

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XVII.

On the eve of Michaelmas day old Simon returned from London, whither he had gone two days before to raise the money he had promised, and calling upon him in the afternoon I found him seated at his table with a most weebe- this rate must ruin all ere long. gone look in his face, and his eyes streaming more copiously than usual. And with most abject humility he told me that doing the utmost that day in one was by, and more than once the his power he had not been able to perade his goldsmith to lend more than should have spoken of Mistress Judith. £10,000 on the title deeds. Nor had he got that, he declared, but that the goldsmith knew him for an honest and trustworthy man whom he would credit beyoud any other in the world, for the things came to the worst. The danger seal not yet being given to Judith Godwin's succession there was always peril in the house loved Moll dearly and of dispute and lawsuits which might would willingly do her no hurt, yet the make these papers of no value at all, the king's ministers vying one with an- tress Judith stood with Captain Evans, other to please their master by bringing must needs be prating, and there a mismoney rightly or wrongly into the treasury, and this indeed may have been knows where. Thereupon I thought it true enough.

"But," says he, "all will go well if in, and I will exact to the last farthing, and there is a parcel of land I may sell mayhap for instant payment, though 'twill be at a fearsome loss' (mopping his eyes), "yet I will do it rather than put thee to greater incommodity, and so, ere the end of the week, thee mayst £8,000, which together makes nigh upon half the sum promised. And this, dear good friend," adds he shyly, "thee mayst well take on account of thine own share, and none dispute thy right, for not be comforted. 'tis thy money hath done all. And from low fellows in alchouses, this Captain two to squander in his pleasures, and, as and we our pipes, with full glasses befor the Spanish grandee, he do seem so content to be with our mistress that I doubt he needs no pretext for quitting her, added to which, being of a haughty. proud nature, he should scorn to claim his own, to the prejudice of a merchant who hath naught but his capital to live upon. And I do implore thee, good friend, to lay this matter before my mistress in such a way that she may not be wroth with me.'

I told him I would do all he could expect of me in reason, but bade him unestand that his chance of forgiveness for having broke his first engagement depended greatly upon his exactitude in cond, and that h count on little mercy from us if the other two £2,000 were not forthcoming the next day. So I took the money and gave him a quittance for it, signing it with my false name, James Hopkins; but, reflecting on this when I left him, I wished I had not. For I clearly perceived that by this forgery I laid myself open to very grievious consequences. Moreover, taking of this solid money, disguise it how I would, appeared to me nothing short of downright robbery, be it whose it might.

In short, being now plunged up to my

neck in this business, I felt like a foolish lad who hath waded beyond his depth in a rapid current, hoping I might somehow get out of it safely, but with very little expectation. However, the sight of all this gold told up in scores upon the table in our closed room served to quiet these qualms considerably. Nevertheless I was not displeased to remember our bargain with Don Sanchez, feeling that I should breathe more freely when he had taken this store of gold out of my hands, etc. Thus did my mind waver this way and that, like a weathercock to the blowing of contrary winds. Twas this day that Moll, as I have

said, dressed herself in her Moorish

clothes for the entertainment of her new friends, and Dawson, hearing her voice, yet not daring to go into the stateroom there she was, must needs linger on the stairs listening to her song and craning his neck to catch a glimpse of her through the open door below. Here he stands in a sort of ravishment, sucking in her sweet voice and the sounds of delight with which her guests paid tribute to her performance, feeding his passion, which, like some fire, grew more fierce by feeding, till he was well nigh beside himself. Presently out comes Moll from her stateroom, all glowing with exercise, flushed with pleasure, a rich color ha her cheek and wild fire in her eyes, looking more witching than any siren. Swiftly she crosses the hall and runs up the stairs to gain her chamber and reolothe herself, but half way up Dawson stops her, and clasping her about cries hoarsely in a transport:

"Thou art my own Moll-my own sweet Moll!" adding, as she would break from him to go her way, "Nay, chick, you shall not go till you have bussed your old dad."

Then she, hesitating a moment betwixt prudence and her warmer feelings, suddenly yields to the impulse of her heart, her head also being turned maybe with success and delight, and flinging her arms about his neck gives him a hearty kiss, and then bursts away with a light laugh.

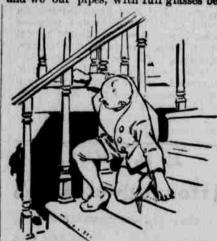
Jack watches her out of sight, and then, when the moment of escape is past, he looks below to see if there be any danger, and there he spies Don

Sanchez, regarding him from the open door, where he stands as if to guard it. Without a sign the don turns on his heel and goes back into the room, while Dawson, with a miserable hangdog look, comes to me in my chamber, where I am counting the gold, and confesses his folly with a shamed face, cursing himself freely for his indiscretion, which at

This was no great surprise to me, for I myself had seen him clip his dear daughter's hand when he thought no name of Moll had slipped out when he

These accidents threw us both into a very grave humor, and especially I was tormented with the reflection that a forgery could be proved against me if thereof was not slight, for though all servants, should they notice how Mischief would begin, to end only the Lord as well to preach Jack a sermon and caution him to greater prudence, and thee wilt have but a little patience for this he took in amazing good part, not awhile. Tomorrow my rents will come bidding me tend my own business, as he might at another time, but assenting very submissively to all my hints of disaster and thanking me in the end for speaking my mind so freely. Then, seeing him so sadly downcast, I, to give a sweetmeat after a bitter draft, bade him take the matter not too much to heart, safely count on having yet another promising that, with a little practice, he would soon acquire a habit of self restraint, and so all would go well. But he made no response, save by shaking of his head sorrowfully, and would

When all were abed that night, we what I see of him, smoking of pipes in three men met in my chamber, where I the public way and drinking with any had set the bags of money on the table, together with a dish of tobacco and a Evans is but a paltry, mean man, who bottle of wine for our refreshment, and may be easily put off with a pound or then the don, having lit him a cigarro



Craning his neck to catch a glimpse of her through the open door.

side us, I proposed we should talk of our affairs, to which Don Sanchez consented with a solemn inclination of his head. But ere I began I observed with a pain of foreboding that Jack, who usually had emptied his glass ere others had sipped theirs, did now leave his untouched, and after the first pull or two at his pipe he cast it on the hearth as though it were foul to his taste. Taking no open notice of this, I showed Don Sanchez the gold, and related all that had passed between Simon and me.

"Happily, senor," says I in conclusion, "here is just the sum you generously offered to accept for your share and we give it you with a free heart, Evans and I being willing to wait for what may be forthcoming.'

"Is it your wish both that I take this?" says he, laying his hand on the money and looking from me to Dawson. "Aye," says he, "'tis but a tithe of what is left to us and not a hundredth part of what we owe to you."

"Very good," says the don. "I will carry it to London tomorrow." "But surely, senor," says I, "you will not quit us so soon."

Don Sanchez rolls his cigarro in his lips, looking me straight in the face and somewhat sternly, and asks me quietly if I have ever found him lacking in loyalty and friendship.

"In truth, never, senor."

Then why should you imagine I mean to quit you now when you have more need of a friend in this house" (with a sideward glance as toward Moll's chamber) "than ever you before had?" Then, turning toward Jack, he says, "What are you going to do, Captain Evans?"

Dawson pauses, as if to snatch one last moment for consideration, and then, nodding at me, "You'll not leave my Moll, Kit?" says he, with no attempt to disguise names.

"Why should I leave her? Are we not as brothers, you and I?"

"Aye, I'd trust you with my life," answers he, "and, more than that, with

my-Moll! If you were her uncle, she couldn't love you more, Kit, and you will stand by her, too, senor?'

The don bowed his head. "Then when you leave tomorrow I'll go with you to London," says Jack. "I shall return the next day," says Don Sanchez.

"And I shall not, God help me!" says Jack bitterly. "Give me your hand," says the don,

but I could speak never a word and sat staring at Jack in a maze.

"We'll say naught of this to her," Moll.

Wells. I could never endure that. Due it shall seem that I have gone with you for company and have fallen in with old comrades, who would keep me for a carousing."

"But without friends, alone, what shall you do then?" says I, heartstricken at the thought of his desolation. The

don answers for Jack. "Make the best of this lot with a stout heart, like any other brave man." says he. "There are natural hardships which every man must bear in his time, and this is one of them." Then, lowering his voice, he adds, "Unless you would have her die an old maid she and her father must part sooner or later?"

"Why, that's true, and yet, master," says Jack, "I would have you know else that I'm not so brave but I would see her now and then."

"That may be ordered readily enough," says the don.

"Then do you tell her, senor, I have but gone a-junketing, and she may look to see me again when my frolic's over." The don closed his eyes as one in dubitation, and then says, lifting his eyebrows: "She is a clever woman-shrewd beyond any I have ever known. Then why treat her as you would a foolish child? You must let me tell her the truth when I come back, and I warrant it will not break her heart, much as she

loves you." "As you will," says t'other. "'Twill be all as one to me," with a sigh.

"This falls out well in all ways," continues the don, turning to me. "You will tell Simon, whose suspicion we have most to fear, that we have handed over 4,000 of those pieces to Captain Evans as being most in need, we ourselves choosing to stay here till the rest of our claim is paid. That will account for Evans going away and give us a pretext for staying here,"

"I'll visit him myself, if you will," says Jack, "and wring his beard to show my gratitude. I warrant I'll make him wince, such a grip will I give him, and I'll talk of nothing else but seas and winds and the manner of ship I'll have for his money."

The following morning before Moll was stirring Don Sanchez and Dawson set forth on their journey, and I, going with them beyond the park gates to the bend of the road, we took leave of each other with a great show of cheerfulness on both sides. But, Lord! My heart lay in my breast like any lump of lead, and when Jack turned his back on me the tears sprang up in my eye as though indeed this was my brother and I was never to see him more. And long after he was out of sight I sat on the bank by the roadside, sick with pain to think of his sorrow in going forth like this, without one last loving word of parting from his dear Moll, to find no home in London, no friend to cheer him, and he the most companionable man in the world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Being somewhat of a coward, I essayed to put Moll off with a story of her father having gone a-frolicking with Don Sanchez, leaving it to the don to break the truth to her on his return. And a sorry, bungling business I made of it, to be sure. For, looking me straight in the eyes, whenever I dared lift them, she did seem to perceive that I was lying from the very first, which so disconcerted me, though she interrupted me by never a word, that I could scarce stammer to the end of my tale. Then, without asking a single question or once breaking her painful silence, she laid her face in her hands, her shoulders shook, and the tears ran out between her fingers and fell upon her lap.

"I know, I know," says she, putting me away when I attempted to speak. "He has gone away for my sake and will come back no more, and 'tis all my fault that I could not play my part bet-

Then what words of comfort I could find I offered her, but she would not be consoled and shut herself up in her room all the morning. Nevertheless she ate more heartily than I at dinner, and, fresh visitors coming in the afternoon, she entertained them as though no grief lay at her heart. Indeed she recovered of this cruel blow much easier than I looked for, and but that she would at times sit pensive, with melancholy, wistful eyes, and rise from her seat with a troubled sigh, one would have said at the end of the week that she had ceased to feel for her father. But this was not so, albeit wounds heal quickly in the young and healthful, for I believe they who weep the least do ache the most.

Then, for her further excuse, if it be needed, Don Sanchez brought back good tidings of her father-how he was neatly lodged near the cherry garden, where he could hear the birds all day and the fiddles all night, with abundance of good entertainment, etc. To confirm which she got a letter from him three days later, very loving and cheerful, telling how, his landlord being a carpenter, he did amuse himself mightily at his old trade in the workshop and was all agog for learning to turn wood in a lathe, promising that he would make her a set of eggcups against her birthday, please God. Added to this, the number of her friends multiplying apace, every day brought some new occupation to her thoughts; also, having now that £2,000 old Simon had promised us, Moll set herself to getting through it as quickly as possible by furnishing herself with all sorts of rich gowns and appointments, which is as pretty a diversion of melancholy from a young woman's thoughts as any. And so I think

I need dwell no longer on this head. About the beginning of October, Simon somes, cap in hand and very humble, to the court to crave Moll's consent to his setting some men with guns in her park at night, to lie in ambush for poachers, telling how they had shot one man in the act last spring, and had hanged another the year before for stealing of a sheep, adding that a stranger had been seen loitering in the neighborhood, who, he doubted not, was of their thieving orew.

"What makes you think that?" asks

"He has been seen lingering about here these three days," answers Simon. "Yet to my knowledge he hath not slept at either of the village inns. Moreover, he hath the look of a desperate, starving ruscal, ripe for such work."

"I will have no man killed for his misfortunes."

"Gentle mistress, suffer me to point out that if thee lets one man steal with impunity others, now innocent, are thereby encouraged to sin, and thus thy mercy tends to greater cruelty."

"No man shall be killed on my land. There is my answer," says Moll, with passion. "If you take this poor, starved creature, it shall be without doing him bodily hurt. You shall answer for it

"Not a bone shall be broken, mistress. 'Tis enough if we carry him before Justice Martin, a godly, upright man, and

a scourge to evildoers. "Nay, you shall not do that till I me." have heard his case, " says Moll. " 'Tis for me to decide whether he has injured me or not, and I'll suffer none to take my place."

Promising obedience, Simon withdrew before any further restrictions might be put upon him, but Moll's mind was much disturbed all day by fear of mis-



Hearing Moll's cry of joy he opened his

chief being done despite her commands, and at night she would have me take her round the park to see all well. Maybe she thought that her own father, stealing hither to see her privily, might fall a victim to Simon's ambushed hirelings. But we found no one, though Simon had certainly hidden these fellows somewhere in the thickets.

While we were at table next morning we heard a great commotion in the hall, and Mrs. Butterby, coming in a mighty pucker, told how the robber had been taken in the park, and how Simon had brought him to the house in obedience to her lady's command.

"But do, pray, have a care of yourself, my dear lady," says she, "for this hardy villain hath struck Mr. Simon in the face and made most desperate resistance, and heaven protect us from such wicked outlaws as have the villainy to show themselves in broad day-

Moll, smiling, said she would rather face a lion in the day than a mouse by night, and so bade the captive to be

brought before her. Then in comes Simon, with a stout band over one eye, followed by two sturdy fellows holding their prisoner betwixt them, and this was a very passionate man, as was evidenced by the looks of fury he cast from side to side upon his captors as they dragged him this way and that to make a show of you." their power, but not ill looking. In his struggles he had lost his hat, and his threadbare coat and shirt were torn open, laying bare his neck and showing a very fair, white skin and a good beard of light, curling hair. There was naught mean or vile in his face, but rather it seemed to me a noble countenance, though woefully wasted, so that at a glance one might perceive he was no born rascal, but likely enough some ruined man of better sort driven to unlawful ways by his distress. He was of a fair height, but gaunt beyond everything, and so feeble that, after one effort to free his arms, his chin sank upon his breast as if his forces were all spent. Seeing this, Moll bade the fellows

unbind him, telling them sharply they might see there was no need of such

Being freed, our prisoner lifts his head and makes a slight reverence to

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Moll, but with little gratitude in uns look, and places himself at the end of the table facing us, who sat at the other end, Moll sitting betwixt Don Sanchez and me, and there, setting his hands for support upon the board, he holds his head up pretty proudly, waiting for what might come.

"Who are you?" asks Moll in a tone of authority.

He waits a moment, as if deliberating with himself whether to speak fairly or not; then, being still sore with his ill treatment and angered to be questioned thus by a mere girl-he, as I take it, being a man of 30 or thereabouts-he answers:

"I do not choose to tell. Who I am, what I am, concerns you no more than who and what you are concerns me, and less, since I may justly demand by what right these fellows, whom I take to be your servants, have thus laid hands on

"How do you answer this?" asks Moll, turning to Simon.

Then Simon told very precisely, as if he were before a magistrate, how this man, having been seen lingering about the court several days and being without home or occupation, had been suspected of felonious purposes; how, therefore, he had set a net to lay wait for him; how that morning they had entrapped him standing within a covert of the park regarding the house; how he had refused to give his name or any excuse for his being there and how he had made most desperate attempts to escape when they had lain hands on

"Is this true?" asks Moll of the pris-

"Yes," says he.

Moll regards him with incredulous eyes a moment; then, turning to Simon, What arms had he for this purpose that you speak of?" says she.

"None, mistress, but 'twould be a dread villain verily who would carry the engines of his trade abroad in daylight to betray him." And then he told how 'tis the habit of these poachers to reconnoiter their guard by day and keep their nets, guns, etc., concealed in some thicket or hollow tree convenient for their purpose. "But," adds he, "we may clearly prove a trespass against him, which is a punishable offense, and this assault upon me, whereof I have evidence, shall also count for something with Justice Martin, and so the wicked shall yet come by their deserts." And with that he gives his fellows a wink

with his one eye to carry off their quarry.
"Stay," says Moll, "I would be further convinced"-"If he be an honest man, let him show thee his hand," says Simon.

The man innocently enough stretches out his palm toward us, not perceiving Simon's end.

"There!" cries Simon. "What said I? Is that a hand that ever did a day's honest work?"

"Tis no worse than mine." says Moll, regarding the hand, which in truth was exceeding smooth and well formed. "Come," adds she still more kindly, "you see I am no harsh judge. I would not deny a fellow creature the pleasure that is not grudged, the covey that runs across my lawn. Tell me you were there but to gratify a passing caprice, and I'll forgive you as freely as I'll believe

This gentle appeal seemed to move the young man greatly, and he made as if he would do more than was demanded of him and make that free confession which he had refused to force. But ere a word could leave his parted lips a deadly shade passed over his face, his knees gave under him, and staggering to save himself he fell to the ground in a swoon.

Then, while all we men stood fixed in wonderment, Moll, with the quick, helpful impulse of her womanhood, ran swiftly from her place to his side, and dropping on her knees cried for water to be brought her.

"Dead of hunger," says Don Sanchez in my ear. "Fetch a flask of brandy." And then, laying hold of Simon by the shoulder, he pointed significantly to the open door. This hint Simon was not slow to take, and when I returned from the buttery with a case of strong waters I found no one in the room but Don Sanchez, and Moll with the fainting man's head upon her lap, bathing temples gently. Life had not come back and the young man's face looked very handsome in death, the curls pushed back from his brow and his long features still colorless like a carved marble.

Then, with a "my lackaday" and 'alas," in bustles Mrs. Butterby with a bottle of cordial in one hand and a bunch of burning feathers in the other. "Fling that rubbish in the chimney,"

says the don. "I know this malady well enough." And pouring some wine in a cup he put it to the dead man's parted lips

In a few moments he breathed again, and hearing Moll's cry of joy he opened his eyes as one waking from a dream and turned his head to learn what had happened. Then, finding his head in Moll's lap, and her small, soft, cool hand upon his brow, a smile played over his wasted face, and well indeed might he smile to see that young figure of stern justice turned to the living image of tender mercy.

Perceiving him out of danger and recovering her own wits at the same time. Mrs. Butterby cries: "Lord, madam, do let me call a maid to take your place, for, dear heart, you have quite spoiled your new gown with this mess of water, and all for such a paltry fellow as

Truly it must have seemed to her understanding an outrageous thing that a lady of her mistress' degree should be nursing such a ragged rascal, but to me. knowing Moll's helpful, impulsive disposition, 'twas no such extraordinary matter, for she at such a moment could not entertain those feelings which might have restrained a lady of more refined breeding.

The pretty speech of Mrs. Butterby, reaching the fallen man's ear, seemed instantly to onicken his spirits, and cast-Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health. ing of his I shargie humor he ovickly

staggered to his feet while we raiseo Moll. Then, resting one hand upon the table for support, he craved her pardon for giving so much trouble, but in a

very faint, weak voice. "I would have done as much for a dog," says Moll. "My friends will render you what further services are fit, and if it appears that you have been unjustly used, as I do think you have, be

sure you shall have reparation." "I ask no more," says he, "than to be treated as I may merit in your esteem."

"Justice shali be done," says Don Sanchez in his stern voice, and with that he conducts Moll to the door.

But Moll was not content with this promise of justice. For the quality of mercy begetteth love, so that one cannot only moderate one's anger against an enemy, but it doth breed greater compassion and leniency by making one better content with one's self and therefore more indulgent to others. And so, when she had left the room, she sends for me, and taking me aside says with vivacity: "I will have no punishment made

upon that man." "Nay," says I, "but if 'tis proved

that his intent was to rob you"-

"What then?" says she. "Hath he not as much right to this estate as we? And are we one whit the better than he, save in the more fortunate issue of our designs? Understand me," adds she, with passion, "I will have nothing added to his unhappiness."

I found the young man seated at the table and Don Sanchez gravely setting food before him. But he would take nothing but bread, and that he ate as though it were the sweetest meat in all the world. I led the don to the window. and there in an undertone told him of Moll's decision, and whether her tone of supreme authority amused him or not I cannot say, because of his impassive humor, but he answered me with a serious inclination of his head, and then we fell speaking of other matters in our usual tone, until the young man, having satisfied the cravings of nature, spoke.

"When you are at liberty, gentlemen," says he, "to question my conduct, I will answer you." (To be Continued.)

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tate, to wit:

Lot number forty-nine (49), in Davis' subdivision of lot number three (3), in the south-west quarter of section thirty-six (35), in township ten (10), range six (3) east of the Sixth principal meridian, in Lancaster county, Nebrassa.
Given under my hand this 20th day of Febru-JOHN J. TROMPEN.

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