

where I want to go, and he could give me a cast. You remember what Tomas Castro said.

Rooksby came to a sudden halt, and began furiously to switch his corded legs. "Curse Carlos, and his Castro, too. They'll have me in jail betwixt them. They're both in my red barn, if you want their direction. . . ."

He hurried on suddenly up the hill, leaving me gazing upwards at him. When I caught him up he was swearing—as one did in those days—and stamping his foot in the middle of the road.

"I tell you," he said violently, "it's the most accursed business! That Castro, with his Cuba, is nothing but a blasted buccaneer . . . and Carlos is no better. They go to Liverpool for a passage to Jamaica, and see what comes of it!"

It seems that on Liverpool docks, in the owl light, they fell in with an elderly hunk who had just returned from West Indies, who asks the time at the door of a shipping agent. Castro pulls out a watch, and the old fellow jumps on it, vows it is his own, taken from him years before by some picaroons on his outward voyage. Out from the agent's comes another and swears that Castro is one of the self-same crew. He himself purported to be the master of the very ship. Afterward—in the solitary dusk among the ropes and bales—there had evidently been some play with knives, and it ended with a flight to London, and then down to Rooksby's red barn, with the runners in full cry after them.

"Think of it," Rooksby said, "and me a justice and—oh, it drives me wild, this hole-and-corner work! There's a filthy muddle with the free traders—a whistle to blow after dark at the quarry. Tonight of all nights, and me a justice—and as good as a married man!"

I looked at him wonderingly in the dusk; his high coat collar almost hid his face, and his hat was pressed down over his eyes. The thing seemed incredible to me. Here was an adventure, and I was shocked to see that Rooksby was in a pitiable state about it.

He seemed ready to tear his hair, and then I put in my say. He needed a little persuasion, though, in spite of Veronica.

I should have to meet Carlos Riego and Castro in a little firwood above the quarry, in half an hour's time. All I had to do was to whistle three bars of "Lillibullero," as a signal. A connection had already been arranged with the free traders on the road and they were coming down that night, as we knew well enough. They were coming in force from Canterbury way down to the Marsh. It had cost Ralph a pretty penny; but once in the hands of the smugglers, his cousin and Castro would be safe enough from the runners; it would have needed a troop of horse to take them. A boat was to take them out into the bay, where an outward bound West Indian man would pick them up.

Finally Ralph settled it; and I embarked on a long adventure.

CHAPTER II.

Between moonrise and sunset I was stumbling through the bracken of the little cove that was like a tuft of hair on the brow of the great white quarry. I made the circuit of the cove, whistling softly my three bars of "Lillibullero." Then I plunged into it.

My pulse was dancing with delight—my heart, too. It was like a game of hide-and-seek, and yet it was life at last.

I moved forward again, getting back toward the road. I thought I caught the outlines of a man's hat down among the tossing lines of the bracken. I whispered loudly:

"Carlos! Carlos!" A shaft of blazing yellow light darted from the level of the ground into my dazed eyes. A man sprang at me and thrust something cold and knobby into my neck-cloth. The light continued to blaze into my eyes; it moved upward and shone on a red waistcoat dashed with gilt buttons. I was being arrested. . . . "In the king's name. . . ." A hand was clutching my windpipe.

"Don't you so much as squeak, Mr. Castro," a voice whispered in my ear.

The lantern light suddenly died out and I heard whispers.

"Get him out on to the road. . . . I'll tackle the other . . . Darbies. . . . Mind his knife."

From far above us came a shout, then a confused noise of voices. The moon began to get up; above the cutting the clouds had a fringe of sudden silver. A horseman, cloaked and muffled to the ears, trotted warily toward us.

"What's up?" he bailed from a matter of ten yards. "What are you showing that glim for? Anything wrong below?"

The runners kept silence; we heard the click of a pistol lock.

"In the king's name," Lillywhite shouted, "get off that nag and lend a hand! We've a prisoner."

The horseman gave an incredulous whistle and then began to shout, his voice winding mournfully uphill. "Hallo! Hallo—o—o." An echo stole back. "Hallo! Hallo—o—o"; then a number of voices. The horse stood, drooping his head, and the man turned in his saddle. "Runners," he shouted, "Bew street runners! Come along, come along,

boys! We'll roast 'em. . . . Runners! Runners!"

The sound of heavy horses at a jolting trot came to our ears.

"We're in for it," Lillywhite grunted. "D—n this county of Kent!"

Thomas never loosened his hold on my collar. At the steep of the hill the men and horses came into sight against the white sky, a confused crowd of ominous things.

"Turn that lantern off'n me," the horseman said. "Don't you see you frighten my horse? Now boys, get round them—"

The great horses formed an irregular half-circle round us; men descended clumsily, like sacks of corn. The lantern was seized and flashed upon us; there was a confused hubbub. I caught my own name.

"Yes, I'm Kemp—John Kemp," I called. "I'm true blue."

The horseman rode up to me and caught me by the collar.

"Hold your tongue," he said roughly. He began to make a set speech, anathematizing runners. He moved to tie our feet, and hang up by our finger nails over the quarry edge.

"Blindfold 'em lads," he cried, and turned me sharply round.

"Don't struggle," he whispered in my ear; his silk handkerchief came cool across my eyelids. I felt hands fumbling with a knot at the back of my head. "You're all right," he said again. The hubbub of voices ceased suddenly. "Now lads, bring 'em along."

A voice I knew said their watchword, "Snuff and enough," loudly, and then, "What's agate?"

Someone else answered, "It's Rooksby, it's Sir Ralph."

The voice interrupted sharply, "No names, now. I don't want hanging." The hand left my arm; there was a pause in the motion of the procession. I caught a moment's sound of whispering. Then a new voice cried, "Strip the runners to the shirt. Strip 'em. That's it." I heard some groans and a cry, "You won't murder us."

Then a nasal drawl, "We will surely." Someone else, Rangley, I think, called, "Bring 'em along—this way now."

After a period of turmoil we seemed to come out of the crowd upon a very rough, descending path; Rangley had called out, "Now, then, the rest of you be off; we've got enough here;" and the hoofs of heavy horses sounded again. Then we came to a halt, and Rangley called sharply from close to me:

"Now, you runners—and you, John Kemp—here you be on the brink of eternity above the old quarry. There's a sheer drop of 100 feet. We'll tie your legs and hang you by your fingers. If you hang long enough, you'll have time to say your prayers. Look alive, lads!"

I heard groans and curses, and began to shout for help. My voice came back in an echo, despairingly. Suddenly I was dragged backward, and the bandage pulled from my eyes.

"Come along," Rangley said, leading me gently enough to the road, which was five steps behind. "It's all a joke," he snarled. "A pretty bad one for those catchpols. Hear 'em groan. The drop's not two feet."

We made a few paces down the road; the pitiful voices of the runners crying for help came plainly to my ears.

"You—they—aren't murdering them?" I asked.

"No, no," he answered. "Can't afford to. Wish we could; but they'd make it hot for us."

We began to descend the hill. From the quarry a voice shrieked;

"Help—help—for the love of God—I can't—"

There was a grunt and the sound of a fall; then a precisely similar sequence of sounds.

"That'll teach 'em," Rangley said ferociously. "Come along—they've only rolled down a bank. They weren't over the quarry. It's all right, I swear it is."

CHAPTER III.

Jack Rangley was a tall, big-boned, thin man, with something sinister in the lines of his horseman's cloak, and something reckless in the way he set his spurred heel on the ground. He was the son of an old Marsh squire.

"You'll have to cut the country, John," he added suddenly. "They'll have got your name uncommon pat. I did my best for you. He had had me tied up like that before the runners' eyes in order to take their suspicions off me. He had made a pretense to murder me with the same idea. But he didn't believe they were taken in."

"There'll be warrants out, before morning, if they ain't too shaken. But what were you doing in the business? The two Spaniards were lying in the fern looking on when you come blundering your clumsy nose in. If it hadn't been for Rooksby you might have—Hallo, there!" he broke off.

An answer came from the black shadow of a clump of roadside elms. I made out the forms of three or four horses standing with their heads together.

"Come along," Rangley said; "up with you. We'll talk as we go."

Someone helped me into a saddle; my legs trembled in the stirrups as if I had ridden a thousand miles on end already. I imagine I must have fallen into a stupor, for I have only a vague impression of

somebody's exculpating himself to me.

Ralph, after having egged me on, in the intention of staying at home, had had qualms of conscience and had come to the quarry. It was he who had cried the watchword, "Snuff and enough," and who had held the whispered consultation. Carlos and Castro had waited in their hiding place, having been spectators of the arrival of the runners and of my capture.

"I'm sorry," Ralph began again, "I'm miserably sorry I got you into this scrape. I swear I wouldn't have had it happen, not for a thousand pounds—not for ten."

"It doesn't matter," I said cheerfully. "Ah, but," Rooksby said, "you'll have to leave the country for a time. Until I can arrange, I will. You can trust me."

"Oh, he'll have to leave the country, for sure," Rangley said jovially, "if he wants to live it down. There's five-and-forty warrants out against me—but they dursent serve 'em. But he's not me."

"Let him come with us," the musical voice of Carlos came through the mist in front of us. "He shall see the world a little."

"For God's sake, hold your tongue!" Ralph answered him. "There's mischief enough. He shall go to France."

I begged and implored him; it seemed that now there was chance for me to find my world of romance. And Ralph did his best for me; he borrowed a good number of guineas from Rangley, who traveled with a bag of them at his saddle-bow, ready to pay his men their 7 shillings a head for the run.

Ralph remembered, too—or I remembered for him—that he had estates and an agent in Jamaica, and he turned into the big inn at the junction of the London road to write a letter to his agent bidding him house me and employ me as an improver.

"Oh, it's all right," I said. "It's fine—it's fine. I'd have given 50 guineas for this chance this morning—and Ralph, I say, you may tell Veronica why I'm going, but keep a shut mouth to my mother. Let her think I've run away—eh? Don't spoil your chance."

He was in such a state of repentance and flutter that he could not let me take a decent farewell.

Rangley was waiting to conduct us into the town, where we should find a man to take us three fugitives out to the expected ship. We rode chattering aggressively through the silence of the long, narrow main street. Every now and then Carlos Riego coughed lamentably, but Tomas Castro rode in gloomy silence.

On the blind of an inn the shadow of a bearded man held the shadow of a runner to its mouth.

"That'll be my uncle," Rangley said. He'll be the man to do your errand." He called to one of the men behind. "Here Joe Pilleher, do you go into the White Hart and drag my Uncle Tom out. Bring un up to me."

An abnormal scuffling, intermingled with snatches of jovial remonstrance, made itself heard. A voice called: "Here's your uncle, Squahre Jack."

"Be you drunk again, you old sinner?" Rangley asked. "Listen to me—Here's three men to be set aboard the Thames at a quarter after 11."

A grunt came in reply. Rangley repeated slowly. The grunt answered again.

"Here's three men to be set aboard the Thames at a quarter after 11." Rangley repeated again.

"Here's a cop—three men to be set aboard Thames at quarter after 11," a voice bellowed back to us.

"Well, see you do it," Rangley said. "He's as drunk as a king," he commented to us; "but when you've said a thing three times, he remembers—hark to him."

We went across the silent street, through a narrow passage and down to the sea. Old Rangley reeled ahead of us swiftly, muttering, "Three men to be set aboard of the Thames—quarter past 11. Three men to be set aboard—"

and in a few minutes we stood upon the shingle beside the idle sea, that was nearly at the full.

(To be continued.)

Pointed Paragraphs

Few men can argue about religion and keep cool. One way to dodge the divorce courts is to stay single. A man is never satisfied until he attends his own funeral. A spoiled child is almost as bad as one that is too fresh. After buying experience a man seldom boasts of his bargain. You can easily make a man hot by rubbing him the wrong way. Death is one thing that never fails to come to the man who waits. The man who squanders \$2 for a mar-

riage license is looking for trouble. Too many people are anxious to furnish a cause regardless of the effect. There's something radically wrong about a woman who isn't fond of dress parade. Many a man who marries an heiress lives to regret monkeying with a get-rich-quick game. It's a case of love's labor lost when a woman is compelled to take in washing in order to support a worthless husband. A man is never more glad to see his wife than upon her return from a shopping tour during which he remained at home to amuse baby.—Chicago News.

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