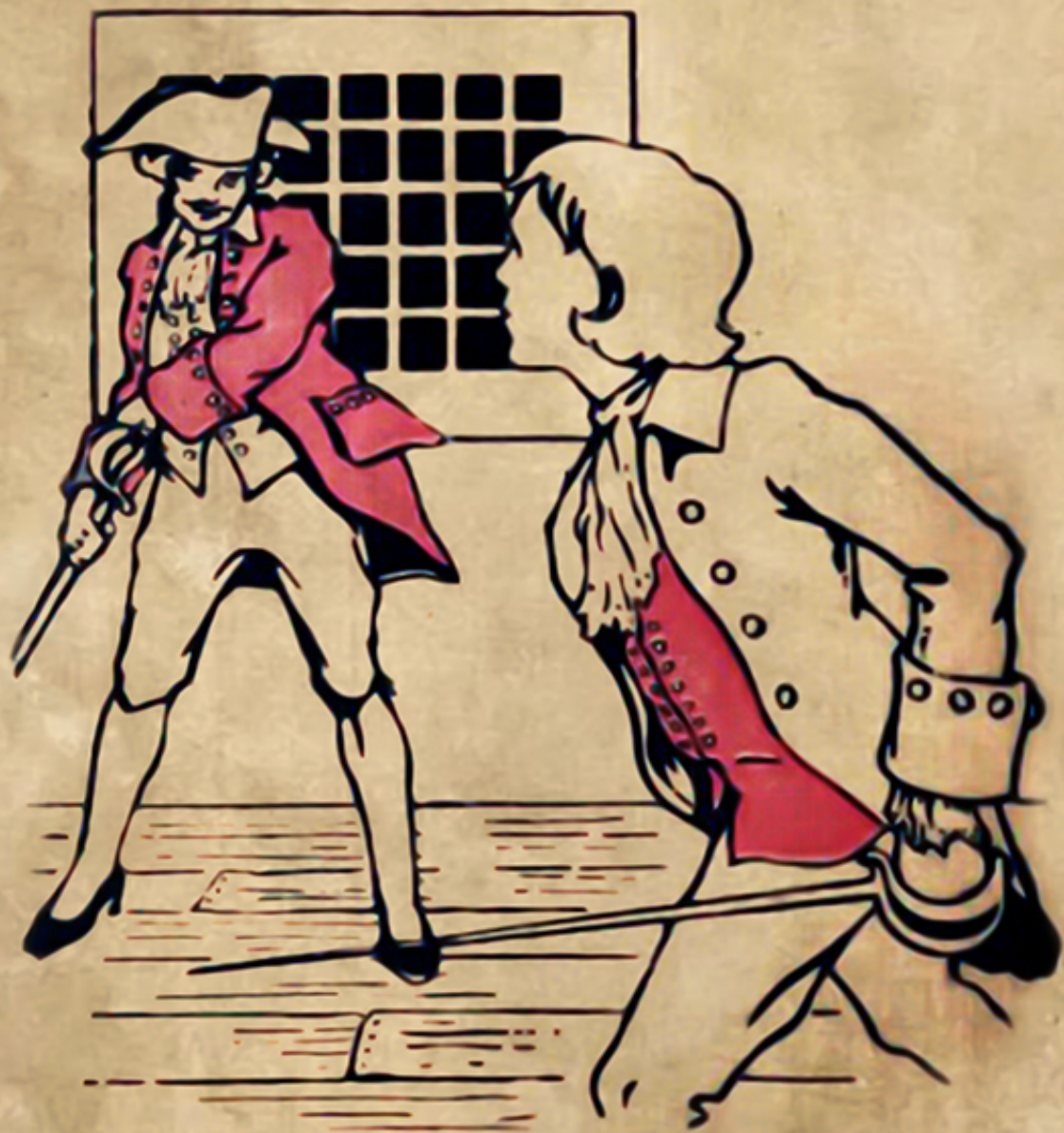


CLASSICS TO GO



THE ROCK OF
THE LION
MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

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**BASKERVILLE'S EYES FOLLOWED THE COURSE OF THE
*SEAHORSE***

AT GIBRALTAR.

*England, I stand on thy imperial ground,
Not all a stranger; as thy bugles blow,
I feel within my blood old battles flow—
The blood whose ancient founts in thee are found.
Still surging dark against the Christian bound
Wide Islam presses; well its peoples know
Thy heights that watch them wandering below;
I think how Lucknow heard their gathering sound.
I turn and meet the cruel, turbaned face.
England, 'tis sweet to be so much thy son!
I feel the conqueror in my blood and race;
Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day
Gibraltar wakened; hark, thy evening gun
Startles the desert over Africa!*

—GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

PREFACE

The Rock of the Lion is not a history of the siege of Gibraltar, although the story of that immortal siege of 1779-83 has been closely studied and followed in preparing this book for young readers. The writer has used the romancer's just and inalienable right to introduce real persons and events whenever it would be of service to the story. Only one liberty has been taken with chronology; it refers to Paul Jones, and is unimportant in character.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

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CHAPTER I

The sun, a great orb of glory, hung low in the west, lighting up the sea and sky with a blaze of splendor. Long lances of rosy flame shot across the blue Mediterranean, even to the horizon, which was the color of pearls and opals. Afar off, in the dim distance, the Rock of Gibraltar, a huge, mysterious shadow, like a couchant lion, seemed to keep watch over sea and land. Vast and majestic, looming large in the clear obscure of evening, it dwarfed everything less great than itself into nothingness, except one—a magnificent ship of the line, the *Thunderer*, which swept along under a mountain of canvas. The ensign of England, which flew from her peak, seemed to kiss the skies, while the long pennant, signifying "homeward bound," that flew from the giant mainmast, touched the sapphire sea. A hundred and twenty guns armed her mighty hull, and she carried a thousand men to fight them. The rush of the wind through her tremendous rigging was like the roar of a cataract, and as she cleft the seas they bellowed under her bows with a reverberation like thunder.

The crimson and gold rim of the sun still flamed angrily above the horizon, but the pearl and opal and ruby sky changed suddenly to a coppery red, streaked with green, and the wind rose steadily. Approaching the mighty battleship, on the opposite tack, was seen a small frigate, as perfect in her dainty way as the leviathan that was bearing down upon her. She, too, wore the colors of England. As soon as she got fairly within sight a signal-flag was broken out from her foretruck. In answer to it the ship of the line threw her maintop-sail aback and hove to. The frigate did likewise, and a cutter dropped into the water from her side.

A midshipman and twelve men were in the boat, and another person—a lad of about sixteen, wearing a naval uniform, but different from the uniform of the midshipman. The boat was rapidly pulled across the blue water, now ruffled by the breeze, and soon lay rocking and tumbling like a cork under the huge hull of the ship of the line. The two lads rose and grasped each other's hand. They said nothing, being Anglo-Saxons, but their looks were eloquent, and in the eyes of both there were tears. The midshipman said a word to the men, and they brought the boat alongside, just under the main-chains. The younger one, taking off his cap, nodded to the men in the boat, and, without waiting for the Jacob's-ladder which was about to be thrown over the side, made a spring like a cat and landed in the chain-plates. The men, ever pleased with a show of daring and dexterity, raised a cheer, in which some of the sailors hanging over the *Thunderer's* rail joined. The young fellow turned and waved his cap again, and then disappeared through the nearest porthole, a sailor throwing a small bundle after him. Almost before he had seized the chain-plates the maintop-sail yard had swung round, and the great ship was again bounding over the sea.

The boy threaded, with amazing swiftness, the gangways and ladders of the *Thunderer*, and soon found himself on the quarter-deck. An officer in an admiral's uniform stood alone on the poop, watching the boat as it disappeared rapidly in the distance, while the captain on the bridge looked anxiously towards the northwest, where clouds were gathering angrily.

The boy walked up to the Admiral, and, making a low bow, cap in hand, said, "This, I believe, is Admiral Kempenfelt."

"Yes, sir," answered the Admiral.

"I have the honor to report to you, sir. I am Midshipman Baskerville, late of the Continental ship *Bon Homme Richard*, and afterwards in the *Serapis*. I was captured at the Texel, and am on my parole. This letter from Captain Lockyer, of the *Seahorse*, explains everything."

Admiral Kempenfelt took the letter which the little midshipman handed him, and read:

"DEAR SIR,—This will be handed you by Midshipman Baskerville, a young rebel lately in revolt against his Majesty, and lately acting midshipman with that traitor and pirate, Paul Jones. After Jones reached the Texel in the *Serapis*, we kept, you may be sure, a close watch upon him, and the *Seahorse*, with eleven other ships of the line and frigates, cruised outside waiting for him. But will you believe, my dear Admiral, that this little midshipman is all the game we have bagged so far; and he was caught by his own imprudence in going off on a fishing excursion, when a boat's crew of the *Seahorse* nabbed him just as he got ashore? I received orders to the Mediterranean, and so hand this youngster over to you to take to England. He is the grandson and heir of your eccentric friend Lord Bellingham, of Bellingham Castle, Yorkshire. His father quarrelled with his grandfather, went to North America, and turned red-hot rebel. This boy, being left an orphan, was seduced by Jones to join him, although he swears he begged Jones to take him, and would follow Jones all over the world and beyond. You see, my dear sir, that it would be a very good thing if we could bring this youth to a sense of his duty to the King; and as he is a lad of parts and spirit, I would be glad to see him in his grandfather's good graces. I intended to send him to England on his parole at the first opportunity; but blast me if I have met a ship going home since I took him aboard in October

until now. I venture to hand him over to you, having given him orders to report at once to his grandfather when you land. This has been an infernal cruise, and if we have ten shillings apiece prize-money, it will be more than I expect. With best wishes, believe me, my dear sir,

"Your very sincere friend and obedient servant,

"RALPH LOCKYER."

While the reading of this letter was going on, Archy Baskerville stood in an easy but respectful attitude. There were a number of officers on deck who looked at him curiously, but he seemed to see no one. His eyes followed the course of the *Seahorse*, now growing rapidly smaller and fainter in the fading light, and again they filled with tears. He had been a prisoner, it is true, on board of her, but a prisoner kindly treated; and he had one friend—Langton, the midshipman, who had brought the boat to the *Thunderer*—whom he dearly loved. Should they ever meet again? He was roused from his reverie by Admiral Kempenfelt saying to him:

"Do you know the contents of this letter, sir?"

"No, sir."

"I find you are the grandson of my old friend Lord Bellingham—his heir, so Captain Lockyer writes me."

Something like a grin appeared on Archy's handsome face.

"Hardly, sir. My father joined with my grandfather in cutting the entail, and I cannot get the estates; and I cannot use the title, as I am an American citizen."

"A what?" snapped Admiral Kempenfelt.

Now, this young gentleman, Archy Baskerville, had a reprehensible quality very common in youth. He liked to be

as exasperating as he dared, and having devoted most of his time on the *Seahorse* to finding out how far he could presume on his position as a prisoner of war, he only smiled sweetly up into the Admiral's face and repeated, blandly:

"A citizen of the United States, sir."

The Admiral glared at him for a moment, and then, his countenance softening, he put his hand kindly on Archy's shoulder, saying, as if he were addressing a ten-year-old boy:

"Come, come, my lad; let us have no more of that. You are young; you are misguided; you have a splendid destiny before you in England, and the vagaries of a mere lad like you, exposed to the seductions of a plausible fellow like that pirate Jones, will be easily overlooked if you return to your allegiance to your King and country."

During this speech a deep red had overspread Archy's countenance, but his quick wits had not deserted him.

"Sir," he said, straightening up his boyish figure, "a prisoner of war is subject to many temptations to betray his cause; but I did not think that Admiral Kempenfelt would suggest that I should turn traitor, and, what is harder to bear, should insult my late commander, Commodore Paul Jones, when I am not in a position to resent it."

If Archy had turned red the Admiral turned scarlet. His eyes and his teeth snapped at the same time, and, wheeling round, he abruptly walked to the end of the poop and back again, his heels hitting the deck hard and his hands twitching behind his back. The officers standing within hearing had difficulty in keeping their countenances, but Archy, smooth and unruffled, was like a May morning. The Admiral again turned and came back towards him. The notion of that youngster giving himself the airs of a post-

captain! thought the Admiral. The masthead was the only place for him, and yet the brat was sharp enough to know all he was entitled to as a prisoner of war and to claim it.

The Admiral made two more turns; then he came up close to Archy, and with the gleam of a smile said:

"May I have the pleasure of your company in my cabin at supper to-night, Mr. What's-your-name?"

"With pleasure, sir," replied Archy, promptly, "provided, of course, that you make no efforts to corrupt my loyalty, and say nothing disrespectful of my late commander."

Had the great main-mast tumbled over the side at that moment, the Admiral could not have been more amazed. He opened his mouth to speak, and was too astounded to shut it. He looked at Archy carefully from the crown of his curly head to the soles of his well-shaped feet—for the boy was elegantly made and bright-faced and handsome beyond the common. Archy bore the scrutiny without flinching. As for the officers, who were on-lookers, a universal grin went round, and one midshipman giggled outright.

Suddenly there was a sharp order and a rush of feet along the deck. The light had died out as if by magic; sea and sky turned black, except a corner on the northwest horizon, where an ominous pale-green light played upon fast-gathering clouds, and the wind rose with a shriek. The men swarmed up the rigging to take in sail, and they were not a moment too soon. Every person on deck immediately found something to do except Admiral Kempenfelt and Archy Baskerville. The Admiral walked up and down, glancing coolly around, but making no suggestions. Archy leaned against the swifter of the mizzen-rigging, and his keen young eyes caught the last glimpse of the *Seahorse* as she disappeared—a mere speck in the darkness. The inky clouds

came down like a curtain upon the lion-like Rock, and the air itself seemed to turn black. And then came the storm.

The *Thunderer*, under storm canvas, did battle with the tempest for two days and nights. Driven by mighty blasts, she staggered upon her course, descending into gulfs and then rising mountain high until it seemed as if her tall masts would meet the low-hanging pall of clouds. Her guns broke loose, and on all three of her decks these huge masses of brass and iron were pitched about to the danger of life and limb. Her stout masts and spars bent like whips. Violent gusts of rain came with the scream of the tempest. Her men, drenched to the bone, nearly swept off their feet by the great hissing and roaring masses of water that fell upon the deck, knocked over, slipping up, falling down hatchways, sleepless and hungry, suffered all the dangers and miseries of one of the most frightful storms of the century; yet they never lost heart. The officers, from the captain down to the smallest midshipman, were cool, and apparently confident that the *Thunderer* could weather the storm; and as in the beginning, so to the end, there were but two persons on the ship who did nothing—Admiral Kempenfelt and the little American prisoner of war, Archy Baskerville; and in coolness and apparent indifference it is hard to tell which excelled—the seasoned Admiral or the young midshipman.

Neither the boy's spirit, nor even his sly impertinence, had injured him in Admiral Kempenfelt's opinion, and Archy's courage during those terrible two days was not overlooked. The Admiral felt an interest in the boy, from his long acquaintance with Lord Bellingham, and he thought it a pity that the heir to a great title and noble estates should throw them away by what the Admiral considered rank rebellion; but it was Archy's own fearless spirit that won him the Admiral's respect. On that first dreadful night there was no pretence of serving supper; but, to the Admiral's mingled

disgust and amusement, at seven o'clock Archy tumbled into the great cabin, where he found the Admiral seated with a soup-tureen between his knees, out of which he was ladling pea-soup into his mouth with great good-will, but indifferent success.

"Ah, here you are, Mr. Baskerville," called out the Admiral, who knew what a midshipman's appetite was, and supposed that Archy had shrewdly calculated on a good supper. "Sorry I can't order my steward to help you; but in that last lurch the ship gave he was pitched head-foremost over the table, and knocked out three teeth and blacked his eye—so he is now under the surgeon's care. But if you will kindly help yourself to that bowl— Oh, Jupiter!"

The *Thunderer* nearly went on her beam-ends, and so did the tureen. Archy, showing a very good pair of sea-legs, secured the bowl from a mass of broken crockery in the locker, and, presenting it, the Admiral filled it with pea-soup, only spilling about half.

"Excuse me, sir," said Archy, and plumped down flat on the floor, where, with the greatest dexterity, he conveyed all the soup in the bowl to his mouth.

"Any casualties on deck since I left?" asked the Admiral.

"No, sir. The fact is"—here the ship righted herself with a suddenness that threw Archy's heels almost into the Admiral's face—"I don't think it much of a blow."

The Admiral stopped his ladling for a moment and looked the boy in the eye very hard.

Archy felt emboldened to indulge in a little more boyish braggadocio, and remarked, airily:

"That is, there's nothing alarming in the blow, sir. It was blowing harder than this when we made the Texel in the

Serapis."

"Young man," answered the Admiral, "you never saw it blow as hard as this in your life, and you never may again."

Archy, somewhat abashed, said nothing, and had the grace to blush; but spying a loaf of bread rolling under the transom, he crawled after it, secured it, and handed it to the Admiral.

"Informal, but very welcome," was the Admiral's remark as he divided the loaf and gave Archy half. "As long as this keeps up, Mr. Baskerville, you may as well accept the hospitality of my cabin, such as it is. I hardly suppose any one has thought of slinging you a hammock, and you couldn't stay in it if you had it; but there is the floor, and here is a pillow."

"Thank you, sir," said Archy.

"Have you ever seen your grandfather, Lord Bellingham?"

"No, sir."

The Admiral gave a short laugh.

"I should like to see your meeting."

Something in the Admiral's kind face gave encouragement to Archy, and he replied, "I hope he will receive me kindly, but I ask no favors of him. As a prisoner of war, I am sure to be taken care of, since Commodore Jones has obtained for us sea-officers the rights of prisoners of war, such as the land officers have had all the time. Is my grandfather very—very—dreadful?"

"He is a man of sense and honor, but he is very eccentric. I have known him for forty years. Excuse me now, Mr. Baskerville, I am going on deck. I need not ask you to make

yourself at home." The Admiral smiled at this—he thought Archy needed very slight invitation to do that.

All night the tempest raged. At midnight, when it was at its worst, the Admiral came below for a moment. There were no lights, but by striking his flint he saw a lithe, boyish figure on the floor, cunningly lashed to the transom, as was the pillow, and Archy was sleeping like a baby.

"The little beggar is no coward," thought the Admiral, a smile lighting up his face.

Next day and next night it was the same. The Admiral noticed many things in that mortal struggle of the great ship with all the powers of destruction, and among them were the different kinds and degrees of courage displayed by the officers and men. Not one showed fear, although each was conscious of the immediate and awful danger, but some bore the strain better than others. There was not one who stood it more calmly, more debonairly, than the little American midshipman.

At sunrise on the third day, when the storm passed off to the eastward, they found themselves near a rocky headland that jutted out into the sea. The sun shone brightly, but the sea was still angry, and as far as the eye could reach was wreckage. One glance on the rocks showed them the wreck of the *Seahorse*. Her masts and spars were gone, and the hulk rose and fell helplessly with the violence of the waves. Archy was leaning sadly over the rail when he saw an object floating nearer that he recognized, with a sickening dread, as that of a man's body. It was swept shoreward under the very lee of the *Thunderer*. As it shot past, Archy uttered a cry. The morning light had revealed the pale face of his best friend Langton. Another cry went up from the men on the *Thunderer's* deck as they watched the ghastly sight. But at that very moment they had all they could do to claw off the

land and save the *Thunderer* from the fate of the *Seahorse*. It was some days before the wind permitted them to return to the scene of the wreck, and they found not a vestige of the gallant ship or her brave company.

CHAPTER II

The Comet coach, from London to York, left the Angel Inn, on the borders of Yorkshire, at three o'clock in the November afternoon, on the last stage of the journey.

It was bitterly cold, and the low-hanging clouds held snow. Inside the tavern parlor the passengers hugged the fire and looked dismally out of the small-paned windows on the court-yard at the coach, to which the horses were being put, while the coachman, taking his last nip from a pewter pot at the kitchen window, chaffed the bar-maid and playfully flicked his whip at the postilion busy with the horses near by.

Among the passengers lingering around the fire was Archy Baskerville. He still wore his uniform, which had grown excessively shabby; but he was not without money. He had engaged the box-seat, and had paid for it in a lordly manner, showing, meanwhile, with boyish vanity and imprudence, a handsome rouleau of gold. He had a very handsome new cloak of dark-blue camlet, elegantly lined, and with a fur collar; and his seedy knee-breeches were ornamented with a costly pair of buckles.

The singular contrast in his dress could not fail to excite remark. An individual known as a bagman began to chaff him, while the other passengers listened and smiled.

"Wot's the matter with your clothes, young man? Did you kill a French captain in that 'ere suit—as you won't change it?"

Archy disdained to reply to this, and, wrapping his handsome cloak around him, produced a pair of pistols—not the great horse-pistols of the day, but of the kind used by

officers; then he tightened the belt of the sword he wore, according to the custom in those days—all with an air of nonchalance that would have suited a man of twice his age.

A pert young woman in a hat and feathers, and travelling alone, then began:

"La, me! Have we got to travel in company with them pistols? Sure, they'll go off, little boy, and then we'll all be weltering in our blood."

A flush of anger rose to Archy's cheek at this, but he wisely held his peace. His eye fell, however, upon a gentleman on the opposite side of the fireplace, who was wrapped in a cloak much larger and heavier than Archy's, and who, like him, was examining the flints of a pair of pistols—and the gentleman also wore a military sword. He was tall and thin, and had the carriage of a soldier. His face was sallow, and far from handsome, but his eyes were full of kindness and intelligence, and as they met Archy's a subtle sympathy was established between them. Archy guessed, shrewdly, that the military gentleman was an Indian officer.

The bagman soon returned to the charge.

"Where's the footman as has charge o' you?" he asked.

"I had not thought of engaging a footman," responded Archy, coolly; "but if you are looking for a place, perhaps I might take you. What sort of a character can you get from your last master?"

A roar of laughter, in which the officer joined to the extent of a smile, greeted this, and the young woman called out:

"Bless 'is 'art! I knew he must 'ave a good 'art under that 'andsome cloak!"

The blowing of a bugle by the guard at the door broke up the conversation. The discomfited bagman made first for the coach, and the young woman with the hat and feathers bolted after him. A sweet-faced, elderly Quakeress and a handsome young Oxford student followed. Archy came next, and the officer held back a moment to speak to him.

"I observe, sir," he said, politely, "you wear a blue naval uniform, but it is unlike that of our service—at least, any that I have seen, but I have been long absent from England."

"This is an American uniform, sir," responded Archy, politely. "I am a prisoner of war on my parole and entitled to wear it. I served with Commodore Jones on the *Bon Homme Richard*, and was captured through my own imprudence when we made the Texel on our return from the cruise in which we captured the *Serapis*."

At this a slight but marked change came over the officer, and after a moment he said, coldly:

"You will pardon me for saying there is very great imprudence, and even danger, in your wearing that uniform in England."

"Perhaps so," replied Archy, quickly adopting the same reserved tone, "but it is as honorable as any uniform in the world, and I shall continue to wear it. I observe that English officers on their parole in France wear their uniform and are not molested."

The officer passed on without speaking a word, and, courteously assisting the Quaker lady into the coach, stepped in after her, while Archy climbed up on the box-seat. The steps were put up, the door banged to, the guard winded his horn, the coachman cracked his whip, the four horses dashed forward, and with a lurch and a roar little

inferior to the *Thunderer's* in a gale of wind, the Comet started upon its journey.

The afternoon was dreary, and the wintry sun shone fitfully upon the vast moorlands through which the post-road, like a serpent, wound its way. The wind was cutting, and Archy shivered in spite of his great furred cape. The dreariness of the landscape affected him, and, as he had done many times since that unlucky day off the Texel, he felt sad at heart. He had left the *Thunderer* with regret at Spithead on her arrival. He had been kindly treated, especially by Admiral Kempenfelt, and, although he had made no friend like Langton, he had found good comradeship in the gun-room of the *Thunderer*. Before sending him ashore, Admiral Kempenfelt had talked with him kindly, and had advised him to go to his grandfather at Bellingham Castle and there await his exchange. The Admiral had strong hopes that, under certain influences, Archy would return, as the Admiral called it, to his King and country; but he forbore to urge it, seeing in the boy a spirit that was quick to resent any fancied dishonor. He had supplied Archy liberally with money, saying to him at the time: "This will not be too much in case Lord Bellingham refuses to see you; for, mark you, my lad, you have a queer case for a grandfather, and what he will do only himself and God Almighty know, so you had better be prepared for emergencies. However, I think you can take care of yourself. Good-bye, and good luck to you!"

Those were the last kind words Archy had heard. In London, being no wiser than any other harum-scarum midshipman who found his pockets full, for the first time, Master Archy had treated himself with great liberality. The playhouses, several cock-fights, excursions by land and water, and a showy outfit had consumed Archy's week in London and Admiral Kempenfelt's money, except the one rouleau of gold, which he exhibited as if he had a bank vault full of

them. The subject of his finances deeply engaged Archy's attention as the Comet plunged along the dreary road in the fast-gathering gloom. Occasionally they stopped to take up or let off passengers, but at the last stage—a small village where they changed horses—Archy observed that they had exactly the same complement with which they had started—the officer, the student, the bagman, the Quakeress, and the pert young woman.

As they dashed up to the door of a small and uninviting inn about dark, the landlord bustled out with a candle in his hand, and, addressing the coachman in a loud voice meant for the passengers, began:

"Have you heard the news? The coach returning by Barham Heath was stopped last night about this time and every single shilling taken from the passengers. If the ladies and gentlemen feels squeamish about going on to-night, I can give them good beds—excellent beds. The Bishop of Carlisle slept here a week ago, and his lordship was pleased to say he slept well. And I have lately brewed. His lordship liked the brew exceedingly—"

A shriek from the pert young woman interrupted this.

"O-o-o-h!" she screamed. "One of them dreadful highwaymen! I understand as they frequently kisses the ladies besides robbing them. Pray, Mr. Landlord, did you hear as any of the ladies was kissed?"

"Don't know, ma'am," replied the landlord, with a grin, "but if you meets a highwayman, and axes him—"

"None of your impudence, sir," tartly responded the young woman. "My sister's husband is cousin to one of the aldermen at Carlisle, and if you don't behave yourself respectful to me I'll have your license took away!" At which

landlord, passengers, postilions, and stable-boys united in laughing—the coachman only maintaining a stolid gravity.

While the horses were being put to, the passengers went into the tap-room to warm themselves, all except Archy and the officer. Just as Archy was stretching his legs in a brisk walk before the tavern door, to his surprise the officer stepped up to him.

"Sir," said he, "I perceive that, like myself, you have pistols. Now, the instant I put my eyes on our coachman I thought I recognized a man whom I had seen tried for robbery and acquitted at the Old Bailey for lack of evidence; and I am willing to credit him with being a rascal of the first water, and I should not be surprised if he proves it before we get to the end of our journey. We may have to look to our arms, perhaps."

"Mine will be found in good order, sir," responded Archy, greatly pleased to be so addressed by a military man so much older than himself, and to whom he had felt a strong and instant attraction.

"May I ask how far you are going?" inquired the officer.

"To the village of Bellingham. My grandfather lives at the Castle."

The two were standing in the light of a lantern hung from the tavern porch, and Archy saw a start of surprise on the officer's part. He was silent for a moment or two, and, in spite of the habitual self-possession which was visibly a part of his nature, he did not recover himself at once; and when he spoke Archy felt a change in the tone and manner of his new acquaintance.

"All danger will be passed as soon as we reach Bellingham. Our young Oxford friend has a sword and the bagman a

stout stick, but pistols are the weapons against highway-robbers. I am glad you have yours—and keep your eye on the coachman."

"Don't you think, sir," said Archy, eagerly, "that we had better keep our pistols out of sight as far as possible? For if they see we are armed they may not attack us."

"My dear sir," answered the officer, petulantly, "you speak as if to be held up by highwaymen was a privilege to be sought, not a danger to be avoided. I am afraid you are a hot-headed young man."

"The fact is," was Archy's half-sheepish and half-triumphant reply, "I like to see life—and you know, sir, to be stopped on the road by a determined Claude Duval kind of a fellow is rather er—"

"Pleasant," sarcastically suggested the officer; "deuced pleasant. I have often observed of you youngsters that to tell you that a thing is dangerous is generally to put a premium on your doing it. And when it is foolish, besides—zounds, there's no holding you back! But let me tell you, Mr. Midshipman, when you have had my share of hard knocks you will be a little more willing to keep out of them than you are now. For my part, I hope this tattling landlord is lying, and this rascally coachman has turned honest man. Meanwhile, keep your eyes open."

By that time the horses were put to, and the guard's horn summoned the passengers to get in, and the Comet started off.

The first few miles lay through the same flat, moorland country they had previously traversed, but presently they entered a straggling wood, with a hedge and ditch on both sides. It was now perfectly dark, except for the moon occasionally struggling through the clouds. Within the