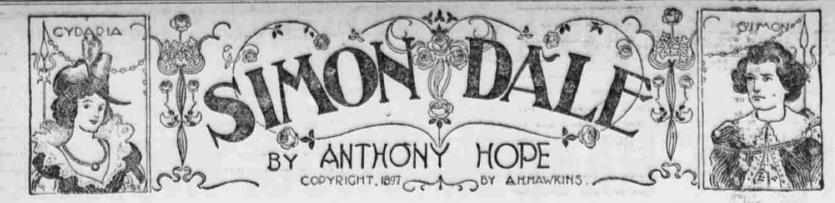
THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1897.

"He told you that?" he asked ebarply.



CHAPTER XIV. THE KING'S CUP.

10

Copyright, 1897, by A. H. Hawkins. At least the vicer would be pleased. A whimsical joy in the anticipation of his significantly: delight abot across my gloomy meditations as

the sunset rays threaded their way through make conditione?" "Caly the narrow window of the chamber that was my cell. The thought of him stayed with me amusing my idleness and entertaining my fancy. I could imagine his wise, contented chair and laughed. "Yet all the ti

nod, far from surprise as the poles are epart, full of self-coproval as an egg is of meat. full of self-epproval as an egg is of meat. For his vision had been clear, in him faith service, if all goes well, is simple. But if had never wavered. Of a truth the prophecy which old Betty Nasroth spoke (foolishness must use your aword. Well, if you use your which old Betty Naaroth spoke (coolishness though it were) was through fortune's freak two parts fulfilled. What remained might rest unjustified to my great content; small comfort had I won from so much as had come to pass. I had loved where the king had to pass. I had loved where the king had the little doubt that I had harbored was

loved, and my youth, though it raised its head again, still reeled under the blow; I hand in hand. Buckingham's object was edge landed me where I hid now, in close confinement with a jaller at my door. For my own choice I would crave the vicar's par-don, would compound with destiny and, if it failed my name and I were to be the taking the proportion of fate's gifts clready shield and bear the brunt. The reward was taking the proportion of fates gitts diready shield and bear the orunt. The reward was dealt to me in lieu of all, would go in peace. 50 guineas and perhaps a serviceable grati-to humbler doings, beneath the dignity of tude in the minds of two great men, pro-dark prophecy, but more fit to give a man vided I lived to enjoy the fruit of k. quiet days and comforts in his life. Indeed, as my Lord Quinton had said long ago, there

was strange wine in the king's cup, and I and gratify the duke of Monmouth. If I had no desire to drink it. Yet who would not refused it another might accept and achave been moved by the strange workings of complish it; if such a champion failed M. events which made the old woman's prophecy de Perroncourt would triumph. If I accepted, seem the true reading of a future beyond I should accept in the fixed intention of playguess or reasonable forecast? I jeered and marled at myself, at Betty, at her prophecy. at the vicar's credulity. But the notion would Two parts stood accomnot be expelled. 'Glamis alished but the third remained. thou art and Cawdor, and shalt be what thou art promised." I forget how it funs of in this point I settled my point of casulas-for it is long since I saw the clay, though I make bold to think that it is well enough make bold to think that it is well enough though I make bold to think that it is well enough though I make bold to think that it is well enough though I th

of the piece rightly. in the record of my angry, desponding thoughts. Now I lay like a log, again I ranged the cell as a beast in his cage. I cared not a stiver for Dathematical appearance of stive that a stiver for Dathematical appearance of stive that the started forward, and loked is appearance of stive the stive that the started forward, and loked is the my face. "What do you mean, what you know?" he asked plainly enough though silently. But I had cried out, with not a stiver for Buckingham's schemes. It was naught to me who should be what was being done in this place. They sold a lady's hence there, throwing it in for a makeweight in their bargain. I would have dashed the scales from their hands, but I was helpless. There is the truth. A man need not be ashamed for having had a triffe of honesty about him when he was young, and if my honesty had the backing of some-thing else that I myself knew not yet when the source of th and if my honesty had the backing of such the castle. You can re thing else that I myself knew not yet, why, for honesty's good safety God scat it such ters," said Buckingham. The soldier marched

backing always. Without some such aid it is too often brought to terms and sings small in turned to me.

the end. The evening grew 'ate and darkness had fallen. I turnet again to my supper and con-trived to at and drink a glass or two of wine. Suddenly I remembered Jonah Wall, and sent a curse after the negligent fellow, wherever he might be, determining that the next morning he should take his choice be-tween a drubbing and dismissal. Then I stretched myself again on the fallet, resolute to see whether a man could will himself to sleep. But I had hardly closed my eyes when

I opened them again and started up, leaning on my elbow. There was somebody in con versation with my jailer. The conference was very brief. "Hero's the king's order," I heard, in haughty, careless tone. "Open the door, fel-low, and be quick." The door was flung open. I sprang to my feet with a bow. The duke of Buckingham stood before me, surveying my person (in truth my state was very disheveled), and my quarters with supercilious amusement. There was one chair, and I set it for him. He sat down, pulling off his lace-trimmed gloves. "You are the gentleman I wanted?" he

He trowned and best his gloves on his; on the king's right at the end of the bable would be honored by the king's drink thigh impatiently. "A gentleman, your grace." said I, "must it now and took bis sent; next to him was "Wi be trusted or he cannot serve.

He looked round the little cell, and asked clal envoy of the French king; next to our

when your grace has need of servtees which I can give or refuse." I answered, howing. His irritation suddenly vanished, or seemed to vanish. He leaned back in his

"Yet all the time," said he, "you've guessed the gentleman. Isn't it so? Come, rigidly by me, sword in hand.

Madame was the first to speak, her deli-

T18.0 she said in a low voice, knew what the king hid-eye, it might be more than one thing that he hid; my knowl-in the prize that I was to find his reward in the prize that I was to rescue from the merest unconscious outcome of his thoughts. nodded. M. de Perrencourt folded his arms on the back of the chair, and his face re-"You'll accept the task?" asked the duke. The task was to thwart M. de Perrencourt

spoke. His volce was calm, but there seemed still to echo in it a trace of some violent emotion nearly passed; a slight smile

than mirth in it

'Who pays me my fifty guincas?" I asked. "Faith, I," he answered with a shrug. Young Monmouth is enough his father s and

thwert Monmouth.

He started, jeaned forward, and I oked hard n my face. "What do you mean, what do - 11appearance of zeal and innocence that baffled his curiosity, and my guileless expression mive his suspicions no food. Perhaps, too, the king's next favorile, and although I, with all other honest men, hated a copish king, the fear of him would not have kept me from my sleep or from my supper. Who cats his dinner the less though a kingdom fall? To them together in this scheme. If the part take a young man's appetite away and keep that concerned Buckingham were accomhis eyes open o' nights needs a nearer that concerned Buckingham were account touch than that. But I had on me a horror of plished he would not break his heart on ac count of the lady not being roady for Monmouth at the hostelry of the Merry Mariners "I think, then, that we understand one an-

"Mr. Dale is free to go where he will within

the castle. You cam return to your quarsoldier marched off, Buckingham

"Good fortune in your enterprise," he said

said, from your own lips, and in which further across the table, while a short and yours were quainting coupled. You roll stood by my side, now weat 1 effer to?" I knew how to take off a bumper of wine

'Why, it's my own wine, then!" I cried, Arlington, then Colbert de Croissy, the spe- | smilling now, "He spoke the truth, did he?" pursued M. de Perencourt composedly. "It is your wine, sent by you to Mr. Darrell?" "Even so, sir," I answered. "Mr. Darrell's wine was out of the second second

king was another empty chair, an arm-chair "Is your state such as to entitle you to ake conditions?" Is to entitle state of the back of it, with his eyes fixed on me. On the table were materials for writing and a bege sheet of wine was cut and I sent him some bottles of mine by his servant." "You knew for what he needed it?" I thad forgotten for the moment what tubert said, and hesitated in my answer. M.

paper ficed the king-or M. de Perrencourt, it seemed just between them. There was nothing else or the table except a bottle of wine and two c. s. One was full to the brim, de Perrencourt looked intently at me. "I think," said I, "that Robert told me Mr. Darrell expected the king to sup with while the liquor in the other fell short of the top of the glass by a quarter of an inch. All present were silent; save M. de Perren-court all seemed disturbed. The king's swarthy face appeared rather pale than swarthy, and his hand rapped nervously on the table. All this, I saw, while Darrell stood "Yes, I remember that," said I, now thorougaly bewildered by the history and

white. M. de Perrencourt said nothing more, but te subtle face Ht up with recognition. "Why, I have spoken with this gentlehis eyes were still set on my face with a puzzled, searching expression. His glance confused me and I looked round the table.

'And I, also," said M. de Perrencourt, under his breath. I think he bardly knew The king raised his hand, as though to moose silence. Madame bowed in coologetic cubmission. M. de Perrencourt took no heed of the gesture, although he did not speak again. A moment later he laid his and on Colbert's shoulder and whispered to him. I thought I heard just a word, it was "Fontelles." Colbert looked up and

Another moment passed before the king

surved his lips, but there was more malice doring wits, and determining to pluy my "Mr. Dale," said he, "the gentleman who I bowed, cried "God save your majesty

for me by telling me of a certain strange touched them I saw madame hids her eyes prophecy concerning you which he had, he with hor hand and M. de Perrencourt lean

"GOD SAVE YOUR MAJESTY."

from the king.

Drink, sir.

"Drink, sir, drink."

found thet Jonah, who fought like a wildcat, had wounded both the guards with his knife, and, although himself wounded, had escaped by the stairs. Leaving this man with the lieutenent, I rushed down after him, but one of hones. Had wounded had escaped in the stairs with his knife, had wounded be a start of us and is of hones. Had wounded had escaped in the stairs with his knife, had wounded be a start of us and is of hones. Had wounded had be a start of us and is of hoofs. He had got a start of us and is well out of Dovor by now." I was straining all my attention to listen. M. de Perrencourt laid a hand decked

errencourt, "Who knows that there may ot be accomplices in this devilish plot? This sour a lock as I have ever seen on a man

vant was his confederate. I say, may there not have been others in the wicked scheme?" "True, true, "said the king, uneasily, "We must lay this Jonah Wall by the heels. Whit's known of him?" Thinking the appeal was made to me, I strave to rise. M, de Perrencourt's arm reached over the back of my chair and kept me down. I heard Durrell take up the story and tell what he knew—and it was as much as I know.—of Jonah Wall and what he knew as I know.—of Jonah Wall and what he knew

as I know-of Jonah Wall, and what he knew had the dutiful kindness to release his claim of Phineas Tate olso. "It is a devilish plot," sold the king, who

was still greatly shakew and perturbed.

which drowned conscience and usurped in him religion's place. abling me to serve your majesty." "My pleasure is," pursued the king, "that

"My pleasure is," pursued the king, "that "Here," he cried, "are the plots. Here are the devilish plots! What do you here? Aye, what do you plot here? Is this man's life nore than God's truth? Is God's word to be lost that the sins and debauchery of this man may coprime?". My pleasure is," pursued the king, "that you attach yourself to my friend, M. de Per-rencourt here, and accompany him and hold yourself at his disposal until further com-mands from me reach you." M. de Perrencourt stepped forward and cdthe catechism which seemed necessary to an oct so simple as drinking a glass of my own man may continue?" His long, lean finger pointed at the king.

A mute consternation fell for an instant on tem all and none interrupted him. They ad no answer ready for his question. Men Often at such moments the merest trifles eatch our attention, and now for the first been spilled on the polished oak of the wine dad and where it had billen the bright surface seemed rusted to dull brown. I portion the polished of the table, and where it had billen the bright surface seemed rusted to dull brown. I noticed the change and wondered for an idle second how I have failed, but others shall not fall. God's udgment is sure. What do you here, Charles it came that wine turned a polished table judgmen dull. The thing was driven from my head Stuart?

M. de Perrencourt walked suddenly and the next moment by a brief and barsh order briskly round to where the king sat hna whispered in his car. The king nodded and

Strained with excitement, I started at the order, and spilled some of the wine from "I think this fellow is mad, but it's a danerous madness." Phineas did not heed him, but cried the cup on my hand. I felt a strange burb-

ing where it fell, but again the king cried

And you here-are you all with him? I hesitated no more. Recalling my wan-Are you all apostates from God? Are you Il given over to the superstitions of Rome? re you all here to barter God's word and-"

The king sprang to his feet. "I won't listen," he cried. "Stop his ursed mouth. I won't listen." He looked round with fear and alarm in his eyes. I erceived his gaze turned toward his son and Buckingham. Following it I saw their

faces alight with eggeness, excitement and ruriosity, Arlington looked down at the table, Clifford leaned his head on his hand; at the other end the duke of York had sprung up like his brother and was glaring nugrily at the bold prisoner. Darrell did not wsit to be bidden twice,but whipped a

the handherchief from his pocket. "Here and now the deed is being done!" ried Phiness "Here and now-" He could

say no more; in spite of his desperate struggies he was gagged and stood silent, his eyes still burning with the message his lips were not suffered to utter. The king cank back in his stat and cast a furtive glance around the table. Then he sighed as though in relief, and wiped his brow. nmouth's voice came clear, careless, con-

"What's this madness?" he asked. "Who here is furthering God's word? And for what,

their places at the tible, M. de Perrencourt saying, "Come, let us finish. I must b away before dawn." inspient amusement at Arlington and Clifford, then in insolent deflance at the duke of Yerk.

"Is not the religion of the country safe ith the king?" he asked, bowing to his

So safe, James, that it does not need you to champion it," said the king dryly, yet his voice trambled a little. Phineas raised that lean forefinger at him again and pointed. 'Tie the fellow's arms to his side," the king quick gasp of breath came from where Darummanded in basty irritation; he sighed again when the finger could no longer point him, and his eyes again furtively sought I bowed low, wondering what in heaven's name he could be at. It was, no doubt, high folly to love Mistress Gwyn, but scarcely high treason. Besides, had not I repented and foreeworn her? Ah, but the second the second do in thanks to heaven, they say, heaven a bundle of the second a ben do in thanks to heaven, they say, heaven a bundle of the second a ben do in thanks to heaven, they say, No sippings and swallowings for me. I laid donmouth's face. The young duke leaned back with a scornful smile, and the con-sciouaness of the king's regard did not lead him to school his face to any more scemiy expression. My wits had come back now, agh my head ached fiercely, and my

as striving to secure Jonah Wall. This man held their secret and imposed silence on me astruggled desperately, but seemed ignorant of how to bandle his weapons. Yet he gave us trouble enough, and we had to use him roughly. At last we had him, but then we

I was straining all my attention to isten. All, de Perencourt laid a and decker yet my eyes fixed themselves on Phineas, whose head was thrown bock definity. Sud-denly a voice came from behind my chair. "That man must be pursued." said M. de highest increst are always clusive—but of man has plunned to poison the king, the ser-vant was his confederate. I say, may there faced round and strode through the doorway

on your present services, and to set you free

I bowed very low, answering Then Phineas spoke budly, boidly, and "His grace is bountiful of kindness to me with a voice full of rapturous fanaticism and has given the greatest proof of it in en-

dressed me.

you to be ready to accompany me. A ship lies yonder at the pier, waiting to cirry his excellency, M. Colbert de Crossy, and my-self to Calais tonight on business of moment.

king. "Not a word of what has pas-tonight to any man-or any woman

hand and leave us. hand and leave us." They both smilled at me, and I stood half bewildered, "Go," said M. de Perrencourt, with a laugh, clapping me on the shoulder. The two turned away. Madame held out her hand towards me; I bent and kissed it.

"Mr. Dule," said she, "you have all the virtues.'

ommend me. 'Yes, for a rarity, at least. But you have one vice."

will tell its name." "Nay, I shall increase it by naming it

But here it is; your eyes are too wide open. Mr. Dale.'

keeping them half shut. "Your mother has not seen you at court

sir." "True, madame, nor had my eyes beheld our royal highness." She laughed, pleased with a compliment

which was well in the mode then, though my sons may ridicule it; but as she turned tway, she added;

Perrencourt hates a staring eye."

my eyes, nothing on earth could prevent their opening when matter worth the looking

was presented. And perhaps they might be open, and yet seem shut to M. de Perren-

court. With a final salute to the exalted pray ?" company I went out; as I went they resumed No answer was given to him; he glanced

father

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"In two hours' time, sir," said he, "I be

Since the king gives you to me, I pray your "Till then, Mr. Dale, adleu," said th "Not a word of what has passed here

readiness. You know chough, I think, to tell you that you receive a great donor in M. de Perrencourt's request. Your discretion ill show your worthiness. Kiss madame's

"Alas, madame, I fear you don't mean to

"It c'all be mended if your royal highness

"My mother, madame, used to accuse me of

"I shall not be with you tonight, and M. de

I was warned, and I was grateful. But there I stopped. Since heaven had given me

(To be Continued.)

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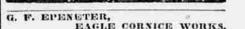
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"I have reason to suppose so, your grace,

'Good," said he. "The duke of Monmouth and I have spoken to the king on your be-

I bowed grateful acknowledgments. "You are free," he continued, to my joy. "You'll leave the castle in two hours," he added, to my consternation. But he ap-peared to perceive neither effect of his words. Three are the king's orders," he ended

"But." I cried, "if I leave the castle, how can I fulfill your grace's desire?" "I said those were the king's orders. I

have something to add to them. Here, I have



I READ AND TURNED TO HIM IN AMAZEMENT.

written it down, that you may understand and not forget. Your lantern there gives a poor light, but your eyes are young. Read what is written, eir."

I took the paper that he handed me and

"In two hours' time he at Cannonsgate. he gate will be open. Two serving men will be there with two horses. A woman will be conducted to the gate and delivered into your charge. You will ride with her as speedily as possible to Deal. You will coll her your sister, if need arise to speak Go to the hostelry of the Merry in Deal, and there await a gentleof her. man, who will come in the morsing, and hand you fifty guincas in the interanty, and woman to this gentleman, return immedi-ately to London, and lie in safe hiding till word reaches you from me."

I read and turned to him in amazement, "Weil," he asked, "isn't it plain enough?" "The woman I com guess," I answered, "but I pray your grace to tell me who is the

"What need is there for you to know! Do you think that more than one will seek you at the Merry Marivers' tavern, and pray your acceptance of fifty guineas?" "Hut I should like to know who the one

You'll know when you see him. "With respect to your grace, this is monoph to tell me." "You can't be told more, sir."

"Then I won't go."

The answer was not long in coming. The eutenant halted before us, crying: "In the king's name I arrest you, sir."

"On my soul, you've a habit of being ar-rested, sir," said the duke, sharply." "What's the cause this time?"

"I don't know." I answered, and I asked the officer, "On what account sir?" "The king's orders," he answered, curtly. not so? "You must come with me at once." At a sign from him his men took their stand of either side of me. Verily, my liberty had been short. "I must warn you that we shall ning of it.' stand at nothing if you try to escape," said the officer sternly. "I'm not a fool, sir," I answered. "Where eeded gravely:

are you going to take me?" "Where my orders direct."

"Come, come," Interrupted Buckingham impatiently, "not so much mystery. You know me? Well, this gentleman is my know me? friend, and I desire to know where you take him. fulfilled."

"I crave your grace's pardon, but I must not answer.

"Then I'll follow you and discover," cried the duke angrily. "At your grace's peril."

officer, firmly, "If you insist I must leave one of my men to detain you here. Mr.

Dale must go alone with me." Wrath and wonder were eloquent on the proud duke's face. In me this new misad-

venture bred a species of resignation. smiled at him as I said: "My business with your grace must wait, it seems "

"Forward, sir," cried the officer, tiently, and I was marched off at a round pace, Bucklegham not attempting to follow, but turning back in the direction of the duke of Monmouth's quarters. The confederates must seek a new instrument now: if their purpose were to thwart the king's wishes they might not again find what they wanted so easily

I was conducted straight and quickly the keep, and passed up the steps that led to the corridor in which the king was lodged. They hurried me along, and I had eyes were fixed on me, and the envoy went innoticed. time to notice nothing until I came to door near the end of the building, on t western side. Here I found Darvell, a parently on guard, for his sword was drawn and a pistol in his left hand. "Here sin to Me. The first wonder, kept pace with me and when fore I could move the sword with the side. Be-

"Here, sir, is Mr. Dale." said my conductor

ductor. "Good," answered Darrell, briefly. I saw that his face was very pale, and he accorded like fumes of wine. I seized the cup and held me not the least sign of recognition. "Is he armed?" he asked. t high in my hand. I looked down in the king's face and thence to madame's; to her "You see I have no weapon, Mr. Darrell." I bowed low and cried:

said I stiffly.

"Search him," commanded Darrell, ignor-ing me utterly.

this,

behind us

I grew hot and ungry; the soldiers obeyed his order. I fixed my eyes on him, but he would not meet my gaze; the point of his in a loud whisper, "Not to me; no, no, I can't have him drink it to me." The king still held her hand sword tapped the floor on which it rested, for his hand was shaking like a leaf. "Drink it to me, Mr. Dale," he said. I bowed to him and put the cup to my

"There's no weapon on him," announced the officer.

"Very well. Leave him with me, sir, and I was in the act to drink it when M. de Per-retire with your men to the foot of the steps." rencourt spoke: "A moment, sir," he said, calmly. "Hove I the king's permission to tell Mr. Dale a If you hear a whistle, return as quickly as The officer bowed turned about and desecret concerning this wine?" parted, followed by his men. Darrell and I stood facing one another for a moment. The duke of York looked up with a frown the king turned to M. de Perrencourt as if is

"In heaven's name, what's the meaning of his, Darrell?" I cried, "Has madame the Frenchman met his glance and nndded. brought the bastile over with her, and are "M. de Perrencourt is our guest " said the king. "He must do as he will." He answered not a word. Keeping

M. de Perrencourt having thus obtained permission (when was his will denied him) leaned one hand on the table, and, bending sword still in readiness, he tapped with the muzzle of his pistol on the door by him. Afacross toward me, said in slow, calm, yet impressive tones:

"Then come and tike it." said the king.

ter a moment it was opened and a head looked out. The face was Sir Thomas Cilfford's: the door was flung wide, a gesture from Darrell bade me enter. I stepped in. he followed, and the door was instantly shut I shall not readily forget the view disclosed

I shall not readily forget the view disclosed to me by the flaring of lamps hung in sconces to the ancient smoky walls. I was in a nar-row room, low and not large, soutily fur-nished with faded richness and hung to half lis helghr with mouldering tapestries. The floor was bare and uneven from time and use. In the middle of the room, was a long table of polished oak wood, in the couter of which sat the king; a sche and perform time and use. In the middle of the kong, on his left was the duckers of Orleans and beyond her the duke of York;

glancod sagorly though she drinks only water) tilted the cup, and my mouth was full of the de Perrencourt, eagerly at the paper wine. I was conscious of a taste in it, a strange, acrid taste. Why, it was poor before the king. There were lines on the wine. I was conscio-paper, but I could not read them, and M. strange, acrid taste. wine, turned sour; it should go back to-morrow; that fool Jonah was a fool in all de Perrencourt's face was fully as balling. "If 1 remember rightly," pursue! the king, after listening to a whispered sentence things; and I stood diagraced for offering from his sister, "the prediction foretold this acrid stuff to a friend. And he gave that you should driak of my cup. Is it it to the king! It was the cruclest chance. it to the king! It was the cruclest chance. Why-

"It was so, sir, although what your maj-Suddenly, when I had gulped down but one good mouthful, I saw M. de Perrencourt quotes was the end, not the beginlean right across the dable. Yet I saw him For an instant a smile glimmered on the dimly, for my eyes seemed to grow glazed king's face. It was gone, and he pro- and the room to spin round me, the fig-

E.

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ures at the table taking strange shapes and weird, dim faces, and a singing sound-"I am concerned only with that part of "I am concerned only with that part of and werd, dim faces, and a singing sound-it. I love prophecies and I love to see them fuifilled. You see that cup there, the one that is not quite full. That cup of wine was poured out for me, the other for my friend, M. de Perrencourt. I pray you, the up was dashed from my hand on to

rink of my cup, and let the prophecy stand the stone floor, breaking into ten thousand pieces, while the wine made a puddle at my feet. I stood there for an instant, struck In honcet truth I began to think that feet.

the king had drunk other cups before and left them not so full. Yet he looked sober motionless, glating into the face that was opposite to mine. It was M. de Perren-court's, no longer calm, but pale and twitchenough and the rest were grave and mute. What masquerade was this, to bring me under guard and threat of death to drink The king and his companions were fused in a cup of wine? I would have drunk a dozen of my free will, for the asking. a shifting mass of trunks and faces, the walls raced round, the singing of the sca "Your majesty desires me to drink that up of wine ?" I asked. roared and fretted in my care. I caught my hand to my brow and staggered. I could not stand. I heard a clutter as though "If you please, sir, the cup that was routed

"With all my heart," I cried, and, remem-"With all my heart," I cried, and, remem-bering my manners, added, "ond with most into them, hearing a murmur close by me, "Simon, Simon!"

Yet one thing more I heard before my senses left me, a loud, proud, imperious A stir, hardly to be seen, yet certain, ran round the table. Madame stretched out a voice, the voice that speaks to be obeyed, whose assertion brooks no contradiction. It hand toward the cup is though with a sud-den impulse to seize it. The king caught rang in my ears, where nothing else could reach them, and even then I knew whence her hand and held it prisoner. M. de Perrenourt suddenly dragged his chair back, and it came. The voice was the voice of M. passing in front of it, stood close over the table. Cofbert looked up at him, but his

de Perrencourt, and h seemed that he spoke to the king of England. "Brother." he cried, "by my faith in God, this gentleman is incocent, and his life is on

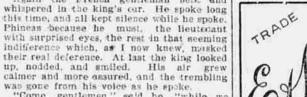
our heads, if he lose it." I heard no more. Stupar veiled me round in an impenetrable mist. The figures van-ished, the turnultuous singing ceased. A I advanced after a low bow; Darrell, to my fore I could move the sword might be through great silence encompassed me, and all was gone.

OHAPTER XV. M. DE PERRENCOURT WHISPERS. Slowly the room and the scene came back o me, disengaging sthemselves from the

darkness which had actiled on my eyes, re-gaining distinctness and their proper form. 'By his majesty's permission. I will drain this cup to the honor of the fairest and most was sitting in a chair, and there were wet illustrious princess, madame, the duchess of bandages about my head. Those present be-fore were there still, save M. de Perrencourt, whose place at the table was vacant. The large sheet of paper and materials for writing had vanished. There was a fresh group at the end, next to Arlington. Here now sat the dukes of Monmouth and Buckingham, carrying on a low conversation with the secretary. The king lay back in his chair frowning, and regarding with severe gaze a man who stood opposite to him al most where I had been when I drank the king's cup. There stood Darrell and the lieutenant of the guards who had arrested me, and between them, with clothes torn There stood Darrell and the and muddy, face scratched and stained with blood, with panting breath and gleaming eyes, firmly held by either arm, was Phineas

eyes, firmly held by either arm, was Phineas Tate, the ranter. They had sent and caught him then, while I lay unconscious. But what led them to suspect him?" There was the voice of a man speaking from the other side of this party of three. I could not see him, for their bodies came between, but I recognized the tones of Rob-ert Durrell's servant. It was he then who "The king, sir, was wearled with business and parched with talking; of his goodness he detected in me the same condition. So he bade my good friend and his good subject. Mr. Darrell, furnish him with a bottle of "We found the two together," he was say-

only was full of acute pain; but I watched all passed, and I knew that, come what might, they would not let Phincas speak Yet Phinois could know nothing. Nay, but the shafts of madness, often wide, may once hit the mark. The paper that had lain behit the mark. tween the king and M. de Perrencourt was hidden. Again the French gentleman bent and



"Come, gentlemen," said he, "while we talk this ruffian who has escaped us makes good pace from Dover. Let the duke of Mon-mouth and the duke of Buckinghem each take a dozen men and scour the country for him. I shall be greatly in the debt of either who brings him to me." him.

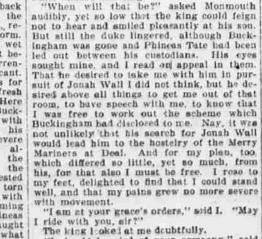
The two dukes started. The service which the king demanded of them entailed an absence of several hours from the castle. It might be that they or one of them, would learn something from Jonah Well, but i cas far more likely that they would not find him, or that he would not suffer himself to be taken alive. Why were they sent and not a couple of the officers on duty? But if the king's object were to secure their absence, the scheme was well laid. I thought now that could guess what M. de Perrencourt had id in that whispered conference. Buckingham had the discretion to recognize when the g-me went against him. He rose at once with a bow, declaring that he hastened to obey the king's command and would bring the fellow in, dead or alive. Monmouth had less self-control. He rose, indeed, but reluctantly, and with a sullen frown on his handsome face. "It's poor work looking for a single man over the countryside," he grumbled.

"Your devotion to me will inspire and guide you James." observed the king. A chance of

Winter's Windson face and hands produce the same re-sults as an axe on the bark of a tree. Cuti-cle is your bark. Uncared for, it is worse than the proverbial bite. And as it would be uncomfortable to guard face and hands by a substantial enclosure-use mocking another made him himself again as no other cure could. "Come, lose no time." Then the king addel. "Take this fellow away and lock him up, Mr. Darrell. See that you guard him well and let nobody come near Rose and

M. de Perrencourt whispered.

"Above all let him speak to nobody. He must tell what he knows only at the right



"I should be glad of your company," said the duke, "if your health allows."

the duke, "if your health allows." "Most fully, sir." I answered, and turning to the king, I begged his lasve to depart. And that leave I should, as I think, have obtained but for the fact that once again M. de Perren-court whispered to the Ling. The king rose from his seat took M. de Perrencourt's arm and walked with him to where his grace test I metched them till a little atified had brought the wine from the town. Both laugh crught my attention. Madame's face were armed with pistols and duggers, and was merry and her's the laugh. She saw are

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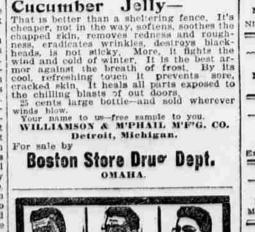
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Cucumber Jelly-

time," added the king, "When will that be?" asked Monmouth