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A SET OF ROGUES

BY FRANK BARRETT AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT MESSIAH" "A RECOLLECTED VENGEANCE" "OUT OF THE LAWS OF DEATH" ETC., ETC.

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(Continued from last week.)

We parted as we did before, he going his way and I mine, but looking back by accident before I had gone a couple of hundred yards I perceived a fellow stealing forth from a thicket of canes that stood in the marshy ground near the spot where I had lately stood with Haroun, and turning again presently I perceived this man following in my steps. Then, fairly alarmed, I gradually hastened my pace, but not so quick neither as to seem to fly, making for the town, where I hoped to escape pursuit in the labyrinth of little, crooked, winding alleys. As I rounded a corner I perceived him out of the tail of my eye still following, but now within 50 yards of me, he having run to thus over-reach me, and ere I had turned up a couple of alleys he was on my heels and twitching me by the sleeve.

"Lord love you, master," says he in very good English, but gasping for breath, "hold hard a moment, for I've a thing or two to say to you as is worth your hearing."

So I, mightily surprised by these words, stop, and he, seeing the alley quite empty and deserted, sits down on a doorstep, and I do likewise, both of us being spent with our exertions.

"Was that man you were talking with a little while back named Haroun?" asks he when he could fetch his breath. I nodded.

"Did he offer to take you and three others to Elche aboard a craft called the White Moon?"

I nodded again, astonished at his information, for we had not discussed our design today, Haroun and I.

"Did he offer to carry you off in a boat to his craft from the rock on the mouth?"

Once more I nodded.

"Can you guess what will happen if you agree to this?"

Now I shook my head.

"The villain," says he, "will run you on a shoal, and there will be overhauled by the janizaries and you be carried prisoners back to Algiers. Your freedom will be forfeited, and you will be sold for slaves, and that's not all," adds he. "The lass you have with you will be taken from you and given to Mohand on Mohand, who has laid this

trap for your destruction and the gratification of his lust."

I fell a-shaking only to think of this crowning calamity and could only utter broken, unintelligible sounds to express my gratitude for this warning.

"Listen, master, if you cannot speak," said he, "for I must quit you in a few minutes or get my soles thrashed when I return home. What I have told you is true, as there is a God in heaven. 'Twas overheard by my comrade, who is a slave in Mohand's household. If you escape this trap, you will fall into another, for there are no bounds to Mohand's devilish cunning. I say, if you stay here you are doomed to share our miserable lot, by one device or another. But I will show you how you may turn the tables on this villain and get to a Christian country ere you are a week older if you have but one spark of courage among you."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

So Groves, as my man was named, told me how he and eight other poor Englishmen, sharing the same bagnio, had endured the hardships and misery of slavery, some for 18 and none less than seven years; how for three years they had been working a secret tunnel by which they could escape from their bagnio, in which they were locked up every night at sundown, at any moment; how for six months, since the completion of their tunnel, they had been watching a favorable opportunity to seize a ship and make good their escape, seven of them being mariners, and how now they were by tedious suspense wrought to such a pitch of desperation that they were ripe for any means of winning their freedom. "And here," says he in conclusion, "hath merciful Providence given us the power to save not only ourselves from this accursed bondage, but you also if you are minded to join us."

Asking him how he proposed to accomplish this end, he replies:

"This as easy as kiss your hand. First, do you accept Haroun's offer?"

"I have," says I.

"Good!" says he, rubbing his hands and speaking thick with joy. "You may be sure that Mohand will suffer no one to interfere with your getting aboard, to the achievement of his design. When is it to be?"

I hesitated a moment, lest I should fall into another trap trying to escape from the first, but seeing he was an Englishman I would not believe him capable of playing into the Turks' hands for our undoing, and so I told him our business was for midnight on the feast of Ramadan.

"Sure, naught but Providence could have ordered matters so well," says he, doubling himself up, as if unable to control his joy. "We shall be there, we nine sturdy men. Some shall hide in the caves, and others behind the rock, and when Haroun rows to shore four of us will get into his boat, muffled up as you would be to escape detection, and as soon as they lay themselves to their oars their business shall be settled."

"As how?" says I, shrinking as ever from deeds of violence.

"Leave that to us, but be assured they shall not raise a cry that shall fright

your lady. On, we know the use of a bowstring as well as any Turk among them. We have that to thank 'em for. Well, these two being dispatched, we return to shore, and two more of our men will get in, then we four to the felucca, and there boarding we serve the others as we served the first two. So back comes one of us to fetch off our other comrades and you four. Then, all being aboard, we cut our cable, up with our sail, and by the time Mohand comes in the morning to seek his game on the sand bank we shall be half way to Elche and farther if Providence do keep pace with this happy beginning. What say you, friend?" adds he, noting my reflective mood.

Then I frankly confessed that I would have some assurance of his honesty.

"I can give you none, master," says he, "but the word of a good Yorkshireman. Surely you may trust me as I trust you, for 'tis in your power to reveal all to Haroun and so bring us all to carry favor with the dey. Have you no faith in a poor brother Englishman?"

"Yes," says I. "I'll trust you."

Then we rose, clapping hands, and he left me, with tears of gratitude and joy in his eyes. Telling my friends I had something of a secret nature to impart, we went out to the end of the mole, where we were secure from eavesdroppers, and there I laid the whole story before them, whereupon we fell debating what we should do, looking at this matter from every side, with a view to our security, but slavery lying before us and no better means of escaping it coming to our minds we did at last unanimously agree to trust Joe Groves rather than Haroun.

The next day there fell a great deluge of rain, and the morrow being the feast of Ramadan we regarded this as highly favorable to our escape, for here when rain falls it ceases not for 48 hours, and thus might we count upon the aid of darkness. And that evening, as I was looking at some merchandise in a bazaar, a fellow sidles up to me and whispers, fingering a piece of cloth as if he were minded to buy it:

"Does all go well?"

Then perceiving this was Joe Groves, I answered in the same manner:

"All goes well."

"Tomorrow at midnight?"

"Tomorrow at midnight," I return. Upon which, casting down the cloth, he goes away without further sign.

And now comes in the feast of Ramadan with a heavy, steady downpour of rain all day, and no sign of ceasing at sundown, which greatly contented us. About 10 the house we lodged in being quite still, and our fear of accident pressing us to depart, we crept silently out into the street without let or hindrance, though I warrant some spy of Mohand's was watching to carry information of our flight to his master, and so through the narrow, deserted alleys to the outskirts of the town, and thence by the riverside to the great rock, with only just so much light as enabled us to hang together and no more. And I do believe we should have floundered into the river o' one side or into a ditch o' the t'other but that, having gone over this road the last time with the thought that it might lead us to liberty, every object by the way impressed itself upon my mind most astonishingly.

Here under this rock stood we above an hour, with no sound but the beating of the rain and the lap of the water running in from the sea. Then, as it might be about half past 11, a voice close beside us, which I knew for Joe Groves', though I could see no one but us four, Jack by my side and Moll bound close to her husband, says:

"All goes well?"

"Yes; all goes well," says I, whereupon he gives a cry like the croak of a frog, and his comrades steal up almost unseen and unheard, save that each as he came whispered his name, as Spinks, Davis, Lee, Best, etc., till their number was all told. Then Groves, who was clearly chosen their captain, calls Spinks, Lee and Best to stand with them and bids the others and us to stand back against the canes till we are called. So we do his bidding and fall back to the growth of canes, whence we could but dimly make out the mass of the rock for the darkness, and there waited, breathless, listening for the sound of oars. But these Moors, for a better pretense of secrecy, had muffled their oars, so that we knew not they were at hand until we heard Haroun's voice, speaking low:

"Englishmen, are you there?" asks he.

"Aye, we four," whispers Groves in reply.

Then we hear them wade into the water and get into the boat with whispering of Haroun where they are to dispose themselves, and so forth. After that silence for about ten minutes, and no sound but the ceaseless rain until we next hear Groves' voice:

"Davis, Negus," whispers he, on which two of our number leave us and go out to the boat to replace Haroun and that other Moor, who, in the manner of the Turks, had been strangled and cast overboard.

And now follows a much longer period of silence, but at length that comes to an end, and we hear Groves' voice again whispering us to come. At the first sound of his voice his three comrades rush forward, but Groves, recognizing them, says hoarsely: "Back, ev-

ery one of you but those I called, or I'll brain you! There's room but for six in the boat, and those who helped us shall go first, as I ordered. The rest must wait their time."

So these fellows, who would have ousted us, give way, grumbling, and Mr. Godwin carrying Moll to the boat Dawson and I waded in after him, and so, with great gratitude, take our places as Groves directs. We being in, he and his mate lay to their oars and pull out to the felucca, guided by the lantern on her bulwarks.

Having put us aboard safely, Groves and his mate fetch the three fellows that remained ashore, and now all being embarked they abandon the small boat, slip the anchor and get out their long sweeps, all in desperate haste, for that absence of wind, which I at first took to be a blessing, appeared now to be a curse, and our main hope of escape lay in pulling far out to sea before Mohand discovered the trick put upon him and gave chase. All night long we toiled with most savage energy, dividing our number into two batches, so that one might go to the oars as the other tired, turn and turn about. Not one of us but did his utmost—nay, even Moll would stand by her husband and strain like any man at this work. But for all our labor Algiers was yet in sight when the break of day gave us light to see it. Then was every eye searching the waters for sign of a sail, be it to save or to undo us. Sail saw we none, but about 9 o'clock Groves, scanning the waters over against Algiers, perceived something which he took to be a galley. Nor were we kept long in uncertainty, for by 10 it was obvious to us all, showing that it had gained considerably upon us in spite of our frantic exertions, which convinced us that this was Mohand, and that he had discovered us with the help of a spy-glass maybe.

At the prospect of being overtaken and carried back to slavery a sort of madness possessed those at the oars, first our pulling with such a fury of violence that it snapped at the rowlock and was of no further use. Still we made good progress, but what could we with three oars do against the galley which maybe was mounted with a dozen?

Some were for cutting down the mast and throwing spars, sails and every useless thing overboard to lighten our ship, but Groves would not hear of this, seeing by a start in the rain that a breeze was to be expected, and, surely enough, the rain presently smote us on the cheek smartly, whereupon Groves ran up our sail, which, to our infinite delight, did presently swell out fairly, careening us so that the oar on t'other side was useless.

But that which favored us favored also our enemies, and shortly after we saw two sails go up to match our one. Then Groves called a council of us and his fellows, and his advice was this: That ere the galley drew nigh enough for our number to be sighted he and his fellows should bestow themselves away in the stern cabin and lie there with such arms of knives and spikes as he had brought with them ready to their hands, and that on Mohand boarding us with his men, we four should retire toward the cabin, when he and his comrades would spring forth and fight every man to the death for freedom, and he held out good promise of a successful issue. "For," says he, "knowing you four"—meaning us—"are unarmed, 'tis not likely he will have furnished himself with any great force, and as his main purpose is to possess this lady he will not suffer his men to use their fire-pieces or use them to your destruction. Therefore," adds he, "if you have the stomach for your part of this business, which is but to hold the helm as I direct, all must go well. But for the lady, if she hath any fear, we may find a place in the cabin for her."

This proposal was accepted by all with gladness, except Moll, who would on no account leave her husband's side, but had he not been there I believe she would have been the last aboard to feel fear or play a cowardly part.

So, without further parley, the fellows crept into the little cabin, each fingering his naked weapon, which made me feel very sick with apprehension of bloodshed.

The wind freshening, we kept on at a spanking rate for another hour, Groves lying on the deck with his eyes just over the bulwarks and giving orders to Dawson and me, who kept the helm. Then the galley, being within a quarter of a mile of us, fired a shot as a signal to us to haul down our sail, and this having no effect he soon after fired another, which, striking us in the stern, sent great splinters flying up from the bulwarks there.

"Hold her helm stiff," whispers Groves, and then he backs cautiously into the cabin without rising from his belly, for the men aboard the galley were now clearly distinguishable.

Presently bang goes another gun, and the same moment, a shot taking our mast a yard or so above the deck, our lateen falls over upon the water with a great slap, and so are we brought to a great stop.

Dropping her sail, the galley sweeps up alongside us, and casting out divers hooks and tackle they held ready for their purpose they grappled us securely. My heart sank within me as I perceived the number of our enemies, 30 or 40, as I reckon, but happily not above half a dozen armed men, and Mohand on Mohand for now they were with a saber in his hand, for among I foresaw the carnage which must ensue when we were boarded.

Mohand on Mohand was the first to lay upon our deck, and behind came his janizaries of half a score of seamen. We four, Mr. Godwin holding Moll's hand in his, stood in a group betwixt Mohand and his men, who stood behind, waiting his orders. One of the janizaries was drawing his cutlass, but Mohand bade him put it up, and making an obeisance to Moll he told us we should suffer no hurt if we surrendered peaceably.

"Never, you Turkish thief!" cries Dawson, shaking his fist at him.

Mohand makes a gesture of retreat, and

turning to his men tells them to take us; but to use no weapons, since we had none. Then, he himself leading with his eyes fixed hungrily upon Moll, the rest came on, and we fell back toward the cabin.

The next instant, with a wild yell of fury, the hidden men burst out of the cabin, and then followed a scene of butchery which I pray heaven it may nevermore be my fate to witness.

Groves was the first to spill blood. Leaping upon Mohand, he buried a long curved knife right up to the hilt in the neck of Mohand, striking downward just over the collar bone, and he fell, the blood spurting from his mouth upon the deck. At the same time our men, falling upon the janizaries, did most horrid battle—nay, 'twas no battle, but sheer butchery, for these men, being taken so suddenly, had no time to draw their weapons and could only fly to the fore end of the boat for escape, where, by reason of their number and the narrow confines of the deck, they were so packed and huddled together that none could raise his hand to ward a blow even, and so stood, a writhing, shrieking mass of humanity, to be hacked and stabbed and ripped and cut down to their death.

And their butchers had no mercy. They could think only of their past wrongs and of satiating the thirst for vengeance, which had grown to a madness by previous restraint.

"There's for 18 years of misery," cries one, driving his spike into the heart of one. "Take that for hanging of my brother," screams a second, cleav-

ing a Moor's skull with his hatchet. "Quits for turning an honest lad into a devil," calls a third, drawing his knife across the throat of a shrieking wretch, and so forth, till not one of all the crowd was left to murder.

Then, still devoured by their lust for blood, they swarmed over the side of the galley to finish this massacre, Groves leading, with a shout of "No quarter!" and all echoing these words with a roar of joy. But here they were met with some sort of resistance, for the Moors aboard, seeing the fate of their comrades, forewarning them of theirs, had turned their swivel gun about, and now fired the ball, carrying off the head of Joe Groves, the best man of all that crew, if one were better than another.

But this only served to incense the rest the more, and so they went at their cruel work again and ceased not till the last of their enemies was dead. Then, with a wild hurrah, they signal their triumph, and one fellow, holding up his bloody hands, sneers them over his face with a devilish scream of laughter.

And now, caring no more for us or what might befall us than for the Turks

who lay all mangled on our deck, one cuts away the tackle that lashes their galley to us, while the rest haul up the sail, and so they go their way, leaving us to shift for ourselves.

(To be continued.)

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