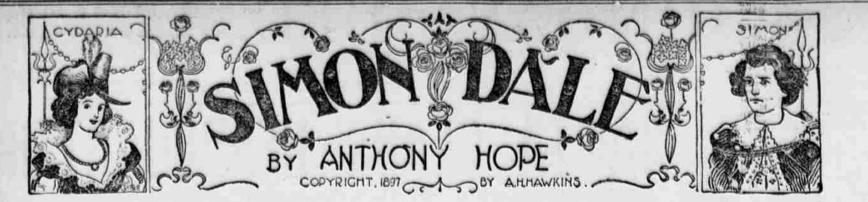
THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1897.

STREET, MARKING BUILDED



Simon Dale, the teller of the story, born | of gentle blood in an English country dis-trict shortly after the execution of Charles He gaze L, is looked upon as destined to greatness ause a wise woman has prophesied that he shall "Love what the King loves, know what the King hides and drink of

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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, On Cydaria's return to London he receives a commission in the king's guards. He goes to London, discovers that Cydaria is really Nell Gwynn and decides to resign his commission because she procured it, Simon comes a favorite of the young duke of Monmouth, and is attached to his suite. message from Mistress Gwynn arouses his old love for her. He discovers the true state of affairs, and formally renounces his love for Cydaria, Goes to Dover with the young duke, At Canterbury he falls the young duke. At Canterbury he falls in with a French gentleman who is mys-teriously excited at the words "Il Vient," spoken as a sample of his French. The queen and her suite are received with much pomp and ceremony, but the greatest in-terest centers in the arrival of M. De Per-rencourt, who comes by night from Calais. Secret conferences are held, at which only the most notable are present. While wait-ing secretiy in an outer hall for one of the meetings to break up Simon overhears the duke lavishly complimenting Mistress Bar-bura. This netiles him, but a sudden step is heard and the mysterious M. De Per-rencourt appears, to whom the young duke bows in most abject submission, M. De Perremourt speaks with Barbara in a mysterious and confidential manner and on his departure Simon makes his appearance to assure her of his presence and services when needed He is mide prisoner in his own apartment on the day following, as punishment for his curiosity. The dukes of York and Monmouth seek by a counter-plate treaty, but Dale is hurriedly sum-manded to "Drink of the King's cup." At the first draught his senses leave him The drink proves to be drugged wine sent thim by Phines Tate and offered to the king by his friend Darrell. Tate is ap-prehended and confesses his dibioleal pur-pose and is sentenced. Simon is then at-tached to the ruite of M. De Perrencourt at that gentleman's request for purposes of his own. with a French gentleman who is mysat that gentleman's request for purpos of his own,

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CHAPTER XV .- Continued. T returned to my quarters in no small tur-moll, yet my head, though it still ached sorely from the effect of taking that draught so formulae defect of taking that draught so fortunately dashed from my hand, was clear enough and I could put together all the pleces of the puzzle sive one. But that one chanced to be of some moment to me, for it was myself. The business with the king which had brought M. de Perrencourt so said, stealthily to Dover was finished, or was even now being accomplished; his presence and authority had reinforced madame's per-thing, you can appear blind." authority had reinforced madame's persuasions and the treaty was made, but in these high affairs I had no place. If I would find my work I must look elsewhere to the ctruggle that had arisen between M. de Porrencourt and his grace the duke of Monmouth, which the stakes were not wars, or re-In that fight Louis (for I did not trouble to maintain his disguise in my thoughts) had won, as he was certain to win, if he put forth his strength. My heart was sore for Mistress Barbara. I knew that she was to be the spoll of the French king's victory, and that the oss to the beauty of his court caused by the de Querouaille was to find departure of Mile. compensation. But still, where was my part? I saw only one thing, that Louis had taken a liking for me, and might well choose me an instrument wer But for what and where it was needed I could not conceive, since all France was under his feet and a thousand men would soring up to do his bidding at a word-aye. let the bidding be what it might and the task as disgraceful as you will. What were the qualities in me or in my condition that dictated his choice baffled conjecture Suddenly came a low nock on the door. opened it and a man slipped in quickly and covertly. To my amazement I saw Carford. He had kept much out of sight lately. supposed that he had discovered all he wanted from Monmouth's ready confidence and had carried his ill-won gains to his paymaster. But supposing that he would keep up the comedy, I said stiffly:

and one I had rather trust with myself than with you, my lord." "Pray, sir, what is it?" "To serve and guard the lady who goes

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after a moment of seeming surprise he "You go to guard her?" he said. "Her and her honor," I answered, steadily. "And I do not desire to resign that task into your hands, my lord."

"What will you do? How will you serve her?' A sudden suspicion of him seized me. His

A sudden suspicion of him setzed me. His manner had changed to a forced urabnity. "That's my secret, my lord," I answered. "That's my secret, my lord," I answered. "I have preparations to make. I pray you give me leave." I opened the dcor and held th for him. His rage had mastered him. He grew red and down together in eager and engrossed figures of two women standing near the edge of the water. I saw Colbert approach came to me, and with the smoothest of smiles bade me charge myself with the care

His rage had mastered him. He grow red and the veins swelled on his forebead. "By heaven, you shan't go!" he cried, and clapped his hand to his sword. "Who says that Mr. Dale shall not go?"

of Mistress Quinton. "Madame," said he, "has sent a discreet and trustworthy waiting woman with her, but a lady needs a squire, and we are still hampered by business." With which he wont off to join his master, bestowing an-A man stood in the doorway, plainly at-tired, wearing boots and a cloak that half thed, wearing boots and a cloak that half went on to join his master, bestowing an-hid his face. Yet I knew him and Carford other significant smile on me. thew him Carford shrank back, I bowed, and we both bared our heads. M. de Per-rencourt odvanced into the room, fixing his a broad, hard face. She stood by her charge,

"My lord," he said, "when I decline a Bartara acknowledged my silutation stiffy. eyes on Carford. the accepting them, and when I say a gen-tleman shall go with me, he goes. Have you a quarrel with me on that account?" gentleman's services I am not to be forced. She was pale and seemed anxious, but in

given the world to draw his sword against M. de Perrencourt, or, indeed, against the pair of us. A gesture of the newcomer's arm moticaed him to the door. But he had one sentence more to hear before he was suffered to shrink away. "Kings, my lord," said M. de Perrencourt,

"may be compelled to set spies about the persons of others. They do not need them about their own." Carford turned suddenly white and his

toeth set. I thought he would fly at the man who rebuked him so scornfully, but such an outbreak meant douth; he controlled himself. Ho passed out, and Louis, with a careless hugh, seated himself on my bed. I stood

respectfully opposite to him. "Make your proparations," sold me. "In half an hour's time we depart.

I obeyed him, setting about the task of filling my saddlebags with my few possessions. He watched me in silence for awhile. At

last he spoke. "I have chosen you to go with me," he aid, "because although you know a thing,

I remembered that madame thought my blindness deficient, but I received the compliment in silence. "These great qualities," he pursued. "make

a man's fortune. You shall come with me to Paris.

Paris." "To Paris, sir?" "Yes. I'll find work for you there, and those who do my work lack neither reward nor honor. Come, sir, am I not as good a "She understands no English." said Bar-bara, catching my meaning. "You can speak" "Will you sceept her embraces?" asked the 'Your majesty is the greatest prince in

Christendom," said I. For such, indeed, all the world held him. "Yet even the greatest prince in Christen-

dom fears some things," said he, smilling. "Surely, nothing, sir." "Why, yes. A woman's tongue, a woman's I go to prepare for her coming."

tears, a woman's rage, a woman's jealousy; I say, Mr. Dale, a woman's jealousy."

"Most willingly," I answered. "It is sim-ple truth." He gazed at me still as though but half convinced. "Then what's your purpose in going?" he asked. "I obey my orders. Yet I have a purpose, and one I had rether trust with myself that with you, my lord." "Pray, sir, what is it?"

"That is why I go," said I. "With M. de

escape by the way. Be near me always on the ship; fortune may give us a chance. And if we come to Calais be near me while you can." "But if we can't escape?"

I was puzzled by her. It must be that she found in my company new hope of escape. Hence came the light in her eyes and the agitation which seemed to show excitement rather than fear. But I had no answer to her question, "If we can't escape?"

Had I been ready with fifty answers, time would have lacked for one. M. Colbert called to me. The king was embracing his guest for the last time. The sails were spread. Thomas Lie was at the helm. I hastened to obey M. Colbert's summons. He pointed to the king; going forward, I knelt and kissed the hand extended to me. Then I rose and stood for a moment, in case it should be the king's pleasure to address me. M. de Perrencourt was by his side.

The king's face wore a smile, and the smile broadened as he spoke to me. "You're a willful man, Mr. Dale," said he

you a quarrel with me on that account?" part 1 was to play? The first words she Carford found no words in which to answer him, but his eyes told that he would have when I began to feel my way, saying, "The



WITH A CARELESS LAUGH LOUIS SAT DOWN ON MY BED.

wind is fair for us," she started, crying: to overcome your stubbornness, but don't try "For us?" Why, are you coming with us?" I glanced at the waiting woman who stood armed. Isn't it so, my brother?"

bara, catching my meaning. "You can speak freely. Why are you coming?" "Nay, but why are you going?"

in her voice. "The duchess of York is to return with madame on a visit to the French court, and

"But Dover castle is not the only place

'And M. de Perrencourt?" I interrupted.

ground, "Yes," she murmured.

petuously.

king. I bowed very low and raised my head with She answered me with a touch of defiance a cheerful and gay smile. "Most willingly," I answered.

"And what of reservations, Mr. Dale? "May it please your majesty, they do not hold across the water."

"Good. My brother is more fortunate than . God be with you, Mr. Dale." So this was the story by which they were inducing her to trust herself in their hands. I. heir hands. L. God be with you, all bale. Wale gathered himself together and sprang Wale gathered himself together and sprang across the water between us. He came full on the top of me, and we fell together Doubtless they might have forced her, but deceit furnished a better way. Yet agitation had mingled with defiance in her voice. a benediction. "Be off with you." he said. with an impatient laugh. "A man must pick his words in falking with you." A gesture of "You are coming in truth, are you? Don't his words in talking with you." A gesture of his hand dismissed me. I went on board and watched him stand upon the quay as Thomas Lie steered us out of the harbor and laid us so as to catch the wind. As we moved the king turned and began to mount the hill. We moved but slowly. For an hour we "Indeed, I'm coming, madame. I hope my M. de Perrencourt has one answer to that question and I another." Her eyes questioned me, but she did not We moved, but slowly. For an hour we made way. All this time while I was alone But already the ship grew dim and in distinct.

Knowing that at the sama moment I must myself be seen, I moke on the instant. "I am here at Mistress Quinton's service." M. de Perrencourt, to call him still by his chosen name, came forward and groped his way to my arm, whispering in French: "All is easy. Be gentle with her. Why

she turns to you of her own accord. All will "You may be sure of it, sir," I said. "Will

you leave her with me?" "Yes." he answered, "I can trust you, can't 1?"

"I may be trusted to death," I answered smilling behind the mist's kind screen. Barbara was by his side now; with a bow he drew back. I traced him as he went to ward where Lie stood, and I heard a murmur of volces as he and the heimemin spoke to one another. Then I heard no more and lost sight of him in the thick, close darkness. I put out my hand and feit for Barbara's; it

came straight to mine. "You-you'll stay with me?" she murmured

"I'm frightened, Simon." As she spoke I felt on my cheek the cold breath of the wind. Turning my full face, I felt it more. The breeze was rising, the sails flapped again. Thomas Lie's boat butfeted the waves with a quicker beat. When I looked toward her I saw her face framed in

We were on the quay now, and the little ship lay ready to us. A very light breeze blew off the island, enough to carry us over if it held, but promising a long passage; the weather was damp and misty. M. Col-bert had shrugged his shoulders over the prospect of a fog; his master would hear of no d-lay and the king had seait for Thomas

that trembled under the fresh burden which

they bore. But yes, the wind rose, the mist began to lift, the water was running lazily from under out keel, the little boat bobbed and danced

to a leisurely tune. "The wind serves," cried Thomas Lie. "We shall make land in two hours, if it hold

as it blows now." The plan was in my head. It was such an impulse as, coming to a man, seems revela-tion, and forbids all questioning of its authority. I held Barbara still by the hand, and drew her to me. There, leaning over the gunwale, we saw Thomas Lie's boat moving after us. His sculls lay ready. I looked in her eyes, and was answered with wonder, perplexity and dawning intelligence.

"I deren't let him carry you to Calais," I whispered; "we should be helpless there." "But you--it's you." "As his tool and his fool." I muttered.

ow as I spoke, she heard me, and asked, despairingly:

"What then, Simon? What can we do?" "If I go there, will you jump into my arms. The distance is not far."

"Into the boat? Into your arms in the boat? "Yes, I can hold you. There's a chance if we go now, before the mist lifts more."

"If we're scen?" "We're no worse off."

"Yes, I'll jump, Simon." We were moving now, briskly enough, though the wind came in fitful gusts and with

no steady blast, and the mist now lifted, now again swathed us in close folds. I gripped Barbara's hands, whispering, "Be ready," and throwing one leg over the side, followed with the other and dropped gently into Thomas Lie's boat. It swayed under me, but it was broad in the beam and rode high in the water; no harm happened. Then I stood square in the bows and whispered, "Now!" For the For the words, but I spoke louder than I knew. At the same instant Barbara sprang into my arms there was a rush of feet across the deck, an oath rang loud in French, and another figure appeared on the gunwale, with one leg thrown over. Barbara was in my arms. I felt her trembling body cling to mine, but I disengaged her grasp quickly and

roughly-for gentleness asks time and time we had none-and laid her down in the boat. Then I turned to the figure above me. A momentary glance showed me the face of King Louis, I paid no more heed, but drew

King Louis, I paid no more heed, but drew my knife and flung myself on the rope that bound the boat to the ship. Then the breeze dropped and the fog fell thick and enveloping. My knife was on the rope and I severed the strands with desperate strength. One by one I felt them go. As the last went I raised my head. From the ship above flashed the fire of a pistol and a ball whistled by my ear. Wild with excitement. I laughed derisively.

Wild with excitement, I laughed derisively. The last strand was gone. Slowly the ship forged ahead but then the man on the gun-

"Row, row," I muttered. Then I heard

the sculls set in their holes, and with

angle to it. I put out all my strength.

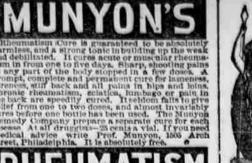
That leap of his was a gallant thing. He

that I stood where no motive of prudence

could reach and no fear restrain me. If vere caught the grave or a French prison

Yet he had leaped, and before heaven I feared that I had killed him. If it were so I must set Barbara in safety and then follow him where he was gone. There would be no place for me among living men, and I

knew that I was his master in strength,





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We were on the quay now, and the little by drooping lide. all with the house of Stuart.

prospect of a fog; his master would hear of no d-lay and the king had sent for Thomas Lie, a famous pilot of the Cinque ports, to go with us till the French coast should be sighted. The two kings were walking up

"You come to me from the duke of Mon-mouth, my lord?"

He was in no mood for pretense tonight. He was in a sinto of great excitement, and,



"I WON'T GO," I HEARD HER GASP.

brushing solds all reserve, came at once to the point. "I am come." he said, "to speak a word tol and hid it about me, and I buckled

with you. n an hour you're to sail for ance?" "Yes," said I. "Those are the king's or- deem the pledge which I had given to my

ders." "But in an hour you could be so far from here that he with whom you go could bot wait for your retura." "Well, my lord?" "To be brief, what's your price to fly and not sail?" We were standing, facing one another. I

We were standing, facing one smother. I gave everything for wealth or place. I had seen nothing of her; no word had come

Why are you willing to pay me a price?" cald L "For it's you who pays."

"Yes, I pay. Come, man, you know why you go and who goes with you?"

"M' de Perrencourt and M. Colbert go," add L "Why I go I don't know." "Nor who elze goes" he asked, looking in

my eyes. I paused for a moment and then answered:

"Yes, she goes." "Atd you know for what purpose?" "I can guess the purpose." "Well, I want to go in your place. I have done with that fool Montmouth, and the French king would suit me well for a mas

"Then ask him to take you also."

It was well that my preparations were done; or they had never been done. I was staring at him now with my hands dropped to my side. In an instant she went on:

"I am married," he pursued. "That is little. And he shrugged his shoulders. jest with me." "Little enough at courts, in all conscience,"

thought I; perhaps my face betrayed some-thing of the thought, for King Louis smiled. company is to your liking?" "But why, why?" "But I am more than a husband," he pursued. "I am a lover, Mr. Dale." Not knowing what comment to make on this, I made none. I had heard the talk about his infatuation, but it was not for me "I am glad to be quit of this place." to mention the lady's name. Nor did the king

name her; he rose and approached me, looking full in my face. gravely. 'You are neither a husband nor a lover,'

he asked. "Neither, sir."

"You know Mistress Quinton ?" 'Yes, Bir."

where danger lies," said I. "Madame has sworn-" she began im-He was close to me now, and he whispered to me, as he had whispered to the king in the council chamber.

'With my favor and such a lady for his "He-he gave his word to his sister." said in a very low voice. Then she stretched her hand out toward me, whispering: "Simon, wife, a gentleman might climb high." I heard the words and I could not repress a start. At last the puzzle was pierced, and my part plain. I knew now the work I was to do, the price of the reward I was and concealment, king as he was, I would have drawn my sword on him. ing. or evil dissimulation is soon learned. With

a great effort I repressed my agitation and Mistress Barbara," said I. "even without the hid my disgust. King Louis smiled at right to them that M. de Perrencourt me, deeming what he had suggested no insuit "Your wedding shall take place at Calais." he said; and 1 (I wonder now to think of

it) bowed and smiled. "Be ready in a quarter of an hour," said he, and left me with a gracious smile.

CHAPTER XVI.

I stood there where I was for the best part of the time still left to me. I saw of my company. "M. de Perrencourt," said I, "purposes why Carford desired the mission on which I went, why madame bade me practice the also."

"Mine and his?" she murmured, puzzled closing of my eyes, how my fortune was to come from the hand of King Louis. An and alarmed. English gentleman and his wife could travel I did not know how to tell her, I

English gentleman and his wife could travel I did not know how to tell her. I was back with the king, the king would give his favor to both. And the lady was Bar-his favor to both. And the lady was Barbara Quinton.

"Yonder where we're going," I said, "the word of M. de Perrencourt is 'law and his pleasure right." I turned at last and made my final preptook alarm and her voice trembled. my sword, seeing that it moved easily in

She took alarm and her voice trempied. "He has promised-madame told me," she stammered. "Ah. Simon, must I go? Yet I should be worse here." "You must go. What can we do here? I

go willingly." "For what?" "To serve you if it be in my power? Will

"Quick, quick. Tell me!" "Of all that he swore he will observe nothing. Hush, don't cry out. Nothing." I feared that she would fall, for she reeled where she stood. I dared not support her. from her to me. She had scorned

but might she not be won to smile upon M. de Perrencourt? I drove the thought from me, but it came again and

again, shaming me and yet fastening on me. She went with M. de Perrencourt. Did she go willingly? With that thought beating in my brain I stepped forth to my adventure.

M. DE PERRENCOURT WONDERS.

As I walked briskly from my quarters down to the sea, M. de Perrencourt's last whisper. "With my favor and such a lady for his wife a gentleman might climb high."

put her question into words. With a little on deck, except for the crew and Thomas shiver she said: Lie. The rest had gone below. I had offered to follow, but a gesture from M. Colslow, faltering stroke the boat was guided away from the ship, moving nearly at a right "You're right in that," I answered, pert sent me back. The sense of helplessness was on me, overwhelming and bitter. When the time came for my part I should be sent for; until then none had need of Her cheek flushed and her eyes fell to the I was by far a bigger man than the king,

me. I could guess well enough what was passing below, and I found no comfort in the knowledge of it. Up and down I walked quickly, as a man torn and tormented with thoughts that his steps, however hasty, can-not outstrip. The crew stared at me the

tuous cries came from the blurred mass not outstrip. The crew stared at me, the pilot himself spared a glance of amused wonthat was the ship, but the breeze had fallen,

pilot himself spared a glance of amused won-der at the man who strode to and fro so restlessly. Once I paused at the stern of the ship, where Lie's boat, towed behind us, cut through the water as a diamond outs a plece of glass. For an instant I thought of leaping in and making a bid for liberty alone. The strange tone in which 'You, Simon!'' had struck home to my heart forbade me. But I was sick with the world, and turned from the boat to gaze over the paid no heed to her, I must give my warnand turned from the boat to gaze over the feet. "My services are always at your disposal, course except that our way should be from There is a power in the quiet water the ship, and ready at any movement o

by night. It draws a man with a promise the still form below me to drop my sculls and set my pistol at his head. Yet till of poice in the soft lap of forgetfulness. So strong is the allurment that, though I count "I don't understand. How can he-why, that need came I bent lustily to my work. you wouldn't enter my service?" She laughed a little as she made this myself same and of sound mind, I do not love to look too long on the bosom of deep and when I looked over my ship was not to be seen, but all round hung suggestion, but there was an eagerness in her voice; my heart answered to it, for I waters when the night is full, for the doubt the white vapor, the friendly accomplice of comes then whether to live is sanity and not my enterprise. rather to die, and have an end of the tossing saw that she found comfort in the thought

of life and the unresting dissatisfaction of our state. That night the impulse came on me mightily, and I fought it, forcing myself to look, refusing the weakness of fright from the seductive siren. For I was fenced round would be my fate. To get clear off he might suppose that I could count even the most august life in Christendom well taken. Yet he had leaped, and before heaven I with arcables and of a sore heart; there lay the open country and a heart at peace.

Suddenly I gave a low exclamation; the water which had fled from us as we moved, seeming glad to pass us by and rush again on its race undisturbed, stood still. From the swell came quiet, out of the shimmer a mirror disentangled itself and lay there on the sea, smooth and bright. But it grow

on the sea, smooth and bright. But it grow dull in an instant. I heard the sails flap, but saw them no more. A dense white vapor sottled on us, the length of my arm bounded my sight, all movement ceased, and we lay on the waters, inert and idle. I leaned beside the gunwule, feeling the fog moist on my face, seeing in its baffling folds a type of the toils that bound and fettered me. Now volces rose around me and again fell; the crew questioned, the captain urged. I heard Colbert's volce as he hurried on I heard Colbert's voice as he hurried on deck. The sufficient answer was all around us; where the mist was there could be no

her. "If he asks a strange thing, agree to it. It's the only way." "What? What will he ask?" "He will propose a husband to you." She tore at the lace wrapping about her throat as though it were choking her; her throat as though it were choking her; her with a steady regard and her checks grew red with a hot blush. "He will propose a husband to you." She tore at the lace wrapping about her throat as though it were choking her; her with a steady regard and her checks grew red with a bot blush. "He will propose a husband to you." She tore at the lace wrapping about her throat as though it were choking her; her there in the stern," leading over, listening to boat rolled hasily from side to side and the water murmured gently under the gentle with a motive you may guess." said L. "His motive you may guess," said I. stroke. Then same voices again just by my shoulder. I did not move. I knew the tones "His motive you may guess," said I. "There is convenience in a husband." I had put it at last clainly enough and when I had said it I averted my eyes from her. "I won't go," I heard her gasp. "I'll throw myself at the king's feet." "He'll make a clever jest on you," eald I bitterix.

The new of the second second

wale gathered himself together and sprang

on the floor of the boat. By the narrowest chance we escaped foundering, but the clutched my

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atmiess course through the mist, till the mass of the ship utterly disappeared and we three were alone on the sea. Then the fear overcame me. I rested on my oars and leaning over to where Barbara sat in the stern. I shaped with awesruck lips the question: "Is he dead? My God, is he lead?' (To be continued.)

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