SYNOPSIS FOR "SIMON DALE,"
Simon Dale, the teller of the story, born shortly after the execution of Charles I, is looked upon as destined to greatness because a wise woman has prophesied that he shall "Love what the King loves, know what the King hides, and drink of the King's cup," Falling in love with Barbara, daughter of the parish magistrate, Lord Quinton, his young affections are diverted by the appearance of a mysterious London beauty named Cydaria, was secrelly sojourns at Hatchstead. On Cydariar return to London he receives a commission in Quinton, his young affections are diverted by the appearance of a mysterious London heauty named Cydaria, who secretly so-Journs at Hatchstead On Cydaria return to London he receives a commission in the king's guards. He goes to London, discovers that Cydaria in really Neil Gavyin, and decides to resign his commission because she procured it. He becomes a favorite of the young duke of Monmonth, and is attached to his suite. Goes to Dover with the duke, where a reception is given the king's sister, queen of France. The queen and her suite are received with much pomp and eccemony, but the grentest interest enterest in the arrival of M. De Perrencourt. Who comes by highly from Calais Secret conferences are heid. While wailing secretly in an outer hall for one of the mestings to break up Simon overhears Mommouth lavishly complimenting Mistress Earbara. M. De Perrencourt appears, to whom the voing duke bows in most abject submission. M. De Perrencourt seems the voing duke bows in most abject submission. M. De Perrencourt appears, to whom the voing duke bows in most abject submission. M. De Perrencourt seems determined to win her by any meens, On his departure Simon makes his appearance to assure her of his presence and services when needed. He is made prisoner in his oan apartment on the day following, appulshment for his curiosity. Dale is hurridly summoned tato the king's presence, and commanded to "drink of the king's presence, and commanded to "drink of the king's presence, and to him by Phineas Tate and offered to the king by his friend Dairell. Tate is apprehended and confesses his disbolical purpose, and tries, first by persuasion and the by threat, to prevent his soin, in his apartments, knowing the Franch king's purpose, and tries, first by persuasion and the object of the first should demise care to the suite of M. De Perrencourt, at that gentlemate, the propose who have to the jump overband in the high demises curford and commands. Dale to prepare for the journey at once, the provision of the high of the

pyright 1887, by A. H. Hawkins.) CHAPTER XIX.—Continued. We came to our inn. I leaped from my

horse and forestalled the bustling host in opening the coach door. The loons of townsmen and their gossiping wives lined the approach on either side. Nell sprang out, merry, radiant, unashamed. She laughed n my face as she ran past me amid the plaudits; slowly Barbara followed. With a low bow, I effered my arm. Alas, there rose a murmur of questions concerning her. Who was he that, although plainly attired, bore himself so proudly? Was he some great lord, traveling unknown, and was the ladywell, the confectures may be guessed, and Mistress Quinton heard them. Her pride broke for a moment, and I feared she would weep. Then she drew berself up and walked glowly by with a haughty air and a cain face, so that the murmured questions fell to silence. Perhaps I also had my share in the change, for I walked after her, wearing a fierce scowl, threatening with my eyes, and having my hand on the hilt of my sword, The host, elate with the honor of Nell's

coming, was easer to offer us accommodation Barbara addressed not a word either to Nell or to me, but followed a maid to the chamber allotted to her. Neil was in no such baste



THE INNKEEPER'S EYES WERE FIXED ON ME IN OBVIOUS CURIOSITY AND AMUSEMENT.

to hide herself from view. She cried for supper, and was led to a room on the firs floor that overlooked the street. She threw the window open and exchanged more greet ings and banter with her admirers below I flung my hat on the table and sat moodily in a chair. Food was brought, and Nell turning at last from her entertainment, flow to partake of it with merry eagerness. But doesn't Mistress Quinton sup with

she said. Mistress Quinton, it seemed, had no appetite for a meal, was shut close in her own chamber, and refused all service. Nell laughed and bade me fall to. I obeyed, be-ing hungry in spite of my discomfort.

I was resolute not to quarrel with her. She had shown me great friendliness; nay, and I had a fondness for her, such as I defy any man (man, I say, not woman) to have es-caped. But she had tried me sorely, and while we ate-she plied me with new chal-lenges and fresh incitements to anger. my temper well in bounds, and when was satisfied rose with a bow, saying that would go and inquire if I could be of any aid to Mistress Quinton.

"She won't show herself to you," cried "She will, if you're not with me," I re-

'Make the trial! Behold, I'm firmly seated

A maid carried my message white I paced the corridor; the lady's compliments returned to me, but, thanks to the attention of the host, she had need of nothing. I sent again, saying that I desired to speak with her con-cerning our journey. The lady's excuses returned to me; she had a headache and had sought her bed; she must pray me to defer

maid tripped off smiling.

g, gently; "Alss, I'm very wicked. I couldn't help rage," the felk eneering me. Simon, aurely it was no fault of mine."

Now of the coach." said I, sternly.
"But I did that with never a thought. I one who had striven to serve her. In what

"In truth, I was wrong to jest with them," said Nell, remorsefully. "And within, I wonder any lady should speak so of you. Simon, my heart was aching with shame It's an evil return for your kindness to

even while I jested. Ah, you don't know her."
the shame I feel!"
"In good truth," I returned, "I believe me, ou feel no shame at all." "You are very cruel to me, Simon. Yet my factit's no more than my desert. Ah, if—" she lenge, sighed heavily. "If only Simon—" she sald. "Ind

and hor hand was very near my tair by the back of the chair. "But that's past praying," she ended, sighing again most wee-fully. "Yet I have been of some service to rully. "I thank you for it most heartily," said I,

still stiff and cold. "And I was very wrong today, Simon. It was on her account."
"What?" I cried. "Did Mistress Quinton

old you put your head out and jest with the ellows on the pavement?" "She did not bid me, but I did it because he was there.'

"I looked up at her. It was a rare third with her, but she would not meet my glance. looked down again. "It was ever the same between her and murmured Nell. "Aye, so long ago-

"We're not in Hatchstead now," said I "Nay, nor even in Chelsea. For even in helsea you had a kindness for me,"
"I have much kindness for you now,"

"Well, then you had more. "It is in your knowledge why now I have no more.

"Yes, it's in my knowledge," she cried. "Yet I carried Mistress Quinton from Dover!" I made no answer to that. She sighed "Heigho," and, for a moment, there was silence. Yet messages pass without words, and there are speechless mercuries that carry tidings from heart to heart. Then the foll to a thousand sounds, which the soul hears though the dull corporeal ear be deaf. Did she still amuse herself, or was there ore? Sometimes a part, assumed in play malice, so grows on the actor that he cannot, even when he would, throw aside his trappings and wash from his face the paint which was to show the passion that played. The thing takes hold, and will the bravado that feigned without feeling by i feeling which is not feint. She was now, in tearnest. Some wave of recollection or fancy had come over her and transformed her jest. The stole round till her face peeped into mine in pitcous, bewitchiag pleading, asking a sign of foadness, bringing back the page. sign of fondness, bringing back the post, raising the dead from my heart's sepulcher. There was a throbbing in my brain, yet I had need of a cool head. With a spring I

"I'll go and ask if Mistress Barbara eego." I stammered. "I fear she may not e well attended. "You'll go again? Once scorned, youll go igain, Simon? Well, the maid will smile;

they'll make a story of it among themselves at their supper in the kitchem." The laugh of a parcel of knaves and cenches. Surely it is a small thing! But men will face death smiling who run wryfaced from such ridicule. I sank in my chair again. But in truth did I desire to go? The dead rise, or at least there is a voice that speaks from the tomb. A man tarries to Well if he be not lost in listening!

new companion. smells tonight.

whips a man to any madness than to lay self-silent bouse, control to the score of cowardice, and tell nim that his scruples are not his own, but worn by command of another, and on palu her discleasure. Yet sometimes woman's cunning goes astray, and a name, used in mockery, speaks for itself with strong atas though it held the charm of her stends for. The name, folling from Nell's outing lips, had power to raise in me a picture, and the picture spread, like a very painting done on canvas, a screen between e and the alluring eyes that sought mine

n provoking witchery. She did not know er word's work and laughed again to seeie grow yet more grave at Barbara's name "The stern mistress is away," d. "May we not sport? The door Why, Simon, you're dull. In truth, is shut! you're as dull as the king when his purse is

raised my eyes to hers; she read the thought. She tossed her nead, flinging the brown curls back; her eyes twinkled merrily and she said in a soft whisper, half smothered in a rising laugh:

But, Simon, the king also is away." I owed nothing to the king and thought nothing of the king. It was not there I stuck. Nay, and I did not stick on any score the bed; she must pray me to defer of conscience. Yet stick I did and gazed at business till the morrow, and wished her with dumb stare. She seemed to full into

me good-night. The a sudden rage, crying:
a sudden rage, crying:

"Go to her, then, if you will, but she won't a the control of the control o

lad, and I'll comfort you. Besides, you have given me a jeweled dagger. Shall I lend it you again to plunge in your heart, poor Simon?"

"I don't understand you. I have no need of a dagger," I answered stiffly; yet, feeling a fool there in the passage, I followed her into the room.

"Your heart is plerced already?" she saked. "You are not," said I, sore and angry, and wishing to wound her in revenge for the plty on you."

"But you shall hear it. 'A good herest what to say to her. I had rehearsed my speech a hundred times; the moment for its station." So she enid, and legned back unterance found ma dumb. Yet the impulse these great halies have. By heaven, though, I think she wronged you. For I'll swear on my Bible that you're not forward, Simon.

Well. I'm not Mistress Quinton."

"Your heart is plerced already?" she saked. "You are not," said I, sore and angry, and wishing to wound her in revenge for the blow she had dealt me.

"I was only packing by on my way to blow she had dealt me.

some away sere and some specked of the healing of my heart, there was specked of the healing of my heart, there was specked of the hirding of some smothered sorrow seemed to be struggling with her mirth. She was a creature all compounded of sudden changing moods. I did not know when they were true, when feigned not know when they were true, when feigned please you to hear. But she grew mighty "Alas, we toth have our sorrows," she returned with a doleful smile. Again there with their cheers. Hence, my lady is in a was a pause, "Good eight," said Barbara.

se felk cheering me. Simon, surely it was suffer shoulders. I was a lard judgment on look out of the winhis station!" It was a hard judgment on Now if any man—may, if every man—who She shrugged her shoulders. I sat there "Nor to jest and banter. It was mighty ascemily, I swear."

It was mighty the truth for others and it came out when my back was turned. "Poor Simon," sala Nell, softly. "Indeed,

Silence fell on us for awhile. Nell was by

There was now a new tone in her voice.

Her eyes still sparked in mischievous exaid. It's a man's way; I care not. Go and allation that she had proved right, and I came away sore and baffled. But when she you."

"Nay, yeu're gruff with me for what she if wasn't asleep," said she. Then, after a pause, she added, "I—I thought you had been there some time. Good night."

She hade me good night. She hade me good night. She bade me good night, but yet seemed She drew near to me again, coaxing and to wait for me to speak; since I was still

She please you to hear. But she grew mighty "Alas, we toth have our sorrows," she eay- short with me, and on the top came the folk returned with a doleful smile. Again there

reads my history, at this place close the leaves on his thumb and call Simon Dale a fool. I will not complain of him; but if he be moved to fling the book away for good and all, not enduring more of such a fool as Simon Dale, why I will humbly ask him if he hath never rehearsed brave speeches for hie mistress ear, and found himself tongue-tied in her presence? And if he hath, me, now. Her hand rested lightly on my what did he then? I wager that, while shoulder, and, looking up, I saw her eyes on calling himself a dolt with most hearty my face in mingled pensiveness and challengery, yet he set some of the blame on lenge.

"Indeed you are not forward," she murmured, with a little laugh, and set one hand
over her eyes.

"Indeed you are not forward," she murspoken had she opened the way; that it was
her reticence, her distance, her coldness,
which froze his elequence;; and that to any



"IT'S AN EVIL RETURN FOR YOUR KINDNESS TO HER.

followed.

you herself and yet when another—" The stift mo pleasure on the journey before me. Mary saw in it a thackgiving for deliver-sentence went unended.

In a tumult of feeling still I followed. I was half mad with resentment against Bar-lad talked the night before. I did not know they would, in truth it was inspired in none

would not receive.

She smiled merrily, then frowned, then "At what hour are we to se smiled again with raised eyebrows. I stood "When you will," said he. there as though pinned to the spot. For now With a sigh Nell moved across the room and flung the window open. The loiterent were gone, all was still, only the stars looked in, only the sweet scent of the night made cong. falling in careless, half conclousness, a smile came on his lips a from saddened lips. The sound fell clear twinkled. guickly toward me and saked. "Do you I listened. The snatch died away and the lady would travel as well without her and hate me now?" but did not wait for the movement in the room ceased. All was still that for her part she was weary of both of answer. She threw herself in a chair near again, and Nell's eyes were fixed on mine, sou. But any left a message for you. See, it to see her face, grave and wrung with agita. We stood. Then came the unspoken question.

A little market was on the table. I took it aughed, yet still not lightly, but as though snatch of song rose in my heart. There was out part there is no incitement that more of the lock rang clear and sharp through the

CHAPTIER XX. THE VICAR'S PROPOSITION. I do not know how long I stood outside the door there in the passage. After awhile I began to move softly to and fro, more than one reaching the room where I was to sleep, but returning again to my old post. I was loath to forsake it. A strange desire was on me. I wished that the door would open, may, to open it myself, and by my presence to her it would not have been plain, for now I was alone in the passage, and there was nothing to show the thing which had come to me there, and there at last had left me. Yet it seemed monstrous that she should no know, possible to tell her tonight, certain that my shame-faced tongue would find no words tomorrow. It was a thing that must be said while the glow and the charm of it were still on me, or it would find no saving.

The lamp had burnt down very low and bars why it seemed not altogether strange? gave forth a dim, fitful glare, hardly conquering the carkness. Now, again, I was standing still, lost in my struggle. Pren-ently, with glad amazement, as though bara. Doubtless it was but a stretch of there hid come an unlooked-for answer to my prayer, I heard a light step within. The "Go to her, then, if you will, but she won't have you. Would you like to know what she called you today in the coach?"

"I would hear nothing that was not for my way of the room where we had supped.

"I knew, I knew," she cried, reveling in her triumph, her eyes dancing with delight. "Poor Simon. Alas, poor Simon, you know little of women. But come, you're a brave."

"Go to her, then, if you will, but she won't have you. Would you like to know what she called you today in the coach?"

"I would hear nothing that was not for my made her tones quick and timid. I made her tones are full year.

"No doubt some business called her."

No doubt some business called her."

No doubt some business called her."

No doubt some tone with it is an interest and timid. I made her tones quick and

I sat and looked at her, yet though I other lady in the whole world he could have emed to look at her only, the whole of the poured forth words so full of fire that they room, with its furnishings, is stamped clear must have inflamed her to a passion like and clean on my memory. Nell moved a litto his own, and burnt down every barrier tle away and stood facing me. | which parted her heart from his. There-"It grows late," said she, softly, "and we fore at that moment he searched for occusamust be early on the road. I'll bid you tions against her, and found a bitter-tasting good-night and go to my bed." comfort in every offense that she had given him, and made treasure of any scornful She came to me, holding out her hand. I did not take it, but she drew it away and moved toward the door. I rose and followed of foolishness by such excuse as harshness

before, end lasted me fully two hours after 1 into the high armchair in the chimney corner "Tread lightly," she whispered. "There's had stretched myself upon the bed. Then I My mother received this exclamation as a ber door; we pass it, and she would not love slept heavily. When I woke it was high tribute of my filed effection, the vicar treated to know that you escorted me. She scores morning. I lay there a little while, thinking it as an evidence of friendship, my sister bara, swearing to myself that her scorn was in what mood I should find her, but I desired of these ways, but was purely an expression nothing to me. I shrank from nothing to to see her aione and beg her to come to some of relief, first at having brought Mistress prove to my own mind the lie that my heart truce with Mistress Quinton, lest our day's Barbara sife to the master, in the second rould not receive. traveling should be over thorns. She was not place at being quit of her society. "The door!" whispered Nell, going delitately on her toes with uplifted foreinger.

I cannot tell why, but at the word I came to a stand. Nell, looking over her shoulder and seeing me stand, turned to front me.

Out of the window I corrected the coach at said the vicar, drawing his chair near mine to a stand. Nell, looking over her shoulder and seeing me stand, turned to front me.

Out of the window I corrected the coach at said the vicar, drawing his chair near mine and laying his hand upon my knee, "what there are not a said the vicar, drawing his chair near mine and laying his hand upon my knee, "what there are not a said the vicar, drawing his chair near mine and laying his hand upon my knee, "what the world, the coach at said the vicar, drawing his chair near mine and laying his hand upon my knee, "what the world, the coach at said the vicar, drawing his chair near mine and laying his hand upon my knee, "what the world, the coach at said the vicar, drawing his chair near mine the coach at said the vicar, drawing his chair near mine and laying his hand upon my knee, "what the world, the coach at said the vicar, drawing his chair near mine and laying his hand upon my knee, "what the world, the coach at said the vicar, drawing his chair near mine and laying his hand upon my knee, "what the world, the coach at said the vicar, drawing his chair near mine and laying his hand upon my knee, "what the world, the worl

"At what hour are we to set out?" I asked. "Have you no orders, then, from Mistress

A smile came on his lips and his eyes

"It's like a night at Hatchstead," she end plain on my cars, though I paid no heed "Now, I thought it," said he, with a whispered, "Do you remember how we to the words and have them not in my chuckle. "You didn't know her purpose? walked there together? It smelt as it memory, I think that in them a maid spoke She has hired a post chaise and set out two smells tonight. It's long ago! She came to her lover who left her, but I am not sure. Source ago, telling me that you and the other

tion. Yet she was better thus; the new cried from the eyes that were on mine in up; the innkeeper's eyes were fixed on me in timidity became her marvelously.

There was a great clock in the corner of of her face but dimly by the light of the minded to afford him more entertainment. There was a great clock in the corner of the old paneled room; it ticked solemnly, seeming to keep time with the beating of my heart. I had no desire to move, but sat there, and, it might be amusement. I where, and, it might be amusement. I there was astiv. Now I watched her every movement, took reckoning of every feature, seemed to see (perhaps the imperfect light played tricks), besides lure and railiery, rement, took reckoning of every feature, seemed to see (perhaps the imperfect light played tricks), besides lure and railiery, rement, took reckoning of every feature, seemed to see (perhaps the imperfect light played tricks), besides lure and railiery, rement, took reckoning of every feature, seemed to see (perhaps the imperfect light played tricks), besides lure and railiery, rement, took reckoning of every feature, seemed to see (perhaps the imperfect light played tricks), besides lure and railiery, rement, took reckoning of every feature, seemed to see (perhaps the imperfect light played tricks), besides lure and railiery, rement, took reckoning of every feature, seemed to see (perhaps the imperfect light played tricks), besides lure and railiery, rement, took reckoning of every feature, seemed to see (perhaps the imperfect light played tricks), besides lure and railiery, remont, took reckoning of every feature, seemed to see (perhaps the imperfect light played tricks), besides lure and railiery, remont, took reckoning of every feature, seemed to see (perhaps the imperfect light played tricks), besides lure and railiery, remont took reckoning of every feature, seemed to see (perhaps the imperfect light played tricks), besides lure and railiery, remonded to afford him more entertainment. I was not a took and the played tricks), besides lure and railiery, remonded to afford him more enter in that I had no locked for seorn to cheep the played tricks), besides lure and railiery, remonded to afford him more enter than I had to afford him minded to afford him hunds then I had to afford him hunds and the light mping on one leg.

the corridor. I watched her going yet wist-olle on the table. I turned to find Earbard She rose and came near me again. Now she fully I watched. But I did not follow, for the Quinton in the doorway of the room. Her air was timid, as though she were not sure the hid a graver mood.

"Come;" said she, "you needn't fear to be it and passed through. For a moment it stretched to me. Mistress Earbara is not here."

The taunt was well conceived; for the slowly drew it close. It was shut. The click body.

"I am alone here," said I, answering her

"But she? Mistress-" "She's gone," said I. "I haven't seen her. The innkeeper tells me that she has been gone these two hours. But she has left us the ceach and—" I walked to the window and looked out. "Yes, and my horse is there, and

"But why is she gone? Hasn't she left—"
"She has left ten guineas also," said I,
pointing to the pile on the trible. "And no reason for her going?"
"Unless this be one." I answered, holding

out the piece of paper. won't read it," said Barbara. "It says only, 'In pay for your dagger.' " "Then it gives no reason?" "Why, no, it gives none," said I.

"It's very strange," murmured Barbara. looking not at me but past me.

Now to me, when I pondered over the malter, it did not seem altogether strange. Yet where lay the need to tell Mistress Bar-Indeed, I could not have teld it easily, seeing that, look at it how you will, the thing !

footfalls seemed to heatate, too back, and to conceits, she might have used the again, the bolt of the door shot back, and to conceits, she might have used the again, the bolt of faint light showed. "Who s as a figure for some wound that I had,

and stowed them in my purse. As I did this my eye wandered to the window. Barbara fellowed my lock and my thought also. I had no midd that this new provision for our case's should shore the fate of my last

had said nothing.

bars, flushing; ub bough, as may be seen, I age of his latest bride is 17 years. "I will repay the money in due course," said I, patting my purse.

We made a mid together in unbroken silence. No more was said of Mistress Nell;

seemed utterly forgotten. Relieved of a presence that was irksome to her, and would have rendered her apprehensive of fresh shame st every place we passed through, Matress Barbara should have shown an easier bearing and more gayety, so I supposed and hoped. The fact refuted me; silent, cold and listant, she seemed in even greater discomfort tean when we had a companion. Her mood called up a like in me, and I began to ask myself whether for this I had done well

to drive poor Nell away.

Thus in gloom we made ready to set forth. Myself prepared to mount my horse, I offered to hand Barbara into the coach. Then she looked at me; I noted it, for she had not done so much for an bour past; a slight color came on her cheeks, she glauced round the interior of the coach; it was, indeed, wide and spacious for one traveller.

"You ride today, also?" she asked. The sting that had tormented me still alive. I could not deny myself

Of our journey I will say no more. There is nothing in it that I take pleasure in telling, and to write its history were to accuse either Barbara or myself. For days we traveled together, she in her ceach, I on horseback. Come to London we were told my lord was at Hatchstead; having dis-patched our borrowed equipage and servante to their mistress, and with them the amount of my debt and a most grateful message, we proceeded on our way. Par-bara in a chaise, I again riding. All the way Barbara shunned me as though I had the plague, and I on my side showed no desire to be with a companion so averse my society. On my life I was driven half mad and had that might at Canterbury come again-well, heavens be thanked that temptaon comes sometimes at moments when vir tue also hes attractions, or which of would stand? And the night we spent or the road in decorum forbade that we should so much as speak, much less sup, together and the night we lay in London I spent 1 one end of the town and she at the other At least I showed no forwardness; to that was sworn and adhered most obstitutely Thus we came to Hatchstead better stranger than ever we had left Dover and althoug safe and sound from bodily perils and thes wiles of princes that had of late so threat ened our tranquillity, yet both of us as ill in temper as could be conceived. Defend me from any such journey sgain! But there is no likelihood of such a trial now, alas! Yes there was a pleasure in it; it was a battle and, by my faith, it was close drawn be

The chaise stopped at the manor gates and I rode up to the door of it, cap in hand Here was to be our parting,
"I thank you heartly, sir," said Barbara
in a low voice, with a bow of her head and quick glance that would not dwell on my

"My happiness has been to serve you madame." I returned. "I grieve only that my escort has been so irksome to you." 'No," said Barbara, and she said no more but relled up the avenue in her chaise, leav ng me to find my way alone to my mother's

I sat a few moments on my horse watching er go. Then with an oath I turned away. The sight of the gardener's cottage sent my thoughts whirling back to the old days when Cydaria came and caught my hear, in her butterfly net. It was just there, in the meadow by the avenue, that I had kissed her. A kiss is a thiog lightly given and sometimes lightly taken. It was that kiss which Parbara had seen from the window, and great debate had arisen on it. Lightly

"I am mighty curious to learn, Simon,

prophesy of Betty Nasroth spoke concerning

"You shall know all in good time, sir," cried, impatiently, "Should find its fulfillment," ended the vicar, placidly. "Are we not finished with that folly yel? asked my mother.

"Simon must tell us that," smiled the "In good time, in good time," I cried again. "But tell me first, when did my lord come here from Londs:?" again. "Why a week ago. My lady was sick and the physician prescribed the air of the country for her. But my lord stayed four days

only and then was gone again." I started and sat uprigat in my sent. "What, isn't he here now?" I asked

eagerly. "Why, Simon," said my good mother, with laugh, "we looked to get news from you, and now we have news to give you. king has sent for my lord. I so suge. It was most flattering and spoke of some urgent and great business on which the king desired my lord's immediate presence and counsel. So he set out two days ago to join the king with a large train of servauts, leaving behind my lady, who was to sick to travel."

I was surprised at these tidings and fel into deep consideration. What need had the What had been done at Dover would not b opened to Lord Quinton's ears. Was he sum moned as a lord of counsel or as hi daughter's father? For by now the king nust know certain matters respecting my ord's daughter and a humble gentleman who had striven to serve her as far as his station enabled him and without undue forwardness. We might well have passed my lerd's coach on the road and not remarked it among the many that met us as we drew near to London in the evening. I had not observed his liveries, but that went for nothing. I took heed of little on that journey save the bearing of Mistress Barbara. Where lay the meaning of my lo.d's summons? It came into my mind that M. de Perrencourt had sent messengers from Calais, and that the king might be seeking to fulfill in an-other way the bargain whose accomplishment I had thwarted. The thought was new life to me. If my work were not finished-I broke off; the vicar's hand was on my knee

again 'Touching the prophecy-" he began "Indeed, sir, in good time you shall know II. It is fulfilled."
"Fulfilled!" he cried rapturously. "Then. Simon fortune smiles?"
"Nay," I retorted, "she frowns most

damnably." To swear is a sin, to swear before ladies is bad manners, to swear in talking to a clergyman is worst of all. Yet, while my mother and my sister drew away in offense (and I hereby tender them an apology never yet made), the vicar only smiled "A plague on such prophecies," said

sourly. "Yet if it be fulfilled," he murmured. For he held more by that than by any good fortune of mine, me he loved, but his magic was dearer to him. "You must indeed tell be urged My mother approached somewhat timidly

"You are come to stay with us, Simon she asked.
"For the term of my life, so far as I know. madame," said I.
"Thanks to God," she murmured softly. (To be Continued.

CONNUBIALITIES.

The latest fashion notes inform us it is lorger the thing for a bride to weep at

nea.

George Ford of Louisville, Ky., 77 years

Lou needn't thave said that!" oried Borold, has been married seven times, and the The marriage of a young couple by phone, the contracting parties being several miles apart, has occurred in Missouri. The marriage cannot be rung off as easily as it

was rung on. The marriage of Miss Minnie Bishop to Colonel Vespasian Warner, M. C., of Illinois, ook place at Clinton, Ill., January I. The wedding was a quiet one, none but the immediate friends being present. Miss Bishop has been for a number of years principal of the Clinion High school.

Wisconsin papers say that Rev. O. P. Wisconsin papers say that Rev. O. P. Christian of Milwankee, who married the cloping daughter of ex-Minister Robert T. Lincoln to W. W. Beckwith, is finding himself in great demand as a tier of matrimonial knots, couples going even long distances to be "married by the man who married Abraham Lincoln's granddaughter."

Thirty-five years ago Eliza Nankervis and ohn Williams attended the same parish school at their old home in Cornwall, Engand and were lovers. Elizabeth was then 2 years of age and William a few years her senior. The families immigrated to the states. The Williams family went to the copper country in Michigan, while the still alive. I could not deny myself the pleasure of a retort so apt. I bowed low and deferentially, saying, "I have learnt my station. I would not be so forward as to sit in the coach with you." The flush on her cheeks deepened suddenly, she stretched out her hand a little way toward me, and her lips parted as though she were about to speak. But her hand fell again, and her lips shut on unuttered words.

"As you will," she said coldly. "Pray, bid them set out."

Of our journey I will say no more. There

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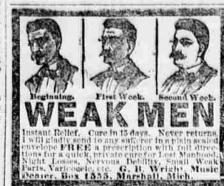
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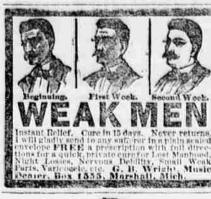
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