

(Copyright, DET by A. H. Hawking,)

CHAPTER XXV. - Continued. His words, and even more the tone in which he spoke, and the significant glance of his eyes declared his meaning. The bar-bearing, but he made no remark on it, and, gain that I knew of I need not betray nor addressing blooself to Rochester, said; that he should speak to me so openly; he knew that I wondered, yet, though his smile was bitter, he smiled still,

I bowed to him and answered:

"I am no talker, sir, of matters too great for me." "That's well. I know you for a gentle-

"That's well. I know you for a gentle-man of great discretion, and I desire to serve you. You have something to ask of me, Mr. "There's no escape; today I am a tyrant,"

"The smallest thing in the world for your majesty, and the greatest for me." "A pattern, then, that I wish all requests might follow. Let me hear it."

"It is no more than your majesty's favor for my efforts to win the woman whom I He started a little, and for the first time

in all the conversation ceased to fondle the 'The woman whom you love? Well, air, and does she love you?"

"She has told me so, sir,"
"Then, at least, she wished you to believe it. Do I know this lady?"
"Very well, sir," I answered in a mighty

He was very visitly perturbed. A man come to his years will see a ready rival in every youth, however little other attraction there may be. But perhaps I had treated him too freely already, and now he used me well. I would keep up the jest no longer. "Once, sir," I said, "for a while I loved where the king loved, even as I drank of

"I know, Mr. Dale. But you say once." But yesterday?" he exclaimed abruptly.

"She is a great comedian, sir, but I fear I seconded her efforts badly." He did not answer for a moment, but be-

gan again to play with the dog. Then raising his eyes to mine he said: You are well enough; she played divinely, 'She played for life, sir."

"Aye, poor Nell loves me," said he softly, "I had been cruel to her. But I won't weary you with my affairs. What would

'Mistress Gwyn, sir, has been very kind to me."
"So I believe," remarked the king. "But my loant sir, is now and has been for long irrevocably set on another."

"More than ever before sir. For she was there, an !--" "I know she was there." Nay, sir, I mean the other, her whom I

Barbara Quinton, sir."

The king looked down and frowned. He | perfect king." | perfect king." | Shall he not have her, James?" asked pathed his dog, he looked up again, frown-ing still. Then a queer smile bent his lips, Monmouth unders and he said in a voice which was most grave, for all his smile:
"You remember M. de Perrencourt?"

"I remember M. de Perrencourt very well, It was by his choice, not mine, Mr. Dile. that you set out for Calais."

others, to choose his men—perhaps you will allow me to say his instruments, Mr. Dale—better than any prince in Christendom. So would well Mistress Outstan? Well said he.

'I was to have been made her husband, "Nay, but she is above your station," he repeated, smiling at my retort, but con-ceiving that it needed no answer.

"She's not above your majesty's per suasion, or, rather, her father is not. She "You do not err in modesty, Mr. Dale."

'How should I, sir, I, who have drunk of the king's cup?" that we should be frienda?"

'And known what the king hid?"

"So that we must stand or fall together?"
"And love where the king loved?"

He made no answer to that, but was sifor a great while. I was conscious that many eyes were on us in wonder that I was so long with him, in speculation on what our business might be, and whence came the favor that gained me such



FOR A LONG WHILE WE WALKED IN SILENCE."

tinction. I paid little heed, for I was seeking to follow the thoughts of the king, and hoping that I had won him to my side. I asked only leave to lead a quiet life with her whom I loved, setting a bound at once to my ambition and to the plans which he had made concerning her. Nay, I believe that I might have claimed some hold over him, but I would not. A gentleman may not levy hush money, however fair the coins seem in his eyes. Yet feared that he might suspect me, and I

Today I leave the town, sir whether I have what I ask of you or not, and whether heart, nor of the resolve which lay beneath I have what I ask of you or not, I am silent. If your majesty will not grant it me, yet in all things that I may be, I am yet I do not think that it stood on nothing

denounce this he fulfilled it. When would be fulfill it? He would not empty his basket, but still have something to give when he dealt with the king of France. I wondered the cannot tell me. In case he doesn't know chaste maiden. I ask him what this love

He heard me lying back in his chair. He heard of it," smiled the vicar. "Now, of his is—for my memory falls—and behold he caunot tell me. In case he doesn't know hat it is that he feels, I pray you tell held out his hand to me, and I bent and his hand and fell to examining it very

Rochester looked at me with an ironleal 'Am I to tell what love le?" he asked.

sald the king.

"Hear then, youths," said Rochester, and his face was smoothed in a pensive and gentle expression. "Love is madness and be only sanity, delirium and the only truth, blindness and the only vision, folly and the only wisdom. It is—" He broke off and only wisdom. It iscried impatiently: "I have forgotten what

Why, my lord, you never knew what it is," said the king. "Alone of us here, Mr. Dale knows, and since he cannot tell us, the knowledge is lost to the world. James, have you any news of my friend, M. de Fon-

"Such news as your majesty has," answered Monmouth, "And I hear that my lord Carford will not die,"

"Let us be as thankful as is fitting for that," said the king. "M. de Fontelles sent me a very uncivil message; he is leaving England, and goes, he tells me, to seek a king whom a gentleman may serve."
"Is the gentleman about to kill himself?" asked Rochester with an affected air of

He's an inscient rascal," cried Monmonth angrily. "Will he go back to

"Why, yes, in the end, when he has tried the rest of my brethren in Europe. A man's king is like his nose; the nose may not be handsome, James, but It's small profit to cut it off. That was done once, you remem 'And here is your majesty on the throne,

interposed Rochester with a most loyal bow. "James," said the king, "our friend Mr. Dale desires to wed Mistress Barbara Quin

Monmouth started violently and turned 'His admiration for that lady," continued

the king, "has been shared by such high and honorable persons that I cannot doubt it to be well founded. Shall he not then be her husband?" Monmouth's eyes were fixed on me. I me

for long irrevocably set on another."
"On my faith, Mr. Daie, and speaking as one man to another, I'm glad to hear it. Was it so at Canterbury?"
"More than ever before six For she "who would love a lady who is not a wife and yet is fit to be his wife let him take her, in heaven's name. For he might voyage as far in search of another like her as love, her whom I now woo. I mean Mistress M. de Fontelles must in his search for a

swered, mustering a smile. "And I hope should be a king whom a gentleman could soon to see your court graced by her presserve. Yet to this day I am sorry that he

Well at that I, most inadvertently, and by "So I understood at the time, sir."
"And he is believed, both by himself and The king turned to me with raised eyean error in demeanor which I now deplore "Pray, let us hear the jest, Mr. Dale,"

you would wed Mistress Quinton? Well, "Why, sir." I answered, "there is no jest, she is above your station."

| Well, "Why, sir." I answered, "there is no jest, she is above your station." your pardon humbly.

> the king answere!. Then, sir, if I must say it, it was no more I might well come to an end and deny mythan this, if I would not be married in self the pleasure of a last few words in-

maliciousty as he asked, "are you as dull as my lord here, James, or do you understand what Mr. Dale would say?"

Monmouth's mood bung in the balance be-tween anger and amusement. I b.d crossed and thwarted his fancy, but it was not more than a fancy. And I had crossed and than a fancy. And I had crossed and thwarted M de Perrencourt's also; that was balm to his wounds. I do not know that he ould have done me harm, and it was as much from a pure liking for him as from any apprehension of his disfavor that I rejoiced when I saw his kindly thoughts triumph and , to men, nor the desire of all the world, no

indersound him. On my life, he's wise. I bowed low to him, saying: "I th your grace for your understanding." Rochester sighed heavily.

saw my hesitation.

"The basket will not be emptied," said he in a low and cautious voice. "It will be emptied neither for M. de Perrencourt nor emptied nei

his eyes cast up at me from under his best of it, for he whom I have called M. de swirthy, bushy brows. There was a long silence then between us. For myself I do not deny that youthful ambition again cried to me to take his offer, while pride told me that even at White-I suppose that, although an Englishman. I hall I could guard my honor and all that was mine. I could serve him. Since he told me his secrets he must and would save me. And he had in the end doilt fairly and me. And he had in the end doilt fairly and me. And he had in the end doilt fairly and me. And he had in the end doilt fairly and me. It was the day before my wedding should be the day before my wedding should me. It was the day before my wedding should me. And he had in the end doilt fairly and me. It was the day before my wedding should me.

of his chair suddenly and forcibly.
"I sit here," said he, "It is my work to sit here. My brother has a conscience; how long would he sit here? James is a fool; how long would he sit here? They laugh at me or snarl at me, but here I sit, and here I will sit till my life's end, by God's grace or the devil's help. My gospel is to

I had never before seen him thus moved, and never had so plain a glimpse of his heart, nor of the resolve which lay beneath that one unswerving resolution I know not, terrace. better than his indolence and a hatred for going again on his travels. There was more evening visit to the manor I sat with him

returned my salute most cavallerly. He had small reason to be pleased with me and his brow was puckered. The king seemed to find fresh amusement in his son's bearing, but he made no remark on it, and, addressing houself to Rockwater and preached; the last was stronger and with

a bow, I said: 'Aye, sir, I am of M. de Fontelle's mind.'

"Good-by, Mr. Dale," said he. "I don't know how long you'll have to wait. I'm

"Am I to tell what love let he asked.
"Aye, with your utmost elequence," anawered the king, laughing still and pinching his dog's cars.
Rochester twisted his face into a grimace
and looked appealingly at the king.

"An I to tell what love let he asked."

He moved his hand in dismissal, and, navling withdrawn some paces. I turned and
walked away. All observed or seemed to
observe me: I heard whispers that asked
who I was, why the king had talked so long
to me and to what service or high office I to me and to what service or high office I was destined. Acquaintances saluted me and stared in wonder at my careless acknowledgment and the quick decisive tread that carried me to the door. Now, having made my choice, I was on fire to be gone; yet once I turned my head and saw the king sitting still in his chair, his head resting on his hands and a slight smile on his lips. bowed, turned again and was gone.
Since then I have not seen him, for the

But there he sat, and never did he empty for I remembered the his basket lest, having given all, he should of the unhappy lady. have nothing to carry to market. It is not me to judge him now; yet then, when I had the choice set before me, there in down to her husband, rightly or wrongly,

'No. I am not indignant." I admitted. "But if it were to crawl over you-"
"I should crush the brute," I cried. "Yes. They have crawled over you and

you are indignant. They have not crawled over me and I am curious. "But, sir, will you allow a man no disinterested moral emotion?" "As much as he will, and he shall be cool

minutely "I wonder you can touch it," said I, "You did not quit the court without some

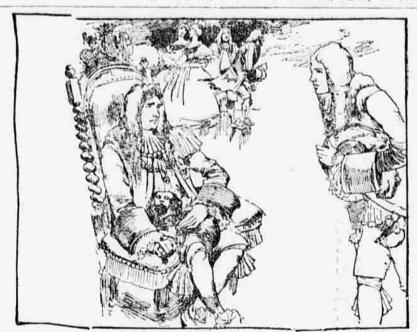
regret, Simon," he reminded me. I could make nothing of him in this mood and was about to leave him when I perceived my lord and Barbara approaching the house. Springing up, I ran to meet them; they received me with a grave air and, in the ready apprehension of evil born of a happiness that seems too great, I cried out to know if there were bad tidings. "There's nothing that touches us nearly,"

said my lord. "But very pitiful news is come from France." The vicar had followed me and now stood He saw me look and nodded his head. I by me: I looked up and saw that the ugly bowed, turned again and was gone. creature was still in his hand.

Since then I have not seen him, for the paths that crossed diverged again. Yet, as all men know, he carried out his gospel. clares that she had poison given to her in There he sat till his life's end, whether by God's grace or the devil's help I know not.

Indeed, the tidings came as a shock to me, for I remembered the winning grace and wi

"But who has done it?" I cried.
"I do not know," said my lord. "It is set



"MY GOSPEL IS TO SIT HERE.

his own palace, I had passed my verdict. I | who knows?" vicar stopped and set his captive free to crawl away on the path. dom or in folly, in more honesty or the ex-Monmouth understood that the game was travagance of sentiment, I had made my choice. I was of the mind of M, de Fons.ye, sir, let him have her," he antelles and I went forth to wait till there speed, mustering a smile. "And I hope should be a king whom a gentleman could made me tell him of my choice.

CHAPTER XXVI. I COME HOME. I have written the foregoing for my children's sake, that they may know that once their father played some part in great affairs and rubbing shoulder to shoulder with don't know why I laughed, and I pray folk of high degree, bore himself, as I venour pardon humbly."
"Yot there was something in your mind," with that credit which a ready brain and hand bring to their possessor. Here, then, Calais, neither will I be married in White-hall." dicted for my own comfort and to please a greedy recollection. The children, if the? There was a moment's slience. It was read, will laugh. Have you not seen the mirthful wonder that spreads on a girl's broken by Rochester.
"I am dull, said he. "I don't understand that observation of Mr. Dale's."
"That mry well be, my lord," said Charles, and he turned to Monmouth, smiling tied with a ribbon and a poem attached tied with a ribbon and a poem attached thereto? She will look in her father's face and thence to where her mother sits at her needlework just where she has sat at her needlework these twenty years, with her old kind smile and comfortable eyes. The girl loves her, loves her well, but-how came father to write those words? For mother, though the dearest creature in the world, is not slim nor dazzling, nor a queen, nor is she Venus herself, decked in colors of the rainbow, nor a goddess come from heaven smile come on his lips.

"Plague take the fellow," said he, "I indeed, what father wrote is something aki aught else that father calls her in the poem to what the squire slipped into her own han-"I thank last night; but it is a strange strain ir which to write to mother, the dearest crea-Rochester sighed heavily.
"This is welrisome," said he. "Shall we glory, nor the queen of the nymphs. Bu though the maiden laughs, her father is no "You and James shall walk," said the ashamed. He sees still her to whom he ing. "I have yet a word for Mr. Dale." | wrote, and when she smiles across the room As they went he turned to me and said: at him, and smiles again to see her daugh "Yet will you leave us? I could find work for ter's wonder, all the years fade from the you here." I did not know what to answer him. He it was, though my young mistress' merry aw my hesitation.

at me, Mr. Dale but you needn't search my face so closely. I will tell you what you desire to know. I have had my price, but I do not empty my basket." Having said this made my Lord Rochester so merry. Indeed, the standard on his hands with he sat leaning his head on his hands with I fear that in this case the scoffer had th Perrencourt was certainly served again by

The king struck his right hand on the arm all that had passed, had sworn roundly that since there was one honest man who sought his daughter, he would not refuse her, lost while he waited for better things worse should come. And he proceeded to pay me many a compliment, which I could repeat despite of modesty, if it chanced that I remembered them. But in truth, my head was so full of his daughter that there was no space for his praises, and his well turned eulogy-for my lord had a pretty flow vords-was as sadly wasted as though he had spoken it to the statue of Apollo on his

I had been taking dinner with the vicar To all this—perhaps it rang too solemn, as the words of a young man are apt to at the moments when his heart is moved—he answered nothing, but, looking up with a whimsical smile, said:

"Tell me now, do you love this Mistress Quinton?"

On this I fell suddenly into a great fit of shame and bashful embarrassment. The

On this I fell suddenly into a great fit of shame and bashful embarrassment. The asswance that I had gained at court forsook me, and I was tongue-tied as any calf lover.

"I—I don't know." I stammered.

"Nay, but I grow old. Fray tell me. Mr. Dale." he urged, beginning to laugh at my perturbation.

For my life I could not. It seemed to me that the more a man feels a thing to see, through my recollection, the life and the scene and the men that were so strange to his eyes and so familiar to his dreams.

"You don't appear very indiguant, sir," I ventured to observe, with a smile.

"Perhaps you are of M. de Fontelle's mind? Will you join him in his search?

Abandon it! You had best go to your own home and wait. Heaven may one day send I perceived a fly of a species with which I, For my life I could not. It seemed to me that the more a men feels a thing the harder it is for him to utter it; sacred things are secret, and the hymn must not be heard save by the Deity.

The king suddenly bent forward and beckoned. Rochester was passing by, with her how was the duke of Monmouth. They

In a graver mood we began to walk and presently, as the thing chanced, Barbara and I distanced the slow steps of our elders and found ourselves at the manor gate "I am very sorry for madame," said she

A silence ensued for a few moments. The

"God has crushed one of them, Simon," aid he. "Are you content?"

"Nay, I try not to believe it of her," said

sighing heavily. Yet presently, because by the mercy of providence our own joy out-weighs others' grief, and thus we can pass through the world with unbroken hearts she looked up at me with a smile and, pass ing her arm through mine, drew herself "Aye, be merry, tonight at least be merry

my sweet," said I. "For we have come afe out on the other side." 'Safe and together," said she.

"Without the second, where would be the

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Myers Dillon Drug Co. S. E. C. "I protest-!" I cried. "For it was from my father only that I

neard of a visit that you paid in London.'
I bent my head and looked at her. "I would not trouble you with it." said I. It was no more than a due of civility." "Simon, I don't grudge it to her. For I am here in the country with you and she is there in London without you."

"And in truth," said Earbara, "I believe that you are both best pleased." "For her," said Barbara, "I cannot speak." For a long while then we walked in sibence, while the afternoon grew full and waned again. They meek at lovers' talk; let them, say I with all my heart, so that they have our ellence sacred. But at last Barara turned to me and said with a little nugh:

"Art glad to have come home, Simon?" Verify I was glad. In body I had wan-dered some way, in mind and heart further, through many dark ways, turning and twist-ing here and there, leading I knew not whither, seeming to leave no track by which waither, steming to leave no track by which I might regain my starting point. Yet although I felt it not, the thread was in my hand, the golden thread spun here in Hatch-stead when my days were young. At length the hold of it had tightened and I, perceiving it, had turned and followed. Thus it had brought me home, no better in purse or station than I went and norms by the loss of the los ion than I went and poorer by the loss of ertain dreams that haunted me, yet, as I ope, sound in heart and soul. I looked and in the dark eyes that were set on me ar though there were their refuge, joy and life, she clung to me as though even still I might leave her. But the last fear fled, the last doubt faded away and a smile came radiant security on the lips I loved as, unding down, I whispered:

"Aye, I am glad to have come home." But there was one thing more that I ust say. Her head fell on my shouder, as

And you have utterly forgotten her?" Her eyes were safely hidden. I smiled as I See how I stood! Wilt thou forgive me

For a man may be very happy as he is and For a man may be very happy as he is and still not forget the things which have been. "What are you thinking of. Simon?" my wife asks sometimes when I lean back in my chair and smile. "Of nothing, sweet," say I. And in truth I am not thinking; It is only that a low laugh echoes distantly in my ear. Faithful and loyal am I, but—should such as Nell leave naught behind her?

THE END.

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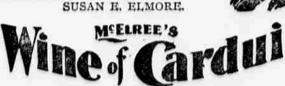
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indeed a boon to women. The Great Spirit must have planted or discovered them. J. G. WASHINGTON.

PEORIA, Ky., Nov. 7th, 1897. I have used Wine of Cardui and Black-Draught at intervals for fifteen years, and can say they bring me relief quicker than any medicine I ever took. I am glad to recommend them to all my friends.

she is almost perfectly cured. These medicines are



This century has brought some wonderful discoveries and inventions to the attention of the world. But no one of these is more important to the women of America than the discovery of McElree's Wine of Cardui and its companion medicine, Thedford's Black-Draught. These simple remedies have given good health to more suffering women than all other medicines of their class put together. Their introduction has revolutionized the manner of treatment of female diseases. It is no longer necessary for a modest woman to submit to abhorrent local examinations from an incompetent or unscrupulous physician when she has sickness peculiar to her sex. Women can get Wine of Cardui at any drug store, and take it in the privacy of their own homes. And there is nothing like this popular medicine to relieve and cure afflicted women. It is nature's best gift to

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women. You are invited to give it a trial.