



A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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uneasy at seeing the boy. Suspected something, some one had got wind, some one was on the track and wanted to clear out.

"Any way, they did ren... him," argued Snuzzer. "If he was ever there," stated the colonel.

"The carriage, it was dray out fast through the gate into the road and straight on for London. I had to settle what I'd do and quick too.

"I will not go, Papir (Pepe), she says, 'not until I have heard what you have done to him.

"It was time, too, now they'd dropped on to me, to send word to the office what was up; that was a moving down here.

responsible for you, my lad, and she knows what I'll do to her if you play any tricks.

"Who sent you?" asked the dona directly he'd gone. "Do you come from his friends?" She nudged the bundle alongside.

"The stables was in Featherstone news, No. 7. To make sure I chalked something on the doors.

"You were in a monstrous hurry," said Colonel Bannister. "Why didn't you mark down the house, the neighborhood, the exact spot?"

"And he end was that the fellow hoisted me on to the front seat and said to me mightly sharp:

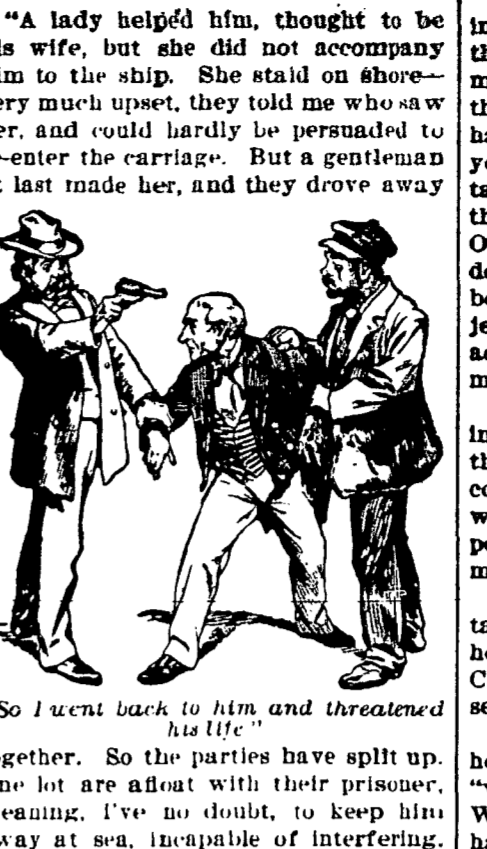
replied the man civilly. "The family have gone out of town. The duke left yesterday for Spain."

"By the Lord Harry, we shall be in Queer street if they don't turn up," he said with much emphasis.

"What? Did they let you in?" "No, miss; I broke in burglary you call it in this country.

"What was his story? Anything about Captain Wood? Did he admit that he had taken him?"

"Yes, he went on. 'The yacht Fleur-de-Lis, Chapman master, left the dock at 3 p. m. yesterday.



"No auxiliary screw can do more than eight or ten knots, I believe. Mother and I were in the Mediterranean last year with one of the best.

"Surprising chap, that American," he cried in his brisk, abrupt tones. "I suppose we're bound to believe him.

"By Jove, you're right! If we could have a fast cruiser now. Upon my soul, I believe it might be done!

"I think we'll see Sir George," remarked my dear general stiffly. "We can discuss these points better with him."

ing to go on about those papers, were they stolen, seized, whatever we may call it.

"I asked this possibly with some warmth, for I heard some one say as we went off, Sir Charles and I:

Death of an Old Wicklow Pikenam. There died recently in the townland of Ballyniltagh, a short distance from Shillelagh, a man named Denis Kealy.

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"It's you, is it? Ah! This is the second time I've caught you spying!"

"I was time, too, now they'd dropped on to me, to send word to the office what was up; that was a moving down here.