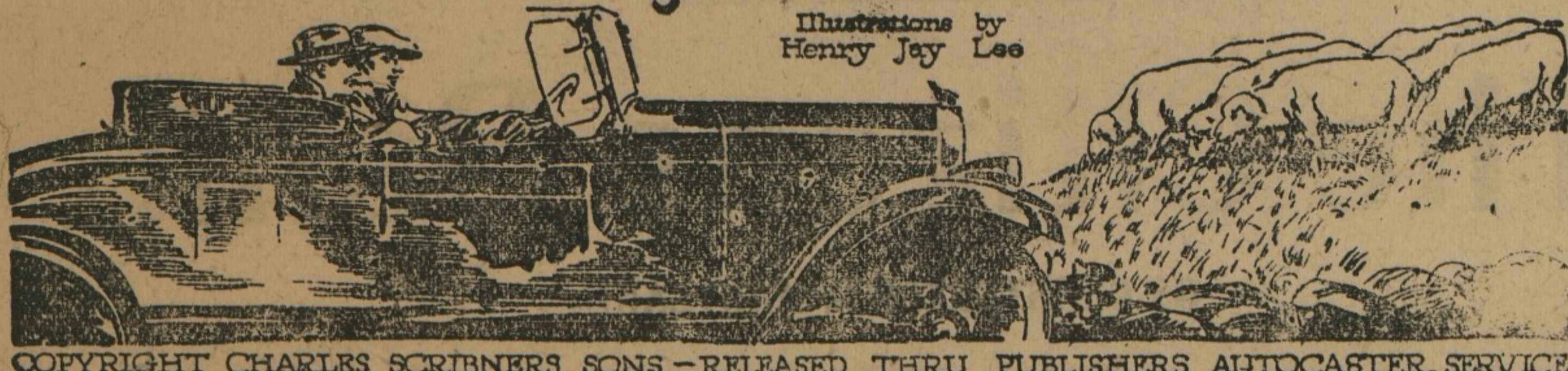


's Hope For A Good Brood By Albert T. Reid



BLACKSHEEP! By Meredith Nicholson



Isabel Perry recommends a life of crime, adventure, romance and excitement as a cure for Archibald Barnatt's nerves. Archie goes to Bailey Harbor to investigate a house for his sister—and spends the night in the empty house. He is awakened by footsteps during the night; the intruder fires at him and misses. Archie fires in return. He doesn't know whether he has killed or only wounded the man, but fearing the publicity, plans to make his escape. In his flight he meets "The Governor"—a master-mind criminal who mistakes him for a fellow criminal. Archie, afraid to tell the truth, falls in with "The Governor." A series of events lead him to believe he has shot Putney Congdon—the owner of the house. They proceed to New York, where they are visited by Julia, the Governor's sister. Archie promises her he will stick with the Governor through the strange phase she claims he is passing through. While strolling in the park, Archie sees Mrs. Congdon with her two children, and is witness to the kidnapping of the little girl, Edith. He learns from the Governor that the father-in-law of Mrs. Congdon—a very wealthy man—is engaged in the circulation of counterfeit twenty-dollar gold pieces. They go to Rochester, where the Governor receives a letter from Ruth, the girl he loves, in which she tells him he may be able to serve her. At a dance at Ruth's home, Archie meets Isabel and they are reconciled. Archie and the Governor promise to find Edith Congdon and whisk her away to Isabel's camp. They secure work on Eliphallet Congdon's farm, where Edith has been taken. They learn that Putney Congdon—the man Archie shot—is also there. While Archie is teaching Edith to ride the Governor kidnaps her. When Putney Congdon leaves the farm, Archie follows him. They become friendly and Archie agrees to help Putney to head out, where they meet the Governor. The Governor tells Archie that Carey, Isabel's cousin, has blocked the camp and they are unable to get supplies. Isabel and Ruth attempt to run the blockade. They are run down by Carey's launch and the canoe overturns. Archie, Leary and the Governor, on the way to the camp, rescue them. The next day the Governor's tug runs through with a cargo of supplies. The Governor quickly recovered spirits and with characteristic egotism began putting the new through its paces. When he that Putney was skilled in the art of such craft he cheerfully took the launch over to him. Archie, on take it and run up to Callie, where you'd better get supplies. Pick up the Heart O' Dreams and bring it back to Huddleston, and meet us on the wharf at nightfall. We've got a heavy night's work ahead of us. Archie and I are going aboard the tug to study your father's case carefully. You may rely on us to extricate him from his embarrassment's. As they boarded the Arthur B. Grover the Governor bade Archie follow him to the bow where I am going aboard the tug to study your father's case carefully. You may rely on us to extricate him from his embarrassment's. "Mr. Congdon," the Governor began, "as a mere looker-on at the passing show I'm persuaded that you're not getting much out of life." "I don't do it or do not do," cried the old man, "is none of your internal business." "An error of considerable mag-

can't have you taking further risks." "You would have us run just as the game grows interesting. Of course we're not going to quit the field and leave that fellow here to annoy you! He's a dangerous character and we're going to get rid of him." She was depressed, much as Ruth had been a few hours earlier, and his efforts to win her to a happier frame of mind were unavailing. She jumped up quickly and hurried away, her head bowed. He watched her until she was swallowed up in the darkness. Shortly before midnight Archie and Leary left the Arthur B. Grover and paddled cautiously toward the rendezvous. They were fortified with a rifle, a shotgun, and several packets of rockets for signaling the tug. Leary, restless because he couldn't smoke, was silent. He managed his paddle so deftly that there was hardly a drip that could announce their proximity to any one lying in wait on the bay. Several minutes before Archie caught the listless wash of calm waters on a beach, Leary heard it and paused, peering at the opaque curtain of the woodland beyond the lighter shadow of the shore. "We struck it right," he announced, returning from an examination of the shore markings. They carried the canoe into the wood and lay down beside it, communicating in whispers. An instant later the Governor threw himself on the ground beside them. He rested for a few moments—then jumped up. "Well, boys, everything's ready!" One by one his little army assembled, rising from the ground like specters. Leary was already deploying the men. The Governor laid his hand on Archie's shoulder. In the contact something passed between them, such a communication as does not often pass from the heart of one man to another. "If it comes to the worst for me, you and Isabel will look out for Ruth. I needn't ask you that. Use the tug quickly to clear things up here; there must be nothing left to tell the tale. See that old man Congdon keeps his promise. That will of his is in my blue serge coat in the closet of my room. If I die, bury me on the spot; no foolishness about that. I died to the world seven years tonight, so a second departure will call for no flowers!" When they reached the little stream that defined the boundary of Heart O' Dreams territory the Governor, Archie and Leary, in readiness for their dash across the bridge and over the barricade. The purr of water eager for its entrance into the bay struck upon Archie's ear with a spiteful insistence. There was not a sound from the further side of the stream. They crawled across the bridge and Archie ran his hand over the frame of logs against which stones had been heaped in a rough wall, as the Governor explained to him. Archie had determined to lead the assault, but while he was seeking footing in the crevices the Governor swung himself to the top. His foot struck a stone perched on the edge and it rolled down into the camp with a great clatter. As though it had touched a trigger a shot-gun boomed upon the night, indicating that Carey had not been caught napping. Orders were given in a shrill voice and answering shouts proclaimed the marshaling of his forces. Archie and Leary reached the Governor as he was crawling over the stones. Some one threw a shovelful of coals upon a heap of wood that evidently had been soaked in inflammable oil, for the flames rose with a roar. It may have been that Carey had grown wary of murder as a means of gaining his end after the escape of the previous night, for the first move of his men was to attempt to drive out the invaders with rifles swung as clubs. Carey screamed at them hysterically, urging them to greater efforts. The great bonfire kept the belligerents constantly in sight of each other, sulking, dodging, engaging in individual encounters poorly calculated to bring victory to either side. One of Carey's men lay near the barricade, insensible from a crack over the head from a rifle butt. His plight was causing uneasiness among his comrades, who began drawing back toward the shadows. Carey, seeing that their pluck was ebbing, cursed them. "We ain't gettin' anywhere!" growled Leary at the end of a third inconclusive hand-to-hand struggle with only a few battered heads as the result. "There's gold for all of you!" screamed Archie to his men, and urged them to another attack. They advanced again, but Archie was quick to see that they came into the light reluctantly and precipitated themselves half-heartedly into the struggle. The Governor, too, was aware of their diminished spirit and got his men in line for a charge. "We'll clean 'em up this time, boys!" He took the lead, walking forwardly calmly, and in a low tone pointing out the individual that each should attack. The quiet orderliness of the movement, or perhaps it was a sense of impending disaster, drew Carey to a greater fury than he had yet shown. The invaders broke line for the assault, he leaped at the Governor and swung at him viciously with a rifle. The Governor sprang aside and the gun slipped from Carey's hand and clattered against the barricade. Angered by his failure, and finding his men yielding, Carey abruptly changed his tactics. He ran back beyond the roaring fire and caught up another rifle. Leary began circling round the flame in the hope of grappling with him, but it was too late. Without taking time for aim, Carey leveled the weapon and fired through the flames. Archie struggling with a woodsman, beat him down and turned as the shot rang out. The Governor was standing apart, oddly strangely alone it seemed a

and take care of old Governor." Archie was very humble as he reflected that he hadn't done justice to the intelligence and charm, to say nothing of the professional skill of Dr. Katherine Reynolds in his hurried glimpse of her at Heart O' Dreams. His fears that a woman doctor, who was really only a girl of the age of Ruth and Isabel, would not be equal to the emergency were dismissed an hour after she reached Huddleston. She brought the camp nurse with her and was fortified with bags of instruments and hospital supplies. She went about her examination without a question; made it as though she were daily in the habit of dealing with wounded men; specifically called for boiling water, laid out sponges and bottles and oddly shaped trinkets of steel, and the Governor's room in the ramshackle hotel was quickly transformed into a surgery. Perky had gone aboard the tug, which was to remain in the bay until the outcome of the Governor's injury could be learned. Putney Congdon kept Archie company in the hall outside the sick room.

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