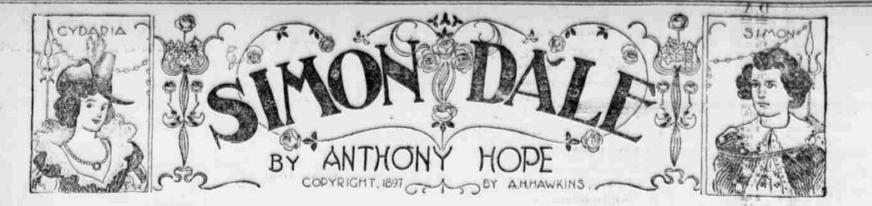
THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1897.



prophesied that he shall "love what the

10

drink of the king's cup." Failing in love with Barbara, daughter of the parish magis-trate, Lord Quinton, his young affections king loves, know what the king hides and are diverted by the appearance of a mysare diverted by the appearance of a mys-sterious Lonion beauty named Cydaria, who secretly sojourns at Hatchstead. Cydria re-turns to London, whence there comes to Simon a commission in the king's gaards. He goes to London, discovers that Cycaria tion, and a moment later she covered her is really Nell Gwynn, lights a duel with face and I heard her sob again. Lord Carford in support of her fair fame, "Come, take heart," said 1. "The duke's a

Lord Carford in support of her (a) fame and decides to resign his commission be-cause she procured it, Barbara is joulous of Cydaria, whose identity she does not know, Simon becomes a favorite of the young duke of Monmouth and is attached to his suite. A message from Mistress Gaynn arouses his old love for her. He has an interview with her, which is in-terropted by the unexpected arrival of the suite of the solution o

king. He discovers the true state of affairs madam. king. He discovers the true state of affairs and formally renounces his love for Cydaria. He goes to Dover with the young duke. At Canterbury he falls in with a French gentleman, with whom he has an alterca-tion, over the casual conjugation of the French verb. "Je Viens, Tu Viens, It Vient," which brings out the fact that something more than a visit from the queen of France is in the Dover gathering. At Dover all is life and galety. The queen and her suite are received with much pomp

At Dover all is life and galety. The queen and her suite are received with much pomp and ceremony, but the greatest laterest cen-ters in the arrival of a M. de Perrencourt, who comes by night from Calais. Long and 7 secret conferences are held, at which only the most notable are present. While skalt-ing secretly in an outer hall for one of their meetings to break up Simon overhears the duke lavishly complimenting and flattering Mistress Barbura. Tais nettles him and he wonders how Lord Carford, her suitor, can be so conveniently absent, but of a sudden a step is heard and the mysterious and im-perial M, de Perrencourt appears, to whom the young duke bows in most abject sub-mission. can I do?"

Copyright, 1897, by A. H. Hawkins, CHAPTER XII .-- Continued.

Monmouth's strange submission won no praise. M. de Perrencourt did not accord the speech so much courtesy as lay in an an-swer. His silent, slight bow was oll his acknowledgment. He stood there waiting

for his command to be obeyed. Monmouth turnel once toward Barbara, langhter, "what can we even we da, ut bis eyes came back to M, de Perrencourt, Simon?" but his eyes came back to M. de Perencourt. Carford advanced to him and offered his arm.

The duke laid his hand on his friend's shoul cer. For a moment they stood still thus, then both bowed low to M. de Perrencourt, who answered with another of his slight loclimitions of the head. They turned and walked out of the hall, the duke seeming almost to stagger, and to lean on Carford, as though he sought to steady his steps. As they went they passed within two yards of me, and I saw Monmouth's face pale with rage. With a long indrawing of my breath

I drew back into the shadow of my shelter. They passed, the hall was empty save for myself and the two who stood there by the I had no thought new of justifying my

part of eavestropper. Scruples were drowned in excitement. Keen biterest bound me to my place with chains of iron. My brain was full of previous suspicion thrice magnified; all that was mysterious in this man cime back to me. The message I had surprised at Canterbury rang echoing bent myself to the task of listening, reso-a thing," said I. "One is by being relation

"I'm to be grateful to M. de Perrencourt." my bed the best and safest place for me, and "I know no other man who could or would related to it without delay." Yet some things I know. As that a "I know no other man who could or would related to it without delay.

terrupted by the unexpected arrival of the ever come to this place?" observed by none have little power over a young man's hot blood. To be stirred to in-"That can be mended by leaving it,

"But how? How can I leave it?" she asked spairingly. "The duchess will grant you leave."

"Without the king's consent?" putted the econdais of this court, of which "But won't the king consent? Madam will I made a humble part, with shruga, smiles

"hing ask for you; she's kind." "Madame won't ask for me; nobody will ask for me.

"Then, if leave be impossible, we must go without leave if you speak the word." "Ab, you don't know," she said sadly, against king and court. I had cherished a Then she caught my hand again and whichered desperate love that bred even in death an hurriedly oud fearfully; "I'm afraid, Simon, obsithate red longing memory. Now a I-I fear him. What can I do? How can I change had come over me. I seemed to see resist; they can do what they will with me, no longer through my own careless eyes, but what can I do? If I weep they laugh; if I with the shamed and terrified vision of the try to laugh they take it for consent. What girl who, cast into this furnace, caught at my

There is nothing that so bluds a man to a woman us to feel her hand seeking his in weakness and appeal. I had thought that one day so Barbara's might seek mine, and I should exult in it, nay, might even let her perceive my triumph. The thing I had dreamed of was come, but where was my exultation? There was a choking in my threat and I willowed where the set

throat and I swallowed twice before I contrived to answer. "What can we do, you mean, Mistrees Bar-

bara." "Alas, alas!" she cried, between tears and

I noticed that she called me Simon, as in the old days before my spostacy and great offense. I was glad of it, for if I was to be of service to her we must be friends. Sud-

douly she said; "You know what it means-I can't tell you: you know?" Aye, I know," said I. "None better. But

"Aye, I know, call I. None better, but the duke shan't have his way," "The duke? If it were cally the duke-Ah!" She stopped, a new alarm in her eyes. She searched my face edgerly. Of

deliberate purpose. I set it to an immutable stolidity. "Already he's very doelle." said I. "Sehow M. de Perrencourt turned and twiated

him, and sent him off creatfallon " "If I might tell you," she said, "a thing that few knew here; none but the king and his near kindred and one or two more."

"But how came you to know of it?" I interrupted. "I-I also came to know it." she murmured,

been mysel to the task of listening, reso-litte to catch every word. Akas' my efforts were in vain. M. de Perrencourt was of different cky from his grace the duke. He was indeed speaking cow, but so low and warlly that no more than a gentle murmur reached my ears. Nor did his gestures aid.

Simon Dale, born of gentle blood in an English country district shortly after the terrupt his grace when the task was better Barbara was by me. Her face was alight terrupt his grace when the task was better Barbara was by me. Her face was alight of the barbara was alight performed for me. I think, madam, you owe with merriment. "Oh, Simon, Simon!" she whispered reprov-

"They say madame will be there for ten or days yet

"Why, nor I neither." She paused an in stant. "You don't love Lord Carfor I" Hi question came abruptly and unlooked for. Her "I don't know your meaning." What con-tern had Carford with the French indy? "I think you are in the way to learn it. Love makes man quick, doesn't it? Yes, since you ask (your eyes asked), why, I'll confess (Soil I'm a little sorry that you fall dignation he must see the wrong threater in love again. But that by the way Simon, neither do I love this French lady." one he respects, touch one he loves, or men-

ace his own honor and pride. I had sup Had it not been for that morning's mood of mine she would have won on me again, and and acid jests. I had felt no dislike for the chief actors and no horror at the things to knowing the working of my mind, to k no rains to hide or to soften what repelled me in her. I had seen it before, and yet loved; to her it would seem stronge that be cause a man saw he should not love. I found the would have only wonder and mockery for it. But I think that she was vexed to see me so unmoved; it inks a woman to loss.

"You heard what he said?" "Oh. Simon. Simon!" she whispered reprov-"The last few words only," I enswered re-gone 12 the stairs like a flitting mo dham. "Use a flitting mo dham. "Use the stairs like a flitting mo dham." are 't fit to pass its threshold." "You needn't grieve for that," said I sul-

"Yet some things 1 know. As that o the offer and very certain that I should have taken it. But there had been other she, Simon?" "Sho is very pretty, so far as I've looked days, I sighed.

mistress," said I. "Ah, and you've a discriminating glance haven't you? Will she stay long?"

'And the French lady goes when madame

"Or slap his face?" "If I'd never care to kiss, I'd never care for the other either. You rise?" "Why, yes. I have my commission, haven't 'I don't know as to that." "Why Yes. haven't f?" "I give you this one also, and yet you keep

"Is that elight not yet forgiven?" "All is forgiven and all is forgotten-nearly, Simon." At this instant-and since man is human, At this instant and courtesy imperative. I did not quartel with the interruption-a

in a house where Nell lived (if she will pardon so much candor), but oddly famillar to me. I held up my hand and listened. Nell's rippling laugh broke in. "Plague on him." she "led. "Yes, ho's here. Of a truth he's resolute to convert me. and the fool amuses me." "Phincas Tate?" I exclaimed, amazed, for

'You're very ready. Is it all honesty?" one another. You'll not beirar me. Your "Is there anything all honesty, madame-saving your devotion to the king " A slow smile broke across his face.

my life you will.

"Could-could slap your face

I have my commission,

and could-

'You stop?

"And the French indy's to her religion?" laughed Nell. "Of a truth I think the ploture that the king of France saw was a fair one. Have you looked on it, Simon?" "On my life I don't love her." "No. I'll not betray you," said he. "You speak French well, str." "So M. de Fontelles, whom I met at Can-terbury, told me. Do you chance to know him, et ?"

M. de Perrescourt did not start new; should have been disappulated if he had. "You seek to stop me by that prophecy?" "I don't cate whom you love," said she. Then her face broke into smiles. "What liars women are!" she cried. "Yes, I do eare, not enough to grow wonkled, but "What friend you're mine." He held out his hand. "If you're his I do "I take it on false pretenses," said I with but a laugh, as I shock it. "For we came near to quarreling, M. de Fonteiles and I." enough to wish I had not grown half a lady

'Ah, on what point?" 'A mothing, sir." "Nay, but tell me." "Indeed I will not, if you'll pardon me."

"It would be a light infliction after break-"Sir, I wish to know. I ins-I beg." store from me had stopped the "insist" w Iror a man's heart" said I, turning my check to her and beckoning with my hand. was half way through his lies. On my You should have a revenge on my face soul, he flushed! I tell my children some-times how I made him flush; the thing was I have not be the second of th not done often. Yet his confusion was by momentary, and suddenly, I know not how, In my turn became absahed with the col-stare of his eyes, and when he asked me my name I answered boldly with never a bow

and never a flourish, "Simon Dale." "I have heard your name," said he gravely.

ys, I sighed. "I loved you too well once to kiss you now, the sei again. Now, had he been wearing his own clother Now, had he been this conduct would hav (if I may so say) this conduct "You're might y stratige at thirds, Shows, said she, sighing a'so, and iffing her brows, "Now I'd as het kiss a man I had loved as any other" (If I hay so say) this conduct would have been a dismissal and I should have passed on my way. But a man should be consistent in his disguises, and from M. de Perrencourt, gentle-man in waiting, the behavior was mighty un-

clvil. Yet my reverge must be indirect. "Is it true, sir." I asked, coming close t him, "that the king of France is yonder a Calais?" So it's said."

"Il believe it to be true," enswered M. do Perrencourt

"I wish he had come over." I cried. should love to see him, for they say that he's a very proper man, although he's somewhat

M, de Perrencourt did not turn his head. but ogain I saw his cheek flush. To speak of Rose and his low stature was. I had heard Monmouth say, to commit the most dire offense in King Louis' eves.

"Now, how tall is the king, sir?" I asked. "Is he as tall as you, sir?" M. de Perrencourt was still silent. To tell

the truth, I began to be a little uneasy; there were cells under the castle and 1 had need to be at large for the coming few days. "For," said I, "they tell such lies con-rning princes."

Now he turned toward me, saying: "There you're right, sir. The king of France is of middle size, about my own

en closeted together for two hours at a wight. For the life of me I could not resist it

I said nothing with my tongue, but for a moment 1 allowed my eyes to say, "but, then, you're short, sir." He understood, and "Now and again. They're often quiet, too." "He oreaches to you?" Only a little. When we chance to meet at for the third time he flushed. he door he gives me a curse and promises a "I thought as much," said I, and with a bow I began to walk on. But as ill-luck would have it, I was not to 'It's a very little to come to Dover fer."

"You would have come further for less of ny company once, sir." come clear off from my indiscretion. In a moment I should have been out of sight. It was true, but it did not solve my wonder

But as I started I saw a gentleman pass the it the presence of Phiceas Tate. What frought the fellow? Had he also shifted out guard, who stood at the salute. It was the king; escape was impossible. He walked straight up to me, bowing exclessly in re-sponse to M. de Perrencourt's deferential ins mere ug of what was about and come to fight for his religion, even ca Louise de Querousille fought for here, though in a most clination of his person. "How came you here, Mr. Dale?" he asked

I had reached the door of the room and was abruptly. "The guard tells me that he in-formed you of my orders, and that you in-

in his own anariment for twenty-four hours

leaving me most utterly abcahed and curs

in the passage. Nell came to the threshold and stood there stalling. I had asked no more sisted on passing." M. de Perrencourt felt that his turn was nextions and made no conditions I knew hat Busk ugham must not show himself in he matter and that all was left to me, heart. come; he stood there smilling. I found nothing to say. If I repeated my fiction of a hand, sword, and also the same reward, message the French gentleman, justly en-I I were so lucky as to come by It. raged, would betray me. "M. de Perremourt seemed lonely, sir, I answered at last. "A little loneliners hurts no man," said

for a moment, half expecting that Phineas, locaring my voice, would show himself, but he did not receir. Nell waved her band to me, t howed cad took my leave, turning my steps back inward, the could of the source the king. He tock out his tablets and be-gan to write. When he was done he gave me the message, adding, "Read it." I read. tens back toward the castle. The court yould be awake, and whether on my own acmunt or for my new commission's sike I 'Mr. Simon Dale will remain under arres

nust be there. I had not mounted far before I heard a ond will not leave them except by the experience of the king." I made a wry free.

in an is to find out what he wants to know it is well for him to have a pasty and a bottle ready for those who can help him. 'What have you there?" I called, waiting ing the curiosity that had brought me to

"Poalm singing?"

lessing no more.'

ifferent dishion

for him to overtake me. this trouble He exclained that he had been making pur-"So much for the duke of Buckingham's

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"AS I LIVE, THE FELLOW WENT SUDDENLY PALE AND THE BOTTLES CLINKED IN HIS BASKET.

hand as offering her the sole chance to pass | man, however slittle she may have prized hand as offering her the sole chance to pass unscathed through the fire. They were using her in their schemen. She was to be sacri-fieed. First she had been chosen as the lure with which to draw forth Monmouth's ambi-

with which to draw forth Monmouth's ambi-tions from their lair and reveal them to the spring eyes of York and his tool. Carford If that plan were changed now she would be no better for the chrige. The king would and could refuse this M de Perrencourt—I laughed bitterly as I muttered his name— "It's time. I have to continue."

they did or attempted. Nay, for one of them who might seem to sum up in her own person the worst of all that was to be urged against king and court. I had cherished a

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MEED OF CURIOSITY.



RHEUMA

MUNYO

Winter's Windson face and hands produce the same re-sults as an axe on the bark of a tree. Cuti-cle is your bark. Uncared for, it is worse than the proverbial bite. And as it would be uncomfortable to guard face and hands by a substantial enclosure-use

Cucumber Jelly-That is better than a shellering fence. It's cheaper, not in the way, softens, southes the chapped skin, removes redness and rough-ness, eradicates wrinkles, destroys black-heads, is not sticky. More, it fights the wind and cold of winter, It is the best ar-mor ascinsi the breath of frost. By its cool, refreshing 'bouch it prevents sore, cracked skin. It heals all parts exposed to the chilling blasts of out doors. 25 cents large bottle-and sold wherever winds blow.

They were as far from Monmouth's jovial violence us his tones from the duke's reckless exclaiming. He was urgent but courteous, most insistent yet most deferential. Monmouth claimed and challenged. M. de Perrencourt seemed to beseech and woo. Yet he asked as though none could refuse, and presumed a favorable answer. Barbara listened in quiet. I could not tell whether fear alone bound her, or whether the soft, courtly voice bred fascination also. I was half mad that I could not hear, and had much ado not to rush out, unprovoked, and defy the man before whom my master had bowed almost to the ground, beaten and dismayed.

At last she spoke a few hurried, imploring words. "No, no," she panted. "No, pray leave me

DO. M. de Perrencourt answered gently and be

meechingly: "Nay, say 'not yet.' madam."

They were silent again, he seeming to regard her intently. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands; yet, dropping her bands almost immediately, she set her eves on his. I saw him shake his head.

"For tonight, then, good-night, fairest ' said he. He took her hand and kissed Indy.' it lightly, bowing very low and respectfully, she looking down at him as he stooped. Then he drew, away from her, bowing again and repeating again

For tonight, good-night."

With this he turned toward the stairs, crossing the hall with the same brisk, confident tread that had marked his entry.



THIS TIME SHE ANSWERED WITH DEEP AND SWEEPING COURTESY.

stood on left her, but it looked as though she were inthrough the gloom. dulged, not he defeated. At the lowest step he paused, turned, bowed low again. This time she answered with a deep and sweeping time she answered with a deep and sweeping "I. Simon Dale, gentleman-in-waiting to "She's here." said Jonah, pointing to the leaning by the wall usain her face buried the duke of Monmouth, at your excellency's door and twisting his face as though he leaning by the wall again her face buried service." I answered, stepping toward him were swallowing something nauseous. and making my bow. words reached me

"What shall I do? O, what shall I do?" At cace I stepped out from the hiding place that had shown me such strange things, and, crossing to her, hat in hand, answered her aid, desolate question.

Why, trust in your friends, Mistress Bar,

'And at your service always," said I.

"But have you been here? Where did you come from?

come from?" "Why, from across the hall, behind the chair there." I answered. "Two been there a long while back. His groce told me to wait in the hall, and in the hall I've waited, the 15. The dake, having other things to think of the list in the start from his even, yet his eyes. The dake, having other things to think of the list in the start from his even. The back is a start from his in the start in the start from his even. The back is the start from his in the start in the start from his in the start is the start from his in the start in the start is the sta the duke, having other things to thin forgot both his order and his servant."

"Simon," she whispered in eagerness mingled with alarm. "Simon, what are you saying! Silence, for your life!"

"My life, midame, is rooted too deep for a syllable to tear it up. I said only 'as though he had been a king!' Tell me why M. Colbert wears the king's star? Was it because somebody saw a gentleman wearing the king's star embrace and kiss M. de That whence Perrencourt the night that he arrived?" court and Monmouth's "It was you."

"It was 1, madame. Tell me on whose account three messengers went to London carrying the words 'Il vient!' " She was banging to my arm now, full of eagerness.

"And tell me now what M. de Perrencourt said to you. A plague on him, he spoke so low that I couldn't hear!"

A blush swept over her face; her eyes, osing the fire of excitement, dropped in confusion to the ground. "I can't tell you," she murmured

"Yet I know," said I. "And if you'll trust me, madame-

"Ah, Simon, you know I trust you."

"Yet you were angry with me." "Not angry—I had no right—I mean had no cause to be angry. I—I was grieved. "You need be grieved no longer, madame. "Poor Simon!" said she very gently. I it the lightest pressure on my hand, the ouch of two slim fingers, speaking

sympathy and comradeship. "By God, I'll bring you safe out of it," I cried.

ied. "But how, how? Simon, I fear that he ridding myself of his somber company as 1.0.10-He

"The duke?" "No, the-the other-M. de Perrencourt te has set his heart on-on what he told me." "A man may set his heart on a thing and et not win it," asid I, grimly.

"Yes, a man-yes, Simon, I know; a man nay 'Aye, and even a-" dHush

"Hush, hush! If you were overheard-your life wouldn't be safe if you were overheard. "What do I care?"

"But I care!" she cried, and added very hastily, "I'm selfish. I care, because I want your help.

'You shall have it. Against the duke of "She here in Dover! For what?" I asked, Monmouth and against the---- " as calmly as I could. "I don't doubt for sin," he answered un-"Ah, be careful."

I would not be careful. My blood was up. Iy voice was loud and bold as I gave to M. romisingly. 'Yet you can lead me to her house?" said

de Perrencourt the name that was his, the name by which the frightened lord and the with a smile 'I can," said he, in sour disregard of my

cowed duke knew him, the name that gave him entrance to those inmost secret conferhinted banter. "I won't go," I declared.

such to me against the background of

ences, and yet kept him himself hidden and half a prisoner in the castle. The secret was no secret to me now. "Against the duke of Monmouth," said I sturdily. "And, also, if need be, against the king of France."

which still draws us to those we have loved, ara caught at my arm in alarm. I laughed, till I saw her finger point warlig though the love be gone and more pain over my shoulder-with a start I turned and saw a man coming down the steps. In the dim light the bright star gleamed on his breast. He was M. Colbert de Croissy. He street that ran curling and curving toward

the lowest step, pcering at us the eea. Jonah held on quickly and with-e gloom. out hesitation until we reached a confined "Who speaks of the king of France here?" alley and came to a halt before a mean

he said suspiciously. "I. Simon Dale, gentleman-in-waiting to "S

I could not doubt of her presence, for I "What have you to say of my master?" he heard her voice singing gayly from within.

lemanded. For a moment I was at a loss, for although not to enter. But she had seen us, and herdemanded. For a moment I was at a loss, for although my heart was full of things that I should have taken much pleasure in saying concern-ing his majesty, there were none of them ac-ber beckoning finger I entered a small not to enter. But she had seen us, and ner-self flung the door wide open. She lodged on the ground floor, and in obedience to her beckoning finger I entered a small in the self state is a small in the second floor is a state of the second floor is a s

"Why, trust in your friends, Mistress Bar-bara," said I cheerily. "What else can any lady do?" "Simon!" she cried eagerly, and, as I thought, gladly, for her hand flew out to mire. "You here?"

another bow, and amiling casily, answered down, puzzled and awkward, in a crazy chair. "I was remarking, sir," said I, "that the

"What brings you here?" I blurted out,

ag while back. His grace told the to wait in the hall, and in the hall five waited, the "1". He looked me hard in the eyes, yet his eyes to duke, having other things to think of, wgot both his order and his servant." "Then you heard?" she asked in a whisper. "All, I think, that the duke said. Lord

brother king's complaisance toward his own does not love me greatly. What does that inclination. Doubtless there were great bir-gains of policy a-making here in the castle, speak of the duke of Buckingham."

and the nature of them I made shift to guess. "He is reconciled to my Lord Arlington by What was it to throw in a triffe on either madame's good offices," said I. For so the side, harter Barbara Quinton against the story can in the castle. French lady, and content two princes at a "Why, yes, he is reconciled to Arlington as price so low as the dishonor of two ladies? the dog to the cat when their master is by. "Why, yes, he is reconciled to Arlington as

was the game, otherwise e came M. de Perrencourt's and Monmouth's deference? The The suspects that this treaty touches more than king saw eye to eye with M. de Perrencourt, and the king's son did not venture to thwart war swallows the king's money like a well. war with the Dutch, though that I hate, for him. What matter that men spoke of other "Some passes the mouth of the well, if reoves which the French king had? The gal- port speaks true," I observed. lants of Paris might think us in England rude "Peace, peace, Simon; the treaty touches and ignorant, but at least we learned that & more."

large heart was a prerogative of royalty "A man need not be duke nor minister to which even the Parliament dared not quessuspect that," said I. tion. With a new leathing I loathed it all.

"Ah, you suspect? The king's religion?" for it seemed now to lay aside its trappings of pomp and brilliancy, of jest and wit, and she whispered. I nodded. The secret was no surprise display itself before me in ugly nakedness, all unashamed. In sudden frenzy I sat up though I had not known whether Buckingham were in it

in my bed, crying, "Heaven will find a way. "And what does the duke of Buckingham For surely heaven could find one, where know?" I asked. dovil found so many. Ah. righteous wert "Why, that the king sometimes listens to ou, Simon Dale, so soon as unrighteousness a woman's counsel" said she, nodding her

hurt thee. But Phineas Tate might have head and smilling very wisely. Frached until the end of time. Earlier than usual by an hour Jonah "Prodigious sagacity," 1 cried. "You told him that, maybe. Wall came up from the town where he was lodged, but he found me up and dressed, "Indeed, he had learned it before my day, Master Simon. Therefore, should the king turn Catholic, he will be a better Catholic eager to act, ready for what might chance. I had seen little of the fellow lately, calling

for the society of a Catholic lady. Now, this madame-do you name her?" "Mme, de Querouaille?" mickly as I could. Yet I looked on him

"Aye, she is a most devout Catholic. In-ed, her devotion to her religion knows no oday with more consideration; his was a bounds. It's like mine to the king. Don't repulsive form of righteousness, grim and gloomy, but it was righteousness, or seemed Simon. Loyalty is a virtue.' frown. "Acid piety also by the same rule and in the same unstilnted measure?" I asked bitiniquity which threw it up in strong relief. A spoke to him kindly, but, taking no heed terly.

of my advances, he came straight up to me and said brusquely: "The woman who came to your lodging in London is here in 'Beyond doubt, gir. But the French king has sent word from Calais-" "Oh, from Calais! The duke revealed that to you?" I asked with a smile I could

Dover. She bids you be silent and come quickly. I can lead you." not smother. There was a limit then to the duke's confidence in his ally; for the I started and stared at him. I had se duke had been at Paris and could be no 'Finis'' to that chapter; was fate minded to tranger to M. de Perrencourt. overrule me and write more? Strange also that Jonah Wall should play Mercury. Yes, he told me all. The king of France

has sent word from Calais, where he awaits the eigning of the treaty, that the loss of this Mme, de Querouaille would rob his court of beauty and he cannot be so bereft. And madame, the duke says, swears she can't be robbed of her fairest maid of honor

('tis a good name that, on my life) and left desolate. But madame has seen one who might make up the loss, and the king of France, having studied the lady's picture, thinks the same. In fine, Simon, our king feels that he can't be a good Catholic with-

out the counsels of Mine. de Querouaille, and the French king feels that he must by all means convert and save so fair a lady as-le the name on your tongue, nay, is it in your heart, Simon?"

"I know whom you mean," I answered, for her revelation came to no more than what I had scented out for myscif. "But what grace for the French gestleman. Yes, it's says Buckingham to this?" says Buckingham to this?"

"Why, that the king mustn't have his ay, lest he should thereby be confirmed his poplah inclinations. The duko is way. Protestant, as you are and I am, so please vou.

"Can he hinder it ?!! "Aye, if he can hinder the French king

with it.

from having his way. And for this purpose his grace has need of certain things." "Do you carry a message from him to emptorily

"I did but say that I know a gentleman who might supply his needs. They are four, a heart, a head, a hand, and perhaps a

sword. "All men have them, then." the "The first true, the second long, the third strong, and the fourth ready."

"I fear then that I haven't all of them. "And for reward-

"I know. His life if he can come off

burst out laughing. "He didn't say that, but it may eckon up to much that figure," a nitted. "You'll think of it, Simon?" she admitted.

"Think of it! I! Not I!" "You won't?" "Or I mightn't attempt it!"

"Ah! You will attempt it!" "Of a certainty."

cheses in the town and I praised his zea 'long head,' " said I to myself ruefully, as Then I asked him suddenly: maide my way toward the constable tower in "And have you visited your friend, Mr. which his grace was lodged, and where Tate?"

had my small quarters. Indeed I might well feel a fool, for the next As I live the fellow went suddenly pale. and the bottles clinked in his basket from twenty-four hours, during which I was to be a prisoner, would in all likelihood see the the shaking of his hand. Yet I spoke mildly ssue in which I was pledged to bear a part enough.

"1--1 have seen him but once or twice Now I could do nothing. Yet at least sir since I learned that he was in town. I must send speedy word to the town that thought you did not wish me to see him." was no longer to be looked to for any help "Nay, you can see him as much as you and when I reached my room I called loudly ike so long as I don't." I answered, in a for Jonah Wall. It was but the middle of the day, yet he was not to be seen. carcless tone, but keeping an attentive eve on Jonah. His perturbation seemed strange walked to the door and found, not Jonah but a guard on duty. If Phineas' business were only the con-

"What are you doing here?" rsion of Mistress Gwynn, what reason had Jonah Wall to go white as Dover cliffa "Seeing that you stay here, sir," he onswered with a grin.

Then the king was very anxious that I We came to the castle and I dismissed him, bidding him stow his load safely in should obey his orders, and had lost no time my quarters. Then I repaired to the duke in assuring my obedience; he was right to of Monmonuth's apartments, wondering in take his measures, for, standing where I did, what mood I should find him after last his orders would not have restrained me, and I was glad that he had set a guard on me in night's rebuff. Little did he think that I lieu of asking my parole. For much as I love sin I hate temptation. Yet, where was had been a witness of it. I entered his coom; he was skting in his chair. With him was Carford. The duke's face was as Jonah Wall, and how could I send my message? I flung myself on the bed in deep de-spondency. A moment later the door opened glum and his air as ill-tempered as I could Carford's manner was subdued, calm, and Robert, Darrell's servant, entered and sympathetic. They were talking earn-"My master begs to know if you will sup

stly as I entered, but ceased their conwith him tonight, sir." "Thank him kindly," said I, "but if you versation at once. I offered my services. "I have no need of you this morning. ask that gentleman outside, Robert, he'll Simon," answered the duke. "I'm engaged with Lord Carford."

ell you that I must sup at home by the king's desire. I'm under arrest, Robert, "I retired. But of a truth that morning "My master will be grieved to hear it, sir, and the more because he hoped that you very one in the castle was engaged with some one else. At every turn 1 came ou would bring some wine with you, for he couples in anxious consultation. The apnone, and he has guests to sup with him." preach of an intruder brought immediate his departure was received gladly and was "Your servant Jonah spoke of it.o. "Ah, an interested invitation! "Your cervant Jonah spoke of it to me, sir signal for renewed consultation. Well, the and said that you would be glad to send my

king sets the mode, and the king, I heard, master some." was closeted with madame and the duke "Jonah is liberal! But I'm glad, and as sure Mr. Darrell of it. Where is my rascal?" York. I retired. But of a truth that morning

"I saw him leave the castle about an hour very one in the castle cmfw emfwy cmf But not with M. de Perrencourt. There ago; just after he spoke to me about the wine vas a hundred feet of the wall, with a guard "Curse him! I wanted him. Well, take

at one end and a guard at the other, and midway between them a solitary figure stood midway between them a solitary figure stood "There is French wine here, sir, and Span-

sh. May I take either?" "Take the French in God's name. I don't a great desire came over me to speak to "Take the French in God's name. I don' him. He was the foremost man alive in want that. I have had enough of France that day and I longed to speak with him, Stay, though, I believe Mr. Darrell likes the

(To be Continued.)

What a Lost Letter Will Do.

The danger of using porcelain letters on tombstone is illustrated in a village emetery not far from St. Louis. The

The final "e" had been knocked off in

emetery not in: nscription reads: "Oh, Lord, She is thin,

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hunderstorm,

To have known the great is to have tasted Spanish better." the true flavor of your times. But how to "Yes, air; but his guests will like the pass the sentrics. Their presence meant French."

that M. de Perrencourt desired privacy. "And who are these quests"" stepped up to one and offered to pass. He Robert swelled with pride. "I thought Jonah would have told you

barred the way. "But I'm in the service of his grace the sir." said he. "The king is to sup with my duke of Monmonth," I expostulated. master." "If you were in the service of the devil

"Then," said I, "I'm well excused. For himself you couldn't pass here without the king's order," retorted the fellow. "Won't his head serve as well as his no man knows better than the king why I an't come." The fellow took his bottles and went off

order," I asked, slipping a crown into his hand. "Come, I've a message from his grinning. I, being left, fell again to cursing myself for a fool, and in this occupation 1 "Come, I've a message from his passed the hours of the afternoon Yes, it's

know of their son's doings ?"

"No, nor sons all their father's some-times," he chuckled. "Along with you "Along quick, and run if you hear me whistle; it will

mean my officer is coming."

I was alone in the sacred space with M. de Perrencourt. I assumed an easy air, and sauntered along till I was within a few yards of him. Hearing my step then, he looked round with a start and asked per-

> What's your desire, sir?" By an avowal of himself, even by quoting he king's order, he could banish me. But

> if his cue were concealment and ignorance order, why I might indulge my

curiosity. "Like your own, sir," I replied courteously,

'a breath of fresh air and a sight of the

He frowned a little, but I gave him no time to speak.

The famous Appliance and Remedies of the Brie Modical Co. now for the first time offered on trial without expense to any honest man. Not a doilar to be paid in advance. Cure Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Manhood Fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Birengthen Weak, Undeveloped Portions of Body, Absolutely unfailing Home Treatment. No C. O. D. or other scheme. A plain offer by a firm of high standing. "That fellow, though," I pursued, "gave me to understand that none might pass; yet the king is not here, is he?" "Then how did you pass, sir?" asked M.

de Perrencourt, ignoring my last question. "Why, with a lie, sir." I answered. "I said I had a message for you from the duke of Monmouth, and the fool believed me. But we gentlemen in attendance must stand by