

"SHREWSBURY"

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

On that the man with the wand stood saide to the pattern of those old mottoes of his

and, my patron preceding me, we went up former was borne, I have read, by the Taciand through one or two swing doors, the but by two other particulars which I crave and through one or two swing doors, the duke seeming to be conversant with the house. It was impossible not to admire the sometr richness of the carved furniture, which stood here and there in the corridor, or the grotesque designs and eastern coloring of the chinaware and Mogui idols that peered from the corners or tose boldly on brackets. Such a mode of furnishing was no uncommon thing for some of his subjects to put slights upon him as little more than their equal; aye, and though he had to be required aye, and though he had to be required to put slights upon him as little more than their equal; aye, and though he had to be required to put slights upon him as little more than their equal; aye, and though he had to be required to put slights upon him as little more than their equal; aye, and though he had to be required to put slights upon him as little more than their equal; aye, and though he had to be required to put slights upon him as little more than their equal; aye, and though he had the true such affronts in ellence), he had the true such affronts in ellence, and the true such affronts are the true affined to the true such affronts are the true affined to the true affin new to me, but neither its novelty nor the the true spirit and pride of a king born in evidences of wealth and taste which abunt the purple and by right divine. dantly met the eye impressed me so deeply as the stillness which everywhere prevailed, and which seemed so much a part of the palace that when his grace opened the second swing door and the shrill, piping voice of a child crowing and laughing in an ecstasy of infantile pleasure, came forth and me started as if a gun had expleded.

I know now that the sound, by giving my patron argurance that he whom he sought was not there, but in his closet, led to my admission, and that without that assurance my lord would have left me to wait at the door. As it was he said nothing to me, but went on; and I, following him in my inno-cence through the doorway, came at the same moment he did on a scene as rare as it by me well remembered. We stood on the threshold of a wide and

splendid gallery, oct here and there with great China vases and hung with pictures which even then I discerned to be of great beauty, and afterward learned were of no less rarity. Letting my eyes travel down this vista, they paused naturally at a spot under one of the windows where, with his back to us and ribbons in his hands, a elight gentleman, beyond middle age and dressed In black, ambied and paced in front of a child 4 or 5 years old. The wintry sunlight, which fell in cold bars on the floor, proved his progress to be more showy than real; nevertheless the child shricked in its joy, and, dancing, jerked the ribbons and waved a little whip, in response to which the gentleman, whose long, curled periwig bobbet oddly on his shoulders—he had his back to us-pranced more stoutly, though on legs a little thin and bent.

A long moment I stared at this picture little thinking on what I gazed; nor was i until a gentleman seated at a side table not far from the pair rose hurriedly from hts chair and with a guttural exclamation came toward us, that I remarked this third occupant of the gallery. When I did so it was to discern that he was angry and that my lord was taken aback and disturbed. It even seemed to me that my patron made a hasty movement to withdraw. Before h could do so, however, or I, who behind him barred the way, could take the hint, the gentleman in black, warned of our presence by the other's exclamation, turned to us and still standing and holding the ribbon hands, looked at us,

He had a long, sallow face, which seeme sallower for the dark, heavy wig tha fell around it; a large hooked nose and full prevish ites with eyes both bright and mo-pose. I am told that he seldom smiled, and never laughed and that while the best tales of King Charles' court passed round him would stand abstracted, or on occasio: aither the teller by a silent nod. vits who dubbed my Lord Nottingham Demallo could find no worse title for him that he had a well of humor, deeply fidden and rarely drawn upon, no one coul loubt who saw him approach us, a flicke dry amusement in his eyes giving the lie his pursed-up lips and the grimness of

'Your grace is always welcome," he said Sheaking in English, a little broken and guttural. "And yet—you might have come more apropos, I confess."

"A thousand pardons, sir," my lord an bowing until his knee well nigh touched the ground. I thought that you were in your closet, sir, or I should have taken your pleasure before I intruded." "Fut you have news?"

"Ha! And this person--" he looked fixedly at me-"is concerned." "Then, my Lord Buck," and he turned and essed the child who was still tugging at the ribbons "il faut partir! Do you hear



"YES." I SAID, "I MERELY CAME TO TAKE THE AIR."

You must go. Go, petit vaurien! I The child looked at him boldly. "Faut 11?" in the country

"Meroi, mensieur," the boy answered. And then to us with a solemn nod, "Tai eu sa maje. for my chevaux!"

"Cheval! Cheval! of the boy answered of the company of the compan "Cheval! Cheval! corrected the gentleman in black. "And be off.

batood in the gallery of Kensington court— a manaion which his majesty had lately in black whom I had found so simply em-ployed was no other than the king himself. no searcity anywhere. I remember-"little squire of Breda" and whom two "Tell revolutions had successfully created Stadt- cated?" holder of Holland and sovereign of these isics, was at this time 46 years old, already prematurely bent, and a prey to the arthma. The king sneered openly which afflicted his later life. Reserved in "I see Porter and Goodman". the Silent, on the other from the Great Henry of France, he was thought to exhibit a more moderate degree the virtues and igs which marked those famous princes. and to represent, not in blood only, but in

on that the man with the wand stood and stood are the stood of the sto that many attributed to this the gloom and reserve of his manners, maintaining that

these were assumed less as a shield against the malice of his enemies than as a cloak to abate the familiarity of his friends. And certainly come, in speaking of him of late years, belittle his birth no less than his explicits when they can aim the like, speaking in terms unlost in thought. After waiting a moment the which latter he did not think likely, be worthy of a sovereign, and es if he had drawn his blood from that merchant race, instead king's attention, he ventured to address him. "There is another matter I have to knowledged that he had guessed rightly." houses of Stuart, Bourbon, Nassau, and Medici, and from such ancestors as the noble Coligny and King Charles the Martyr. But of his birth enough.

For the rest, having a story to tell and not history to write, I refeals from recalling how great he was as a statesman, how sourceful as a strategist, how indomitable as a commander, how valiant when occasion equired in the pitched field. Nor is it necessary, seeing that before the rise of my essury. Lord Marlborough (who still survives, but alas, quantum mutatus ab illo!) he had no rival in any of these capacities, nor in the first will ever be excelled. Nor, as a fact, looking on him in the

ficsh as I then did for the first time, can I may that I saw anything to betoken greatness or the least outside evidence of the flery spirit that twice in two great wars stayed all the power of Louis of France; that saved Holland; that united all Europe in three great leagues; finally, that, leaping the bounds of the probable, won a kingdom, only to hold it cheap and as a means to further ends. I say I saw in him not the least trace of this, but only a plain, thin grave and rather prevish gentleman, in black and large wig, who coughed much between his words, spoke with a foreign accent and often lapsed into French or some other strange tongue. He waited until the door had fallen to

behind the child and the long gallery lay silent, and then bade my lord speak, breathe better here," he said. "I small rooms. What is the news you have

"No good news, sir," my patron swered. "And yet I can scarcely call it bad. In the country it will have a good swered. effect. Bien! But what is it?"

"I have seen Ferguson, sir." "Then you have seen a d-d scoundrel!" the king exclaimed, with an energy 1 had not expected from him, and, indeed such outbreaks were rare with him. arrested, then?"

"No, sir," the duke answered. "I trust owever, that he will be before night." "But if he be free, how came you in his company?" the king asked, somewhat

sharply My lord hesitated and seemed for a ment at a loss how to answer. Being be-hind him, I could not see his face, but I fancied that he grew red and that the fourth person present, a stout, burly gentleman, marked with the smallpox, who had advanced and now stood near the king, was hard put to it not to smile. At last, "I received a letter, sir," my lord said, speaking stilly and with constraint, "purporting

to come from a third person-"Ah!" said the king, drawling the word and nodding dry comprehension. "On the faith of which, believing it to be from that other-if you understand,

"I understand perfectly," said the king, and he coughed,
"I was indeed," my lord raid, doggedly. to give the villain a meeting. And learned

sir, partly from him and partly from this man here"-this more freely enough to corroborate the main particulars of Mr. Prendergast's story." ' said the king, "Good! And the par

ticulars? "That, Sir George Barclay, the preson mentioned by Mr. Prendergest, is giving nightly rendezvous in Covent Garden to persons, mainly from France, who are being formed by him into a band, the design, as but Caesar call him coward!" stated by Prendergast, to fall on your Kindly as the words were uttered, and in majesty's person in the lane between Fulham a tone differing much from that which the

asked, looking at me. "He knows no names, sir," the duke onswered, "but he saw a number of the con-spirators at the Seven Stars in Covent Garden last night, and heard them speak openly ing the same way."

"He can speak to a person who I think can be identified as Barciay," my lord answered. "He cannot speak to Charnock—"
"That is the Oxford man?" "Yes, sir-or Perier, or King, or the others

by these names, but he can speak to two of them under the names by which Prendergast said that they were passing." does not seem to me to be so simple," the king said, with a touch of im-

patience. "What is this person's name, and The duke told him, and that I had been That rogue is in it, then?"

"He is privy to it," the duke answered. His majesty shrugged his shoulders, as it the answer annoyed him. "Y you do, however, let us have no repetition of the Lancashire flazco. You will bear that in mind, my lord, if you please. Another of Tsafe's psuedo plots would do us more harm than the loss of a battle in

good." "There are rogues, sir, in all countries," Apprised by what I had heard not only that my lord answered, somewhat tartly. "I do not know that we have a monopoly of them." "The duke of Shrewsbury is right there, r." the gentleman behind the king who had ught from Lord Nottingham and made his sir," the gentleman behind the king who had vorite residence—but that the gentleman not yet spoken struck in in a good-natured

looked upon him. He, whom the old king cutting short his reminiscences, whereat the "little squire of Breda". gentleman smiling importurbably, took anuff.
"Tell me this. Is Sir John Penwick impli-

"There may be evidence against him," my The king sneered openly, "Yes," he said. "I see Porter and Goodman and Charnock are manner and sombre, not to say melanchaly, guilty. But when it touches one of your-In aspect, hiding atrong passions behind a selves, my lord, then There is evidence

mask of stoicism, as chilling to his friends against him, or 'It is a case of suspicion.'
as It was baffling to his enemies, he was or-Oh, you all hang together!" and pursing such as a youth spent under the eyes of watchful foes and a manhood in the prese-cation of weighty and secret designs made him. Descended on one side from William below, and Gare is Noblesse!" "You do us an injustice, sir!" my lord cried, warmly. "I will answer for it-"Oh, I do you an injustice, do I?" the king

said, disregarding his last wards. "Of course I do! Of course, you are all faithful, most bis fortunes, the two old soldiers of the faithful. You have all taken the oaths. But steteenth century whose courage in disaster. I tell you, my lord Shrewsbury, the king to whom you swear allegiance, the king crowned who frequently beaten in the field not acli in '89 was not William III, but Noblesse I! dom garacred the fruits of the campaign, La Noblesse! Yes, my lord, you may look and rose. Aniasus-like, the stronger from the campaign, as me and as argry as you like, but it was you the sill stations, as a private person, a stational a king, his late majesty femometries the noble sources whence he private was proved I think, not only by the provided in the life was wrought.

none with which his life was wrought He would have gone further, and with the

to that, and do you, my to the duke's, the king merely nodded, "Ah," he said, "is he in this pratty plot, educed to be Lord Portland, "fetch him liber and lose no time. Take one of my to the not," the duke's the king merely nodded. "The said, "is he in this pratty plot, then?" then?" then?" then the said, "I think not," the duke's the king merely nodded. "The said, "is he in this pratty plot, then?" the said, "I think not," the duke's the king merely nodded. The guards, too, should be doubled, and the regiment Prendergast mentioned display d. hither and lose no time. Take one of my I should suppose-coaches. It is a plot, if all be true, should "That he's here coaches. It is a plot, if all be true, should do us good in the country. And that, I thisk is your grace's opinion?"

"It should, sir. Doubtless, sir, we English have our faults, but we are not fond of research."

"And are you confident that this is no. "English tentor that I should carry out the bargain."

'And are you confident that this is no bubble?" the king said, thoughtfully,

"Yes sir, I am." By this time Lord Portland had withhim.

whill go no further."

The duke bowed. "Your majesty authorizes me to take the necessary steps, then."
he said, speaking somewhat dryly, but otherwise ignoring what had passed, "to secure when I say I can, trust no one e.se, I do my good Somera an injustice. He is a dry man, however, like myself, and poor company, and so does not count for much."

My lord, contending with his feelings, did wise ignoring what had passed, "to secure My lord, contending with his feelings, aid your safety, sir, as well as to arrest the not answer, and the king, who, while speak-guilty; no time should be less. Warrants ing, had see a himsel in a high-backed should be leaved immediately and these persons taken up."

"Before Ferguson can warn them," the clapse before he resumed, in a different and king sild in his ordinary tone. "Yes, see to it, my lord, and let the council be recalled.

The course leave before he resumed, in a different and brisker tone. "And now tell me, what has troubled our good secretary today?"

The course leave before he resumed in a different and provided the course of the council be recalled. "The date of Bereich sir, in London."

"The duke of Berwick, sir, is in London."
To my astenishment, and, I have no doubt,

"Eh?" "It is a long tale cir," the duke said time already," rather wearlly. "And having given your To say tha

drawn through a door at the further and of the gallery. The king taking a turn this way and that, with his hands clasped behind old rogue, I suppose, was for ruling you The duke, in a tone of much surprise, ac



"WILL THAT SUIT YOUR LORDSHIP?"

nention to you, sir," he said, with a touch of constraint in his tone.

The king paused in his walk and looked sharply at him. "Ah, of course," he said, nodding. "Did you see Lord Middleton?" The duke could not hide a start. "Lord Middleton, sir?" he faltered.
The king smiled coldly. "The letter," he

The king smiled coldly. "The letter," he aid. "was from him, I suppose?"
My lord rallied himself. "No, sir, it was he answered with a flash of spirit, "It ourported to be from him."

"Yet you went-wherever you went-think-ing to see him?" his majesty continued, miling rather disagreeably. he preddice of your service, sir, and what I ould to further your interests—short of giv-

ng him up. He is my relative." The king shrudded his shoulders. "And for years," my lord cried warmly,

was my intimate friend."

The king shrugged his shoulders again. "We have fought that out before," he said, ment, with a sigh of weariness, "And more than once. For the rest, in that connection and "So "I have cause, sir, to do far otherwise!" the duke answered in a tone suddenly changed and so full of emotion that it was not difficult to discount that it was my presence, which was not wonderful, as treated.

"Were it not for that-if I were not bound to your majesty by more than common ties of gratitude, I should not be today in a service which—for which I am fit. The daily duties of which, performed other men with indifference or appetite. unfit. fill me with pity and distaste! the risks attending which-I speak without ceremony, sir-make me play the coward with myself a hundred times a day!"
"Caesar," the king said quietly, "let's none

Green and the river on your return from king had hitherto used, the duke took no hunting." nting."
Does he agree as to the names?" the king God knows I wish they had it!" he cried, his agitation growing rather than decreasing. Every hour, sir, I pray to be quit of the faction and perjury in which I live! Every hour I leathe more deeply the work I have of a hunting party, with other things point-ing the same way." to do and the people with whom I have to And yet I must stay in it! I must stay in it! I tell you, sir," he continued, impetuously. "on the day that you burned those letters you but fred me from one

"Yet an honest one!" said the king, in a

slavery to fling me into another!"

peculiar tone. My lord threw up his hands. "You have a right to say that, sir. But if any one else—or, no, I—I forgot myself!"
"Something has disturbed you," said the king. king, intervening with much kindness. Take time! And in the meanwhile listen to me. As to the general distaste you express for my service, I will not, and I do not, do you the injustice to attribute itwhatever you say yourself-to your fears of "You English what way happen in a possible event; id. "Whatever mean l'ancien regime restitue. If succession and the succession of the suc mean l'ancien regime restitue. If such fears weighed so heavily with you, you would neither have signed the invitation to me nor come to me eight years ago. But I take it, with perhaps some apprehension of this kind, you have—and this is the real gist of the matter-a natural distante for affairs and a natural proneness to be on good terms with all, rogues as well as good It irks you to sign a death warrant to send one to Newgate and another tobah, I forgot the names of your prisons; to know that your friends abroad are not as well placed at St. Germains as they were at St. James'! You have no care to push an advantage, no anxiety to ruin a rival; would rather trust a man than bind. In a word, my lord, you have no taste for public life in dangerous and troubled times such as these, although, per-

force, you have played a high part in it

"Sir!" the duke cried, with an anxiety and eagerness that touched me, "you know me better than I know myself. You see failings, my unfitness, and surely, secing them so clearly you will not refuse to-" "Release you." the king said, smiling.
"That does not follow. For consider, my lord, you are not the only one in the world who glower at me.

pursues perforce a path for which he has little tasie. To be king of England has a is a cadet—a dependent? He is in some way higher sound than to be stadtholder of Hol-land. But to be a king and no king, to see your family?" your way clearly, and be thwarted by those "To who see no foot in the field; to have France by the throat and be baffled for the lack of drew 10,000 men or 1,000,000 guilders; above all, him having betrayed their old master to gain their he has so much a look of you that it might be possible in some lights to take him for necks—this, too, forms no bed of roses! But your grace were he differently descently you—who have one foot on either shore, and having betrayed their old master to gain their ends, would now betray you to save their necks—this, too, forms no bed of rozes! But I lie on it. I lie on it." he concluded, phlegmatically, and as he spoke he took a plach of snuff. "In fine, my lord," he continued, "to be high, or what the world calls high, is to be unhappy."

The duke siched. "You, sir, have those the companion of the cause, and the likeness, for though I could in part only, and my companion my countenance. I failed absolutely many my companion my countenance, I failed absolutely my companion my countenance, I failed absolutely companion my countenance, I failed absolutely my companion my countenance, I failed absolutely companion my countenance, and the companion my countenance, and the companion my countenance, and the countenance my companion my countenance, I failed absolutely companion my countenance, I can be comp

"Well, it was a very pretty dilemma, said the king, with a sort of gusto. "And where is M. Fitzjames in hiding?" "At Dr. Lloyd's in Hogsden Gardens," my

lord answered. But he could not concea his gloom.
"He must be arrested," said the king. "A warrant must be issued. Will you see to it with the others?"

My lord assented, but with such a sigh that it required no wizard to discern both the cloud that hung over him, and also that now he had done what Ferguson had dared him to do, the consequence lay heavy on him. The king, after considering him a "I did," my lord answered, his tone be-traying his agitation. "But to do nothing to moment, with a singular expression, between

> duke stared at the king in astonish The "But he will escape, sir," he fal

"So much the better," the king answered once. For the rest, in that connection and whatever others may say, Lord Shrewsbury indifferently. "If we take him, what are we to do with him? Besides, to tell you the

"He, sir?"
"Yes," said the king, smiling. "He instood behind him in the shadow of the corway, whither out of modesty I had re-cated. "God knows I remember it" he had stayed—but you know that story. beyond La Manche the better."

Still the duke looked unhappy. "I dare

not do it, sir," he said at last, "Dare not do it? When I authorize it? Why not?"

"No, sir; because if I were impeached by the Commons-" The king shrugged his shoulders.

these safeguards!" he mattered, "These town councils and provincial councils and states general. And now these Commons and lords. Shall I ever be quit of them? Well, there is but one way, then; I must do If they impeach me I go back to Loo. and they may stew in their own juice He rose with that, and, moving stiffly to the table at which Lord Portland had been writing when he entered, he sought for and found a pen. Then sitting in the chair, which the groom of the stole had left vacant, he tore a slip of paper from a folio before him, and, writing some lines on it-about six, as far as I could judge-handed the paper to the duke, who had remained standing at a formal distance.

"Volla, monsieur," be said. "Will that suit your lordship?" The duke took it respectfully and looked at it. "But, sir, it is in my name!" he cried aghast. "And bears my signature." "Eh, blen, why not?" his majesty answered, lightly. "The name is the name of Jacob, but the hand is that of Esau. Take it and send it by a trusty messenger. Perhaps the man who came with you, and you—pheugh, my lord, I had forgotten that this person was here. We have spoken too

freely. The oath which the duke let fall as he turned, and the face of dismay and anger with which he gazed on me, were proof enough that he shared the king's opinion, as he had shared his mistake. For a moment the two glaring at me with equal disgust and vexation, I though I should sink into the floor. Then the king beckoned to me to come forward. And I obeyed him,

CHAPTER XXV.

The odd and unexpected glimpse of generosity which the king had allowed to escape him in his interview with the duke somewhat lessened the fears I must otherwise have entertained at that moment. To which must be added that I am one of those who, when violence and physical danger are not in question, retain a fair mastery of their minds. Nevertheless, I am free to confess that as I went forward I wished myself anywhere else in the world and would have sacrificed half thy remaining economies to be seated, pen in hand, and obscurely safe, in Mr. Brome's room."

"Oh!" said he, and looked keenty at me. "Lost your road, did you? Well, it was very much to the purpose as it happoned. May I ask where you are going?" I shifted my feet uneasily. "To Bunhill Fields." I said, naming the first place of which I could think. "Ah!" he answered with apparent carelessing the propersy room." must be added that I am one of those who.

"To mine, sir?" the duke exclaimed in a

of the utmost astonishment; and drew himself up as if the king had pricked

at the close of our interview, and but for his friend bere-who had been placed to listen, but at that broke from his place of hiding and knocked up the muzzle so that it exploded harmlessly-I should have come

"And I not much better," the king said, odding and looking grave. "You are un-

Well, that puts another free on it, and i you retain him beside you, what he has now heard will be of the less importance. Hark you, my friend," he continued, addressing can you keep your mouth shu! I said humbly that I could and would. "Then, talsez, talsez," he answered, em

phatically. "And take this letter to Hogsder Gardens to Bishop Lloyd's. See Bishop Lloyd and put it in his hands. Say nothing, give no mereage, but go to your master's in St. James' square. You will seal it, duke, with a plain seal? Good. And go you out, man by the way you came in, and answer no questions. And now for the council and the warrants, my lord. We have lost too much

To say that I went from the presence without knowing how I did it, and when I rather wearily. "And having given your majesty the information—"
"You need not tell the tale! Well, no, for "cached the courtyard had no more idea how I had gained it or by what staircase I had descended than if I had been blind, is but late years, belittle his birth no less than him and his head bent low, so that his great with me if you hid the news, and for damn-his exploits when they call him Dutch William and the like, speaking in terms unloss that him are the like, speaking in terms unloss that him are the like, speaking in terms unloss to the like, speaking in terms unloss to the like of a great late of the like sideration. In truth, I walked on air and saw nothing, I was so deeply overjoyed; and though it is certain that as I went out I met one and another, parsed the sentries, and ran the gauntlet of curious eyes-for who that quits a court escapes that ordeal I was no more conscious of the observa-tions made upon me, or surprise I excited as I went by than if I had really walked in the clouds. Issuing from the gates, I took by instinct rather than design the road to London, and hugging to my breast the let-ter which the king—the king—had intrusted me, made the best of my way toward

I had been wiser had I gone by the other road through the village, and taken the first first coach I found. There are commonly one or two at Kensington waiting to carry passengers to London. But in the fluster of my spirits I did not measure the distance I had to go, or the time I should consume in walking. My main anxiety for the moment was to be alone, alone and at leisure to probe my fortune and success, and apprec ate both the relief and the good luck I had compassed. I could have sung as I walked; I could have skipped and danced; and a gleam of sunshine breaking the March sky and gilding the leaflers arms of the trees and the flat green pastures that bordered the road north of Hyde park, I was moved to raise my hat and look upward and rever-ently thank Providence for this wonderful instance of its goodness, which I had not had the heart to do for some time.

When I descended a little to earth, a ster which was hastened by a flash of recollec-tion that showed me Ferguson's niece waitng at Clerkenwell gate, a little figure fo rn and desolate, yet with eyes of wrath and a face puckered with determination when I came, I say, a little to myself and to think of Hogsden gardens, and remempered that it lay on the further side of town by Bunbill Fields, I was already at Tyburn turning, and it seemed to be no longer worth while to ride. The day was on the wane, and the road thence to St. Giles pound was lively with persons come out to take the air, hrough whom I threaded my way at a good race, and coming to Holburn without a mishap, turned up Cow lane and so got peedily to Smithfield and across the market Long lane, knowing my way so far without having need to ask.

moment, with a singular expression, between amusement and reproach, broke the silence.

"See here, my lord," he said, with good nature. "I will tell you what to do. Sit down now and here and write a line to monsleur, bidding him be gone, and send it by a private hand, and the warrant by a messenger an hour later."

The duke stared at the king in astonish. one on the read noment the reflection that mersengers sent o arrest me the duke could, by taking a couch, forestall me. The thought three coach, foresall me. The thought threw me into a hot fit, which increased on me when I considered that I did not know th remainder of the road, and might waste much time in tracing it. Naturally my first impulse in this strait was to seek a guide, but Long lane by Smithfield is only one degree better than Whetstone park, and I shrank from applying to the sets and drabs, who stood at the doors and corners or lounged out of the patched windows and lazily or rudely watched me go by. In this difficulty, and growing the more diffident and alarmed the more slowly I walked. I looked about eagerly for some person of passable aspect of whom I could inquire. I saw none, and my uncertain glances and loitering step were beginning to draw on me advances and an attention that were arything but welcome, when reaching a corner where an alley, now re-moved—I think it was then called Dog alley—runs cut of Long lane, I saw a man, decently habited, come out of a house a lit-tle way down the alley. He closed the

door sharply behind him, and as I looked, went off in the opposite direction . Here was my opportunity. Without Icsing a momen' i ran after him, and he, hear-ing my steps, turned and we came face to Then, when it was too late to retreat, I saw with unutterable dismay that the man I had stopped was no stranger, but the person who had dressed me up the night before and taken me 40 the mysterious house in the suburbs; the man called Smith. whom I had first seen under the plazza in Covent Garden, and again in Ferguson's

To come face to face with any one of the gang with the knowledge that I had but now left the palace after informing against them, was of itself enough to make my knees tremble under mc. But of this man, though his civil treatment had been in pleasant contrast to Ferguson's brutality. I had con ceived an instinctive dread; based as much on his silence and reserve and a sort of quiet power with which I credited him, as on his contemptuous treatment of my tyrant. In a word, had I come on Ferguson him self, I could scarcely have been more overcome.

On hearing my footsteps he had turned on me very sharply, with the air of a man who had no mind to be followed and no taste for followers. But on seeing who it was, his face grew light, and he whistled his surprise. "I was on my way to you." he said, "and here you are. That luck. I suppose Ferguson sent you? "No," I said, avoiding his eyes, and won-dering with inward quakings what was going to happen to me. "I—I lost my road."

"Oh!" said he, and looked keenly at me.

Mr. Brome's room?

But the thidg dook a turn which relieved me when I least expected it. As I approached the chagrin in the king's face gave place to a look, of surprise; and that again, but more slowly, to one of intelligence. "Ah! Je me trompais!" he muttered rapidly. "What did you say his name was?"

"Price," the duke answered, continuing to proceed the chart and dispersion of the town with you. When you have done your errand we will talk over my business. This way, I know this end of the town well. And so it was not Ferguson," he added with a sharp look at me, "who sent you after me?" look at me, "who sent you after me? "No," I said.

"Nor his errand that brought you here "No." I said again, my mouth dry. "And I need not give you the trouble to come with me. I shall be taking you."
"Out of my way? Not at all." he answered briskly. "And it is no trouble. Come along, my friend."
I dared say no more, nor show further re-

high, is to be unhappy."

The duke sighed. "You, sir, have those qualities which fit you for your part," he said, sadly. "I have not."

"Have IT"

The king said no more, but the gesture with which he held out his hands, as if he is not aware—I was not aware—I so difficult I could discern he way out to the know nothing of the cause, and the likeness, for though I could in part, and in part only, for what it is worth, must be accidental.

As a fact, I never saw him but once before in my life, sir and that perfectly by chance."

And he very briefly related the circumstances under which we came together.

The "ing listened to the story, but as if he important of the cause of the cause is difficult I could discern he way out to the part, and in part only, for though I could in part, and in part only, command my countenance, I failed absolutely to command my thoughts, which did nothing but revolve tumultuously about the words, words that seemed written in red letters on my brain. Only one thing was clear to me

same cander, I think, but at that the gentleman who had interrupted him before struck in again, addressing him rapidly in what I took to be Dutch, and doubtless pointing out the danger of too great openness. At any rate I took that to be the gist of his words, not only from his manner, but from the fact that when he had done—the king looked gloomy and answered nothing—he turned to my lord.

"The king trusts your grace," he said bluntly. "He has never said as much to an bluntly. "He has never said as much to an bluntly. "He has never said as much to an list of the trust is well placed and that is majesty's feeings will go no further."

bade the other mark his feebleness, his short breath, his hacking cough, his pallor, had more meaning than many words. "No, my lord, "and you have never seen him from that day to this?" he said incredulated to release you, because I cannot afford to release you, because I cannot afford to lose the one man who does not day by day betray me—and who never has beignyed me."

"I would to beaven," the duke cried, much moved, "that you could say that."

"I would to beaven," the duke cried, much moved, "that you could say that."

"I can, my friend," the king answered, with a gesture of kindness. "It was nothing, and it is forgosten. I have long ceased is well placed and that is majesty's feeings to think of it., But c'est vrai. I remember, whill go no further."

bate the other mark his feebleness, his short duke came to tell how he allowed me to est cape. Then, "And you have never seen him from that day to this?" he said incredulously.

"Never!" said the duke, positively. "But it is not my intention to lose sight of him again."

"Never!" said the duke, positively. "But it is not my intention to lose sight of him again."

"Ah!" the king said.

"I have not tell how he allowed me to est capen the to this?"

At it is not my intention to lose sight of him again."

"I have not teld you, sir, all that happended to with a gesture of kindness. "It was nothing, and it is forgosten. I have long ceas

my companion seemed to be unconscious my sluggish pace and my perturbation. I presently I felt rather than saw that from minute to minute he glanced at me askauce. and that after each of these inspections he laughed silently. The knowledge that I lay under this observation immeasurably increased my embarrassment; I could no longer put a fair face on the matter, but every time he looked at me looked away guiltily, unable to support my eyes. This presently grew so insupportable that to escape from my embarrassment I coughed and affected to choke.
"You have a cold, I am afraid," he said

"You have a cold, I am afraid." he said, scarcely concealing the sneer in his tone. "And yet you look warm. You must have walked fast, my friend?"

I muttered that I had.
"To overtake me, perhaps? It was good of you," he said in the same tone of sccret badinage. "But we are here. What part of the fields do you want? Whitecross street?"
"No" I muttered."

"No." I muttered. "Then it must be Baxter's rents."

"Bunhill row?"

"No? Well, there is not much else here," he caid, and he shrugged his shoulders Except the fields and the burial ground

suppose: "No." I said faintly. And we stood, At another time I must have shuddered at the dreary expanse that on this nethermost fringe of the town stretched before us under a waning light, an expanse of waste land broken only by the wall of the burial ground r the chimney of a brick kiln, and bordered, where its limits were visible, by half-built houses and squatters' buts and vast piles of refuse. Ugly as the prospect was, however, and far from reassuring to the timorous, asked nothing better than to look at it. as look at it, and continue to look at it, Mr. Smith, who did not understand this mood, turned with an impatient laugh.

mood, turned with an impatient laugh.

"I suppose that you did not come here to look at that," said he.

Like a fool I jumped at the absurd, the filmsy pretext, "Yes," I said, "I--I merely came to take the air."

The moment the words were spoken I trembled at my audacity. But he took it better than I expected, for he merely paused as stars at me and then chackled grinly.

to stare at me and then chuckled grimly. "Well," he said, "then now that you have taken the air, let us go back. Have you anything to object to that, Mr. Taylor?" I could find nothing. "I will come with you," he continued.

want to see Ferguson, and we can settle my business there."
But this only presented to me a dreadful vision of Ferguson, released from his bonds, and mad with rage and the desire to avenge himself, and I stopped short. "I am not going

there," I said. "No? Then where, may I ask, are you go ing?" he answered, watching me with a placid amusement, which made it as clear as the daylight that he saw through my eva-"Where is it my lord's pleasure to

"To Brome's in Fleet street," I said hoarsely. And if he had his back to me a that instant and I a knife in my hand. could have run him through. For as I sale it and he, with mocking suavity assented and we stepped out together to return the which the sky hung low in the duil, yellow haze, the last of the western light-I swift and stinging recollection of the king and my lord, and the letter and the passage of time, and could have sprung from h side and poured out curses on him in the tence of my rage and impatience. the hour of grace which the king had grante was gone, and a second was parsing, and still the letter that should warn the duke of Berwick lay in my pocket, and I saw no

chance of delivering it. (To be Continued.)

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