New Short Serial.

FROM SCHOOL TO SEA.

Between DICK TREVELYAN, a boy of fifteen, and MR. GADBBY, his atepfather, there is bitter blood. The boy's real father had died, suspected of murder, and Gadaby takes any opportunity of taunting his stepson with this unpleasant fact.

takes any opportunity of taunting his step-son with this unpleasant facture is to come Should Dick die a small fortune is to come coets a scheme with the coets as cheme with OARKER, and the result is that Dick is transferred to the school of that gentleman, where he has an unpleasant time. (Now read on.)

B Resolve—A Bid for Liberty—A Hot Chase—The Boat Adrift. ICK was so still and sore in the morn-

inch was so still and sore in the morn-ing that he could scarcely rise from his bed. It was with Percy Conway's assistance that he got into his clothes. His back was simply a mass of weals, and pained terribly.

"I'm so sorry Teaching."

"It's plucky, Trevelyan, but it won't do. Better make up your mind to knuckle under like the rest of us. You'll have to do it in

the long run, you know."

To that Dick made no reply, But his

resolution remained unchanged.

Breakfast consisted of watery tea and thick

Breakfast consisted of watery tea and thick slices of bread, with just a suspicion of margarine spread over them. Mr. Carker presided at the table. His ratty eyes fastened with satisfaction upon bick's pale, pain-drawn face. The change in the boy's book was startling, and might have moved even a hardling, and might have moved even a hord pleasure in the contemplation of k. Dark, and dreary to Dick were the following days.

ing days. That Mr.

That Mr. Carker had singled him out for especially harsh treatment he could not fail see.

to see.

It was all due to Mr. Gadsby, he knew that, and his feelings towards his guardian and stepfather may be inagined, when the course, the continual librarial began to wear bits down. Percy had said that he would have to knuckle under in the long run. He began to ear that the prediction would come true. This idea has no courred to him, the might run away from Cliff House scape. He might run away from Cliff House course the This idea soon occurred to him. He

might run away from Cliff House.
This idea soon occurred to him. He
This files soon occurred to him. He
of course, it would be useless to
return to the office of the soon of the
self upon the mercy of Mr. Gadsby, If him
self upon the mercy of Mr. Gadsby, If him
self upon the mercy of Mr. Gadsby, If him
self upon the here of Mr. Gadsby, If him
self upon the was of nge. But he was strong
and sturdy. It would he strange if he could
and sturdy. It would he strange if he could
what the was of nge in the interval. But,
what the was of nge in the interval. But, whatever the risks, he was resolved to get away from Cliff House and the tyranny of Elisha Carker.

Ensia Carker.

To Percy alone he confided his plan. The boldness of it startled his friend.

"Run away!" repeated Percy, in amazement. "Would you dare. Dick?"

"I'd do anything rather than stay here.

Suppose you make up your mind to come

Percy shook his head. He did not regard the Percy shook his head. He did not regard the idea as feasible. To an active high-spirited lad like Dick stuccess was perhaps possible. But, with Percy the case was different. "No, Dick, I should only be a clog to you, But I'll help you all I can if you're deter-mined to go."

I am determined."

"I am determined."

"But you'll never get over the walls, Dick.

And the gates are kept always locked." I have fixed on Sunday.

"I have fixed on Sunday."
Sunday was the only day upon which the
boys of Cliff House were allowed beyond the
high spiked walls. I pon that day they
marched in a melancholy procession to the
parish church of Torrence, half a mile away.
Under the xigilant eyes of Mr. Carker and

Skimp there seemed but a doubtful chance of a fugitive secting away. But, doubtful estable chance was, it was the only one, and blek had made up his mind.

Under the influence of his secret determination blek forced himself to endure quietly made of the secret determination blek forced himself to endure quietly sample. The schoolmater, believing that the spirit of the had was breaking down, sut the alteration with ghoulish satisfacting that the alteration with ghoulish satisfaction of the alteration with ghoulish satisfaction that his victim should. It was his intention that his victim should reduce the sturdy lad to a low state, to undermine his strength and sap his vitality; and this could not be done more surely, more family, than by crushing his courage and this could not be done more surely, more family, than by crushing his courage and the was a plan worthy of a flend, but kilish Carker felt no qualms of conscience. He thought only of the price of his iniquity. Hitherto, in spite of repeated floggings, the properties of the surely of the price of his iniquity. Hitherto, in spite of repeated floggings, the surely surely in the surely surely

Silingly cannel at least, it was been a scale as Sunday at Cliff House. Was it to be his last? That greefion would soon be decided. The greefion would soon be decided. The property of the soon of th

minutes left. He gave recep-bim the moment had come. "Good-bye, Percy! I'm going! "Good-bye, Dick! Heaven

"Good-bye, Percy: 1 m going, "Good-bye, Dick: Heaven help you!" breathed Percy tremulously. Dick cast one look up and down the line, then, with a spring, cleared the fence which bordered the road, and started at a rapid rain across the adjoining field.

Marchael with meanered was the incident has been also been applied to the control of the control

So totally unexpected was the incident that no motion was made by Mr. Carker or Skimp for fully a minute. They stared blankly at no motion was made ...
for fully a minute. They stared blankly at the lithe figure vanishing across the field.

"It's Trevelyan! He's running away, father!" cried Samuel.
Mr. Carker rapped out an oath.

Mr. Carker rapped of Mr. Skinp, follow

father: trees amount an oath,
Mr. Carker rapped out an oath,
After him, Samuel! Mr. Skimp, follow
hats, into the school immediately, or all the school immediately, or all the school immediately, or all the school arounds like a flock of sheep,
Carker, in a savage temper, dealing blows

Carker, in a savage temper, dealing blows right and left.

right and left. Dick crossed the field, entered upon a lane, and followed it. It led towards the village of Torrence, It would never do to return there; so, after a while, he turned off across another field, heading for the sea.

another field, heading for the sea.

He had formed no definite plan. Knowing nothing of the locality or the inhabitants, he was compelled to trust to fortane. He had some idea of hiding amons the rocks, of the control of the contro

ning as hard as they could.

Dick's heart beat hard. Recapture threatened him. His glance swept wildly

threatened him. His glance swept wildly towards the sea.

He was not far from Torrence. Along the shore of the little quar shink craft wore moored. The tide was on the ebb; some of the boats were already left high and dry. Others, farther out, were bobbing and straining at their moorings. Dick stepped down from the rock and went tearing towards the water's add.

His object was easily seen by his pursuers. They redoubled their efforts to overtake him. And Dick, weakened by insufficient food and

ceaseless ill-usuge, did not run as he was used to do upon the wide Devon down round. They were gaining. He could hear Samuel's heavy footsteps drawing closer and closer. Desperation grew in his heart. If Mr. Carker Desperation was the country of the control of the country of the country of the country of the care that there was none. It was now or never! To the persecuted, housted hoy death itself accumed preferable to be compared to the country of th

straining rope preventing it from being sucked out to sea by the ebb. Some fisher-folk had left it there, as he had done a hundred times before, little dreaming that, upon this occasion, he had looked the last upon his

humble craft. Clatter? Splash! Dick bounded fairly into the boat. The rocking of ft sent him rolling over the thwarts. He was up again in a second. Seconds were worth centuries now. Flercely he dragged at the mooring-rope to cast it off.

"Hold him, Samuel! Hold the boat!" panted Elisha from the rear; and Samuel, encouraged by the nearness of his allies, sprang into the boat after Dick and laid hold

A smashing blow in the face was the reward of his action. He gasped blindly, and fell into the bottom of the boat, dazed by the concussion

cussion.

Again Dick tore at the rope. Joy of joys?

It loosened and alld off. The boot, in the clutch of the ebb, danced seaward. Ghly just in time. In ten seconds more Mr. Skimp's lingers would have been upon the gunwale.

Elisha Carker, knee-deep almost in slush, stood and looked blankly after the receding boat. It was tossing and rocking: but he saw Dick place himself at the tiller, and after that it ran well enough,

What to do, Carker had not the least idea. In fact, there was nothing effective to be done

There were other boats moored there, destitute, of course, of oars. But if the oars had been there neither Carker nor Skimp had any knowledge of how to manage a hoat. any knowledge of how to manage a boat.

And, with evening coming on and a strong
chb tide running, neither would have dared to put to sea in any case.

We must get help in Torrence," said Mr.

"We must get help in Torrence," said Mr.
Carker at last. He was very pale.
But he knew beforehand that it was use-less. The homest fisherfolk, indeed, readily turned out to help when they learned that two lives were in danger. Half a dozen hoats were run down to the sea. But by that time the fugitive boat was only a speek on the the fugitive dusky waters.

ousky waters,

Night, descending like a pall upon the
ocean, swallowed the speck. The scarchers
returned unsuccessful.

Mr. Carker took his way back to Cliff.

Mr. Carker took his way hack to this Heuse in an unenviable mood. Wretch as he was, he was not without natural affection, and he was auxious for Samuel. The chances that he would ever see his son again seemed remote. But this was not his greatest anxiety

arviety.

What was he to say to Mr. Gadsby? The
disappearance of Dick Trevelyan would not
satisfy that gentleman. Satisfactory proof of
his death would be required before Mr. Gadsby could call himself master of Trevelyan Grange. The guardian would be simp furious when he heard what had happened. be simply

Elisha's hopes of receiving the blood-money now dwindled to vanishing point. Under the circumstances, what was he to do? He could think of nothing but to fleg the boys. This He could

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he did. But though it relieved his feelings, | served him right, and Dick had no pity to and gave him the gratification of knowing waste upon him, that there were others at Cliff House more | The night was dark, but fine. Few stars gloomy than he was, it did not mend matters. shone over the shudowed waters. Dick kept And a time of retribution was coming for a keen watch for ships thents. The boat whining coward, and shout?" Elisha.

The Boat Adrift-The Red Light Picked Up -Bound for the Antipodes.

UT it is Dick Trevelynn whom we must now follow.

Possessed with the fixed lifes of escaping from Chill House at any cost; Dick had given no thought to the perils of

his reckless embarkation.

And now it was too late to think of it. It was really a light, burning now nearer The Deven coast was sinking out of view. Dusk was deepening on the sea. Refore him lay the Atlantic. No means now of returning the dark waters, its red eye, as it were, even if he had wished to do so. Samuel, still a little dazed, sat up in the

hows, and stared at Dick. Dick was pale, But his hand was firm upon the tiller.

"Look here! What are you up to, you whelp?" blustered Samuel, "You'll get us both drowned before you're done! Turn the

boat round at once !" "Don't be a foot, Carker!" said Dick

calmly. "If you use your eyes you will see that there are no oars in the boat. Even if there were we couldn't make head against this tide.

Samuel turned as white as a sheet. "Then-then we're drifting out to sea!"

Diek nodded. Samuel sat petrified with terror. He had heard of boats lost at sea. Thoughts of starvation, of cannibalism, crowded confusedly into his mind. He crouched, crushed

with fear. would not have exchanged it for Cliff House Come what might, he did not regret the step | boat! he had taken. As for Samnel, he had only | Carker gave a grean of despair and flung himself to thank for his misfortune.

was in the track of ships coming from the being picked up. Other hope of life there into space.

It was about midnight when he saw a red gleam rising out of the blackness to the north. His eyes were strained with watching. The red danced and flickered to his vision. He closed his lids, and kept them closed for a full minute, then looked again steadily, His hopes had not deceived him.

and clearer.

A ship, yet invisible, was advancing over glaring forward upon its hidden route. Dick's heart beat almost to sufficiation

The red light meant life instead of death. "Carker!" The bully, smitten with a kind of palsy by fear, sat motionless, his face in his hands "Carker, rouse yourself! There's a ship yonder! We are saved if we can make

them bear our voices!" Samuel raised his haggard face. Dick pointed to the red light.

"She must pass very close to us. I've no doubt we shall make them hear." Samuel nodded sullenly.

Closer came the red light.

"Aboy!" shouted Dick, with his hands hollowed before his mouth. "Ship aboy! Help! Help!"

Then both went at it, shouting together with all the strength of their lungs. Far into the night rang their voices. Still the Dick was not without dread. The situa- red light kept steadily on. If the course tion was terrible. But even then he were not altered the vessel would pass them probably at a mile's distance. And they had and the slashing came of Elisha Carker, no means of propelling the lazily floating

It himself down.

"It's no use! If's no use! They can't hear us!

"Get up! . They may bear us yet!" Carker did not stir. Dick kicked him. "Get up. 1900 Thus adjured, Samuel obeyed, Again, in

Bristol Channel. He had strong hopes of short after short, they flung their voices

"Hurrah!" yelled Dick suddenly. "How do you knew-" began Samuel,

"Can't you see the green light? They've changed their course " The green starboard-light, as well as the

red port-light, could be seen from the bout-The ship was heading directly for them. Filled with renewed lione, the lasts redoubled their exertions. With will, heartbreaking auxiety they watched the gleasus of green and red. One or the other vanished at intervals as the ship stood this way or that in her patient endeavours to locate the boat. But all the time they came nearer and nearer, till at last Dick could see other lights, and the dim outlines of a three-masted brig with her courses and topsails set.

"Help, help !" (To be continued.)

Next Week's Story,

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