

Synopsis of the Preceding Chapters, I will make you suffer if you fail me-I comem, sixth earl of Douglas, falls in th the nices of the Marshal de Retz. MacKim, son of the Douglas armorer, Sholto Mackim, son of the Douglas armoter, distinguishes himself in schery and is made captain of the castle guard and later he is knighted for brave conduct in the tournament. Through the plots of his enemies and the help of Lady Sybilla William is lured to Castle Crichton. Sybilla repents of his agreement and urges the young earl to return home with all speed. Marshal de Return de Statistical de Return de Statistica de Return de Statistica de Return de Statistica de Return carl and his brothers are arrested and prisoned. The brothers are sentenced to be executed at once. Sybilia declares her love before the court and the two Douglases go forth to their death. Sholto stirs up the countrymen. The three MacKims meet, tell the Lady Douglas of the loss of her sons and learn in turn from her that Maud Lindesny and little Margaret Douglas have been kidnapped by De Retz. The Lady Douglas gives Sholto a priceless suit of armor, blesses him as her son and starts dim out to search for the two girls. Sholto with his father and brother and Lord James Douglas follow the Marshal de Retz to Paris and then to Brittany. Laurence MacKim enters into service with De Retz. The search party battles with the wolves. Laurence is discovered by De Retz to be an imposion, is shown the two girls and told that if he tries to escape or help comes the maid of Galway and Maud Lindesay will be murdered. La Meffraye taunts the Scotmaid of Galway and Maud Lindesay win be murdered. La Meffraye taunis the Scot-tish maidens. Lady Sybilla finds Sholto and his companions and sends them to John of Brittany for help. De Retz and his assist-ents continue in their crimes not mindful of

CHAPTER LIV-Continued. "Sybilla de Thouars, as you are in my

power, so I bid you work my will!" It was the deep, stern voice of Marshal de Retz which spoke. The Lady Sybilla lay back in a great chair with her eyes closed, breathing slowly and gently through her parted lips. Messire Gilles stood before her with his hands joined palm to palm and his white finger tips almost touching the girl's

"Work my will and tell me what you

Her hands were clasped under a light silken apron which she wore descending from her neck and caught in a loose loop bebind her gown. They were firmly netted one over the other and clutched between them was a golden crucifix.

The girl was praying, as one prays who dares not speak.

O, God, who didst hang on this crosskeep now my soul. Condemn it afterward, but help me to keep it this night. Deliver me-O, deliver me from the power of this man. Help me to lie. By thy son's blood, help me to lie well this night."

Where are the three men from the land of the Scots? Tell me what you see! Tell me all!" the marshal commanded, still standing before her in the same posture.

Then the voice of the Lady Sybilla began to speak, low and even and with that strange halt at the end of the sentence. The lord of Retz nodded, well pleased when he heard the sound. It was the voice of the secress. Oftentimes he had heard it before and it had never deceived him. "I see a boat on a stormy sea," she said.

"There are three men in it. One is great of stature and very strong. The others are young men. They are trying to furl the sail. A gust strikes them. The boat keels swer for these offenses in the city of Nantes | The wards were turned with well-ac- | court. The city and fortress did not properly. and goes over. I see them struggling in the pit of waters. There are cliffs white and crumbling above them. They are calling for help as they cling to the boat. Now | lief. there is but one of them left. I see him trying to climb up the slippery rocks. He falls back each time. He is weary with much buffeting. The waves break about him and suck him under. Now I do not see the men any more, but I hear the broken masts of the boat knocking hollow and dull against the rocks. Some few shreds of the mansail are whipped about it. But the three

She ceased suddenly. Her lips stopped their curiously detached utterance. But under her breath and deep in her

soul Sybilla de Thouars was still praying Sathanas. Thou hast indeed done that which it. as before. And this which follows was her "O, God-his devil is surely departed from

him. I thank Thee, God of truth, for helping me to lie!

"It is well," said Giles de Retz, standing erect with a satisfied air. "All is well. The three Scots who sought my life are gone to their destruction. Now, Sybilla de Thouars, I bid you look upon John, duke of passers by, and such as there were clutched himself in a hidden nook behind the door. Brittany. Tell me what he does and says." The level, impassive, detached voice began egain. The hands clasped the cross of gold only to take a hasty, fearful glance at the more closely under the silk apron.

'I see a room done up about with silver scallop shells and white painted ermines. I sree a fair, cumulag faced, soft man. Behind him stands one tall, spare, haggard-" "Pierre de l'Hopital, president of Brittany

-one that hates me!" said De Retz grimly between his teeth. "I will meet my fingers about his dog's throat yet! What of him?" The Lady Sybilla without a quiver of her shut eyelids took up the cue. "He hath his finger on a parchment. He

strives to point out something to the fairbaired man, but that other shakes his head and will not agree-The marshal suddenly grew intent and even excited.

"Look closer, Sybilla-look closer, Can you not read that which is written on the parchment? I bid you by all my power to

Then the countenance of the Lady Sybilla was altered. Striving and blank failure were alternately expressed upon it. 'I cannot! O. I cannot!" she cried.

"By my power I bid you. By that which

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ever offered to the

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mand you!" cried Gilles de Retz, bending himself toward her and pressing his fingers against her brow so that the points dented her white skin.

The tears sprang from underneath the dark lashes which lay so tremulously upon her white cheek. "You make me do it-it hurts! I cannot!"

she said in the pitiful voice of a child. "Read-or suffer the shame!" cried Gilles de Retz.

"I will-O, I will. Be not angry!" she answered pleadingly. And underneath the silk the hands were clasped with a grip like that of a vise upon

little maid of Galloway. "Read me that which is written on the

paper!" said the marshal. The Lady Sybilla began to speak in a voice so low that Gilles de Retz had to incline his ear very close to her lips to listen. "Accusation against the great lord and

"That is it-go after the titles!" said the eager voice of the marshal.

gers of his suzerain, the supreme Duke sign of Christ's redemption, rendered the John of Brittany, accused of Ill-intern corner where was placed the door into the

She ended abruptly like one who is tired,

"All is hid," he said, "these things are

"I cannot look again, I am weary!" she

"Look again!" thundered her taskmaster.

"I see the fair-haired man take the parch-

ment from the hand of the dark, stern

"He tries to tear it in two, but cannot.

"My enemies are destroyed," said Gilles

de Retz, "I thank thee, great Barran-

thou didst promise. Henceforth I am thy

CHAPTER LV.

The Red Milk.

of the little feudal bourg, there were few

vast bulk of the castle looming imminent

From a window high in the central

keep a red light streamed out and when

the clouds flew low, strange dilated shadows

were wont to be cast upon the rolling vapor.

Sometimes smoke, acrid and heavy, bellowed

forth and wild cries of pain and agony

floated down to chill the hearts and silence

the footfalls of the home-returning rustics

But none dared to question in public the

doings of the great and pulssant lord of all

him who even looked too much at the

The night was yet darker up aloft in the

altar candles for the chapel of the Holy In-

lessone and indeed some few were poring

absence of the master, sticking intimate

and looked carefully to see what did the

continently clouted the Frenchman upon the

ear. Whereupon ensued trouble and the

Henriet, perfectly satisfied, took up the

heavy moulds and made his way to his

lord's chamber, where many things were

used for purposes other than those for which

Upon the back of his departure came in

Precentor Renouf, who laid his baton con-

jointly and freely about the ears of his son

"Get to your beds, both of you, and that

supperless, for uproar and conduct ill be-

coming two youths who worship God all day

in his sanctuary, and are maintained at

Clerk Henriet counted them twice over lastening.

son, and at some hitch in the game he in- be needed,

and burghers trembling in their beds.

the things which were done.

Darkly and swiftly the autumn night

"With whom I will reckon!"

He throws it angrily in the fire."

servant and thy slave!"

above them.

choir boy

spilling of much ink.

they had been intended.

and those of Laurence McKim.

and Gilles de Retz drew a long sigh of re-

less than nothing! What does the duke?

said.

the "pasita" (as the choir master was called | make me strong as a young man in his natural leader and spokesman. in lower Belliany) ordered him to sleep in strength, and wiser than the wisdom of age. separate rooms for the better keeping of the

your visil of the night upon the pavement of the chapel. For you are the most rebellious and troublesome of all-indeed, past bearing. Go! Not a word, sirrah!"

the head of the stairway from the chapel was the prison chamber of Maude Lindesay and her ward, the little main Margaret of Gallowey. He told himself at least that this was his main object, and doubtless he had the matter in his mind. But a far stronger

motive was curiosity and the magic influence of the mysterious and the unknown upon the mind of youth. More than to deliver Margaret of Galloway. Laurence longed to look again upon summated there. And he yearned to see

again that rough-eared image graven after the fashion of a man. And the reason was not far to seek. For if even the worship of the high God coording to the practice of the most enlightened nations grounds itself upon blood and sacrifice what wonder if in the worship of the lords of hell the blood of the innocent

a sacrifice well pleasing and desirable, Rooted and ineradicable is the desire in the golden cross she had borrowed from the | man's heart to know good and evil-but particularly evil. And so Laurence now desired to see the sacrifice laid between the horns of the altar and the image above lean over as if to gloat upon the sweet savour of its burning.

Long and carefully Laurence listened before he ventured forth. The chapel of the most noble seigneur, Gilles de Lavel de Innocents was dark and silent. Only a reflection of the red light which burned in the keep struck through the clere-story upon the great cross which swung above the ultar "Accused of having molested the messen- This being dispersed like a halo about the arms-royal upon his shield-called to any youth to insert therein Clerk Henriet's key, ereign of western France was holding his

THE THREE SCOTS TELL DUKE JOHN OF MARSHALL RETZ.

Carefully shutting the door behind him so

oot upon the steps and began his adventure

It was a narrow staircase, only wide

ough, indeed, for one to ascend or de-

cend at once. And the heart of Laurence

the dread lord of Machecoul face to face in

He accomplished the ascent, however,

mother low arch found himself at the end of

the passage over against the door with the

curious burned hieroglyphics imprinted upon

Laurence eagerly set his hand to the latch.

It opened as before and admitted him at a

The temple-like hall was silent and dim.

Only an occasional thrill as if of an earth-

quake passed across it, waving the heavy

hangings and bringing a hot breath of some

Laurence, with a beating heart, ensconced

there for some purpose he could not fathom.

He heard the voice of Marshal de Retz

again-this time kindly, and even affection-

Some one was to take a draught from the

Again Henriet and Poitou passed and re-

passed and once Gilles de Sille flashed across

the interspacing, handling a broad-edged,

Then came a short, sharp cry of agony,

a gurgling mean, and black, blank, unutter-

He sank down on his face behind the door

and covered his eyes and ears with his

hands. So he lay for a space without mo-

the door and set her face within, like some

To them, all clad in a priest's robe of

in red, which he had been inditing at

that thrilled the very soul of the young man

And yet, as Laurence looked forth from

These were the words he heard in the

"O, great and mighty Barran-Sathanas

my only lord and master, whom with all due

observance I do worship, look mercifully

upon this the sacrifice of innocent blood.

Let it be grateful to thee-to whom all

been deaf in past days, because we served

thee not without drawback or withholding

without sparing and without remorae. Be-

cause we hesitated to give thee the best

the delicatest, the most pitiful. But now

take this innocentest innocence. Behold t,

Gilles de Retz, make to thee the matchless

"Here us, O Barran-Sathanas! Thou hast

gleaming knife swiftly and surreptitiously to

ate. Some one was not to be frightened.

hurt him. They had but played with him.

There was no light in the passage and

incident, and passing through

ok within him at the thought of meeting

ustomed smoothness.

ts straight black parrows

descended upon Machecoul. In the streets strange, heady perfume to the nostrils.

their cloaks tighter round them and scurried. The niche was covered by a curtain and fur-

the country of Retz. It fared not well with able horror shut down on Laurence's spirit.

castle of Machecoul itself. In the sacristy tion, almost without sense, upon the naked

good Father Blouyn, with an air of resigned marble slab. When he came to himself a

reluctance, was handing over to an emissary dusky light was diffused through the chapel.

of his master the moulds in which the tall As he looked he saw La Meffraye come to

nocents were usually compacted. And as bird of night, hideous and foul. Then she

Clerk Henriet went out with the moulds he returned and Gilles de Sille and Clerk

took a long look through a private spy- Henriet came in the chapel bearing between

hole at the lads of the choir who were sit- them a great golden cup, filled (as it seemed

ting in the hall apportioned to their use. by the care with which they carried it) to

over their books with some show of studious flame-colored voivet, succeeded the lord of

absorption. But for the most part they Retz himself. He held in his hand like a

were playing cards and dominoes, or, in the service book the great manuscript written

pins and throwing about indiscriminate ink. Sybilla's entrance, and as he walked he

young Scots lad, who had so mysteriously his hiding place, it appeared that the black

escaped from the dread room of his master. Statue nodded once more to him as one who

Laurence McKim played X's and O's upon would say, "Take note and remember what

a board with Blaise Renouf, the precentor's thou seest, for one day thy testimony shall

chanting monotone:

evil is as the breath of life.

according to the immemorial use of the chanted with a strange intenation words

They were supposed to be busy with their the very brim with some precious liquid.

Or if they raised their heads, it was nished with a grouved slab of marble, placed

some one unseen.

manifest thy so mighty power. Hear me He seemed upon the point of dealing ducal

and answer, O Barran-Sathanas!" Gilles de Retz took the cup from the hands of the servitors. He seemed so weak The idea had come to Laurence that at with his loud crying that he could hardly hold it between his trembling hands. He lifted his bead, and again cried aloud:

> tremble. Strength is departed from me. Youth is dead. Help thy faithful servant, aid him to lift up this precious oblation to thee.

And as the great dusky image seemed to lean over him with a hoarse cry, Gilles de Retz lifted the cup and held it high above his head. As he did so a beam sudden as lightning, red as fire, fell upon it, and with the iron altar and to know the truth as to a quick instinctive horror Laurence saw the strange sacrifices which were con- that it was filled to the brim with blood fresh and red.

> The marshal's voice strengthened. "It is coming! It is coming! Barran manifests himself. O, great Lord, to thee I drain this draft," cried Gilles de Retz. The red milk, the precious milk of innoence, to thee I drink it!"

> And he set the cup to his lips and drank deep and long. And the terrible lord of Retz, exhausted by his own fury, cast himself at the feet of the gigantic image which, bending over him. seemed with the same grimace sardonically to mock alike his downfall and his exalta-

But Laurence heard no more. For sense and feeling had wholly departed from him, and he lay as one dead behind the door of the temple of Barran-Sathanas, lord of evil, in the thrice-abhorrent castle of Machecoul.

CHAPTER LVI.

The Shadow Behind the Throne. Within the grim walls of Black Angers against the state, accused of quartering the secret stairway light enough to enable the Duke John of Brittany and reigning sov-

enough to make him render it up again.

lantern jaws and a mouth like a wolf trap,

deep-set eyes that flamed under the bushy

eyebrows, stood Pierre de l'Hopital, the

"I tell you, I will go to the tennis courts

me-some variets whom Charles will not

to take service, doubtless. A beggearly lot

are all such variets, but brave, yes, excellent

soldiers are the Scots, so long as they are

"Nay, my lord duke," said Pierre de

l'Hopital, standing up tall and somber, his

long black gown accentuating the peculari-

ties of his figure, "it were almost necessary

to see these men now and hear what they

John of Brittany threw down the little

"Oh." he cried, "if you have decided,

"I thank your excellency for your

gracious readiness to grant the men an

regard to the essential matter and disregard-

Duke John sat glooming and kicking his

feet to and fro on the raised dais, while

behind his chair, impassive as the grand

inquisitor himself, Pierre de l'Hopital, presi-

een servitor and in a few moments the three

The Lord James in virtue of his quality

stood a little in front, not by his own will

or desire, but because Sholto and his father

had so placed themselves that the young

noble should have his own rightful pre-

edence. For as to these things all Scots

Duke John continued to keep his eyes

Scots were ushered into the ducal presence.

dent of Brittany, raised a hand to an un-

ing the unessential manner.

are careful by nature.

o resent it.

"The Red Milk I pour for thee! The Red | anger, but he did not disobey. He raised

Milk I bring thee-the Red Milk I bring to his head and gazed straight at the three

loved, this Pierre de l'Hopital.

touches your kin and kingdom."

whistle. But he never whistled.

And little he cared whether or no.

late French, "I claim your attention for a

little. I come to lay before you that which

Duke John continued to play with the lap-

"His grace of Brittany will now give you

from behind, without moving a muscle either

of his body or of his face, save those neces-

sary to propel the words from his vocal

The brow of Duke John flushed with

there remains nothing for me but to obey?"

pay now that his job is done? They come

his breath.

true master of Brittany.

judge it to be so."

pettish child.

Behind his chair Pierre de l'Hopital let Hear me. O great Master of all the evil of | his deep, inscrutable eye droop once upon the Universe, Thou great Equal and Co- his master and his spare and sinewy wrists "And do you, Muster Laurence, perform adjuter of the Master of Good, hear and twitched as he held his arms by his side, angrily.

dignity a box on the ear both sound and nproving. the people. He will be the people's advocate MacKim.
"I am the Lord James of Douglas and and will gain great honor from this trial, "But b improving. Avondale," said the leader of the Scots, with will he? We shall see. Ho! Guards, there! de Retz or another, I will judge the case." grave dignity, "and I had three years ago the honor of breaking a lance with you in "See, I am weak, my Satan-see how I the tilt yard of Poitiers, when in that town your grace met with the king of France and

the duke of Burgundy."

At this John of Brittany looked up quickly. "I do not remember you," he said, "and naver forget faces. Even Pierre will grant me that!"

"Your grace may possibly remember, hen, the dint in your shoulder that you got from the point of a spear, caused by the breaking of the links of your shoulder piecel

A light sprang into the duke's eyes. "What!" he cried, "you are the young Scot who fought so well, and kept his shield up all day over the door of a common sergeant's tent, having no pavillion of his own, till it was all over dints, like an ale house tankard?"

"As were also the knight who dinted it!" grimly commented Pierre de l'Hopital.

The Lord James of Avondale bowed. "I am that knight!" he said, quietly and with gravity.

"But," cried the duke, "I knew not that you were of Douglas. That is a great name at Poitlers, and had we known your race and quality we had not been so ready with our shield-rapping!"

"At that time," said James Douglas, "I had not the right to add 'of Douglas' to my titles. But during this year my father hath succeeded to the earldom and estates, "What-then is your father duke of Tournine?" cried the duke of Brittany, much

astonished. "Nay, my lord," said James Douglas, with some little bitterness. "The king of France hath caused that to revert to himself by the success which attended a certain mission executed for him in Scotland by his chamberlain, Marshal de Retz, concerning whom we have come from far to speak with you. "Ah, my cousin, Gilles!" creld Duke John. "He is not a beauty to look at, but he is

a brave man, our Gilles. I heard he had gone to Scotland. I wonder if he contrived

to make himself as popular in your land as

he has done in ours." With a certain grave severity to which Pierre de l'Hopital nodded approval, the Lord James replied: "At the instigation of the king of France and Louis the Dauphin. he succeeded in murdering my two cousins, William and David of Douglas, and in carrying over hither with him to his own country their only sister, the little countess of Galloway-thus rooting out the greatest house in Scotland to the hurt of the whole

realm. "But to your profit, my lord, James of Avondale," commented the hollow voice of Pierre de l'Hopital, speaking over his master's head.

The face of James Douglas flushed

quickly. "No, messire," he answered with swift heat, "not to my profit-to my infinite loss. For I loved my cousin. I honored him, and for his sake would have fought to the death. For his sake have I renounced my own father that begat me. And for his sake I stand here to ask for justice to the little madien, the last of his race, to whom by right belongs the fairest province of his dominions. No, messire, you are wrong. In all this have I had no profit, but only in-

finite hurt." Pierre de l'Hopital bowed low. There was pleased look on his face that almost amounted to a smile.

"I crave your pardon, my lord," he said, 'that is well said, indeed, and he is a tleman who speaks it." "Aye, it is indeed well said, and he had

of right and perchment holding, appertain to you shrewdly on the hip that time, Pierre," him. But he had occupied it during the cried Duke John. "I wish he could teach at if any one chanced to enter the chapel recent troubles with the English, and his me thus cleverly to answer you when you othing could be observed, Laurence set his loving cousin and normal suzerain, Charles | croak." "If you had as good a cause, my lord,"

VII of France, had not yet been strong said the president of Brittany to the duke, "it were not difficult to answer me as The duke sat in the central tower of the fortress of Black Angers, that which looks sharply! But we are keeping these gentlemen from declaring the purpose of their between the high flanking turrets of that mighty enceinte of walls. He wriggled dis-

journey hither." The Lord James waited no further invi-

contentedly in his chair and grumbled under tation. "I come," he said, boldly, holding a parch-At his shoulder, tall, gaunt, angular, with ment in his hand, the same he had received from the Lady Sybilla, "to denounce Gilles de Retz and to accuse him of many cruel and unrighteous acts such as have never been done in any kingdom. I accuse him of the three Scots must wait audience till the murder of over 400 children of all ages tomorrow. What errand can they have with | end both sexes in circumstances of unparalleled barbarity. I am ready to lead you to the places where lie their bodies, some of them burned and their ashes cast into the ditch, others charred and thrown into unused towers. I have here names, circumstances, evidence enough to taint and condemn a hundred monsters such as Gilles de

"Ah, give me the paper," came the rancous voice of the president of Brittany, reaching a bony hand over his master's head to seize i

have to say. I, myself, have seen them and The Lord James advanced and handing it to him said: "Messire, I would have you know that a copy of this is already in the scepter, fashioned in imitation of that made bands of a trusty person in each of the gobjet and fear nothing. They would not for the king of France, with which he had towns and villages which are named here, been toying. The action was that of a and from which children have been led to cruel death by him whom I have accused, Gilles de Retz, marshal of France!" The president of Brittany nodded as he

almost snatched the paper in his eagerness to peruse it. "The point is well taken," he said, "as interview." said Pierre de l'Hopital, having justly indeed as if you knew my lord of Brittany as well as, for instance, I know

The duke was evidently discomfited. He shuffled his feet more than ever on the ilias

and combed his straggling fair beard with soft, white, tapering fingers.

"This is wild and wholly absurd," he said,

without, however, looking at James Douglas; 'our cousin Gilles is in ill-odor with the commonality. He is a philosopher and makes smells with bottles. But there is neither harm nor witchcraft in it. He is only trying to discover the clixer of life. So the silly folk think him a wizard. I know him better. He is a brave soldier and my good cousin. I will not have him molested."

averted from the men who sought his pres-"My lord speaks of kinship," greated the ence. He teased a little lop-eared spaniel voice of Pierre de l'Hoplial. "Here are the and nipped its ear till it yelped. But the names of 400 fathers and mothers who have president of Brittany never took his eyes off also aclaim to be heard on that subject, and the strangers, examining them with a bold, whose voices, if I judge right, are being keen, remorseless glance, in which, however, heard at this moment around the castles of there was neither evil nor the tolerance of Machecoul, Tiffauges, Champloce and Not a man to make himself greatly be-Pouzages. I wot there is now a crowd of a thousand men pouring through the passages of the hotel de Suze in your grace's Brittany men did his will. That was enough. own ducal city of Nantes. And if there goes a bruit abroad that your highness is James Douglas was nettled at the inattenon of the duke. He was of that large and protecting this monster whom the people canguine nature which is at once easily thate and the evidences of whose horrid touched by any discourtesy and very quick | cruelty are in their hands-well, your grace knows the Bretons as well as I. They will make one end of Gilles de Retz and of his 'My lord of Brittany," he began in a cousin John, duke of Brittany!" oud, clear voice, and in his usual immacu-

"Think you so-think you so, truly, be true. But the king-what of the prince. "I would not screen him if this Pierre?" cried the unhappy reigning log and in addition he formed his mouth to king? They say he hath promised him support with arms and men for recovering to him and to Louis the daupain the duchy of his undivided attention," said the president Tourning.

"And think you, my lord, that the dauphin will keep his promise if we show him good cause why he should fare better by breaking it?" suggested Pierre de l'Hopital with the grim irony which had become habitual to

John of Brittany paused irresolute "Besides which," continued James Doug-Laurence, who had of set purpose pro- thee-that thou mayest be pleased to restore | men, fixing his eyes, however, with a studied | 100 "I may add that this paper' is already

to see justice done.

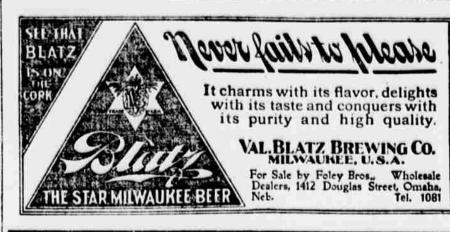
to him! In this, as in other matters, he you to Machecoul myself. And these gen- ereign. tlemen shall march with us. But, by heaven

voked the quarrel, was slinking away when | vital energy and new youth to my veins, to discourtesy upon Sholto instead of upon the in the hands of the bishop of Nantes and | and the bones of St. Anne of Auray, if in If your grace will not move be has promised one to: they shall fail to substantiate against "The hireling-the popular mouther after | testified, they shall die by the rack and by favor-I know him!" cried Duke John, the cord and by disemboweling and by fire, angrily. "What accursed demon sent you So swear I, Duke John of Britany."

"It is good?" said James Douglas, and will strive to oust me from the hearts of "It is good?" said also Malise and Sholto

"But before any dies in Brittany, Gilles Turn out! Summon those that are asleep. said Pierre de l'Hopital, president of justice Let the full muster be called. I will lead and grand councilor of the reigning sov-

(To Be Continued.)



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