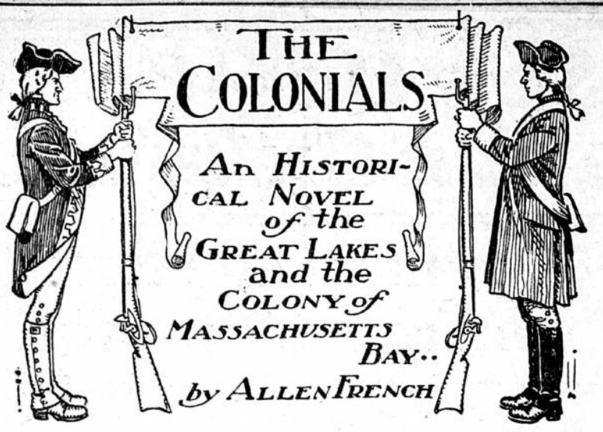

The story opens on the shores of Lake Huron, in the autumn of 1772. Frank Ellery, a trapper, refuses to act as guide to a lieutenant of the King's infantry, desiring to return to Boston with his servant, Benjy, on his birthday. Appealed to by Alice Tudor, a white captive, he secures consent of Aneeb, an Indian chief, to take her back to her people, but with the stipulation that she go with the troops. He then agrees to act as guide, but the lieutenant attempting to mistreat the girl, he comes to her rescue. Benjy is fatally wounded, but the lieutenant is cut down by Frank. Alice is carried off by Aneeb, and after burying Benjy Frank follows on the trail of the Indian family, coming up with them when they are at the point of starvation, Aneeb having had his leg broken by an elk. He works hard all winter providing provisions for the family. Panther, an Indian suitor for Alice's hand, finds them, and again presses his suit. Aneeb refusing it, he attacks the hut with some other Indians. In the fight all of the Indian family are killed. Alice and Frank escape, the latter wounded. Being without ammunition, he and Alice are at the point of starvation when they reach the fort at Detroit. He lies at the point of death, and, Alice's brother having sent word from Montreal that he was leaving for England, she is told that Frank is dead and is sent to Montreal under escort. In December, 1775, a young traveler arrives at Roxbury, near Boston. He rides with Dickie Ellery to Boston and takes part in the throwing of the tea chests into the harbor. He is alone at the bedside of Humphreys, an old Ellery servant, in his last moments. Ann, Benjy's sister, is the only servant left. The Ellery business of rope manufacturing is at the verge of ruin because of the meddling of Dick's uncle, but the stranger is engaged as manager and succeeds in making the business pay in spite of the blockade of the port. Captain Tudor, in making inquiries, is told by Dickie that his brother was drowned. He sends for his sister Alice to come to Boston. The stranger challenges Captain Sotheran.

Alice arrives at Boston and visits the Ellery home. The Ellery factory is finally compelled to close. The manager expresses great relief and goes out on the Common to seek some one.

Chapter X—Continued.

There were Rodman and Barbara, with Tudor close at hand. There stood great lumbering Dickie, and by his side a graceful figure. The manager halted; none of them had seen him. That was Alice, looking brightly into Dickie's face. A youthful form, a woman's eye and serious mouth—no spoiled beauty, no sophisticated London belle. Here there was none to court or flatter; she was at ease. She was in health, her cheeks said that; with friends, and with such friends! Therefore, she was happy. The manager, as he looked upon her, felt his bosom warm.

He hesitated to speak to her. How should he speak, what should he say? How should he make her know him?

Tudor had been showing off his company to Barbara, and with small success. The target, at no great distance, was little marred; Tudor was vexed. Worse than that, a lazy countryman who had sold his produce and wandered on the Common to see the soldiers, leaned against a tree and laughed. "Why, Cap'n," was his final taunt, "your men couldn't hit a barn, let alone a house. I shouldn't care to be fishin' out there on the Back Bay. B'gosh, three-quarters of your bullets hit the water."

The men were angry and muttered. Tudor saw that Barbara struggled with a laugh, while Rodman was studying the ground. "Well," he demanded of the countryman, "could you do as well?"

"As well? Gosh! As well? Naow, Cap'n! If my boy Tom, that's only fifteen, couldn't hit that target every time, at this little distance, I'd whop him good."

Barbara turned away suddenly. Tudor flushed. "Corporal," he said sharply, "bring three muskets. Now, my man, you shall give me proof of your shooting."

"One gun'll do," said the fellow, undisturbed. "But I'll load it myself." He watched the men offer their guns eagerly to the corporal. "Guess your men, Cap'n, don't like to have me laffin' at 'em. I'll take this one." He balanced it in his hand. "Lord! what a heavy thing! Loaded? Well, then." He fired at a tree and watched the result. "Kicks like a mule. No wonder, Cap'n, your men can't shoot. Twice too much paowder to the ball. Now, if you please, I'll show you what."

He loaded; a village wit he seemed to be, and kept on with his talking. "We use balls half the weight of these. Go jes' as far, Cap'n; kill jes' as quick. Save paowder, save lead, save weight in marchin'. Means a lighter gun. My gun to home weighs two paounds less'n this, I swear naow. These guns are all right on parade, I guess, but marchin' in a rough country——"

Tudor cut him short. "You are loaded. Let me see you shoot."

The countryman raised the gun. "Where, then? In the center?"

"Yes."

The yokel aimed. The soldiers craned their necks to see; Barbara, Rodman, Dickie and Alice pressed nearer. The fellow fired and dropped the butt upon the ground. Alice clapped her hands. "A bullseye!"

"B'gosh," said the grinning fellow, looking around. "Youre pretty, my lady, and see well. Where'e that fellow going? Come back, corp'ral. Can't you see the hole?" He loaded again, rattling the ramrod in and out the barrel. His lazy motions seemed now as quick as sight. His eyes snapped. "Cap'n, can your men load as quick as this? Stand away, corp'ral. I'll show you naow. Mark, Cap'n. Jes' above the other hole" He fired, and Alice cried again to her brother: "George, he has done it." The second hole was close above the first.

"Shall I fire again?" asked the countryman.

Tudor stood blank, but recovered himself well. He turned to Rodman and smiled. "This is such shooting as your Mr. Forrest's. Or as Frank's, Alice."

She shook her head. "Not at all," she declared.

"No?" asked her brother.

"Not at all," agreed Rodman. "To hit something moving is far more difficult."

"I can do that, too", said the yokel. He loaded the gun again. "What shall I hit?"

"Give the gun to me," said the manager from behind.

They turned to him, but he did not look at them. He took the gun from the countryman and gazed on the water. There was always gulls upon the bay, fishing, screaming and quarreling. Some floated on the water, some swept across the line of sight. None suited him. They watched him as he frowned and looked. Alice, with a little gasp, crept up to her brother and put her hand in his. Tudor glanced at her an instant, smiling. "This is Dickie's manager," he said.

"No," she whispered, in a tone of awe.

A gull detached itself from the rest, heading for the harbor. It came directly at the group, flying high, meaning to pass overhead, going with speed before the wind. It was the hardest shot the bird could present. While it was yet some forty yards away the manager raised his gun and on the instant fired. The gull was struck in the breast, seemed to crumple like paper, and fell a mass of feathers. Tudor, the soldiers, even Rodman and the countryman cried out.

The manager gave the gun to the corporal and turned to his friends. Barbara smiled, Dickie cried "Bravo!" The manager paid no attention. Alice stood by her brother, shaking and pale. Her eyes were fixed upon the manager's, fear was visible in her face. He stepped to her and held out his hands. He spoke, himself much moved.

"Do you not know me?"

"Frank," she cried, and clung to him trembling.

There they stood together, crowned with happiness. She gazed at him through tears, her soul in her eyes; between her parted lips scarce passed the fluttering breath. And he, after so long watching, so long waiting, after such time at last himself again, at last with her, could scarce command the emotion of his breast. For moments thus they stood, forgetful of all else, beside each other. Then Dickie, almost falling, tottered near; Barbara, Rodman, Tudor, utterly astonished, drew close—

A bugle blew, paused not, but still blared, insistent and alarming. Then the clamor of drums struck upon the ear; the long roll rose from each regimental quarter. The staring soldiers snatched their rattling arms. The sounds forced themselves on Tudor's unwilling senses. He turned perplexed. An adjutant came running, stopped at a distance, and shouted:

"Captain Tudor!" he cried. "Bring your men in. The colonials are marching on the town!" He turned and hastened back.

Tudor saw that the common was in confusion. A platoon passed at the double; mounted officers dashed back and forth. The artillery horses, summoned from their exercise, came on the gallop, buckles and harness ringing. Tudor seized Frank's hand and wrenched it once, then sprang to his men. In another instant he and his company were hastening to their regiment.

Dickie staggered to his brother, and looked him in the face. "What?" he asked, "Frank."

"She is fainting," cried Barbara.

Frank caught Alice as her strength failed. He raised her on his arm. Then he met Dickie's eye. "Dear boy!" he said. But the sounds from the troops were not to be disregarded. Some one again shouted. "The colonists are coming!" In one glance Frank surveyed the common, the soldiers in a swarming mass, the pleasure seekers flying. Again he looked at the unconscious Alice.

A voice cried "Rodman!"

It was Dr. Warren walking rapidly with other whigs of influence. He beckoned Rodman. "I shall need you," he called. Rodman, with a last glance at his new-found friend, went after the doctor. The noise of the troops ceased; the heavy sound of moving cannon came. Two men passed close at hand, the governor, anxious and perplexed, and the lieutenant governor, Oliver, his wig awry, as from a hurried journey.

"'Tis not a mad mob," Frank heard him say; "but determined. They are marshalled in order. You must not think of sending troops against them." They passed on.

Frank turned to his brother and placed Alice, now first moving, in his arms. "Take her home, Dickie—Barbara!" he took both her hands and kissed them. "Take care of her, I must go," he hastened after Rodman.

BOOK III.

Chapter I.

"WELCOME, BROTHER!"

As, during a long period of dry summer weather, storms are expected, but do not come, and in the quiet of each evening distant thunder is heard, from day to day and louder, so through the year had increased the ominous mutter of the people. As some day, in the heat, clouds gather and overhang, and from their black bosoms send out threatening flashes, but finally pass away unbroken into peace again, so on that September morning it seemed that rebellion had come, but by night all was quiet once more. Yet as the storm would surely return, so would the outbreak certainly come, unless those who held power should have power to avert it.

Frank Ellery knew that he could not yet dare to bring about his duel. One single spark might set the country in a flame; all personal desires must be subdued in such a crisis. Yet Frank could wait for a while without harm. It was in other ways that the events of the day had done injury to his plans, for while he was in Cambridge others had been given time to think, and to form their resolves in his absence. Alice, namely, and his uncle, the old fox.

Tudor met him at the ferry, and seized him to bring him to Alice. He himself had been of the guard at the Neck, the position of excitement. Alice had been overcome for a while; at least he had not been able to see her when he went to her apartment. Therefore, he had come out to search for Ellery. In his hurried sentences, but more in his eager, manly glances, Frank read the affection and delight which Tudor could not bring himself to utter.

There were many people upon the streets—officers in their uniforms, disappointed that there was no fight, and soldiers inclined to be quarrelsome now that the danger had passed. The over-inquisitive inhabitants were gathering news, and the idle workmen were more than half willing to meet the soldiers on their own terms. But besides these—the usual sights and groups of the town—Frank saw standing here and there carts with bundles of personal belongings, with women and children sitting waiting. Men dusty with travel inquired for lodging from door to door. And the young whig smiled, but not with pleasure, for these were refugees from the country—tories frightened from their homes by the events of the day.

"Egad," said Tudor, presently, "I can't laugh with our fellows, or wish for fight. But to speak of ourselves," and he made an effort. "This is the second great day of my life; the first was when Alice returned. Ellery, I welcome you heartily. Had I chosen among all my acquaintance, you would have been the man. Everything I have is yours. My friends shall be yours, even Sotheran."

"Not Sotheran," said Frank.

"Yes, but he will," said Tudor. "He is a good fellow: I will explain, and everything will be forgotten."

"Not Sotheran," repeated Frank.

"See, there he goes," cried Tudor, not hearing. "He has entered our lodging. Come on, we shall find him in Alice's parlor." And in Alice's parlor they found the captain, the maid about to leave him. He stood surprised and stared for a moment at Frank as they entered.

"Tell your mistress," said Tudor to the servant, "that I have come."

"And that I have gone," interjected Sotheran, turning to the door. But he had to pass Tudor, who detained him, laughing.

"Nay, Henry," he protested. "Stop. You shall not go. Here is the strangest thing. Let me tell you. You know this gentleman?"

The captain turned and looked Frank up and down. He smiled, a haughty smile. Tall, handsome, fine in his brilliant uniform, he seemed to light the apartment as with the gleam of the star Lucifer. Frank, standing quiet in his sober clothes, could but admire. "I remember this gentleman," Sotheran said. "We have an engagement."

"You shall give it up," said Tudor. "I will persuade you. Henry, this is the best friend I have in all the earth."

The captain smiled again, and looking upon his shorter friend, tapped his shoulder carelessly, as one indulgently reminds a child. "George," he said, "that best friend of whom you used to boast is dead."

"Nay," cried Tudor with delight. "He lives, and here he stands, Henry, this is he—Frank Ellery!"

Sotheran stepped back one pace, and for an instant dropped his mask of carelessness. As a miser, at an alarm, opens a window and looks out, so this guardian of a secret showed his proper face, where fear and fury blended. "What!" he cried; and his hands clenched.

"'Tis he," laughed Tudor gayly. "I knew you'd be surprised. Well, no welcome for him? Jealous, Henry?"

"Nay—nay," said Sotheran, recovering, and now with courage regarding the man who looked upon him calmly. "Not so, but quite surprised indeed."

"Greet him," cried Tudor. "You shall be friends."

But they made no movement toward each other; instead, they coldly bowed. Sotheran, himself again, spread fair his hand upon his heart. "Mr. Ellery, your humble servant."

"Yours, sir," was the reply.

"Very fine," said Tudor, puzzled. "But very formal. You are forgetting to shake hands. Come, absolve each other from your engagement. It must be dropped."

"Willingly," agreed Sotheran.

"My dear Tudor," said Frank, and Tudor in the interest of the question did not note the subject turned, "before your sister comes pray satisfy my curiosity. Here is your best friend come to life. Your worst enemy, of whom once I heard you speak—is he then surely dead?"

"Of all men," cried Tudor, "you should know."

"Is there record of his death upon the rolls?"

The maid appeared at the door. "May Mistress Tudor speak with her brother?"

"Certainly," answered Tudor. "I leave you two together. Make it up, now. Answer his questions, Henry."

The door shut behind him, and the two looked at one another. The deepest intesest, the keenest study, held their glances fixed, and they spoke slowly, steadily. Though Sotheran appeared to lounge and smile, though Frank might seem at ease, there was a tension in each brain and they were merely actors.

"There was a record, captain?"

"Ay," said Sotheran. "Only one lieutenant was killed on the frontier in '72. Killed by Indians, the list said, but of course it was the same."

"And his name?"

"Must you know?" asked the other. "I have it written somewhere. But I begged Tudor not to inquire. The man is dead. His family—his mother or sister—would be injured by the scandal. Would it not be better not to ask?"

He looked Frank in the face, and put his question fairly. There was no answer, and they stood gazing. Though homespun contrasted with the king's livery, there was likeness in their eyes, their mouths firm set, their cool composure. Nearly a minute thus they stood. Then smiles grew on the face of each, the American's grim, the Englishman's bland.

"My dear Mr. Ellery," asked the captain in his most urbane tone, "have you enjoyed the day of excitement?"

"Captain Sotheran," inquired the other, "have you a mother or a sister?"

Then the tiger looked out of the officer's eyes, and his hands clenched once more. One stole to his sword hilt, but there, in that room, no murder was possible, and Frank was secure. The hate that glared on him, the surprise and the fear, these were his revenge after two years. But the moment was brief. The devil disappeared from Sotheran's face and his laugh was a marvel.

"No relatives," he cried, "no sister, no mother to mourn me. Ah, I am glad to see you, Mr. Ellery. What is life without an enemy? Ten minutes ago, and I scorned you. Now I can hate—at least until to-morrow morning. At what hour shall it be, and where? At clear sunrise, a quiet spot. Then he who leaves the place can even love the other."

Frank smiled.

"Let me propose," said Sotheran, "a solitary meeting. We can be more thorough. I despise interruptions."

"And besides," added Frank, "there will be no dying words, no last statement."

"I see we agree. Six o'clock, let us say. And to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow," said Frank.

"Still a coward?" asked Sotheran, as with pity.

"Merely curious," was the reply, "to see what you will do. I give you rope——"

"A noble simile, oh valiant tradesman!"

"—Knowing," finished Frank. "That you will hang yourself. Dear captain, you are mine, and when I choose——"

"You will tell!" he exclaimed, with contempt.

"Ah! no," for then Tudor would kill you. That pleasure I reserve for myself." They heard voices in the next room; the latch rattled. "Captain Sotheran, good evening."

[To be Continued To-morrow.]

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White Silks—New white figured washable Habutais, white washable Taffetas, white Taffeta Cords, hemstitched effects, lace striped; the new imported Chinese Pongee in white and many other new novelties in White Silks, too many to be enumerated here, none of which are worth less than 89c yard; most sold usually at $1.00 yard; this sale only..... **69c**

Silk Foulards—2500 yds., a special purchase of an importer's line of Peau de Cygne Foulards, Peau de Gant, Satin Liberty Foulards and Satin Broche Foulards, made to sell at $1.00 and $1.25 a yard, for this sale only..... **65c**

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10 pieces Black pure Silk Taffeta, the equal of any 65c silk sold, we will give you Tuesday for, a yard **49c**

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10 pieces Imported, Lyons dye, Black Taffeta, fine kid finish, a very excellent silk, 27 inches wide, a dollar always. For Tuesday's exceptional sale only..... **79c**

Black Silk Taffeta—15 Pieces, 1 yard wide, Black Silk Taffeta, splendid jet black dye, rustle finish and very strong, usual price $1.10, for this sale..... **85c**

Black Moire Velour—Have about three pieces left of our Black Moire Velour; 27 inches wide; splendid heavy weight and beautiful pattern of Moire; sold all spring here at $1.25 per yard. For this sale to clean up the lot, per yard..... **89c**

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These in Wash Goods.

Our Wash Goods buyer made a plunge and unless you think the same way as he did when he went in he may have some difficulty in making land again; but half priced stuff tempted him and he thinks that half price when its the real thing will make anyone buy. Here are Tuesday's bargains:

Dress Ginghams 200 pieces, new styles, fancy corded Dress Ginghams, worth 10c, while this lot lasts, only per yard..... **6c**

Egyptian Tissue 150 pieces fine Egyptian Tissue, made by Lorraine Manufacturing Co., in plain pink, light blue, melon pink, lavender, green and blue mixed; 32 inches wide; sold everywhere at 25c. Special for Tuesday only, per yard **12½c**

Limit of two dress length to each customer; none to dealers.

Printed Etamines 3000 yards fancy printed Etamines, in pretty floral effects and lace designs. Regular value 25c. Special for Tuesday only, per yard..... **15c**

Pineapple Tissue 100 pieces of embroidered pineapple tissue, 32 inches wide, all new styles, displayed on special bargain tables for Tuesday only, per yard..... **19c**

Importd Swissess—50 pieces, 44-inch, fine embroidered swisses and batistes; swell designs for shirt waists and full suits, worth $1.50 and $2.00. choice for Tuesday at, per yard..... **98c**

Grass Linens—50 Grass Linens, 32 inches wide; correct weight for shirt waists and full suits; regular 35c goods. Our special for Tuesday only, per yard..... **19c**

Tuesday. **These Specials in Our Ever Busy Basement Salesroom.** Tuesday.

White Goods.
5,000 yards of White Lawn and India Linon, in lengths from 2 to 5 yards; actual value 10c to 15c yard. Bargain Basement price, yard..... **5c**

Table Tumblers.
5,000 dozen fine quality pressed glass Table Tumblers; actual value 40c dozen. (Limit, 6 to a customer.) Bargain Basement, Tuesday only, each..... **1c**

Swisses.
Mill Remnants of figured Swisses, in lengths from 2 to 12 yards, light and dark colors, worth from 15c to 25c yard. Bargain Basement price, yard..... **8½c**

Skirts.
50 dozen Ladies' Wash Skirts, made of good quality crash and cotton covert cloth, in plain and also trimmed, with two rows of white braid; reg. price 98c. Barg. Basement, ea **49c**

Lining.
Black and colored Lining Cambric, in short lengths, regular price 5c yd. Bargain Basement, yard..... **2½c**

Pearl Buttons.
Extra big bargain in white Pearl Buttons; all sizes; regular price 5c doz. Tuesday, Bargain Basement, 2 doz. for **5c**

Shoes.
Ladies' Black and tan, lace, dongola kid Shoes, sizes to 4½, worth $3.00 a pair. Clearance price in Bargain Basement, pair..... **98c**

Prints and Challies.
5,000 yards of Prints and Challies, in light and dark colors; lengths from 2 to 15 yds; worth to 7c. Tues. **2¾c**

Ladies' Ties.
Ladies' White Lawn Stocks and Ties, in plain white, trimmed with lace, the very latest. Bargain Basement price, each ..... **5c AND 10c**

Ribbons.
Extra good values in Corded Silk Ribbons, 3 inches wide, in white, pink and blue. Bargain Basement price, per yard **10c**

Handkerchiefs.
500 dozen plain white and colored bordered Handkerchiefs, worth 5c each. Bargain Basement, each..... **2c**

Pillow Cases.
One lot of Hemstitched Pillow Cases; good quality cotton; regular price 15c each; size, 45 x36. Bargain Basement for Tuesday only, each **11c**
(Limit, six to a customer.)

Defective Page

Intentional Duplicate Exposure