, sir, I pray," says I. "In a word, then, she has gone to offer herself as a ransom for the real Judith Godwin."

We were overwrought for great astenishment. Indeed my chief surprise was that I had not foreseen this event in Moll's desire to return to Elche or hit upon the truth in seeking an explanation of her disappearance. 'Twas of a piece with her natural romantic disposition and her newly awaked sense of poetic justice, for here at one stroke she makes all human atonement for her fault and ours-earning her husband's forgiveness by this proof, dearest love, and winning back forever an honored place in his remembrance. And I bethought me of our Lord's saying that greater love is there none than thisthat one shall lay down his life for an-

For some time Dawson stood silent, his arms folded upon his breast and his head bent in meditation, his lips pressed together and every muscle in his face contracted with pain and laboring thought. Then, raising his head and fixing his eyes on the don, he says:

"If I understand aright, my Moll hath gone to give herself up for a slave in the place of her whose name she

The don assents with a grave inclination of his head, and Dawson continues: "I ask your pardon for that injustice I did you in my passion, but now that I am cool I cannot hold you blameless for what has befallen my poor child, and I call upon you as a man of honor to repair the wrong you've done me."

Again the don bows very gravely and then asks what we would have him do. "I ask you," says Dawson, "as we have no means for such an expedition, to send me across the sea there to my

Moll." "I cannot insure your return," says the don, "and I warn you that once in Barbary you may never leave it."

"I do not want to return if she is there. Nay," adds he, "if I may move them to any mercy, they shall do what they will with this body of mine, so that they suffer my child to be free."

The don turns to Sidi and tells him what Dawson has offered to do, whereupon the Moor lays his finger across his lips, then his hand on Dawson's breast and afterward upon his own, with a reverence, to show his respect. And so he and the don fall to discussing the feasibility of this project, as I discovered by picking up a word here and there, and, this ended, the don turns to Dawson and tells him there is no vessel to convey him at present, wherefore he must of force wait patiently till one comes in from Barbary.

"But," says he, "we may expect one in a few days, and be assured that your wish shall be gratified if it is possible."

We went down, Dawson and I, to the sea that afternoon, and sitting on the shore at that point where we had formerly embarked aboard the Algerine galley we scanned the waters for a sail that might be coming hither, and Dawson with the eagerness of one who looked to escape from slavery rather than one seeking it.

As we sat watching that sea he fell a-regretting he had no especial gift of nature by which he might more readily purchase Moll's freedom of her captors. "However," says he, "if I can show

'em the use of chairs and benches, for lack of which they are now compelled, as we see, to squat on mats and benches, I may do pretty well with Turks of the better sort who can afford luxuries and so in time gain my end."

"You shall teach me this business. Jack," says I, "for at present I'm more helpless than you."

"Kit," says he, laying hold of my hand, "let us have no misunderstanding think it might be Moll. on this matter. You go not to Barbary with me."

"What!" cries I, protesting. "You after we have shared good and ill fortune together like two brothers all these years?"

"God knows we shall part with sore you sadly enough, with no Christian to speak to out there. But 'tis not of ourselves we must think now. Some one must be here to be a father to my Moll when she returns, and I'll trust Don Sanchez no farther than I can see him, for all his wisdom. So, as you love the her watch and ward, and as you love me you will spare me any further dis-cussion on this head. For I am re- "I am Anne

I would say nothing then to contrary him, but my judgment and feeling both revolted against his decision. For, thinks I, if one Christian is worth but a groat to the Turk, two must be worth

eigntpence; therefore we together stand better chance of buying Moll's freedom than either singly. And, for my own happiness, I would easier be a slave in Barbary with Jack than free elsewhere and friendless. Nowhere can a man be free from toil and pain of some sort or another, and there is no such solace in the world for one's discomforts as the company of a true man.

But I was not regardless of Moll's welfare when she returned neither. For I argued with myself that Mr. Godwin had but to know of her condition to find means of coming hither for her succor. So the next time I met Don Sanchez I took him aside and told him of my concern, asking him the speediest manner of sending a letter to England (that I

had inclosed in mine to the don having missed him through his leaving Toledo before it arrived).

"There is no occasion to write," says "For the moment I learned your history from Sidi I sent a letter apprising him of his wife's innocence in this business and the noble reparation she had made for the fault of others; also I took the liberty to inclose a sum of money to meet his requirements, and I'll answer for it he is now on his way hither. For no man living could be dull to the charms of his wife or bear resentment to her for an act that was prompted by love rather than avarice and with no calculation on her part." This cheered me considerably and

did somewhat return my faith in Don Sanchez, who certainly was the most extraordinary gentlemanly rascal that ever lived.

Day after day Dawson and I went down to the sea, and on the fifth day of our watching (after many false hopes



Day after day Dawson and I went down

and disappointments) we spied a ship, which we knew to be of the Algerine sort by the cross set of its lateen sailsmaking it to look like some great bird with spread wings on the water-bearing down upon the shore.

We watched the approach of this ship with feverish joy and expectation, for though we dared not breathe our hopes one to another we both thought that maybe Moll was there. And this was not impossible. For, supposing Judith was married happily, she would refuse to leave her husband, and her mother, having lived so long in that country, might not care to leave it now and quit her daughter, so might they refuse their ransom and Moll be sent back to us. And besides this reasoning we had that clinging belief of the unfortunate that some unforeseen accident might turn to onr advantage and overthrow our fears.

The Algerine came nearer and nearer until at length we could make out certain figures moving upon the deck; then Dawson, laying a trembling hand on my sleeve, asked if I did not think 'twas a woman standing in the fore part, but I couldn't truly answer yes, which vexed him.

But, indeed, when the galley was close enough to drop anchor, being at some distance from the shore because of the shoals, I could not distinguish any woman, and my heart sank, for I knew well that if Moll were there she, seeing us, would have given us some signal of waving a handkerchief or the like. As soon as the anchor was cast a boat was being lowered, and being manned drew in toward us; then truly we perceived high glee, informs us on his return. a bent figure sitting idle in the stern, but even Dawson dared not venture to

The boat running on a shallow, a couple of Moors stepped into the water, and lifting the figure in their arms carwould have the heart to break from me ried it ashore to where we stood. And now we perceived 'twas a woman muffled up in the Moorish fashion, a little, wizened old creature, who, casting back her head clothes, showed us a wrinkled hearts o' both sides, and I shall miss face, very pale and worn with care and Regarding us, she says in plain English:

"You are my countrymen. Is one of you named Dawson?"

"My name is Dawson," says Jack. She takes his hand in hers, and holding it in hers looks in his face with dear girl, you will stay here, Kit, to be great pity, and then at last, as if loath to tell the news she sees he fears to

> "I am Anne Godwin." What need of more to let us know that Moll had paid her ransom?

> CHAPTER XXXVL seat we had occupied, and seating our-

selves we said not a word for some time. For my own part the realization of our less threw my spirits into a strange apathy; 'twas as if some actual blow had stunned my senses. Yet I remember observing the Moors about their business -dispatching one to Elche for a train of mules, charging a second boat with merchandise while the first returned, etc.

"I can feel for you," says Mrs. Godwin at length, addressing Dawson, "for I also have lost an only child." "Your daughter Judith, madam?"

"She died two years ago. Yours still lives," says she, again turning to Dawson, who sat with a haggard face, rocking himself like one nursing a great pain. "And while there is life there's hope, as one says."

"Why, to be sure," says Jack, rous-ing himself. "This is no more, Kit, than we bargained for. Tell me, madam, you who know that country, do you think a carpenter would be held in esteem there? I'm yet a strong man, as you see, with some good serviceable years of life before me. D'ye think they'd take me in exchange for my Moll, who is but a bit of a girl?"

"She is beautiful, and beauty counts for more than strength and talent there, poor man," says she.

"I'll make 'em the offer," says he, "and though they do not agree to give her freedom they may yet suffer me to see her time and again if I work well." "'Tis strange," says she. "Your

child has told me all your history. Had I learned it from other lips I might have set you down for rogues, destitute of heart or conscience; yet, with this evidence before me, I must needs regard you and your dear daughter as more no-ble than many whose deeds are writ in gold. 'Tis a lesson to teach me faith in the goodness of God, who redeems his creatures' follies with one touch of love. Be of good cheer, my friend," adds she, laying her thin hand on his arm. "There is hope. I would not have accepted this ransom-no, not for your daughter's tears and entreaties-without good assurance that I, in my turn, might deliver her."

I asked the old gentlewoman how this might be accomplished.

"My niece," says she, dwelling on the word with a smile, as if happy in the alliance, "my niece, coming to Barbary of her free will, is not a slave like those captured in warfare and carried there by force. She remains there as a hostage for me and will be free to return when I send the price of my ran-

"Is that a great sum?" "Three thousand gold ducats-about £1,000 English."

"Why, madam," says Dawson, "we have nothing, being now reduced to our last pieces. And if you have the goodness to raise this money heaven only knows how long it may be ere you succeed. 'Tis a fortnight's journey at the least to England, and then you have to deal with your steward, who will seek only to put obstacles in your way, so that six weeks may pass ere Moll is redeemed, and what may befall her in the meantime?"

"She is safe. Ali Oukadi is a good man. She has naught to fear while she is under his protection. Do not misjudge the Moors. They have many estimable qualities." "Yet, madam," says I, "by you say

ing there is hope I gather there must be also danger.' "There is," answers she, at which

Jack nods with conviction. "A beautiful young woman is never free from danger." (Jack assents again.) "There are good and bad men among the Moors as among other people." "Aye, to be sure," says Dawson.

"I say she is safe under the protection of Ali Oukadi, but when the ransom is paid and she leaves Thadviir she may stand in peril.' "Why, that's natural enough," cries

Dawson, "be she among Moors or no Moors; 'tis then she will most need a friend to serve her, and one that knows the ins and outs of the place and how to deal with these Turks must surely be better than any half dozen fresh landed and raw to their business." Then he fell questioning Mrs. Godwin as to how Moll was lodged, the distance of Thadviir from Algiers, the way to get there and divers other particulars, which, together with his eager, cheerful vivacity, showed clearly enough that he was more firmly resolved than ever to go into Barbary and be near Moll without delay. And presently leaving me with Mrs. Godwin he goes down to the captain of the galley, who is directing the landing of goods from the playboat, and with such small store of words as he possessed, aided by plentiful gesture, he enters into a very lively debate with him, the upshot of which was that the captain tells him he shall start the next morning at daybreak, if there be but a puff of air, and agrees to carry him to Algiers for a couple of pieces (upon which they clap hands), as Dawson, in "And now, Kit," says he, "I must

go back to Elche to borrow those same two pieces of Don Sanchez, so I pray you, madam, excuse me."

But just then the train of mules from Elche appears, and with them Sidi ben Ahmed, who, having information of Mrs. Godwin coming, brings a litter for her carriage, at the same time begging her to accept his hospitality as the true friend of her niece Moll. So we all return to Elche together, and none so downcast as I at the thought of losing my friend, and speculating on the mischances that might befall him, for I did now begin to regard him as an ill fated man, whose best intentions brought him nothing but evil and misfortune.

Being come to Elche, Don Sanchez presented himself to Mrs. Godwin with all the dignity and calm assurance in the world, and though she received him with a very cold, distant demeanor, as being the deepest rascal of us all and the one most to blame, yet it ruffled him never a bit, but he carried himself as if he had never benefited himself a In silence we led Mrs. Godwin to the penny by his roguery and at her expense. On Dawson asking him for the loan

er a coupe of o.eces and telling his project, the don drew a vary long, serious face and tried his utmost to dissuade him from it, so that at first I suspected him of being leath to part with this petty sum, but herein I did him injustice, for, finding Dawson was by no means to be turned from his purpose, he handed him his purse, advising him the first thing he did on arriving at Algiers to present himself to the dey and purchase a firman, giving him protection during his stay in Barbary (which he said might be done for a few silver ducats). Then after discussing apart with Sidi he comes to Mrs. Godwin, and says

"Madam, with your sanction my friend Sidi ben Ahmed will charge Mr, Dawson with a letter to Ali Onkadi, promising to pay him the sum of 3,000 gold ducats upon your niece being safely



conducted hither within the space of

three weeks." "Senor," answers she, "I thank Sidi ben Ahmed very deeply, and you also,' adds she, overcoming her compunctions, "for this offer. But unhappily I cannot hope to have this sum of money in so

short a time." "It is needless to say, madam," returns he, with a scrape, "that in making this proposal I have considered of to discharge it."

Mrs. Godwin accepted this arrangement with a profound bow, which concealed the astonishment it occasioned perceived she cast a curious glance at street. all three of us, as if she were marveling at the change that must have taken place in civilized countries since her absence, which should account for a pack of thieves nowadays being so very unlike what a pack of thieves was in her young days.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Having written his letter, Sidi ben Ahmed proposed that Mrs. Godwin should await the return of Moll before setting out for England, very graciously offering her the hospitality of his house meanwhile, and this offer she willingly accepted. And now, there being no reason for my staying in Elche, Dawson gladly agreed I should accompany him, the more so as I knew more of the Moors' language than he. Going down with us to the water side, Don Sanchez gave us some very good hints for our behavior in Barbary bidding us, above everything, be very careful not to break any of the laws of that country. "For," says he, "I have seen three men hanged there for merely casting a Turk into the in a drunken frolic.

water for my drink," says Dawson, taking this warning to his share.

"Be careful." continues the don, "to much as an orange from a tree by the wayside without first laying a fleece or two on the ground. I warn you that they, though upright enough among themselves, are crafty and treacherons toward strangers, whom they regard as their natural enemies, and they will tempt you to break the law either by provoking a quarrel or putting you to some unlawful practice, that they may annul your firman and claim you as convicted outlaws for their slaves. For stealing a pullet I have seen the flesh beaten off the soles of an English sailor's feet and he and his companions condemned to slavery for life.

"I'll lay a dozen fleeces on the ground for every sour orange I may take," says Dawson. "And, as for quarreling, a Turk shall pull my nose before ever a curse shall pass my lips."

With these and other exhortations and promises we parted, and lying aboard that night we set sail by daybreak the next morning, having a very fair gale off the land, and no ships in the world being better than these galleys for swiftness we made an excellent good passage, so that ere we conceived ourselves half over the voyage we sighted Algiers, looking like nothing but a great chalk quarry for the white houses built up the side of the hill.

We landed at the mole, which is s splendid construction some 1,500 feet or thereabouts in length (with the forts). forming a beautiful terrace walk supported by arches, beneath which large, splendid magazines, all the most handsome in the world, I think. Thence our captain led us to the Cassanabah, a huge, heavy, square, brick building, surrounded by high, massive walls and defended by 100 pieces of ordnance, cannons and mortars, all told. Here the dey or bashaw lives with his family, and below are many roomy offices for the discharge of business. Our captain takes us into a vast waiting hall where over 100 Moors were patiently attending an andience of the dey's minister, and there we also might have lingered the whole day and gone away at night unsatisfied (as many of these Moors do, day after day, but that counts for nothing with these enduring people), but having a hint from our friend we found occasion to slip a ducat in the hand of a go between officer, who straightway led us to his master. Our captain having presented us, with all the usual ceremonies, the grandee takes our letter from Sidi ben Ahmed, reads it, and without further ado signs and seals us a trader's pass for 28 days, to end at sunset the day after the festival of Ramadan. With this paper we went off in high glee, thinking that 28 hours of safe conduct would have sufficed us. And so to an entine house.

where we treated our friendly captain to the best, and greasing his palm also for his good services parted in mighty good humor on both sides.

By this time it was getting pretty late in the day; nevertheless we burned with such impatience to be near our dear Moll that we set forth for Thadviir, which lies upon the seacoast about seven English leagues east of Algiers. But a cool, refreshing air from the sea and the great joy in our hearts made this journey seem to us the most delightful of our lives. And indeed, after passing through the suburbs richly planted with gardens, and crossing the river, on which are many mills, and so coming into the plain of Mettegia, there is such an abundance of sweet odors and lovely fertile views to enchant the senses that a dull man would be inspirthe a happy, cheerful mood.
(To be continued.)

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