

Simon Dale, born of gentle blood in an said she. English country district shortly after the execution of Charles L, is looked upon as destined to greatness because a wise woman has prophesied that he shall "love what the king loves, knows what the king bides and drink of the king's cup." Falling in love with Barbara, daughter of the parish magistrate, Lord Quinton, his young affections are diverted by the appearance of a mysterious London beauty named Cydaria, who secretly sojourns at Hatchstead. Cydaria returns to London, whence there comes to Simon a commission in the King's guards. He goes to London, discovers that Cydaria is really Nell Gwynn, fights a duel with Lord Carford in support of her fair fame and decides to resign his commission because she procured in amusement, but whether at him or me or It. Simon meets Charles II., who appears vexed at this episode, and once more encounters Barbara Quinton. Barbara is jealous of Cydaria, whose identity she does not know. Simon becomes a favorite of the young duke of Monmouth, and is attached to his suit. A message from Mistress Gwynn arouses his old love for her. He has an interview with her which is interrupted by the unexpected arrival of the king. He discovera the true state of affairs and formally renounces his love for Cydaria.

Copyright, 1857, by A. H. Hawkins. CHAPTER IX.-Continued.

I sat where I was, hearing nothing but the echo of her laugh, unable to think, save of the truth that was driven so cruelly into my mind. The first realizing of things that cannot be undone brings to a young man a flerce impotent resentment. That was in my heart, and with it a sudden revulsion from what I had desired, as intemperate as the desire, as cruel it may be, as the thing which gave it birth. Nell's laughter died away and she was silent. Yet presently I felt a hand rest on my hands as though seeking to convey sympathy in a grief but half un derstood. I shrank away, moving my hands until hers no longer touched them. There are little acts, small matters often, on which remorse attends while life lasts. Even new my heart is sore that I shrank away from her. She was different now in nothing from what I had known her, but I, who had desired passionately, now shunned her. The with a good-ratured nod thing had come home to me, plain, close, in an passed out of the room. odious intimacy. Yet I wish I had not shrunk away. Before I could think I had done it, and I found no words; better, perhaps, that I attempted none.

I looked up. She was holding out the hand before her. There was a puzzled smile on her lips.

"Does it burn, does it prick, does it soil. Simon?" she asked. "See, touch it, touch it. It is as it was, isn't it?" She put it close by my hand, walting for me to take it, but I did not take it. "As it was when you kissed it," sald she, but still I did not take it.

I rose to my feet slowly and heavily, like a tired man whose legs are reluctant to resume their load. She stood quite still, regarding me now with alarmed and wondering eyes. "It's nothing," I stammered. "Indeed, it's nothing, only I hadn't thought of it. Scarcely knowing what I did I began to move toward the door. An unreasoned instinct impelled me to get away from her. Yet my gaze was

drawn to her face. I saw her lips pouting and her cheeks flushed, the brightness of her eyes grew clouded. She loved me enough to be hurt by me, if no more. A pity seized me. Turning, I fell on my knee, and selzing the hand whose touch I had refuged. I klased it "Ab, you kiss my hand now," she cried, breaking into smiles again.
"I kiss Cydaria's hand," said I. "For in

truth I am sorry for my Cydaria. "She was no other than I am," she whispered, and now, with a touch of shame, for she saw that I felt shame for her.

"Not what it burts us, but what we know." id I. "Goodby, Cydaria," and egain I kissed her hand. She drew it away from me and tossed her head, crying petulantly: "I wish I hadn't told you."

"In God's name, don't wish that," said I and drew her gaze on me again in surprise. I moved on my way, the only way my feet could tread. But she darted after me and laid her hand on my arm. I looked at her in amazed questioning.

come again, Simon, when?" The smile would not be denied, though it came timidly, afraid for its welcome and distrust-ful of its right. "When you're better,

I longed-with all my heart I longed-to be kind to her. How could the thing be to her what it was to me? She could not under stand why I was aghast; extravagant despair all in the style of a vanquished rival, would have been easy for her to meet, to ridicule to comfort. I knew all this, but I could not find the means to effect it or to cover my You'll come again, then?" she insisted,

pleadingly.
"No," said I, bluntly and cruelly, with unwilling brutality.

At that a sudden gust of passion took her and she turned on me denouncing me fiercely in terms which she took no care to measure, for a prudish vartue which for good or ev I was not mine, and for a narrowness of which by reas n was not guilty. I stood defenseless in the storm, crying at the end ra more than, "I don't think thus of you."

'Yet you treat me as though you though, us," she cried. Yet her manner softence. and she came across to me, seeming now as if she might fall to weeping. But at the instant the door opened and the saucy maid who had ushered me in entered, running heatily to her mistress, in whose ears she whispered, nodding and glancing the while

'The king!" cried Nell, and turning to me she added bistily: "He'd best not find you

"I ask no better than to be gone," said I. "I know, I know," she cried. "We're not disturbed. The king's coming interrupts mothing, for all is finished. Get you gone then out of my sight." Her anger seemed to rise again, while the serving girl stared back, astonished, as she passed out. Yet if she went to stay the king's coming she was too late. For he was in the doorway the instant she had passed through; he had heard Neil's lest speech, and now he showed himself, saking easily:

"Who's the gentleman of whose society you are so ready to be relieved?"

I turned, how'ng low. The king arched his brows. It may well be that he had had his fill of me already, and that he was not well pleased to stumble on me again, and in this he said nothing, merely turning

als eyes to Nell in question You know him, sir," said she, throwing herself into a chair, "Yes, I know him," said the king. "But

if I may ask without presumption, what brings him here?" Nell looked at the pair of us, the king

and Simon Dale, and answered coolly: "My invitation."
"The answer is all sufficient," bowed the

king "I'm before my time, then, for I've received a like honor."
"No, he's after his." said she, "But, as

you heard, sir, I was urging him to go."

Not on my account, I pray," said the king long ago.

"No, on his. He's not easy here." "Yet he outstayed his time?"
"We had a matter of business together

came to ask something of me, but anatters did not prove to be as he thought. ed; you must tell me more, or should have told me less. I'm of a mighty curious disposition. Won't Mr. Dale sit?" And the king seated himself.

will beg your majesty's permission to depart," saif I. "All requests here, sir, lie with this lady to

grant or refuse. In this house I am a servent—nay, a slave."

Neil rose, and coming to the side of the king's chair, stood there.

A silence followed. Then the king remarke

'Had things been other than they are, Mr. Dale would have done well."
"And had they been other than they are, I might well bave answered yes," said Nell. "Why, yes, very well," said the king, "fo Mr. Dale is, I'm sure, a gentleman of spirit and honor, although he seems, if I may say so, just now rather taciturn." But us matters are Mr. Dale would have

"It's not for me," said the king, "to quar-rel with his resolve, although I'm free to

"And asks no more of me than leave to de-

'Do you find it hard, madam, to grant him She looked in the king's face and laughed

herself, I cannot tell. "Why, yes, mighty hard," said she, "It's strange how hard."
"By my faith," said the king, "I begin to be glad that Mr. Dale asked no more. For if it be hard to grant him this little thing, it might have been easy to grant him more

is it granted to him "Let him ask for it again," sald she, and leaving the king, she come and stood before me, raising her eyes to mine. "Would you leave me, Simon?" she cried. 'Yes, I would leave you, madam," said I

"To go whither?" "I don't know."

"I don't know."
"Yet the question isn't hard," interposed the king. "And the answer is—elsewhere."
"Elsewhere!" cried Nell. "But what does that mean, sir?"
"Nay, I don't know her name," said the king. "Nor, maybe, does Mr. Daie yet. But ho'll learn, and so, I hope, shall I, if I can

be of service to him.' "I'm in no haste to learn it," cried Nell.
"Why, no," laughed the king.
She turned to me again, holding out her hand, as though she challenged me to re-

"Good-by, S'mon," said she, and she broke into a strange little laugh that seemed de vold of mirth and to express a railing mock ery of herself und what she dld.

I saw the king watching us with attentive eyes and brows bent in a frown. "Good-by," said I. Looking into her eyes, I let my gaze dwell long on her. It dwelt longer than I meant, reluctant to take lass leave of old friends. Then I kissed her hand and bowed very low to the king, who replies with a good-natured nod, then turning,

I take it that the change from youth t

manhood, and again from full manhood to

decline, comes upon us gradually, never cessing but never swPM, as mind and body alike are insensibly transformed beneath the assault of multitudinous unperceived force of matter and of circumstance; it is the re sult we know; that, not the process, is the reality for us. We awake to find done what our sleepy brains missed in the doing, and after months or years perceive ourselves in a second older by all that period. We are jogged by the chow, roused ruthlessly and currly bidden to look and see how we are changed and wender, ween or smile as may seem best to us in face of the metamorphosis. A moment of such awakening came t me now. I seemed a man different from him who had, no great number of minutes before, hastened to the house, inspired with an insane hope and affame with a passic that defied reason, and summed up life in longing. The lackeys were there still; the maid's smile altered only by a fuller and more roguish insimuation. On me the change had passed, and I looked, open-eyed. on what I had been. Then came a smile close neighbor to a grean, and the scorn of

my old self, which is the sad delirium wrought by moving time; but the lackey held the door for me and I passed out. A noise sounded from above as the case nent of the window was thrown open. Sh looked out. Her anger was gone; her emotion seemed gone also. She stood there emiling, very kindly, but with mockery. She held in either hand a flower. One she smelled and held her face long to it, 2s though its sweetness kept her senses willing prisoners; turning to the other, she smelled for a short instant, and then drew away her face, that told every mood with unfailing aptness, twisted into disappointment or disgust. She leaned out, looking down on me; now behind her shoulder I saw the king's black face, half hidden by the hangngs of the window. She glanced at the first flower, then at the second, beld up both her hands for a moment, turned for an instant with a coquettish smile toward the swarthy behind, then handed the first flowe with a laugh into a band that was stretched out for it, and flung the second down to me. As it floated through the air the wind disen-gaged its loose petals and they drifted away.



FOR ME, I SAT THERE LAUGHING IN SHEER DELIGHT AT THE EXCEL-LENCE OF MY AIM AND THE SHREWD-NESS-OF MY PENETRATION.

and carried away, circling toward the house tors. The stalk fell by me, almost naked, stripped of its bloom. For the second flower was faded and had no sweetness nor life in Again her laugh sounded above me and

bent and picked up the stalk. Was it her own mood she told me is allegory? Or was it the mood she knew to be in me? There had been an echo of sorrow in the lough, of pity, kindness and regret, and the laugh that she uttered in giving the fresh bloom to the king had seemed pure mock-ery. It was my love, not hers, that found its symbol in the dying flower and the stalk robbed of its glory. She had said well, it was as she said; I picked up what she flung and went on my way, hugging my dead.
In this manner, then, have I, Simon the old, shown how I, Simon the young, was ught back to my senses. It is all very

JE VIENS, TU VIENS, IL VIENT. It pleased his grace the duke of Monmouth o to do all things that men should beed his doing of them. Even in those days, and not withstanding certain transactions herein-before related, I was not altogether a fool, and I had not been long about him before I detected this propensity, and, as I thought, the intention underlying it. To set it down boldly and plainly, the more the duke of Monmouth was in the eye of the nation, the

. Dale would have asked me to be his wife," [Where birth is beyond reproach dignity may | chants, not at court." be above display; a defect in the first de-mands an ample exhibition of the second. It was a small matter, this journey to Dover, "But I believe you speak very well," he inyet, that he might not go in the train of his sisted politely. 'father and the duke of York, but make men skill for myself.'

went down gallantly and in very high style. cry of vexation, he caught up the pocketbook to compliment me," said the duke, smiling with his grace much delighted at being told from the table and darted a quick glance of still. that never had king or subject made such pace in his traveling since the memory of man began. Here was reward enough for all the jolting, the flogging of horses, and the pain of yokels pressed unwillingly into push-ness, although it might find some excuse in

As I rode I had many things to think of. My woe I held at arm's length. Of what remained—the intimacy between his grace and Lord Carford, who were there in the coach together—occupied my mind most constantly. For by now I had moved about in the world a little, and had learned that many counted Carford no better than a secret Papist; that he was held in private favor, but not honored in public by the duke of York, and that communications passed freely be-tween him and Arlington by the hand of the ecretary's good servant and my good friend, to keep in check even the natural jealousy

For traders of all na "But I believe you speak very well," he in-sleted politely. "Pray, let me judge of your

pain of yokels pressed unwillingly into pushing the coach with their shoulders through the indifferent honesty of many who frequented the roads in the guise of travelers, I relieved him by resuming the conversation

> "In truth, my French is the schoolboy" French. I can tell the parts of the verb j'aime, tu nimes, il aime; it goes so far, sir, and no further." "Not far in speech, though ofter far enough

saving with a smile:

in act." he laughed. "Truly," I said with a sigh.
"Yet, I swear you do yourself injustice. Is was this wonder-working phrase?"
"Why, sir, just the first that came

"Je viens, tu viens-Yes. And any more?

"Yes, your grace," I answered, again

amazed. "I completed what grammarians call the singular number by adding, "Il

vient; whereupon—but I have told you."
"Il vient?" cried the duke and Carford

"Il vient," I repeated, thinking now that all the three had run mad. Carford

eemed infinitely stirred and interested. M.

to Fontelles had stood in sullen silence by

the table, while I told the story of our quar-

rel; now his eyes were fixed intently on

the duke's face.
"But why," said I, "that simple phras

worked such strange agitation in the gentle

Still Carford whispered, and presently the

"Come, gentlemen, you've fallen into

M. de Fontelles drew himself up stiffly.

"Well, then, Mr. Dale shall give

"And I asked an explanation of that gentle-

don't care a fig for his fierceness. But the

explanation, sir?"
"Why, to make all level," answered the

duke, smiling and fixing his gaze upon the Frenchman, "M. de Fontelles will give his

"I cry agreed, your grace!" said I. "Come, let him give it."

duke. "What! am I not to hear why he was so

flerce with me?' '
"You didn't care a fig for his flerceness,

I saw that I was caught, and had the

ense to show no annoyance, although I must

"For a little while, if you'll give us leave,"

So I made my bow and left them, not well pleased, for my brain was on the rack

to discover what might be the secret which

"The gist of it," said I to myself, as I turned to the kitchen, "Hes. if I amnot mis-

taken, in the third member. For when I bad said Je viens, tu viens, the duke inter-

rupted me, crying, 'Any more?' "
I had made for the kitchen, since there

was no other room open to me, and found it

tenanted by the French servants of M. de

between them and the host, they sat in deep

"We have not the wherewithal, sir," said

"The thing is mended as soon as told,"

With the wine came new gayety, and with gayety a flow of speech. M. de Fontelles would have admired the fluency with which

discoursed with his servants, they telling

ne of traveling in their country. I describing

"There are rogues enough on the way I

meal, sir, but our master is in a different

"Not in money, sir," answered one. The other nudged him, as though to bid him

"Come, fill your glasses," I cried, and they

"Well, men have met their death between here and London often enough before now,"

pursued meditatively, twirling my glass of vine in my fingers. But with you for his

"We are charged to guard him with our lives and not leave him till he comes to the ambassador's house."

"We're cheap, sir," laughed one. "The

But I was not behind hand in filling

their glasses.
"Still we should go on even without Mon

Why, we too, have a message."

we don't understand it."
"Is it difficult, then?"

mpty. Come, another?"

'Indeed, no, monsieur."

meaning.

"But to what end?" I cried, in feigned

'Indeed; can you carry the king's mes-

"None better, sir," said the shorter of the

pair, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye. "For

"Nay, it's so simple as to seem without

I'll not be

What, so simple-but your bottle

"But if your master were the one?"
"Even then provision is made."

oth countries, I'll warrant," I laughed.

"Our spoil would make a robber

"Ah, he carries tressure?"

Although peace had been mad

The reason was plain to see in

he answered, but he added to Carford:

you needn't move, Carford.

to them, "you do not drink."

one, with a wistful smile.

augh at robbers?

obeyed very readily.

wine in my fingers.

Fontelles.

Mr. Dale." he reminded me, laughing

"To me. Mr. Dale, not to you" smiled the

no refused it me." he said.

nan, your grace's wisdom may discover.

Both

wolded and made some answer.

all in a breath.

duke said:

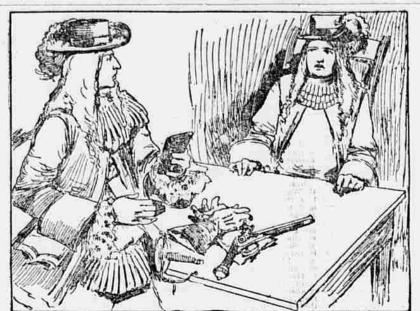
stiffiv.

gitation?"

explanation to me.

there no more?" "A little more of the same sort, sir."

Mr. Darrell. Therefore I wondered greatly casting about for another phrase with which at my lord's friendship with Monmouth, and to humor him, I took the first that came to at his showing an attachment to the duke, my tongue; leaning my arms on the table which, as I had seen at Whitehall, appeared for I had finished cating, I said with a smile my tongue; leaning my arms on the table. "Well, what say you to this? This is some and rescutment of a lover. But at court a thing to know, isn't it? Je viens, tu viens, il



"AS I LIVE, HE SPRANG TO HIS FEET WITH A CRY OF ALARM."

nan went wrong if he held a thing unlikely viens."

We reached Canterbury whilst the light of The town was out to see his grace, and his was delighted to be seen by the town. f of their courtesy they choose to treat him as a prince he could scarcely refuse their homage, and if he accepted kt, it was etter to accept it like one to the manner forn than awkwardly; yet I wondered whether my lord made a note in his asbiring brain of all that passed, and how con the duke of York would know that a rince of Wales coming to Canterbury could have received no greater honor. Nay, they halled him as the champion of the church, with his at the Romish faith which ny lord heard with eyes downcast to the round and a rigid smile carved on face. It was all a forecast of what was one day to be, perhaps to the hero of it a sug-gestion of with some day might be. At east he was radiant over it, and carried Carford off with him into his apartment in he merriest mood. He did not invite me join his party, and I was well content to left to wander for an hour in the quiet lose of the cathedral. For let me say that young man who has been lately crossed in love is in a better mood for most un-worldly meditation than he is likely to be before or after. And if he would not be taken rictly at his word in all he says t himself, then, why, who would, pray, and

It was not my fault, but must be set own to our nature, that in time my stom ch cried out angrily at my heart, and I returned to the inn, seeking supper. His grace was closeted with my lord, and I turned into the public room, desiring no other company than what should lie on my plate. But nost immediately made me aware that I nust share my meal and the table with a raveler who had recently arrived and ordered a repast. This gentleman, concerning whom the host seemed in some perplexity. had been informed that the duke of Mon nouth was in the house, but had shown neither excitement nor surprise, nor, to the topt's great scandal, the least desire for a f his grace. His men servants, whom he had two, seemed tongue tied, so that the host doubted if they had more than a few phrases of English, and set the whole party down for Frenchmer Hasn't the gentleman given his name?" I asked.

"No. He didn't offer it, and since he flung down money enough for his entertainment I had no cause to ask it."

I remarked "unless a man may be allowed more curiosity than a beast. Stir yourself about supper," and walking in, I saluted with all the courtesy at my comman a young gentleman of elegant appearance, so far as I could judge of him in traveler's garb, who sat at the table. His greetings equaled mine in politeness, and we fell into alk on different matters, he using the Engsh language, which he spoke with remarkable fluency, although evidently as a for-His manner was easy and assured, and I took it for no more than an accident that his pistol lay ready to his hand besifts a small case or pocketbook of leither on the able. He asked me my business, and I told nim simply that it was going in the duke's

train to Dover. meet madam, the duchess of Orleans?" said he. "I heard of her coming be fore I left France. Her visit, sir, will give great pleasure to the king, her brother." "More if report speak true, than to the ince, her husband," said I, with a laugh.

For the talk at court was that the duke of while she, for her part, hated to be in it Both had their reasens, I do not doubt.
"Perhaps," he answered with a shruz.
"But it's hard to know the truth in these matters. I am myself acquainted with many

gentlemen at the French court, and they have nuch to say, but I believe little of it."

Though I might commend his prudence. I was not encouraged to pursue the topic, and seeking a change of conversation I paid him a compliment on his mastery of English, hazarding a suggestion that he must have

passed some time in this country.
"Yes," he replied. "I was in London for a year or more a little while ago." Monmouth was in the eye of the nation, the "Your English puts my French to the better the nation accustomed itself to regard blush," I laughed, "else hospitality would bid

nt—nay, a slave."

Neil rose, and coming to the side of the ling's chair, stood there.

"Had things been other than they are, Mr. if fate should place him on the king's seat."

"I aughed, "eise nospitality would bid him as the king's son, the less astenished and unwilling would it be if fate should place him on the king's seat. "Only a little, and that learned from mer-

because there was dishonor in it. There here not ashamed to be spies themelies, nor to use their wives in the same where he had stowed his pocketbook; he tore As I live he sprang to his feet with a cry office. There to use their wives in the same where he had stowed his pocketbook; he tore billion. There to see no evil was to shut your eyes. I determined to keep mine open in the interests of my new patron, of an older friced, and, perhaps, of myself also, for Carforl's present civility sourcely masked his listike.

We reached Canterbury whilst the light of the leathern case toward me. Strange as the leathern case toward me. Strange as the long summer evening still served, and clattered up the street in muddy brayery. was the question that his gesture put, I could not doubt it.

"I haven't touched the book," said I. deed, sir, only your visible agitation can gain you pardon for the suggestion. "Then how-how?" he muttered. 'You pass my understanding sir." said I

confess to a very lively curiosity.
"Your grace wishes to be alone with M.
de Fontelles?" I asked readily and deferin petulant amusement. "I say in jest, come, thou comest, he comes,' and the words act on you like abracadabra and the blackest You don't, I presume, carry a hornbook of French in your case, and if you do I haven't robbed you of it."

He was turning the little case over and over in his hands, again examining the His next freak was to snatch nung on that mysterious phrase, and which I had so nearly surprised from M. de Fontelles. his gistol and look to the priming. I burst out laughing, for his antics seemed abourd. My laughter cooled him, and he made a great effort to regain his composure. But began to rally him.

"Mayn't a man know how to say in French, 'He comes' without stealing the knowledge from your book, sir?" I asked. "You do us wrong if you think so much is known to nobody in England." He glared at me like a man who hears of

jest, but cannot tell whether it conceals earnest or not. "Open the case, sir," I continued in mockery. 'Make sure all is there. Come, you owe me that much."

To my amazement he obeyed me. He pened the case and searched through certain papers which it contained. At the end he sighed, as though in relief, yet his sus-picious air did not leave him.

"Now, perhaps, sir." said I, squaring my elbows, "you'll explain the comedy." That he could not do. The very impossi bility of any explanation showed that I had in the most unexpected fashion, stumbled on some secret with him, even as I had before with Darrell. Was his secret Darrell's or his own, the same or another? What it was I could not tell, but for certain there it was. He had no resource but to carry the

matter with a high hand, and to this he betook himself with a readiness of his nation. "You ask an explanation, sir?" he cried. perhaps you carry nothing of great value and "There is nothing to explain, and if there were, I give explanations when I please, and not to every fellow who chooses to ask them

of me. "I come, thou comest, he comes-'tis very mysterious phrase," said I. "I can't tell what it means, And if you won't tell me, sir. I must ask ethers."

"You'll be wiser to ask nobody," he said menacingly. "Nay, I shall be no wiser if I ask nobody," retorted with a smile. "Yet you'll seil, nobody of what has used," said he advancing toward me with assed." the plain intention of imposing his will on me by fear, since persuasion failed. I rose

"I give promises, str, when I please, and not to every fellow who chooses to ask them "You shall give me your promise before you leave this room." he cried.

o my feet and answered, mimicking his in-

His voice had been rising in passion and king of France has many of us. was now loud and tierce. Whether the sound of it had reached the room above or whether the duke and Carford had grown weary of one another I do not know, but as the French for if his treasure isn't money, I must set it gentleman uttered this last threat Carford down as tidings—to the ambassador?" opened the door, stood aside to let his grace. The enter and followed himself. As they came fully. in we were in a most hostile attitude, for their glasses, the Frenchman's cistol was in his hand and "Still we shou my hand had flown to the hilt of my sword." sieur," said one.

The duke looked at us in astonishment. "Mr. Dale, are you at variance with this gentlemen?" But before I had time to answer him he had stepped forward and seen the Frenchman's face. "Why, here is M. de the Frenchman's face. "Why, here is M. de Fontelles!" he cried in surprise. "I am very pleased to see you, sir, again in England. Carford, here is M. de Fontelles. You were suite of the French ambassafor. You carry

a message, sir?"

I listened keenly to all that the duke's words told me. M. de Fontelles bowed low, but his confusion was in no way anated, and he made no answer to his grace's question. "A last bottle between us. I denied," and I called for a fourth When we were well started on the drink-ing of it I asked carelessly: "And what's your message?" The duke turned to me, saying with some

"This gentleman is a friend of mine, Mr.

Dale. Pray why was your hand on your But neither the wine nor the negligence of my question had quite lulled their caution "Because the gentleman's pistol was in his They shook their heads and

laughed, saying:
"We're forbidden to tell that."
"Yet if it be so simple as to have no mean-"You appear always to be very ready for a Dale," said the duke, with a glance at Carford. "Pray, what's the ing, what harm in telling it?" "But orders are orders, and we're soldiers," answered the shrewd short fellow. dispute?"
"I'll tell your grace the whole matter," said I readily enough, for I had nothing to blame myself with. The idea had been working in my brain, growing stronger and stronger till it reached "Nay, I won't have it told," cried M. de conviction. I determined now to put it to the

"It's my pleasure to hear it," said the duke "Tut," said I. "You make a pretty secret coldly. "Well, sir, it was thus," said I, with a of it, and I don't blame you. But I can guess your riddle. Liston, if anything befell M. de candid air. "I protested to this gentleman that my French was sadly to seek; he was polite enough to assure me that I spoke it chuckle."

Candid air. "I protested to this gentleman Fontelles, which God forbid—" "Amen, amen," they murmured, with chuckle.

well. Upon this I owned to some small knowledge, and for an example f said to him:
'Jaime, tu almes, il aime.' He received the remark, sir, with the utmost amiability."

"He could do no less," said the duke with "So much, sir, you might guess from what we've said."

haust my treasure of learning. Therefore, after jeaving me for a moment to set straight a difference that had arisen between his set at admitted to the presence of the ambassador. father and the duke of York, but make men father and the duke of York, but make father and the duke straight a difference that had arisen between the add on the father case that he had left on the table (concerning which, indeed, he seemed more for uneasy than would be counted courteous here were ward between them and laid a finger on the ward between them and laid a finger on the ward between them and allowed men to resume my exhibition of French speak make one another understand. My conjection that the landlord and that the parties could not make one another understand. My conjection that the landlord and that the parties could not make one another understand. My conjection the father case that he had left on the table (concerning which, indeed, he seemed more uneasy than would be counted courteous here were and would be counted to the presence of the ambassador addition into some alternation with the landlord out in the father and our host in the father and our host in England.

> ess of my penetration. "I leaned across the table, sir, and I made What they would have said I do not know. him a speech that sent him, to all seeming The door was thrown open and M. de Fon-telles appeared. He bowed coldly to me and half way out of his senses, for he sprang up, seized his case, looked at the fastenings saw to the priming of his pistol, and finally vented on his servants the anger from which he was not yet free, calling them drunken knaves, and bidding them see to their horses and lie down in the stables, for he must be presumed to exact from me a promise that I would consult nobody as to the perplexity into which this strange behavior of his had car his way by daybreak. With covert glances at me which implored silence, and received the answer of a reassuring nod, flung me. To that I demurred, and hence the quarrel with which I regret most humbly that your grace should have been trouthey slunk away. I bowed to M. de Fon-telles with a merry smile; I could not conceal "I'm obliged to you, Mr. Dale. But what my amusement, and did not care how it might nuzzle him. I strode out of the kitchen and made my way up the stairs. my head. I said to the gentleman—to M. de Fontelles, as I understand him to be called—I said to him softly and gently, je I had to pass the duke's apartment. The light still burned there, and he and Carford were sitting at the table. I put my head in lens, tu viens—"
> The duke seized me by the arm with

'If your grace has no need of me I'll seek my bed," said I, mustering a yawn.
"No need at all," he answered. "Good night to you, Simon." But then he added, sudden air of excitement. Carford stepped forward and stood beside him. You'll keep your promise to me?"

Your grace may depend on me. "Though in truth I may tell you that the whole affair is nothing; it's no more than a matter of gallantry, eh. Carford?"
"No more," said my Lord Carford.
"But such matters are best not talked of.

I bowed as he dismissed me, and pursu my way to my room. A matter of gallantry might, it seemed, be of moment to the me-sengers of the king of France. I did no screened his mouth with his hand and whispered in the duke's ear. The duke know what to make of the mystery, but I know there was a mystery. "And it turns," said I to myself, "on those little words 'Il vient.' Who is he? Whence comes he? And to what end? Perhaps I

shall learn these things at Dover."

There is this to be said. A man's heart aches less when his head is full. On that night I did not sigh above half my usual

(To be Continued.)





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