The Loyalty of William Douglas BY CLINTON ROSS, Author of "The Countess Bettinn," Etc. Ô

other

secret.

antle keys?

ne of the devils Christ cast out. Never was man more dumbfounded.

n the corner as he might be some worm

He spoke sense. Douglas had yielded his secret. His plight could not be worse. A

He knew not how suddenly he was on his

Douglas in the face, seemed to start from their sockets, while his face blackened in the lantern light. Had he choked him to death?

He did not pause to query, but, relaxing his grasp, loosed the bunch of keys. As they

fell, rattling on the floor, Ferguson groaned, moving convulsively. Quickly Douglas undid his girdle, passed it through his mouth, and

gagged him beyond sound. Seizing a deer-skin from the bed, he cut it into thongs with the hunting knife. With one thong he bound

Knox alike," Douglas muttered.

hands behind his back; with the othe tied his fest. At the moment his eyes opened. He had not choked his breath entirely out of him. "Thank the God of the pope, and of

"I've the keys, old psaim-singer," said he.

"Don't stare at me or struggie. My plight is desperate; I must free the queen, or die for it. Farewell, Master Ferguson." Ferguson's eyes glowed desperation. Douglas wondered for a moment how his

frenzy had the sense to choke him. By no other way could he have kept him from out-

the keys in his pocket, strode down the cor

sprang up, with staring eyes and gasping

"Not 1, master. You saw not aright." "I'm not blind."

"Are you mad?" he gasped. "The keys, sirrah!" said Douglast

(Copyrighted, 1893, by S. S. McClure, Limited.) | placing it on the board above the fireplace

When William Douglas, the dissenter, came With sudden impulse Douglas reached toward to Locheven, in answer to his sunt, Lady it; but turning he slammed the door, that "Eh, what's that, Master Douglas?" said Douglas' summons, he held the Lady o' the Scots, the Romanist, a wanton,

Yet for all that the Queen of the Scots had hand, forfeited her sovereignty and was the instrument of Romanish intrigue against the peace declare." of Scotland, he foit a certain awe when he first accompanied Ferguson, the keeper, to

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do his cousin, George Douglas' office as page before her. Was not a princess different from other

not a princess different from other And this one, an enticing witch? There was no premeditation. He had not dreamed of such an action. Its foolhardiness would have dismayed him. The keys, the folk? But with family pride strong in his heart mad desire to have them, possessed him like and with shame over his cousin's weakness, te was determined not to be bewitched.

The keys creaked in the great door while Ferguson whispered under his breath: "Beware, Master Douglas, and be strong in the Lord. If she were queen once, she ever was the wicked woman. The blood of those her arts have slain calls out on her."

She was by the window where, at her feet, her companion, Mistress Seton, was reading in the French tongue. Her hands supported her chin, and her eyes were toward the her chin, and her eyes were toward the free sky. Her face, thin and worn, was las' way. But you're a madman." framed by lightish brown hair, that morning braided carelessly in long folds over her shoulders. The hazel eyes seemed to hold frenzy of unreasoned rage possessed him. And Ferguson's contempt gave a chance. He knew not how suddenly he was on his was to see this charming face have a set of the knew how how how many on the man, bearing feel, how he had sprung on the man, bearing him to the floor, and choking him. The a dark penciling. Her figure was daintily fellow could not cry out; his eyes, staring modeled, and showed its slender proportions through the folds of the gown, which was of some gray stuff, plainly made. She wore no jewels, save a single ruby on a ribbon at her throat. A pretty lady, like any other, the young gentleman decided, and, yst, de-cisions sometimes changing so rapidly where women are concerned, he put that away, and then the save mean thought she was more.

When, rising with a yawn, she faced them he saw sho was of medium height and looked gracious and amiable with a manner that bad exactly the right degree of unconscious familiarity with inferiors, yet could not forget she was some great lady. If—under her eyes were bluish pencilings, and on her face the least suggestion of lines; she still had a certain girlishness which her voice confirmed-a woman's voice with a maiden's quality. She looked the lady that might be sad in the morning, with the old zest of galety by noon. He felt she was noting him carefully, and under her lashes was seeing him all, body and soul. He thought of what the preacher of Knox's following declared her-"Jezebel;" "the heathenish creature;" 'a stren!

cry, or, indeed, mastered him. If he had waited for a plan he never should have done Yet, after his second visit in the duty of what he did. Ferguson rolled about the floor. making the moan of pain bearing despair. Taking up the keys, Master Douglas picked page, he began to say to himself, "Surely she is a pleasant lady, who has been much up the lantern with the other hand, opened the door, closed and locked it, and, dropping

But there were other moods, when she paced the room's length no longer a charm-ing gentlewoman, with the courtesies of the ridor into the great hall. Just ad of turning to his chamber he opened the door of the corridor of the North Tower, Semething like the frenzy posts court, but more some caged tigress, ready. if the bars were but down, to rend and tear, Semething like the frenzy posts tell of seemed to guide. He closed this door behind, locked it and followed the narrow passage to the farther entrance, where the seriord method is a second to be an or the second to be the second to be a second to looking cravingly into the open, out of her window, where the birds and men seemed to her to do as they listed. Then, sometimes, keeper and page did not see her at all, only heard from the next room, sobs, when Misthe sentinel, who'd been sleeping on the floor tress Seton or Mistress Jane Kennedy would civilly dismiss them.

Yet perhaps at breakfast the morning after the queen would appear with a laughter-filled face, although her eyes might be hollow, and her gayety suggested the effort to force forgetfulness.

And in this wise did Master William Doug las come to know and think differently of this princess, never seeing her alone, scarce gation again and again the tale of the com-

"Sleeping, honest Jock ?"

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1893.

you try it, Jock? The jamb is rusted, I from the noise of the guns having attracted "Yes, master." As he turned to the lock Douglas put the lantern on the floor, and whipping out his knife from the scabbard, thrust him through the back. With a groan the fellow fell over, while a stream of blood burst over Dougias' hand. The man's distorted face came before

him afterward o' nights. But he had no other way, and it was the queen's cause. The door was pushed back, and she stood there, the cloak on her arm. "Are you hurt?" Douglas thought she would faint,

"Your grace." life blood still spurting. Douglas took the mantle from the queen and wrapt it around

'Mind him not." He tried to support her, for now he was resolved they should get away.

He brings so many memories." She scened to sob, and to control herself, for her voice became dry and hard. "We'll go, Master, lead on." He knew the way. Had he not studied every turn during the weeks, when, seeking a means of aiding her? Every nook and cranny? So he hed as easily as it ware day down

At this Ferguson muttered, "Tis Jezebel's arts," and so exclaimed. With a blow he sunt the pistol flying from Douglas' hand, So he led as easily as it were day, down the parsage to the great hall, where he opened the door, which creaked on its hinges. He dared not close it behind, but went on, the narrow slits of the walls guiding. The caught him by the back, casting him with one thrust into the corner. The pistol, by fortune's power, was not discharged. The

thick walls, the closed door, kept the scuffle door to the corridor of the postern-gate he unheard. Ferguson gazed at him in a heap

a passing troop of the regent. Equally would it warn the queen's friends that something was happening in the castle. Douglas thought he should have to skirt the lake under the bushes. It would have been the height of felly to have ventured

into that open space, to invite the marks-men of Loch Leven, or to excite the interest of those in the village, or chance passers on the highways. He had been pulling the skiff with-out a word with his companion, only noting in the moonshine the outlines of her figure, her disordered hair, from which

the cloak had fallen, "Douglas?"

"Your Grace?" "How have you dared this?"

"You are queen." "But, master, there is a king, my son?" "Your Grace, why should I side with this lord, or that, or with Lord James Stuart when you are Mary Stuart, the queen in

need 1 "You were taught; Douglas, I was a criminal who had forfeited my right

"I saw your grace in distress." "I never once suspected you would go to this extreme. I thought you only a page of the Douglas'. I confess, master, and ask par-

"Your grace, it does not become you to say such things to me. I have only done as others.

"But they never have. Your cousin tried, but failed.

"I may," "We will not consider failure yet. But lest I may never have chance again, master,

lady's lips, and it gave this Douglas heart. He had been shuddering at what he had done, but now again, with her voice, he cared not at all who he should face. So curiously is bravery a matter of how the brain-or is it how the heart?-works. On that lonely moor it was as if they two, queen and subject, had the world to them-selves. The moonshine makes the earth so different a place. A man makes love under the moon, to hate her under the sun.

A stone wall marked the enclosure of the Deerhound, and revealed the hazard. "You can trust those you expect to be at

the Deerhound?" "As much as you. Go to the rear door, Knock thrice. To him asking your errand, say 'Does the day please?'

"Yet, something may have gone against

"The fortune of war," assented the queen "And do you, your grace, remain here in the shadow of the wall until I may find how ur fortune may be at the inn."

Wait, master!' She took from her bosom a little gold cru

ifix. "I must pray, Master Douglas. For sin-

ners was Christ, the priests tell us. I would pray to him, for he is greater than the Virgin, although likely she understands us He had bowed his head, if he had been

taught her faith was idolatrous. "Father," said the queen, holding the im-

age high, "I pray Thee, remember us. Re-member James, my son. Remember William Douglas, my knight. Oh, God of Scotland and of Mary Stuart, do Thou hear the prayer of us who without Thee are but babes in a

boox. What matters a man's faith so much as What matters a man's faith so much as his honesty? A long time yet has the world to learn that theology is naught more than a trickery of phrases. Her eyes were on Him. Her bellef in the power of Him the little image symbolized to help her, for all her faults, impressed him with a sort of ardor of entreaty to Him. He had been man, had sufferted, been perplexed. He could under-stnad all, even the murder of Jock, the guard The words of the ministers of the New hurch rang in William Douglas' memory 'Oh, God, we are poor sinners, indeed!

"I believe you are one of the Dissentere master? They'd make light of our ances tors' faith. Are we, poor, conceited fools, so much wiser?"

She pressed the crucifix to her lips and thrust it again into her bosom. She held out her hand, which he pressed to his lips, and turned to scale the wall without another glance back, yet hating to leave her so, fear-

ful of all that might happen. Dropping down on the farther side of the wall, he found himself in the stable yard of the Deerhound. No one appeared to be stir-ring, although lights were in the upper win-dows. About the corner of the house a train of light fell across the highway beyond, as

if the front doors were wide. Finding the rear door without difficulty, he knocked once, twice, thrice. When was no answer, although he fancied he heard voices, he again raised the knocker, which fell into its metal place with a far-reaching resonance. Again he lifted it, and again. Five minutes passed, and then a stumbling inside. Somebody fumbled with the bolts and opened the door, keeping the chain on. A withered, wrinkled face looked out.

"What want you?" questioned a husky volce.

"Good dame, does the day please?"-albeit a night of the full moon.

The candle near dropped from her paisled hand. "Wait," she said, like one of the Fates,

The door closed. So long a time passe that Douglas was about to turn back, or to try the other door. Should he be greeted by the earl of Moray's followers? He could hear his heart he fancied. And what might be happening behind the stone wall? Was she in peril from he knew not whom? How easily all his effort up to this might be made naught. Nor were Lord Moray's men alon o be feared. There were hundreds of others during that unsettled period who might be at the Dierhound, inimical to the cruse. You may believe it was almost in fright he heard

again a rattling of the bolts. This time the chain was loosed, when th loor opened, showing the dame, and the two thers with travel-stained boots, but so closely muffled that he could not make them out, not their style of dress. One stepped up to him when he saw the eyes peering from the cloak, "Your question?"

tier's speeches, but noting him, she saw that same look, causing her to turn away. Yet she was not displeased. But after this she avoided him so that he binking he had displeased her, was the more downcast and wondered at himself why he should be so.

But he found that Mistress Frazer could Mrs. Jane Fish, Who Suffered Agong lighten the heart, nay, even the battle field failed.

Then again, William Douglas took the chances others held foolishly desperate, yet, as is the way when men wish him, Death did not seek him. Death, seeking us all,

seldom comes when he is called, for he, too seems to be ruled by mockery. But there came a time when Death was piqued at William Douglas always daring him. For after many days, when the loyal cause seemed again hopeless, William Douglas was sore wounded in the thigh, and was borne away among others to the castle where the queen charged to be ledged

the queen chanced to be ledged. And one of her ladies came to the queen

telling her among the wounded in the battle

was Sir William Douglas. And the queen remembered and went into

the room where he lay breathing hard. Being told he must die, she kneeled down by him and said softly, with tears in her eyes, that she was losing all her leal sub-lects, who were more than the crown of Scotland, when Douglas opened his eyes on

He appeared comellily boyish, as if he were still in his promise, yet the queen knew he had done her a strong man's service. "Live, Douglas, for me, your queen. Hap-piness shall be yours. You shall marry the

prettiest lady of my suite and shall have all the land of a Scot county." But he sighed, as with his hurt.

"Your grace, you're fairer than all the ladies of your suite, and the memory of that night with you is more than all the lands of a Scot county." And those who were there saw the queen blush and say very sofily, "No loyalty is like your loyalty," and bending forward she pressed her lips to his and said again, "Yes, no loyalty is like yours," and, rising, went

away. But when she heard that against all the predictions of the surgeons he had recov-ered, she was plqued and held his loyalty not so great. And Douglas was even sorry that he had not died then, for he had wished to die. Nor did the queen remember that she had promised him all the lands of a Scot county, nor did he remind her, nor see her often

But, poor queen, all of the Scot counties passed away from her, and she was a pris-oner at the hands of Quren El'zabeth, against all the rules of hospitality.

Then she would mutter, they say, "There s no loyalty like that of William Douglas." And William Douglas came to her by per-nizzion of Lord Shrewsberry and was added) her suite. But Queen Elizabeth, having heard of the

episode at Loch Leven, ordered that he be lismissed. But he swore that he would free her, as many another Scot gentleman did for that matter, and English and French lords, and

he king of Poland. Now, one day in her prison, Mistress Jane Kennedy, the queen's lady, told her that Wil-liam Douglas had been killed in the last attempt to reach her and free her; which was fortunate, as if captured he certainly would have been executed with the English and Scotch gentlemen who were in that plot. But

the queen of Scote would not believe that h was dead, and up to the last expected to se him again, a proof, say the historians, that she was a bit maddened by that long imprisonment, when she became faded and hope less, with only memory left of all her posses sions and all her lovers.

But whether it were a mad or wise saying, it was ever a favorite one of hers that "no loyalty was like that of William Douglas," and that he again would prove it. was a princess who attracted men's loyalty o madder extremes than any, whether by her majesty or her wantonness her blographers disagree.

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"I pray you, master, does the day please?" true blood purifier.

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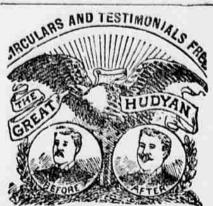
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IN THE PASSAGEWAY WAS THE GLEAM OF THE LANTERN AND THE DEAD MAN IN HIS BLOOD.

pened more carefully. It did not creak as I wish to explain to you these charges. the other. He took the queen's hand lest cannot think you would believe them entirely. To you, Douglas, I would speak, although it The place was as still as the death he had is not the queen's part to explain

you remain here by the open

"A man may grow weary, master." "He may get a dozen lashez." "Ay, master, but you'll not tell." "It's my duty. But I'll try to forget." "I came from Master Ferguson, by my

ment. Pushing him aside, Douglas unlocked the door.

"The blood!-the fearful blood!-Not the first that's been shed for me!" the keeper, the book of John Knox in his "The wind, Master Ferguson, the wind, I Poor Jock lay in a heap on the floor, his Leaping forward, he grasped the pistol from the board above the fireplace and faced the

"If it please you, Master Ferguson, the "No, Douglas, I can walk as easily as you r freedom's sake. But the poor wretch. He brings so many memories."

plete wickedness o mankind, the dreariness of this life, the flames and the devils that await us in the more painful future. Now about this time the queen attempted to escape by donning the garments of the laundress who brought her linen from the village.

William Douglas, on the castle terrace that afternoon training a falcon, heard be-low the keeper's gruff cry-"A too neat ankled laundress by half!" for though closely muffled, Mary Stuart's foot had betrayed her. Yet, for all her disappointment at failure, and the sarcastic gibes Lady Douglas cast at her then, the dejected prisoner carried herself with the simple dignity the Stuart princess always had in face of adversity. No circumstances did so much to change Wil-liam Douglas entirely to her cause as this adventure. Hardly more than lad, the queen may have read it in his eyes. Did she, she appeared to be looking beyond him, or to notice him no more than the stone blocks of the flooring. Nor did

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HE SPRANG AT THE MAN.

her ladice, who before, having no one else, had thought him worth an occasional smile, now seem to be aware of his presence. Finally "I don't comprehend, your majesty, what treachery they now are at." Douglas whispered through the keyhole "Oh, your grace, I'm here to free you. gagged and bound the keeper and stolen

ress.

Wait!

He counted the moments until the door

"You must, your grace. They cannot hurt "You must, your grace. They cannot hurt ne. If I stay I can pretend when they earch that you are in the inner room." "They'll believe it. I like your wit, mis-reas." eith Douglas.

"That she has wit, Master Douglas, I know.

fortune may curse you, too. I hate to leav

For a moment the quesn bent her head or her companion's shoulder, and, suddenly raising her face, she kissed her lightly.

said he,

suddenly

'It's better so," said the other.

mistress,

he found their conduct, and particularly that of the queen, almost unendurable, although it keys. We have but a moment to try for the open. If we are caught, I shall be killed, and was natural enough. He was decided to drop a note in the queen's lap as he passed, but that was too risky and might only lead to his you! I beg, your grace, hasten! being removed from his post. Thinking over the riddle, at last one object came to have opened and the quien and her lady were in fascination, its possession dearer than ambition or love or fortune, that the key ring Master Ferguson had at his girdle, and then the outer room. Her gown was hastily thrown on "Forgive me, Master Douglas, I thought you but a silly boy. Seton, a cloak!" "But I remain!" said Mistress Seton, "I'll not leave you!" anaster provide a start of the Douglas' began almost unconsciously to curry favor with the keeper; tried the art of a player; maligned the queen, to the keeper's delight, while in-wardly curring him; used the canting phrases Scot dissenters affected, and slily discussed

theology, which was a common topic. But always those keys were in their place at the keeper's girdle, unless he should knife him behind. That you had such readiness I never sus-pected. Forgive me! I shall reward you if I escape. God forbid that an interest in my

Following out this wish to be near the keys, he sat talking one night until near 10 o'clock with this Irish-Scot keeper, who was expounding some theological point, Douglas agreeing with him, the time devouring with his eyes the bunch of keys. A windy night it was of scurrying clouds, through which the moon would break, sending an occasional shine acress the guard room floor.

At last the keeper became drowsy, declar-ing he would go to bed. But I could show this more clearly to

you, Master Douglas, if I had my copy of nox's sermons. her in the candle glare. 'If you'll suffer me, I will go to your cham-

"If you'll suffer me, I will go to your cham-ber with you, Master Ferguson, and bring the book that I may con the point." "That you may, Master Douglas." So he followed him out of the guard room to the door of his chamber, that the keeper threw open, putting the lantern he carried on the floor, while he fumbled for the book The pletol in Ferguson's belt caught him un-the youth's eyes by the flaming key ring." "Strange it is." said Douglas, fumbling at the lock. "This key will not turn. Will so to keeper the belty, and rising, he builed it out."

door while I ascend the tower to the queen's "Not a soul, master?" said he, as if reassured Lantern in hand he went up the stairs to the door of the apartment, which he un-locked, closing the outer and knocking at the inner door. Again he knocked. At last,

after a space was Seton's voice: "Who may be there at this hour?" "I-mistress-Will Douglas." "You, master? What want you?" "Word with the queen." "Her majesty has retired." "I must see her. "What mean you?"-"God help us! Ask not my meaning, but wake her!

"Master, what treachery is this? I'll not

He heard the queen interrupting. "What's this, Seton?"

open. "Then mistress you waste my life."

But at the gate he was made to pause, hav-Under his breath, he cursed. And here the queen, in that moment of perilous waiting, showed the Stuart spirit. blood, Douglas, even though they "But no take us," she added as she bade him take

the dangercus walk back. In the passage was the gleam of the lantern, and the dead man in his blood. How grisly he seemed. How and him!-he with whom he oft had And now never another stupid jest mocked him!-he laughed. from the doltish brain. And he'd killed him! But-he had the keys at last. He must get away from that thing, the jeering, bloody Back he stirred. At the door to the hall were steps. The

watch was passing. He could hear voices, a scurrilous jest. Yet they did not guess his presence in the gloom, and the clangor of their boots on the paving was gone with a closing door, and their laughter over the n the great hall, turning away into the passage to the postern gate. The key creaked in the gate, and they were out in the mist, the gate closed and locked behind. The glars of the moonshint over the terrace and the water troubled Doug-las. Any one who listened could pick them out with a musket. But he laughed since h had the keeper's keys, which held Lock Leven locked. But no time could be lost. They must go down to the bank to the skiff, which he saw was exactly where he had left

it. A ladder at this point led to the landing And while he would have helped her, the queen climbed down as casily as she were a girl. She knew full well to her each She knew full well to her capture meant a captivity more odious than before

bile to him, death. When he pushed the boat the pebbles rat while to hi tled enough to have aroused the castle. He gave the queen his hand and she leaped in without aid. As the boat glided into the

open loch the moon was hid by a scurrying cloud, and loch and castle held fast in mist and night. Douglas settled to the oars. The

it last the queen's voice came to him softly "The sweet air! The freedom!" "I would wish the oars were muffled." As if to prove how noisy they were, a chal lange rang out from Loch Leven. Lights passed against the windows. The alarm Lights

changed. "They have heard, or Master Ferguson has loosed his bonds," said he. "But-ah, they're

neked in! Every key to every outer gate at

Leven was on that key ring which had fas-cinated him. Dear key ring was it indeed, which not only had given the means of cscape, but which now could hold the pursuit They would be forced to batter down a door

the moor we go, master." And she led the way, humming a little before they could be after them. No wonder

keeping with Scotch austerity."

any in all Scotland.

wrenched. Every stroke made it twinge Finally he began to have a certain joy in re wrenched.

find they were wasting powder. Douglas could imagine his aunt, her gown hastily thrown on, spending her rage. She had trusted him, and he had been untrustworthy,

but for the queen. "To the Edinboro road! Do you know the landing there?"

"And the sign of the Deerhound ?" "A half mile in." good Scot mile, master. Our friends

are there. I had the word in the laundress By this time hard pulling had brought

wrought in the presage to the north tower. For a moment she paused, while the bushe But at the gate he was made to pause, hav-ing left the keys in the door to the tower. bent under the wind, the oars dipped, a wild fowl called from the marsh.

"A young girl, my Douglas, came from the French court, where pleasure is almost duty, to austere Scotland, where of late some have held it sin. Many aspired to this princess favor, and love. If I+this girl queen-wat thoughtless, I at first intended no evil. When I found my mistake I hated those I had tricked with fancies. Darnley, whom I thought a hero, after all was imbecile, Riz d jest zio but a sentimintalist, and Castelar-?" him! "And Bothwell?" asked he in his interest, forgetting he had no right to ask.

"I fear him. But she added: fear no man! I am the queen! I will have blood for blood, eye for eye!" He had known this mood in the castle when she would not see the keeper. "Those who have helped me," she went o ore gently, "shall have reward. good story. In a moment he was after them have my own again. Yet, oh, Douglas, I am the unhappiest lady who ever was born. many who have served me have suffered

bitterly. "The queen shall have her own again!" "She shall, for she will. And I am free, and in this bonnie hand thousands are ready to die for us. Life is sweet as this brave air. Men will love me, and I may have some wit left."

The queen talked thus to William Douglas, because of her excitement more than from any intention to make of him a confidant. He reached a place where he thought landing prudent.

Taking his hand, she stepped to shore where, pushing a way through the thick bushes, they came out on the expanse of the moor reaching then up to the enclosure o the Deerhound.

The queen trudged on with her bundle light-heartedly to appearance as a servant lass who may may be out with her lad for the harvest dance.

"I see you take the way across the more because we there are less likely to mee any one." "Yes, I have no weapon, your grace." -"Your knife-" she began.

"I left it," said he, "hum, hum, in Jock he guard." He spoke thoughtlessly, and, as has been

the case with us all a thousand times, would have given anything to have had the words

unsaid. For his companion lost her galety with the word. Her voice had a sob, "My friend, don't bring to me the past at

He felt the lout, and tried to murmur so poor apologetic explanation, until she inter

mnyhap he was right.

again laughed.

was wishing for a sword."

rupted with laughter. "No, you cannot make me saddish. Acros

before they could be after them. No wonder that it had been his desire so long; nor strange that he held it up before the queen's eyes gleefully, and then flung it far out into the lake, where it splashed and where doubtless it lies to this day, rusted in the French air. "That's a gay song, Master Douglas, out of

service of loyalty. What cared he now for the firing of the gun of Loch Leven, or the ish manner.

spent balls splashing over their bow. They could not see them in the welcome gloom, nor could they be out under an hour. The gates of that fortress were as well made as

Pulling on, Douglas found all at once his arm hurting much. For, in some way-like in the struggle with the keeper-it had been

sisting the pain, which was the pleasure of endurance. The firing continued. But they could only conjecture the position of the boat in that welcome gloom, and they began to

Well, your grace."

"On, Muster Douglas," said the queen's lady then. "You're no boy, but a man after my heart." "I have one to settle benoting

The other thrust back his covering "Will? Will Douglas! We heard the canion Loch Leven. And now you are here? with

question. Muffled as the speaker was, William Douglas "Ah cousin," said he, "we are of the sam

political complexion. I, as you, serve the queen, not Moray " The other now was holding a lantern high

"Blood on your cuff?"

The presence of one's relatives may lead to the assumption of any bravado one may own. Before our kin, most of all, we like to show our best prowess, our cleverness, our bravery, or all. So William Douglas.

"I killed a fellow who stood in my way." "And you are from the queen?" "I came with the queen." "Eh, boy! What's turned your sense?"

"Cousin," said he to George Douglas, "ge me a ladder, with which to scale the wall and you will understand I am no liar. Hurry,

fools! The ladder, I tell you." "You're in your cups, Will Douglas." "I have done that you falled in,"

hoasted. 'Your grace," he cried. "Master Douglas?"

"The queen's voice," said he. George Douglas' incredulity vanished, and he was over the wall, where they found him kneeling before the Lady o' the Scots.

"Kneel not to me who owe much-yes almost all-for freedom is all-to the Dougroad?'

inses." "We were your goalers." "Who have freed the prisoner."

"Not I, but my cousin.

"But, Douglas, you tried, if the other suc-Come, your hand, over the wall. He did this gallantly, with all his grace. But William Douglas had heard the queen's words. He had succetded where his cousin failed. The cannon of Loch Leven hid excited eason, but perhaps more generally needed i the spring, when the languid exhausted fei-ing prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more the inn, keeping the watchers for the queen awake. How many others, unfriendly to the restoration, might have been aroused, the queen's gentlemen then could only conjecture. surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache f William Douglas' thought to leave the casudigestion, constipation, dizziness yield to without the keys to unlock its doors had Electric Bitters. Only fifty at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. delayed the chase, yet now it were imprudent to tarry at the Deerhound.

Nor was it half an hour before the company as in the saddle, shouting under its breath: "God, and the queen!" THE SURGEON'S KNIFE

With the steady swing of cantering horses the lighting of the sky in the east, the stiring of men and women along the way for their morning tasks-they saw the tower of a queen's fortress.

But in the heart of William Douglas was no gladness; and he wondered, fer had he not succeeded?

Yet the fate that makes hearts said, "There shall be no success without a regret." And he who was the envy of the ourt that rallied quickly under the queen's banner knew this, although men envied and the queen favored and knighted him, as the "The deil's sometimes behind their gravity Douglas whose leality atoned in degree for

and after trying the many lotions, salves, ointments and so-caled cures without cure or relief, give up the hope of a final cure rather his relatives. Queen o' the Scots was she again, the your grace," said he, trying to affect a lightthan submit to the intense pain and dange to life which a surgical operation involves. Queen o' the Scots was she again, the solor in her cheeks, graclous to all-to win "Yes, horns and all. I've seen him behind

back that she had lost. But this Stuart princess had small time to Happily all this suffering is no longer nec-essary since the discovery of the Pyramid one of these dissenting ministers again and again. Even John Knox acknowledged think of minor matters when her realm was disjointed and all her wit needful. Pile Cure, a remedy which is approved 'there's not so much harm in a bonnie time the medical profession as being absolutely safe, free from any trace of oplates, narcot

as in a bad heart, but,' he added, 'your danc-ing will blacken your heart.' Eh, Douglas And William Douglas saw her rarely, and ics or mineral poisons and which may be de-pended upon as a certain cure (not merely relief) in any form of piles, whether itching. then in the court formality. And again he was yexed and only grew happier when in How silent you are. the fight, and there were many fights in "How strange it is that you who have been brave should tremble. Come, my master, a those days, when Scotland was divided against its:lf-and some were for the queen blind, bleeding or protruding. Some of th hundreds of cures recently made are littl little farther, and we shall be at the Deer short of marvelous, as a perusal of the foland others for the regent.

And Sir William, as he was then, because of the service he had done, found further dis-tinction which was not to his heart. Yet a lowing will demonistrate. Major Dean of Columbus, Ohio, says: 1 wish to add to the number of certificates as He did not answer, for he had fancied h saw shadows like those of men; fearful lest some one might spring out of the bushes, and an cannot live with memories, although he may wish to dis because of them.

an cannot live with memories, although he wish to die benefits derived from the Pyramid ay wish to die because of them. And since he would forget, he tried to uake love as well as to fight. In the little ourt was a Mistress Agnes Frazer-who did maddened to think how powerless he should be against some passer who certainly would be armed to the teeth. He, who in Queen make love as well as to fight. In the little court was a Misiress Agnes Frazer-who did Mary's time, carted life in an open way was likely to have his right to breath chalot disdain him; and the queen, hearing of lenged at any moment by highwaymen, or his clan's enemy. The queen, to give him heart, his, sent for him.

Dr. J. W. Megan, Leonardville, Kan, vrites: I have used a box of Pyramid Pile writes: "Ab, Douglas," said she, smiling pretilly, as she could, "I have heard of you and my Cure and received more benefit and relief than from any remedy I had used in the past twenty-two years. James Jemerson, Dubuque, Iowa, says: I maid. Agnes."

"Have you not doue that which the others falled in? Are we not almost with friends?" "Ay, but who knows who their bell and cannon may not have stirred up? And—you But Douglas was silent. "Are you embarrassed, Douglas?" said she then, "that I should question?" "Yes, your grace." said he, "And why?" "that I should question?

"Because, your grace, I have but tried to make love to Mistress Agnes, that I might

Man. Mrs. M. C. Hinkly, 601 Mississippi street, Indianapolis, Ind., says: Have ben a suf-ferer from the pain and anoyance of piles for fifteen years. The Pyramid Pile Cure and Pyramid Pills gave me immediate reforget." "And why?" asked she, for they say lief and in a short time a complete cure. The Pyramid Pile Cure maye be found at never was displeased at seeing the light that

hen was in his eyes. "Your grace," said he, "I must forget I'm "Your grace," said he, "I must forget I'm unhappy, because no longer can I stand br-tween you and danger." Then she twitted him on practicing a cour-Then she twitted him on practicing a cour-

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stage. It is a symptom of seminal weakness an barrenness. It can be stopped in twenty days by the use of Hudyan. Hudyan cos.s no more that When Railroads Were Young. The Pittsburg Post tells a good story about any other remedy. Send for circulars and testimonials.

the Chicago & Alton at the time when the TAINTED BLOOD-Impure blood due company was so poor that it could pay serious private disorders carries invriads of sore producing gerLis. Then comessore throat, pimples Sopper colored spots, licers in mouth, old sores are alling hair. You can save a trip to Hot Springs b its men only once in five or six months. The man stuck to the road, however, because they had nothing better in the way of a witing for 'Blood Book' to the old physicians of the vocation in sight. Governor Mathews was then president of the road, and one day a HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE, big strapping fellow who had been tamping ties for four months went down to Bloom-Stockton, Market and Ellis Sts., ington and, hunting up Mathews, showed him his shoes, which were completely worn out, and addressed him as follows: "Governor, I must have some money, as can't work without shoes. I need other but would try to get along if I had hings. a pair of boots." The governor looked at the man's halfaked feet and then spoke gruffly: "How long have you been working on the "Seven months altogether, and on the sec

tion five months," was the answer. "Well, sir, said the president, "you will

and I am about to issue orders that here

after no man must be hired who does no

The big fellow left in despair and wen back to work again and after that no one

went to the governor after money with the excuse that he needed new boots.

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