

# A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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[CONTINUED.]

The skipper here burst into an uproarious fit of laughter, which the pursuer echoed heartily.

"By the everlasting jingo, this is too much! Quartermaster!" cried the captain.



"I am Captain Wood, Mr. McFought's heir."

tain, and my friend ran in. "Call in a couple of hands with a rope's end and seize this chap down. It's not safe to let him range about the ship loose. But first of all hoist those papers out of him. They're in the inner pocket."

Before they could touch me I made one step to the open porthole and with a quick movement threw the parcel out into the sea.

"You desperate ruffian! I'll have the ship stopped, a boat lowered, run up to the bridge, quartermaster!"

"They're heavy enough to sink, Captain Sherborne, long before you could get within a mile of them, and you may do what you like now. My mind's perfectly easy."

"I shall confront you with the boss who owns those papers."

"That he never did, nor will any one else now. But again I warn you to be careful. If you bring us face to face, there will be mischief done."

"No, for I shall have seized you first, made you so fast you won't be able to stir a finger or even look crooked, my fine fellow."

"The boot's on the other leg, captain. The mischief will be done to me, and I tell you whatever happens will be laid on you. I claim your protection. Withhold it at your peril."

The skipper looked nonplused. No doubt he was still inclined to think me a lunatic, but I spoke so quietly and collectedly that he was a little shaken in his first impression.

"Upon my soul I don't know what to say or do. What do you advise, Mr. Boffinge?" This to the pursuer.

"He says he's Captain Wood. We have reason to believe he's not, not according to this," the pursuer touched a printed list of passengers lying on the table—"or if he is the other must be an impostor. Ask him, sir, what proof he can give us that he is the real Simon Pure. Can he refer to any one on board who will bear out this monstrous assertion?"

"That's a good idea, Boffinge. Come, my man, what do you say? Can you do it?"

"Easily if I choose. There are two ladies who would bear me out, but I would rather not bring them into it. I am engaged to be married to one of them."

The captain grinned. This was rather against me—a fresh proof of lunacy.

"And a young fellow who is practically in my employ, although one of Saraband's people."

"The New York detective agency? I've heard of them."

"And he may not care to have you know who he is."

"So that you can offer us no guarantees of your good faith, eh? Strikes me you're in a sinking condition and will soon be a complete wreck," sneered the captain. "The whole thing is ugly—your loading round where you shouldn't, your unlawful possession of the papers which you make away with when tackled, your claiming another man's name. I don't like it, and I'll tell you what I mean to do with you, keep you a close prisoner till we make New York. There you can answer to the proper authorities. Meanwhile I'll stand the racket. I must look to the name and credit of my ship."

"Where shall I be imprisoned?"

"In a spare cabin the purser will find you. You shall have your meals and all attention, but you'll stay below under lock and key until Uncle Sam sends on board to fetch you after we're alongside the wharf."

"I protest and, as I have already said, will hold you responsible. You will be sorry."

At this moment an urgent message came down to the captain from the bridge. The officer of the watch reported that the large steamer that had been overhauling the Chattahoochee for the last few hours was now within signaling distance.

I put in, with a little laugh of satisfaction. "Perhaps there will be some one on board who knows me."

The captain glared at me, but his eyes fell before my steady glance, and I could read his thoughts plainly; the growing doubts, the fear that he might be all in the wrong, the trouble that might come upon him if he misused me without clearer proof. Yet he carried it with a high hand to the last.

"I'll settle with you later, my fine fellow, and handsomely. You shan't bludge me."

"If I might suggest, Captain Sherborne, your place is on your bridge. I don't presume to teach you your duty, but a man is apt to forget it when he loses his temper and his self-control. We can square our little matter later. But I warn you against using any violence. I may have friends in that ship's stern."

I could see fresh rage gathering in his face at my words, but he restrained himself, and with no more than a parting oath and an order to cast me loose he floundered out of the cabin.

I went on deck without further let or hindrance and took my situation by the fore companion. I was much interested in what went on around. Every one was excited at the approach of this splendid warship. The rumor that she had some business with us had already run like wildfire around, and it was strengthened by the many colored but tery bunting with which she constantly signaled us. The excitement increased when orders were given to slow down. Any change in a steamer's progress always attracts attention on board, and our decks fore and aft were crowded with passengers. I could see those of the first class talking eagerly together, gesticulating and pointing to the warship. Many glasses were levelled at her, and I could gather that her interference with our voyage was not taken in good part. In these days of record passages across the "ocean ferry" the delay of even an hour is a serious matter.

Now the butcher of the Chattahoochee joined me where I stood, somewhat apart. He was an acquaintance through Roy, somewhat surly and uncommunicative, but I found him suddenly quite garrulous and friendly. He was an old man of war's man, and his spirit was stirred at the sight of the white ensign.

"It's grand, you Grand to see that iron kettle, 23,000 tons displacement, riding triumphant like a war bird on the surface of the mighty waters. It means man's conquest of nature, science and knowledge and above all pluck. There's a sight my man! The finest and newest cruiser afloat H. M. S. Victrix."

"You know her, then?"

"Aye, laddie. My own sister's third cousin is fourth engineer aboard, and I was all over her not a week syne when she lay in the Solent. She was under orders then for the China seas. Dull ha' me if I know what brings her into midatlantic."

"Some special order, I suppose?"

"War mayhap. These are fearsome times, laddie, and I read in the papers there was trouble brewing. What if she is sent to warn our shipping?"

"We shall soon know. See, she has lowered a boat and we're going now under easy steam to take them on board."

The Victrix lay half a mile off, and her boat, looking like a cockleshell compared to her great bulk as it left her side, came bravely along, lifted over the long Atlantic swell by the well cadenced stroke of 16 oars. In the stern was a group of three, and as they got within range of my glasses I saw that one was a naval officer, no doubt in command of the boat, and two other persons in plain clothes.

One was my colleague in the intelligence office, Swete Thornhill. The other, yes, there was no mistaking that rosy, scorbittie visage—the other was Snuzzer, the detective. I decided then and there what I should do. I saw that it was possible by acting promptly to tell Swete Thornhill all he knew and yet preserve my incognito. So I slipped down into the second saloon and wrote him half a dozen words.

Dear Swete—I got the papers and have thrown them overboard. Don't let on about me more than necessary, but make the skipper bring you and Snuzzer down here, forward, for a few words private talk in my own cabin or anywhere out of reach of the others. I have strong reasons for still lying low. Yours, W. Wood.

I took this to the purser's cabin and was lucky enough to find him there peering over interminable and voluminous accounts of rickshaws. They interested him far more than what was going on above.

"You will oblige me by getting this into the captain's hands at once," I said very peremptorily. "It is for one of the gentlemen who are now close under our quarter in the man-of-war's boat."

He took the letter and read its superscription with some surprise, not to say alarm. It was: "On her majesty's service, To Major Swete Thornhill, D. S. O., R. A., c. o. Captain Sherborne of the S. S. Chattahoochee. Confidential and most immediate."

"Certainly, sir," said the purser, his whole manner suddenly changed, and then I returned to my post of observation on deck to wait events.

I saw my friends come on board, the naval lieutenant first, who raised his hat to our captain as he received them at the gangway, then introduced his companions, after which the whole party quickly and silently passed through the crowd of passengers, who were dying to hear what it all meant, and entered the captain's cabin.

I had not long to wait for the next act. Within a minute or two I was hailed by the second cabin steward, who told me a little abruptly, but he knew no better, that I was wanted by the captain below.

"Hallo, Master Willie," began Swete Thornhill after a brief shaking hands all round. "You've led us a pretty dance and no mistake. How the mis-

chief did you get here, and are you certain about the papers?"

"All that will keep man. As to the papers, ask Captain Sherborne. He knows what became of them."

"I will not be a party to this. I saw you throw certain papers overboard which I still believe you stole."

"Captain Wood will answer for that to the proper persons, and so will you as to any charges you bring." Interposed Swete Thornhill stiffly. "You can rely on that. We shall proceed straight to New York ahead of you, and you shall be met by the British consul and other authorities."

"That is all I wanted to say," I cried. "Get there first and set everything in trim you understand Mr. Snuzzer. I am in hopes that the others do not know or have no more than suspicion of what has happened, and we should be able to arrest them on arrival."

"We'll do our best, captain, you bet," said Snuzzer, "and take them if the law will let us. Our Mr. Sidney Saraband will work it if it's to be done. But if we save your property from those sharks their only offense was committed on British soil and there may be a mouss. Anyway it's plain we need not detain this fine vessel," he bowed to the captain. "Now things are pretty well fixed. The major here's satisfied. You're safe, for which we may be truly thankful, if I may say so, and there's nothing left to do till we make the shore. Look out for us, captain. Some of us, I guess, will run out to meet you in a special steamer just inside Sandy Hook."

Again we shook hands all round, and I promised them, the captain included, who was now very much on his good behavior, the best dinner to be had for money in New York. The Victrix would be there if all went well in some 30 hours more, the Chattahoochee in 48 to 50, and these figures proved to be pretty correct in the issue.

I made no change in my arrangements for the rest of the voyage, but kept to my own part of the ship except in the evening hours, which I spent in blissful tete-a-tete with Frida. What passed between us is no concern of any but ourselves.

We passed Sandy Hook in the forenoon of Sunday, and it was understood that we should be alongside the wharf by 2 or at latest 3 p. m. Already there was a great flutter among the passengers, those of the saloon in particular, and symptoms of coming change. They appeared in their smartest clothes, coming out with extraordinary splendor, as though for a fete or garden party, new costumes, new hats, much jewelry. I heard, too, curious expressions bandied freely about "dootable," "what to tell," and so forth, and I was told that the customs examination was greatly dreaded by almost all.

The excitement grew intense when a small steamer was sighted bearing down on us at full speed, and some cried, "The customs boat," as she ran alongside, and we were quickly boarded by a great crowd. I thought the eagerness of these American officials very remarkable and in strong contrast with our slow, moving, dignified custom house people. But I soon saw my mistake as these new arrivals ran, indeed, to the hurricane deck, pushing and jostling and catching at each other's coat-tails, laughing and shouting lustily. "Where is he?" "That him out?" "We want the young British Consul. Give us a sight of fortune's spoiled favorite, William Armitage Wood."

They were reporters, and they were come to interview the wrong man. For I stood aloof, watching and highly amused, knowing that when Snuzzer appeared the tables would be swiftly turned on the conspirators, who had no doubt planned all this by cable in advance. Now my double, the false William Wood, stepped forward and began a set speech, evidently carefully prepared.

I heard the opening sentences as I went aft, determined to end this audacious farce. Rositer saw me coming and would have stepped me, but I pushed past and, getting in front of the assembled mob, cried:

"This is all a mistake. I am Captain Wood."

"I was interrupted with jeers and loud yells, and some one said, 'Throw him overboard' and others cried, 'Order, order.' 'Chair, chair' on which nose a louder cry. 'Back to the tug! We'll carry him right ashore.' There was a

general movement to the ship's side headed by a couple of reporters who had the "other" Wood by each arm, and behind in the crowd went the Duke of Tierra Segrada.

I saw at once what had happened. My brusque and unexpected apparition had no doubt shown the nearness of danger, and the conspirators were trying to make a run for it. They succeeded, too, for although I begged the officers, the captain, the customs officers, any one and every one, to detain the tug she presently steamed off in the direction of New York.

And that, I may say at once, was the end of it so far as I know. Snuzzer came presently in another steamer accompanied by his principal, Mr. Sidney Saraband, a most gentlemanly person,

and with him was the United States marshal. When they heard of the escape of the conspirators, they hurried back to New York, but for the moment were unable to come upon the track of the fugitives. Snuzzer is still hopeful, and as his employers have put him exclusively upon this business I do not doubt that some day he will have an interesting story to tell of their pursuit and capture. The duchess had been abandoned, but we owed her too much gratitude to trouble or interfere with her. I gladly liquidated Messrs. Saraband's charges and have placed myself entirely under their protection.

For the rest it is enough to say that as soon as possible after landing I married Frida, Swete Thornhill being my best man, Snuzzer and Joe Vials most honored guests at the wedding. No one, Mrs. Fairholme most of all, wished to brave the risks of another Atlantic voyage, so we settled down for the summer and autumn in a charming Newport cottage.

THE END.

Where Beggars May Ride.  
Horses are so cheap in Auckland that pedestrianism bids fair to become extinct. The postman does his rounds on horseback. The butcher, a huge basket slung over his arm, canters up with ordered provender. Schoolboys, two frequently sharing a mount, ride to school, where a paddock is reserved for their ponies. Even the lamp-lighter performs his duties perched on an ambulating nag, while the droves of live stock passing along the roads are all ways under the care of a mounted escort.

As an instance of the topsy turvy state of things antipodean it may be mentioned that it is considered smarter to drive in a hired carriage than in your own trap—Blackwood's.

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What He Objected To.  
At the farewell to Dr. Gunnison in Worcester, Mass., it is said that the Rev. Mr. Phelan, the Unitarian preacher, and the Rev. Mr. Wilcox, the well known Congregationalist, met. The three divines, as all ministers will do to honor their each other. The pastor of the Church of the Unity said he lived near enough to the Congregational church to hear the clock strike.

"Well," said Mr. Wilcox, "we give you good time, I hope."

"Oh, yes?" responded the Unitarian. "It is not your time we object to; it's your eternity!"—Worcester Spy.

THE CHURCH ABROAD.  
An order for the discontinuance of the Internoster, which it has long been customary for the pupils to recite at the opening of the Italian lower schools, has been issued by the superintendents at Milan, where the schools are under the authority of the municipal council.

Cardinal Vaughan, during his late visit to Rome, is said to have presented to the Pope the following statistics as to the condition of Catholicism in Great Britain: Twenty-five Catholic sees, 3,500 clergyman, and about 2,000,000 laity; while, throughout the British dominions, there are more than 12,000,000 Catholics, with 172 diocesan bishops and apostolic vicars.

An American is this year again the favorite preacher in Rome. Father Hughes, S. J., is preaching the Lenten course at San Silvestro in Capite and part of another course at the Church of St. George and the English Saints, where he will also preach a retreat in Passion Week. The Very Rev. Father Meyer, S. J., another American religious, preaches part of the Lenten course at the last-named church.

The Polish societies of West Germany are sending a memorial to the Pope, protesting against the treatment they received at the hands of the German Catholic clergy. At Strasburg, West Prussia, the courts have confiscated a picture of Christ blessing a woman representing Poland with a torn flag bearing the dates of the partition of Poland and also the dates of the four great Polish rebellions.

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Trains leave from and arrive at Central Avenue Station, Rochester as follows:

EAST BY MAIN LINE  
A. M.—\*1:00, \*3:15, \*5:44, 6:48, 8:15, ac.  
\*9:05, \*9:38 \*10:05, \*10:50, ac. P. M.—\*12:30 ac., 2:34, 3:00, ac., \*5:05, 6:15, ac., \*6:40, \*7:50, ac., \*8:45, \*9:35, \*10:30, \*11:15, ac.

Trains arrive from the East.  
A. M.—\*1:15, \*3:15, \*5:40, \*6:48, 8:10, ac., 9:35, ac., \*10:45, \*10:50, ac., 11:53 c.  
P. M.—\*12:05, 1:00, \*2:30, \*3:25, \*5:02, ac., \*5:30, \*9:00, ac., 9:20, \*9:45, \*10:00, \*11:25.

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD.  
A. M.—\*5:35, 6:44, \*7:45, 9:40, 11:45.  
P. M.—\*2:45, \*11:00, \*9:50, \*7:45, 10:50.  
Trains arrive from Auburn Road.  
A. M.—8:17, 9:00, \*9:40, 10:30, P. M. \*1:50, \*4:20, \*5:10, 8:40, \*9:05, 11:50.

WEST BY MAIN LINE.  
A. M.—\*9:30, \*12:20, \*4:05, \*5:35, \*6:55, \*7:50, ac., \*9:10, 10:55. P. M.—\*12:10 \*12:25, \*1:40, ac., 3:25, \*5:15, ac., \*5:35, \*6:27 \*9:50, \*10:05, \*11:40.

Trains arrive from the West.  
A. M.—\*9:05, \*9:35, \*10:00, \*10:55, ac., \*11:40, ac., P. M.—\*12:10, ac., 1:35, \*5:00, \*6:27, \*8:40, \*9:45, \*10:25.

WEST BY FALLS ROAD.  
A. M.—\*6:10, \*8:20, \*10:30, P. M.—\*1:30, \*5:40, \*11:00.  
Trains arrive from Falls Road.  
A. M.—\*7:40, \*9:20, P. M.—\*1:30, \*4:15, \*7:45, \*9:30.

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH  
Leave Rochester Daily.  
A. M.—\*11:25, \*10:20, P. M. \*1:30, \*5:00.  
Arrive from Charlotte Daily.  
A. M.—\*9:25, \*11:20.—P. M. \*4:00, \*6:00.

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Trains arrive and depart from State street station:  
East Bound—A. M.—\*9:05 9:50, P. M.—\*3:20, 6:40.  
West Bound—A. M. 8:20 P. M.—4:20.  
Arrive from East—A. M.—\*9:10, 9:00, \*11:45, 7:20.  
Arrive from West—A. M.—\*9:50, 10:35, P. M.—\*7:25.

\*Denotes daily. \*Sundays only. All other trains daily except Sunday.  
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LEAVE GOING EAST.  
\*6:05 A. M.—Continental Limited.  
\*9:10 A. M.—Local Express.  
\*10:15 A. M.—New York Express.  
\*5:55 P. M.—Newark Local.  
\*6:05 P. M.—National Express.  
\*9:25 P. M.—Atlantic Express.

LEAVE GOING WEST.  
\*7:25 A. M.—Continental Limited.  
\*9:35 A. M.—St. Louis and Chicago Limited.  
\*10:05 A. M.—National Express.  
\*7:15 A. M.—Buffalo Local.  
\*10:15 A. M.—Buffalo Express.  
\*9:25 P. M.—Buffalo Local.

TRAINS ARRIVE.  
From the West. A. M.—\*10:05, \*4:35, \*10:35, \*7:30, \*10:20, P. M.—\*9:15.  
From the West. A. M.—\*9:20, \*9:07, \*10:05—P. M.—\*6:45, \*5:55, \*9:30.

\*Denotes daily.  
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