Captivating Mary Carstairs

By Henry Sydnor Harrison

. . . . . .

SYNOPSIS.

Elbert Carstairs, estranged from his wife and longing for the sight of his daughter, Mary, engages Larry Varney and Peter Maginnis to take the Carstairs yacht, the Cypriani, to Hunston-on-the-Hudson, there to kidnap Mary. On arrival in Hunston, Varney and Maginnis as a blind enlist with the reform element to throw out the political grafters who are running the town. By accident, Varney learns that Mary Carstairs is not a 12 year old girl, but a beautiful young woman. Varney's close resemblance to Ferris Stanhope, an author of pink tea literature, who has got himself into bad grace in Hunston through affairs with girls, makes Varney's presence in the town hazardous. The political gang, working under the direction of Boss Ryan and through Coligny Smith, editor of the Hunston Gazette, use the lever of Varney's resemblance to Stanhope to balk Varney's help in the reform movement. A scurrilous article about Stanhope and a picture finish Varney in the eyes of the townspeople, and cause Mary to break an engagement she had to have tea with Varney on the yacht. Hammerton, a local reporter who is correspondent for the New York Press, by a ruse learns that Varney's real mission to Hunston is to kidnap Mary. He tries to escape with the news from the yacht to add to the already too wide publicity given to Varney's presence in Hunston, but is kept prisoner on the yacht. Maginnis buys out the Gazette and thus steals a march on Ryan, who retaliates by getting Jim Hackley drunk in order to beat up Varney and Maginnis.

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT.

Escape and Capture.

"WELL?" he called impatiently.

"You, Larry?" asked a familiar voice.

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"Matter enough," said Peter in a guarded undertone. "Hammerton's loose."

"What!"

"It's a fact. God knows how he did it; but he's just phoned in here from a house a long way down the road. Wanted to let the city editor know he was flying in with the one best bet of the year. Luckily he gave no details."

Varney's lips tightened; he spoke in a low voice. "He mustn't arrive—not till I've seen him first. Did you find out how he's coming—river or road?"

"Trust Uncle Dudley. He's borrowed a bicycle and is burning up the river road with it."

"Good. How soon will you be through?"

"About three minutes."

"You've hired a motor, you said? Get it and run back here as soon as you can, will you?"

He rapidly explained the situation, though making no mention of Higginson: how somebody had plotted to get them together in the darkness of Main street, how Miss Carstairs and her friend had kindly stopped to warn them, and how he had humored her by promising to take all sorts of precautions.

"Right-O," said Peter. "I'll be in the alley at the back in no time. Come quick when I honk three times."

Varney came back into the little office where Mary Carstairs waited, fresh from more cheap plotting in which she was the innocent central figure, and faced her, uncomfortable, ill at ease, disquieted inwardly as a conspirator taken redhanded.

"It was Maginnis—upstairs," he explained awkwardly.

"Yes?" she said indifferently, and resumed the buttoning of her glove. "And will you tell me something now? It has been on my mind since last night."

"Certainly."

"Who was it that spoke of me to you and made you think that I was a little girl?"

He was entirely taken aback by the question; but he could have parried it easily, and he knew it. However, he was heartily sick of subterfuge for that night.

"It was your father," he said bluntly.

"My father!" She stood silent a moment, slim hands interlocked before her, heavily fringed eyes lowered. "So you know them both—my mother and my father. Then—the mistake—about my age," she added with something of an effort, "was natural enough. I have not seen my father for many years."

"I see him," said he, "constantly. Your father and I are great chums." A sudden insane hope overwhelmed him, and he went on with a rush: "You know, or rather probably you don't know, that he and my mother were old friends; and I am proud to have fallen heir to the friendship. You say that you have not seen him for some time? He is growing older very fast this last year or two; he is much changed of late. And then, Miss Carstairs, he is desperately lonely, all by himself in that great house of his—"

"Stop!" cried Mary Carstairs, with quick passionateness. "Stop! You are trying to make me feel sorry for my father."

"Well," he said, as stormy as she, "you ought to. But your friends are waiting. I must not detain you any longer."

At the curtness of his speech a very faint wave of color ran up her cheek; and when he saw this he was sorry and glad in a single breath. At least, she could not say afterward that he had ever tried to make himself falsely civil and lyingly agreeable.

"Yes, I have stayed very much too long already. You've promised that you will be careful, haven't you? I'm really too sorry," she said, from the door, "that your visit to Hunston should have been made disagreeable in all these ways."

"In the name of heaven," he said, stung into momentary recklessness, "you don't suppose that I came here expecting any fun!"

"Why—I had understood that it was purely a pleasure trip that brought you here!"

He made no answer to this, but stepped forward and swung open the door for her.

"Maginnis," he said, "is to call for me immediately in a motor. We shall leave by the unobtrusive back alley. Two men, a motor, and a dark rear exit. You will scarcely imagine that there is any danger now. But may I thank you again for giving us warning when there was, perhaps, some danger?"

"So you think there is a 'perhaps'? If you take precautions, it is only to humor a—"

"I withdraw that 'perhaps,'" he broke out in a rush. "I blot it out, annihilate it. Who am I to catch at tatters of self-respect? Are you blind? Can't you see that every fiber of me is tingling with the knowledge that there was real danger, and that you saved me from it?"

The quick bitterness in his voice, which there was no missing, was the last straw, breaking through her reserve, demolishing her dainty aloofness. She shook the swinging gray veil back out of her eyes and looked up at him, openly and frankly bewildered, looking very young and immeasurably alluring.

"Will you tell me why you speak in that way? Will you tell me why it is the worst thing that has happened to you in Hunston to have been helped a little by me?"

They faced each other at the open door, not an arm's length between them, and the moment of his reckoning for the quarter of an hour he had spent with her that night was suddenly upon him. He met her eyes, which were darkly blue, stared down into them, and as he did so the spell of her beauty treacherously closed around him, piping away his self-control, deadening him to the iron fact of who she was and who he was, shutting out all knowledge except that of her fragrant nearness.

"It is absurd," he answered her suddenly, "but to save my life I can't decide whether you are tall or short."

The front door came open with a bang; the noise brought him sharply to himself; and the next moment a pleasant, impatient masculine voice called out:

"I say, Miss Carstairs! Er—everything all right?"

"O!—yes, Mr. Richards!" she called penitently. "I'm coming this minute. No, please don't go out with me, Mr. Varney. Don't let anybody see that you are here."

"Certainly not," said he, struggling for a poise which he could not quite recapture. "Then will you be good enough to convey my gratitude to Mr. Higginson and say that I hope to have the opportunity of thanking him personally tomorrow?"

"Yes, of course. Good night once more—and good luck!"

But he detained her long enough to put the plain business question which had been torturing his soul for the last twenty-four hours.

"We shall see you at luncheon tomorrow?"

He strove to give his remark the air of a mere commonplace of farewell; but at it, he saw her look break away from his and the warm color stream into her face.

"Why—I—I'll come with pleasure. We don't get the chance to lunch on yachts every day in Hunston. O, but please," she exclaimed, her embarrassment suddenly melting in a very natural and charming smile—"never let my mother dream that we've not been introduced!"

He bowed low so that she might not see the burlesque of polite pleasure on his face.

The back alley exit proved all that the most timorous could have desired. Peter approached it by an elusive detour; Varney appeared promptly at the sound of his three honks; and the rendezvous was effected in a black darkness which they seemed to have entirely to themselves. Not a hand was raised to them, not a threatening figure sprang up to dispute their going, not a fierce curse cursed them. The would-be assassins, if such there were, presumably still lurked in some Main street cranny, patiently and stupidly waiting, entirely unaware that they had been neatly outwitted by the clever strategics of Miss Mary Cairstairs.

The car rolled noiselessly out of the alley, skimmed off through the southern quarter of the town and bowled into the rough and rutty River road toward the yacht. Once there, since a sharp lookout for the reporter was necessary, they slowed down and down until the smooth little car, with all lights out, crawled along no faster than a vigorous man will walk.

"What're you going to do when we catch him?" asked Peter. "Want to haul him on back to the yacht?"

"No. I'm—only going to talk to him a little. Go on with the story."

"Well," resumed Peter, taking one hand from the driving wheel to remove a genuine Connecticut Havana, "the first thing was a wire from the Daily firing Hammerton. That assisted a little, of course. Then they asked us to give them a new, good man at once, and meantime to push along all the story we had. We answered with a wire that was a beauty, if I do mention it myself, telling them exactly how they'd been sold a second hand gold brick by a corrupt paper which was trying to play politics. It simply knocked the pins from under them. It took 'em quite a while to come back with inquiries about the name of the yacht, Varney's air of mystery, and all that line of slush. My response was vigorous, yet gentlemanly, straining the truth for all she'd stand, and even busting her open here and there, I gravely fear. However, it was a clincher. It crimped them right. Not a peep have we had from 'em since."

"I suppose they'll run four lines on the thirteenth page tomorrow explaining it was all a mistake."

"But that wasn't the serious part of the thing—not by a mile walk," continued Peter, the shine of victory in his honest eyes. "Am I still in the road? Sing out if you see me taking to the woods, will you? The more I think of what you and I have missed by a shave, the more I'm likely to feel sick in the stomach. You know those rascals had already begun asking for orders all over the country—they were so sure they'd have a hot story to send out. Not only that, but a lot of papers wired for it without being asked. It looked as if every newspaper office in America that had got a glimpse at the Daily this morning instantly got dead stuck on that story. I stood at the telegraph desk and watched the accursed things come in, like this: '500 words story involving Stanhope, Rochester Tribune.' 'No. 3.—' That was the number of our story on the query list.—' No. 3.—Full details, Chicago Ledger.' 'No. 3—1,000 words, Philadelphia Journal.' And so on and on. It looked uncanny, I tell you—all those far away people calling for information about our affairs just like old friends. Will you kindly let your mind play about that a minute, Laurence? Will you kindly think of a situation like that with Ryan and Coligny Smith handling it as their little whimseys dictated?"

"I'd rather not. You wired those papers that the story was a canard and all that, I suppose?"

"No!" roared Peter, "I did something a whole lot better than that. I had one of the men write a hot political story about the Gazette and the change of management and the sudden rise of reform. There's

The contest was bitter but brief.

news in that, don't you see?—and it was the Stanhope-Varney story, too—the real one. When I left the office they were selling it like hot cakes all over the country—all over the world—"

"Hold on!" said Varney, sharply. "Here's Hammerton, I think—bringing in a whole lot better story than yours!"

The road here was straight as a string stretched tight. Far down it, they saw a single small light, dancing toward them a foot or two above the ground.

Peter threw off his clutch, clapped on his brakes and stopped short. Varney slid out of the seat and stood waiting in the black inkiness beside the unlighted car. In the sudden stillness they could hear the rattle of the bicycle chain and even the crunch of the hard blown tires, spinning rapidly over the road. Now the light was perhaps a hundred yards away.

"Blow!" whispered Varney.

The horn's honk cut the silent air hoarsely. Instantly the speed of the oncoming light was checked. It advanced steadily, but much more slowly, as though the rider sensed that his road might be blocked, but could not yet determine where the hidden obstacle might be.

"Hello!" called a lusty young voice suddenly. "Who's there?"

There was no answer. The light came on more slowly still. Now it was fifty yards away, now twenty, now ten. Varney stepped out of the blackness, directly in front of it, and seized both handle bars in fingers that gripped like a vise. The shock of the sudden stopping all but cost the rider his seat.

"May I detain you one moment, please, Mr Hammerton?"

The little light of the bicycle lamp was all concentrated downward. Above that round yellow ray faces were unrecognizable in the pitchy blackness. The voice, however, was unmistakable. Hammerton was off the back of his wheel in the wink of an eye, on a sudden desperate bolt for the woods.

Peter, still on the driver's seat, and seeing neither his friend nor his enemy, saw the light with the bicycle behind it go over with a crash. That was when Varney's hands let go of the handle bars. The next instant they fell upon Hammerton's withdrawing figure and brought it up with a sharp jerk.

Peter heard the ensuing struggle, but saw nothing. He paid Varney the tribute of sitting still in his seat and saying not a word. The contest was bitter, but brief. Hammerton fought wildly, but Varney's arms presently closed round him, squeezing the life out of him. Locked fast in each other's arms, they fell heavily, Hammerton underneath. Varney freed his legs with a swift wrench, swung round, and came up riding upon the other's chest.

Charlie Hammerton was beaten and knew it. His body lay along the rocky road, inert and unresisting. He breathed in convulsive gasps, but apart from that, now that he was down, he never moved. He was as tired as a man well could be. Varney sitting closely upon him, holding him fast, felt that the reporter's clothes were wringing wet. However, he had him, and the Cypriani's great secret was one more in captivity.

The eyes of the two men, strained into the dark where each other's faces must be, but they saw nothing.

"It's all up with you, Hammerton," said Varney presently. "The Daily fired you an hour ago."

"Thanks to you," said Hammerton doggedly. "But if you think that lets you out you're a bigger fool than I thought."

"That is not all," said Varney slowly. "The Gazette has fired you, too."

The reporter swore bitterly beneath his breath; curiously enough, he did not seem to question the statement for a moment. "What of it?" he cried. "You don't think that'll stop my mouth, do you—you devil!"

"There is still something more. Maginnis has bought the Gazette. He and I own the news of this town now. Coligny Smith is fired, too. The Gazette starts an honest life tomorrow, and the old dirty régime is over forever."

"Liar!" cried Hammerton, hoarsely. "Liar!" but there was no conviction in the mad resentment of his voice.

"No," said Varney, without anger. "I am telling you the truth and you know it."

"Well—there are other papers—other towns," cried Hammerton passionately. "What I've got on you will sell anywhere. Why, damn you, damn you, damn you—don't you know you'll have to kill me to hush this up?"

"No," said Varney, "I'm going to do better than that. I'm going to make a friend of you. I'm going to make you editor of the Gazette in Smith's place with double your present salary and an interest in the paper."

There was black silence, more thrilling than any speech.

"Will you take it?" asked Varney.

Then the boy's overstrained self-command snapped like a bow string and his breast shook with sudden hysteria. "Will I take it?" he cried with a gasping laugh that was rather more like a sob. "Will I take the court of St. James? Will I take money from home? O, my God, will I take it!"

"Horray!" rang Peter's great voice out of the gloom. "Hip, hip, hooray for Editor Hammerton!"

Peter's tribute, in reality, was not so much for Hammerton's acceptance as for the astonishing neatness with which Varney had disposed of the editorship of his paper. But to Varney, rising limply from Hammerton's chest at the edge of the dark road, that cheer meant only that he had kicked the last obstacle out of his path and that he and Mary were going to New York tomorrow.

. . . . . .

The expectation appeared thoroughly conservative; not a cloud so large as a man's hand any longer darkened the horizon. At 2 o'clock next day Mr. Carstairs' Cypriani rode gayly at her old anchorage. At the rail stood Varney and Maginnis, hosts of pleasant and guileless mien, their eyes upon the trim gig which came dancing over the water toward them. In the gig sat J. Pinkney Hare and his sister, Mrs. Marne, blithely coming to lunch aboard with their two new friends.

The yacht's return to Hunston had been in all ways different from her going. She had slipped away like the hunted thing she was, running to cover with a hold full of fears, shying at every craft that passed, and yelled after from the shore by a stoutish young man with inimical opinions in his eye. She had steamed back early this morning not merely without fear but proudly, her whistle screaming for the limelight, her foretruck flying, so to say, the burgee of vindication; and the stoutish and inimical young man had come aboard for breakfast with his new employer at 9 o'clock sharp. Such was the measure of the whitewashing work accomplished by three columns in Mr. Maginnis' Gazette that morning.

Of the "news value" of those astonishing columns "the author's double" (as the Gazette's converted reporters felicitously dubbed him) had had abundant evidence in the many glances that followed him upon the streets of Hunston that morning. Varney's errand in town had had to do with Tommy Orrick. Some search was needed to find the transient tenant of Kerrigan's loft, but when he was finally located the matter of homes in New York was discussed and settled in the most satisfactory way in the world. It was decided that Tommy should remove his Penates to the city that very evening, where he was to be met at Forty-second street by a Mr. Horace O'Hara, an interesting personage who had once been a burglar but was now in the fish and vegetable way at Fulton market. Together they would make their way to the home. Future plans had to do with an educative course at the graded schools and other matters so strange and exalted that one could not hear them mentioned without experiencing the most benumbing abashment.

The two good friends parted with a handshake, enforced by the young man—a unique ceremonial which filled the small breast of Thomas with a conflict of strange emotions; and Varney, having dispatched a telegram to Mr. O'Hara and another to Mrs. Marie Duval, who had the home with no boys in it on One Hundred and Seventeenth street, had at once turned his face back to the yacht. He chose the woodland path for his walk, which struck straight down from the handsome residence street and skirted the river at a point near the Cypriani's anchorage; and here an incident of interest befell him. As he sauntered down the path, conscious of a sudden curious loss of spirits, his attention was caught by the blurred sound of voices from the street, some fifty yards behind him, and presently the vague rumble crystallized into something like this:

". . . Infernal absence of livery. . . . Far . . . station master fellow say it was, Henry?"

The voice was masculine, carefully modulated, decidedly elegant. A different sort of voice gave answer:

"'E said, sir . . . mile, but knowing the hodd way they count distances away from the cities, sir, I'm 'ardly 'oping to see it under two mile—hif that."

Varney, halting in the path, had little doubt who the tall man was. It was Ferris Stanhope, returning to the home of his boyhood and sublimely unaware of the nature of the reception which awaited him.

Now, as they stood calmly chatting at the rail under the brilliant sky, he told Peter of the author's arrival and dutifully reminded him of that promise. Peter renewed it without enthusiasm. His eyes rested on the approaching gig with a kind of fascination and Varney followed his gaze.

"Isn't Hare dressy, though! Frock coat and all that . . ."

"Yes . . . He'll add a needed touch of elegance to the somber setting of the drama."

"By the way," said Varney, presently, "how did Hammerton get away last night? I believe Ferguson's been dodging me all day, but the fact is I've never given it a thought."

Peter laughed.

"He's sharp as a tack, that boy is. He played dead till old Ferguson got first interested, then nervous, and lastly careless. Lay there two hours without moving, breathed as little as he could do with, and at long intervals fluttered one eyelid and took a peep how the land lay. After a while there came a time when the door was left wide open and only one deckhand in sight. Hammerton floored him with a chair from behind and jumped over the rail. She happened to be moving close inshore at the time and he was in the woods before the fatheads even got a boat down."

Varney echoed his laugh absently. All morning since his return from Hunston he had felt himself enfolded by a mysterious despondency which he had seemed unable either to account for or to shake off. But now, as the final climax of his business drew near to summon him, he felt his spirits inexplicably rising again. A certain excitement possessed him; he was glad that at last his hour had come.

Hardly listening to Peter, he was running over in the most business like way the little scheme, mapped out and rehearsed together that morning, by which the two superfluous guests, the mere "sleepers" in the orchestra, were to be detached at the proper moment. Yes, certainly; it was sound and would hold water. So would everything else. Peter's things had gone ashore two hours before, for he was to remain in Hunston. Everything had been provided for; the last detail systematically arranged. A surer scheme and a clearer coast could not possibly have been contrived or desired.

"At breakfast," continued Peter, "Hammerton suddenly blurted out that, while he wasn't crazed with conscientiousness as a rule, one thing had kept him awake last night. Demanded whether we had the nerve to think that we had simply bought him off with a job. 'Perish the thought, Charlie,' said I, looking kind of hurt at the bare suggestion. 'Thank you, Maginnis,' said he, dignified as the president. 'It's an honest fact that I gave up the chase because I felt all along that you two fellows couldn't possibly be mixed up in anything underhanded.' Aha! thinks me to myself . . . Eh, Laurence?"

"Just exactly."

"Well, cheer up. It's done every day by our best families. And speaking of doing underhanded things," said Peter, "our guests approach rapidly. Up, guards, and at them!"

He took off his terrible Panama and waved it in a friendly manner.

"Howdedo, Mrs. Marne! Morning, candidate! Welcome aboard."

The sister and brother came up the stair and were cordially greeted by their hosts.

"Ashore again!" ordered Varney, over the side. "There is another guest."

"So we have not kept you waiting at all," cried Mrs. Marne, flashing a triumphant eye upon her brother. "Mary is not here yet—the prinker!"

She was dark, vivacious for a chaperon, easily on the correct side of 30, and arrayed in very light mourning indeed. She had a will, for it was she who had baited J. Pinkney Hare with sociology and politics to abandon the law in New York, at which he was doing rather well, and follow her to Hunston. This was when her husband, a member of Hunston's oldest family—for there was aristocracy in the town—had left her widowed the year of their marriage.

"Three times," Hare elucidated to Varney, "did she tell me, 'I'll be ready in a minute.' And a ten minute interval elapsed each time by my grandfather's trusted chronometer."

"Oh, well," said Varney, "who'd put any trust in a woman who was ready when she said she'd be? Let's get into the shade."

"Pinky," said Mrs. Marne, sister-wise, as she turned with Varney, "gets his ideas about women from the comic weeklies."

They sauntered aft, Peter and Hare in the rear.

"Committee meeting at 5:30?"

"Precisely. And by the bye," began Hare. . . .

The candidate in his tiny frock coat with pale gray spats and scarf to match looked overdressed in the brilliant sunshine. Yet probably Peter, whose purple tie blossomed too gorgeously above a blue silk "fancy vest" of a cut a good deal affected in the early nineties, looked the more striking of the two.

"He's a fool," declared Peter presently. "The chances are that Ryan has a barrel of votes salted down where we'll have the devil's own time tapping them. You can't smoke out a skunk in a minute, I tell you."

Mrs. Marne, in a cushioned chair, was being markedly agreeable to her host.

"It's my début on a yacht," she was rattling away. "Is there any special etiquette? Coach me from time to time when you see me fumbling, won't you? And if there is a code, there is one thing that I move shall go into it here and now. Politics is—or are—barred for the day! Will you make it a rule that whoever mentions it—or them—forfeits butter, Mr. Varney?"

Varney laughed. "A rank outsider myself," said he, "I'm absolutely willing. But I fear that in a division the nays would have it."

"You and I," she said, "against Mr. Maginnis and Pinky. A tie. Mary would have the deciding vote."

"Then you'd lose out," said her brother, whose social manner, it was developing, differed somewhat from that of his official moments.

"I know women," said Mrs. Marne. "I could lobby Mary over in exactly two minutes, Mr. Varney. Besides, she is absent at roll call, you know."

"The point is well taken," said Varney, to whom the thought was anything but a novelty.

"There she is now," said Peter over their shoulders.

Varney turned and looked ashore at the point where the gig was patiently waiting. There was no sign of anybody there.

"Upstream," added Peter, and the sudden honk of a motor horn punctuated the observation like a full stop.

Two hundred yards above them, a narrow driveway circled down to the river to an ancient boathouse, and here the gaze of the little party turned. Where the road curved at the water's edge, there stood a great white touring car, shining in the sun like a new pin. Upon the driver's seat sat a bare headed young man with a brown face and light sun-burned hair, brushed back. On the farther side of him, gloved hand holding to the seat back, stood a young girl in a blue linen dress and a rather conspicuously large hat, also of blue. Both of them were looking off toward the Cypriani. Now the horn tooted again in salutation; and the girl, catching their eyes waved her hand and smiled, making a little gesture indicative of her lack of equipment to navigate the intervening stretch of water.

Mrs. Marne answered the salute in kind. Reassuring gesticulations were duly wafted ashore.

"Who's the new swain, Pinky," demanded Mrs. Marne, thoughtfully.

Pinky did not know. The sailing master, at a word from Varney, hurled an order to the gig ashore. Then he swept his megaphone upstream, pointing it straight at the motor:

"The gig is on the way to you now, Miss."

"That's an awfully sweet hat she's wearing," said Mrs. Marne. "I wonder where she found that shape."

Miss Carstairs nodded her thanks to the sailing master. The bare headed young man sprang down, assisted her to descend, waited with her at the water's edge, assisted her most thoroughly into the Cypriani's gig. He was a handsome boy. He stood on the shore looking after the departing boat, laughing and calling out something.

"We wanted to have luncheon on deck," said Varney, abruptly, to Mrs. Marne, "as the day is so uncommonly fine. But about noon there came up a little cloud no larger than a man's hand—it took a telescope to see it—and the steward, a pronounced conservative, begged us not to trifle with our luck. It seems too bad to go indoors on such a glorious day."

"But if we were to stay outdoors," she laughed, "would it have been such a glorious day? These are the questions that make cynics of us all. I am unhappy, Mr. Varney, because I have to fly the moment luncheon is over. The Married Women's Culture club meets at 4 o'clock. Only fancy! I am to read a paper on Immanuel Kant."

Peter, who had known no women in his life and was oppressed with the thought that Hare's sister was his personal responsibility for the day, was strolling moodily about the deck, hands thrust deep in his trousers pocket. Hare hung at the rail, his neat glasses turned upstream.

[To be continued.]

(Copyright by Small, Maynard & Co.)