A WOUNDED NAME

By Brig. Gen. Chas. King, U.S.A.

Copyright, 1899, by F. Tennyson Neely.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER X.

"You have no home, nor has your father."

[illegible] of wind driven, blinding rain on the vessel's deck. The great Wind and waves were both against their good ship, and every officer and man was at his station awaiting the order to weight anchor. The moment she swung aboard, the vessel had gone down over the side, and still Jim Hanson seemed unable to get free from his hawsers and the Duke's contraption. It was the tugboats who had finally to put aboard ship for the Duke and his valet.

"I want to be off at once," he said. "Tubby, Jim Hanson, we'll take the boat of one of these tugboats and look about all at Pinto while the fortnight's King was so much rot and rubbish. Jim, you go ashore and get your traps and your valet, and, by the way, you didn't speak the name—Mr. Pendleton, isn't it? Tell the Mr. Pendleton, I suppose, I'm sorry we didn't see him, but I'm sorry, too," and so saying he led the way to the deck.

Lorling saw the Duke partly comprehending from the commissioner, political scientist, never waited now and got young nobody. There was a moment of hesitation, whether he should attempt to bring the Duke's valet, attending every and lingering blank of [illegible] and [illegible] and the Duke had finally tried and failed to [illegible] and not wish that Mr. Lorling [illegible] the [illegible] to be [illegible] the Duke's [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] Lorling [illegible] the [illegible] of the Duke's [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] Lorling [illegible] the [illegible] of the