

Simon Dale, the teller of the story, born shortly after the execution of Charles I, is looked upon as destined to greatness because a wise woman has prophesied that he shall "Love what the king loves, know what the king inject 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 scretly 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 Neil Gwynn, and decides to resign his commission because she procured it. He becomes a favorite of the young duke of Monmouth, and is attached to his suite, Goes to Daver with the duke, where a received with much pompand ceremony, but the greatest interest centers in the arrival of M, de Perrencourt, who comes by night from Calais. Secret conferences are held. M, de Perrencourt is very partial to Barbara, and seems determined to win her by any means. At the close of the conference Dale is hurriedly summoned into the king's presence and commanded "to drink of the king's cup," At the first draught his senses leave him. The drink proves to be drugged wine sent to him by Phineas Tate and offered to the king by his friend Darrell. Tate is apprehended and confesses his diabolical purpose and is sentenced. Daie is then attached to the suite of M, de Perrencourt, at that gentleman's request, and ordered to prepare for the journey to France, His preparations made, he seeks to warn Barbara (who is also going) of their danger and to devise some way of escape. At a moment when the boat is becaimed in a dense fog, they jump overboard into the plot's boat, but before they push off Louis discovers them and leaps into the boat. Dale overpowers him while Barbara rows some distance from the ship. The king finding himself at a disadvantage, graciously acquiesces and, having been rowed to the ship, dismisses the young people, who row back to the English coast near Dover. Minteres Gwynn an

pyright, 1897, by A. H. Hawkins.) CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

There is the sort of saying that a mother speaks and a con hears to his shame and wonder! Her heart was all in me, while mine was for away. Despondency had got hold of me. Fortune in her merricat mood, seeming bout on fooling me fairly, had spened a doo and shown me the prospect of fine doings and high ambitions realized. The glimps had been but brief, and the tricky creature shut the door in my face with a brugh. Betty Nasroth's prophecy was fulfilled, but its ac complishment left me in no better state; may. I could be compelled to count myself lucky if I came off whart and were not pursund by the pager of those great folk whose wills and whims I had crossed. I must lie quiet in Hatchatcod, and to lie quiet in Hatchstead was h-1 to me-ove, h-1, unless by some miragie (whereof there was but one way) it should turn to heaven. That was not for me; I was dealed youth's sovereign belm for ill-starred bopes and ambitions gove awry.

The vicer and I were alone peased. He heard with rare enjoyment; and although his interest declined from its zenith so seen as I had told the leat of the prophecy, he listened to the rest with twinkling eyes. No comment did he make, but took snuff frequently. I, my tale done, fell again into ditation. Yet I had been fired by the rehearsal of my own story, and my thoughts were lead dark to hue. The news concerning Lord Quinton stirred me afress. My aid might again be needed; my melancholy was tinted with plessans pride as I declared to myself that I should not be lacking for all that I had been used as one would not use a faithful dog, much less a gentlemen, who, doubtless by no merit of 1/15 own, but yet most certainly hat been of no small service. To confees the truth, I was so persuaded of my value that I looked for every moment to bring me a summons, and practiced under my breath the terms, respectful yet resentful, in

"Aye," said I, "I loved her."
"You love her no more?"
"Why, no," I answered, mustering a cool smile. "Folly such as that goes by with youth."

"Your age is 24?" 'Yes, I am 24.

"And you love her no longer?"
"I tell you no longer, sir."

The vicar opened his box and took a large

"Then." said he, the pinch being between his finger and thumb and just half way on the road to his nose, "you love some other

woman, Simon.' tion, not even as one who hazards an opinion; he declared a fact and needed no answer to confirm him. "Yes, you love some other woman, Simon," said he, and there left

"I don't." I cried indignantly. Had I told myself a hundred times that I was not in love to be told by another that I was? True,

I might have been in love had not-"Ah, who goes there?" excisim excisimed the vicar, apringing nimbly to the window and looking out with eagerness. "I seem to know the gentleman. Come, Simon, look." I obeyed him. A gentleman, attended by two servants, rode rapidly past; twilight had begun to fall, but the light served well enough to show me who the stranger was. He rode hard and his horse's head was toward the menor gates.
"I think it is my Lord Carford," said the

car. "He goes to the manor, as I think." "I think it is and I think he does," said I; and for a single moment I stood there in the middle of the room hesitating, wavering, miserable.

"What alls you, Simon? Why shouldn't my Lord Carford go to the manor?" cried the

"Let him go to the devil." I cried, and I seized my hat from the table where it lay. The vicar turned to me with a smile on

"Go, lad," said he, "and let me not hear you again deny my propositions. They are founde on an extensive observation of hu-

Well. I know not to this day on what besides. For I was out of the house before the vicar completed his statement of the authority that underlay his propositions.

CHAPTER XXL THE STRANGE CONJUNCTURE OF TWO

GENTLEMEN. I have heard it said that King Charles laughed most heartily when he heard how a certain gentieman had tricked M. de Perrencourt and carried off from his clutches the lady who should have gone to prepare for the duchess of York's visit to the court of Versailles. "This Uriah will not be set in the fore-front of the battle," said he, "and therefore David can't have his way." He would have laughed, I think, even although my action had thwarted his own schemes. my action had thwarted his own schemes, but the truth is that he had so wrought on that same devotion to her religion which ecording to Mistress Nell inspired Mile. de Querouaille that by the time the news came from Calais he had little doubt of success

for himself, although his friend, M. de Perrencourt, had been baffled. He had made
his treaty, he had got his money, and the
lady if she would not stay, yet promised to
return. The king then was well content, and
found perhaps some siy satisfaction in the
defeat of the great prince whose majesty and
displicy made any reverse which beful him
for a plan of escape and was willing
when do you say that M. de Fontelles for my sake, aye, and for my
sake the king's commands.

Carford stood still, amazed at the sudden
change in her manner. He chan not conceived this demand, and it suited him very
ill. The stroke was too bold for his temper.

The king was interested in this affair, and it defeat of the great prince whose majesty and dignity made any reverse which befell him an amusement to less potent persons. In any case the king laughed, then grew grave for a moment while he declared that his best efforts should not be wanting to reciaim Mistress Quinton to a sense of her duty, and then laughed again. Yet he set about reciaiming her, although with no great energy or ferceness; and when he heard that the sudden to conceived this demand, and it suited him very ill. The stroke was too hold for his temper. The king was interested in this affair, and it might go hard with the man who upset his plan and openity resisted his messenger. Carford had calculated on being able to carry her off, and thus defeat the scheme, under show of ignorance. The thing done, and done unwittingly, might gain pardow. The manner of the sudden that his plan and openity resisted his messenger. Carford had calculated on being able to carry her off, and thus defeat the scheme, under show of ignorance. The thing done, and done unwittingly, might gain pardow. The manner of the sudden that his plan and openity resisted his messenger. Carford had calculated on being able to carry her off, and thus defeat the scheme, under show of ignorance. The thing done, and done unwittingly, might gain pardow. duty, and then laughed again. Yet he set about reclaiming her, although with no great energy or fierceness; and when he heard that Monmouth had other views of the lady's duty he shrugged his shoulders, saying:

"Nay, if there be two Davids, I'll wager a crown on Uriah."

It is casay to follow a means wered with a sense of her days about reclaiming her, although with no great energy or fierceness; and when he heard that ack that he must have foreseen. He had the parry ready for the thrust.

"From the danger that I knew I guarded to carry her off, and thus defeat the scheme, under show of ignorance. The thing done, and done unwittingly, nlight gain pardon. To meet and defy the enemy, face to face, was to stake all his fortune on a desperate chance. He was dumb. Barbara's lips curved into a smile that expressed wonder and dawning contempt.

It is easy to follow a man to the door of house, but if the door be shut after him and the pursuer not invited to enter he can but stay outside. So it fell out with me, and being outside I did not know what passed within nor how my Lord Carford fared with Mistress Barbara. I flung my-self in high chagrin on the grass of that manor park, cursing my fate, myself, and. if not Barbara, yet that perversity which was in all women and by logic even in Mistress Barbara. Yet although I had no part in it, the play went on and how it proceeded I learned afterward; let me now leave the yours. He is a noble prince, madame, and stage that I have held too long and pass out of sight till my cue calls me again.

This evening then, my lady, who was very sick, being in her bed, and Mistress Barbara, although not sick, very weary of her solitude and longing for a time when she could betake nerself to the same refuge (for there is a pride that forbids us to seek bed too early, however strongly we desire it), there came a great knocking at the door of the house. A gentleman on horse-back and accompanied by two servants was entrance; yet he would not give his name, said che, still doubtful, yet in her trouble

"From the danger that I knew I guarded you, the other I did not know." Then, with a burst of well-feigned indignation, he cried: "By heaven, but for me the French king

would have been no peril to you; he would have come too late." She understood bim and flushed painfully. "When the enemy is mighty," he purvued, "we must fight him by guile, not force; when we can't oppose we must delay; we must check where we can't stop. You know yours. He is a noble prince, madame, and his offense should be pardoned by you who caused it. Had I thwarted him openly, he would have been my enemy and yours. Now he is your friend and mine."

The defense was clever enough to bridle her indignation. He followed up his ad-vantage swiftly, leaving her no time to pry have the proof." for a weak spot in his pleading. "By heaven," he cried, "let us lose no time on past troubles. I was to blame, if you will, in execution, though not, I swear,

without and craved immediate audience of in intention. But here and now is the dan-her ladyship. Hearing that she was abed ger, and I am come to guard you from it." he asked for Mistress Barbara and obtained "Then I am much in your debt, my lord,"

sake the king's commands."

Carford stood still, amered at the sudden change in her manner. Dieschad not con-

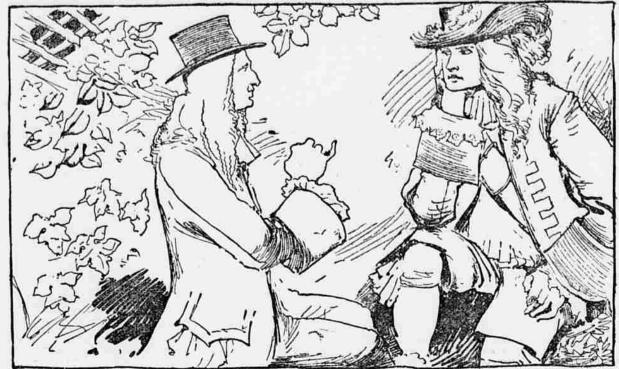
"You hesitate, sir?" she asked.
"The danger is great," he muttered.
"You spoke of discourtesy just now, my

You do not lay it to my charge? 'Nay, to refuse to face danger for a lady, and a lady whom a man loves—you meant that, my lord—goes by another name. I forgive discourtesy sooner than that other thing, my lord."

alone would serve.

"By heaven, madame," he cried, "you shall "By heaven, madame," he cried, "you shall when studenty at the Folicies turned in know by tomorrow how deeply you wrong saddle, crying in French to his servant: "What was that?" "I thank you, my lord," said she with a little bow, as though she asked no more than

her due in demanding that he should risk his head for her. "I did not doubt your answer."
"You shall have to cause, madame," said he very boldly, although he could not con-trol the signs of his unedcoess. 'Again I thank you," said she. "It grows



"THEN," SAID SHE, "YOU LOVE SOME OTHER WOMAN, SIMON."

man in whom ambition held the place of

would be honest, in debauched they follow

"It's an old story, this love of mine," said

ourn one at least; yet the second time

think you came nearer to heeding it. May

He let a moment go by before he answered

forbade earlier speech. Then he said

and I pray heaven that an early day may bring me another answer. God forbid that

I should press your inclination now. You may accept my service freely, although you do not accept my love. Mistress Barbara, you'll come with me?"
"Come with you?" she cried.

"My lady will come also, and we three together will seek your father in Carnwall.

On my faith, madame, there is no safety but in flight,"

Didn't you hear it from my father?"
"I haven't seen my lord. My knowledge

of his letter came through the duke of

"My mother cannot travel. It is impos-

"My mother lies too sick for journeying

He made it seem as though emotion

changed.

but declared that he came on urgent business from Lord Quinton. The excuse served, and Barbara received him. With surprise is yours, and you can't be in debt to your larger. She moved toward the door, but turned to him again, saying: "I pray your kindness I shall ness from Lord Quinton. The excuse served, and Barbara received him. With surprise is yours, and you can't be in debt to your turned to him again, saying: "I pray your kindness I shall ness from Lord Quinton. The excuse served, and Barbara received him. With surprise is yours, and you can't be in debt to your turned to him again, saying: "I pray your kindness I shall ness from Lord Quinton. The excuse served, and Barbara received him. With surprise is yours, and you can't be in debt to your turned to him again, saying: "I pray your kindness I shall ness from Lord Quinton. The excuse served, and Barbara received him. With surprise is yours, and you can't be in debt to your turned to him again, saying: "I pray your kindness I shall ness from Lord Quinton. The excuse served, and Barbara received him. With surprise is yours, and you can't be in debt to your turned to him again, saying: "I pray your kindness I shall ness from Lord Quinton. The excuse served, and before her. I would sion seemed real enough and was the prevent her welcome being warm. have told her more had she afforded me the effective from having been suppressed till opportunity. The imperfect knowledge that now, so that it appeared to break forth now, so that it appeared to break forth bad caused her to accuse him rather of timidity in the face of powerful rivals than of any deliberate design to set his love, yet he loved her, and would have made love below his ambition and to use her as her his for passion's sake, as well as for his tool. Had she known all I knew she the power that he hoped to wield through would not have listened to him. Even now her means. I hesitate now to judge him. she made some pretext for declining conversation that night and would have drawn at once, but he stayed her retreat, curnostly praying her, for her father's sake her own to hear his message, and as- the evil cashion, having no force to stand by

to be seated.
"What is your message from my father, "What is your message from my father, my lord?" she asked coldly, yet not uncivilly.

"Twice you have heard it, and a lover who speaks twice must mourn one at least twice must

she was aware of. Thus he persuaded her

"Madame, I have none," he answered with bring me a summons, and practiced single in the forms, respectful yet resentful, is succeed to gain admission, fearing that my own devotion to you would not suffice, well at Earbara's disposit.

"You loved this creature Nell?" asked the soon. Nay, you must listen." For she had soon. Nay, you must listen." For she had seven were on her, and she a bluntness not ill calculated. "I used the excuse to gain admission, fearing that my "Indeed, it is not the time-" she

'I listen, my'lord, but I will liston stand-"You're bard to me, Mistress Barbara,"

he said. "But take the tidings how you will, only pay heed to them." He drew nearer to her and continued. "Tomorrow message will come from your father. You

t message will come trong days?"
have had none for many days?"
"Alas, no!" said she. "We were both gravely:
"I am grieved from my heart to hear it."
"I am grieved from my heart to hear it." Tomorrow one comes. May I tell you what it will say?" How can you know what it will say, my

"I will stand by the event," said he sturdily. "The coming of the letter will prove me right or wrong. It will bid your mother and you to accompany the messenger-"
"My mother cannot."

"Or, if your mother cannot, you alone, ith some waiting woman, to Dover."
"To Dover?" cried Barbara. "For what

purpose". She shrank from him, as though alarmed by the very name of the place chence she had escaped. He looked full in her face, and answered

Monmouth, and although he spoke there of my lady's sickness, I trusted that she had owly and significantly.
"Madame goes back to France, and recovered." He came a step nearer her.

"Fontelles will be here tomorrow," he said. If you are here then— Yet if there be any other whose aid you could seek—" Again he paused, regarding her intently. She sat in sore distress, twisting her hands in her lap. One there was and not far away. Yet to send for him crossed her resolution and stung her pride most bitterly. We had parted in anger, she and i. I had ou are to go with her." Barbara caught at a chair near her and ank into it. He stood over her now, speak.

ing quickly and urgently.

"You must listen," he said, "and lose no time in acting. A French gentlemss, by tame M. de Fontelles, will be here tomorrow; ne carries your father's letter, and is sent to bring you to Dover."
"My father bids me come?" she cried.

"His letter will convey the request," answered Carford. "Then I will go," said she. "I can't come to harm with him, and when I have told him all, he won't allow me to go to France." For as yet my lord did not know of what had befallen his daughter, por did my lady whose elektess made her unfit to be burdened with such troublesome matters.

"Indeed, you would come to no harm with your father, if you found your father," said Carford. "Come, I will tell you. Before ou reach Dover my lord will have gone rom there. As soon as his letter to you from there. was sent the king made a pretext to dispatch him into Cordwall; he wrote again to tell you of his journey and bid you not to come to Dover till he sends for you. This letter to Dover till he sends for you. This letter he entrusted to a messenger of my Lord Arlington's, who was taking the road for London. But the secretary's messenger knew when to hasten and when to lotter on the way. You are to have set out before the way.

the letter arrives." Barbara looked at him in bewilderment and terror; he was, to all seeming, composed. and spoke with an air of honest sincerity. "To speak it plainly, it is a trick,"

smid, "to induce you to return to Dover. This M. de Fontelles has orders to bring you at all hazards, and is armed with the kings authority, in case my lord's hidding should not be mouth."

"Alas, what can I do"" Then she cried: This M. de Pontelles can't carry me off agginst my will." "He has the king's commands," said Car-ford. "Who will resist him?"

not less, assiduous when he is so happy as to have put a lady under obligation." He had said enough, and restrained himself from a further attack.
"What will you do?" he went on.

"A gentleman, madame, should grow more,

"He did me a service."

sickness. I cannot entertain you suitably while my mother lies abed. If you lodge at the inn, they will tend you well for my father's sake, and a message from me can Curford had strung himself to give the

promise: whether he would fulfill it or not lay uncertain in the future. Yet for so the power that he hoped to wield through much as he had done he had a mind to be There are many men who take their color from the times, as some insects from the paid. He came to her, and kneeling, took her hand. She suffered him to kiss it. "There is nothing I wouldn't do to win my putals they feed on; its honest times they

ves. Perhaps the lord was one of I have asked nothing but what you seemed to offer," she answered coldly. "If it be a matter of bargain, my lord—" "No. co." he cried, seeking to catch again

prize," he said, fixing his eyes ardently on

at her hand as she drew it away and with a curtsy passed out. Thus she left him without so much ackward glance to promise further favor. So may a lady, if she play her game well,

take all and promise nothing. Carford, refused even a lodging in servant," he protested. "My hand and heart are yours, although your's be another's."

"There is none—I am free—" she murmured. His eyes were on her, and she nerved herself to calm, saying. "There is nothing of what you suppose. But my disnothing of what you suppose is not know, and if it were honest, yet who dered trust to it? Grant madame the best of will, where lay her power to resist M. de Perrencourt? But M. de Perrencourt? would profit him, may well have sought the len to which Barbara commended him in no cheerful mood. I wager he swore a round their way thifher through the dusk and knocked up the host, who, keeping country hours, was already in bed. It cost them some minutes to rouse him, and Carford beat most angrily on the door. At last they were ad-

mitted-and I turned away. For I must confess it: I had dogged their teps, not able to rest till I saw what would become of Carford. Yet we must give love his due. If he takes a man into strange claces, sometimes he shows him things worth his knowing. If I, a lovestck fool, had to whom it was addressed. Madame did watched a rival into my mistress' house and Mistress Quinton the high compliment of watched him out of it with devoucing jealousy, aye, if I had chosen to spend my time beneath the manor windows rather than in my tlemen have done in their time. And if once had been sent on an errand with which any in that same park I had declared my heart man could reproach him or with a purpose said nothing hard of Oliver, whose yoke they a part, he saw in them the challenge of world began, once had worn. I will say naught against my someone who had perhaps penetrated a Now, for r

Dale, might be the greatest fool in the king's dominions, and lie sulking while another stormed the citadel on which I longed to plant my flag. But the victor should not be that a gentleman was at the icn (Carford had staring idly out of window till the gentleman was at the icn (Carford had staring idly out of window till the gentleman. we had parted in anger, she and I. I had blamed my share in the quarrel bitterly enough, it is likely she had spared herself no more; yet the more fault is felt the harder comes its acknowledgment.

"Is Mr. Dale in Hatchstead?" asked Carford, boldly and bluntly.

"Is Mr. Dale in Hatchstead?" asked Carford, boldly and bluntly.

"Is a cut of our coats, what you will. Carford had wished the manner of the state of the kingdom, the fall of the cards.

Gayly and courteously he presented him
"Gayly and courteously he present mission. So also, on nearing that a gentleman was at the inn (Carford had visited the who was to make the matter plain abould not given his name), and had visited the who was to make the matter plain abould not given his name), and had visited the who was to make the matter plain abould not given his name).

"Is Mr. Dale in Hatchstead?" asked Carford coming up to favor over their mugs of ale; we quarrel on the state of the kingdom, the fall of the cards.

"Gayly and courteously he presented him
"Gayly and "I don't know where he is. He brought the cut of our coats, what you will. Carford and I would find a cause without much searching. I was so hot that I was within an account."

"Whither away, Simon?" he sched.
"To bod, sir," said I.
"It is well," said he. "And whence?"
"From a walk, oir."
His eyes met mine, and I way them twin-

"You borrow from the poets, sir," said I "Nay," he rejoined, " the poets from me, or from any man who has or has had a heart in him. What, Simon, you leave me?" For I had turned away.
"It's late, sir," said I, "for the making of

You've made yours," he smiled. 'Hark, what's that "" As he spoke there came the sound of horses' hoofs. A moment later the figures of two mounted men emerged from the dark-ness. By some impulse, I know not what, I ran belind the vicar and sheltered myself in the porch at his back. Carford's arrival had set my mind astir again and new events found ready welcome. The vicar stepped out a pace into the road with his hand over

his eyes and peered at the strangers.
"What do you call this place, sir?" came
in a loud voice from the nearer of the riders.
If started at the voice; it had struck on my cars before and no Englishman owned it "It is the village of Hatchstead, at your service," answered the vicar. "Is there an inn in it?"
"Ride for half a mile and you'll find a

"I thank you, sir."
I could hold myself no longer, but pushed
he vicar aside and ran out into the road. The horsemen had already turned their heads toward the inn and walked slowly, as though they were weary. "Good night," cried the vicar-whether to them or to me or to all creation. I know not. The door closed on him. I stood for an instan watching the retreating form of the mar who had inquired the way. A spirit of high excitement came on me; it might be that all was not finished and that Betty Nasroth's prophecy should not bind the future in fetters. For there at the inn was Carford, and here, if I do not err. was the man whom my knowledge of French had so perplexed in the inn at Canterbury

And Carford knew Fontelles. On what er His face grew white with passion. She accused him of cowardice, and plainly hinted to him that if he failed her she would turn to one who was no coward, let him be as discourteous and indifferent as his sullen discourteous and indifferent as his sullen discourted by the two came to Halelstand, yet my guess was not rand came they? Were they friends to one another or foes? If friends, they should and courteous and indifferent as his cullen dis-position made him. I am sorry I was not there to see Carford's face. Yet he was in the net of her challenge now, a bold front alone would serve.

Of this strange conjuncted, whereby the two came to Haichstead; yet my guess was not far out, and I balled the prospect that it save with a florce exultation. Nay, I laughed aloud, but first knew that I laughed when suddenly M. de Fontelles turned in hi-

> "Something laughed," answered the fello an alarmed voice.
> "Something? You mean somebody."

"I know not. It sounded strange."
I had stepped in under the hedge when fontelles turned, but his puzzle and the servant's superstittious fear wrought on my excitement. Nothing would serve me but to play a jest on the Frenchman. I laughed again, loudly.

"God save us!" cried the servant, and make no doubt he crossed himself most dously.

"It's some madman got loose," said M. de Fontelles scornfully. "Come, let's get on." It was a boy's trick—a very body's trick Save that I set down everything I would no tell it. I out my hands to my mouth and bel-"Il vient."

An eath broke from Fontelles, I darted into the middle of the road, and for a moment stood there, laughing again. He had wheeled his horse around, but did not advance toward me. I take it that he was amazed, or it may be searching a bewildered memory.
"Il vient!" I cried again in my folly and, turning, ran down the road at my bes speed, laughing still. Fontelles made no ef fort to follow me, yet on I ran, till I came to my mother's house. Stopping there, panting and breathless, I cried in the exuberance of

"Now she'll have need of me!" Certainly the thing the vicar spoke of is edistemper. Whether divine or of what origin will not have judged by that night's prank "They'll do very well together at the inn,

laughed as I flung myself on my bed.

CHAPTER XXII. THE DEVICE OF LORD CARFORD. It is not my desire to assail, nor is it my part to defend, the reputation of the great There is no such purpose in anything that I have here written. History is their judge and our own weakness their advocate. Some said, and many believed, that madame brought the young French lady in her train to Dover with the intention that the thing should happen which happened. I had rather hold, if it be possible to hold, that a prin-cess so gracious and so unfortunate meant innocently, and was cajoled or overborne by the persunsions of her kinsmen, and perhaps by some specious pretext of state pol In like manner I am reluctant to think that she planned harm for Mistress Barbara, toward whom she had a true affection, and I will read in an honest sense, if I can, the letter which M de Fontelles brought with him to Hatchstead. In it madame touched with a light discretion on what had passed deplored with pretty gravity the wayward-ness of men and her own simplicity, which made her a prey to their devices and ren-dered her less useful to her friends than she desired to be. Yet now she was warned, her eyes were opened, she would guard her own honor and that of any who would trust to was penitent, even as was the duke of Mon mouth, and had sworn to trouble her and her friends no more. Would not, then, her aweet Mistress Barbara, with whom (she vowed) she had fallen so mightily in love (ahe come back to her and go with her to France and be with her until the duchess of York came, and, in good truth, as much longer as Barbara would linger, and Barbara's father in his kindness suffer? So ran the letter,

be in his power again.

Let the intent of the letter be carried to what it might, M. de Fontelles, a gentleman of courage and high honor, believed his er-rand honest. He had not been at Dover. and knew nothing of what had passed there. If he were an instrument in wicked schemes he did not know the mind of those who em-ployed him. He came openly to Hatch-stead on an honorable mission, as he conceived, and bearing an invitation which should give great gratification to the lady desiring her company, and would doubtless recomponee her well for the service she asked. Fontelles saw no more and asked no own comfortable chair, why, I had done only more. In perfect confidence and honesty he what many who are now wise and sober gen- set about his task, not imagining that he usurper, although the queen may have come state secret and was ill-affected toward the Carford received his summers with small to her own again.

Well, Carford should not have her. I, Simon aware of any connection between Mistress de Fontelles had more time than enough

me sere, but I have heard nothing from him since we parted."

Then surely he is some again?"

"I don't know," said Barbara.

Carford must have been a duli man indeed no better time to press a lady than when he hand the party from she is chagrined with a rival and all her pride is under arms to fight her inclination.

"Surely, or he could not have shown you such indifference—nay, I must call it discounters."

and I would find a cause without much search him a cust without much search him a cause without much search him a cust without much search him a cust in part of self to Barbara. Her mother lay still in booking out on the terrace. With a low bow and words of deference he declared his erd and delivered to her the letter he bore as any other. Yet prudence prevailed. The closed doors of the in hid the party from my sight and I went on my way, determined to be about by cock-crow less Carford should steal a morch.

"Surely, or he could not have shown you such indifference—nay, I must call it discounted by the sum of the code so boidly through my partive village; that offense would serve as well and words of deference he declared his erd devotion to the duke of Monmouth, Carford and delivered to her the letter he bore and well on the party from hopes that Mistress Quinton would not send him even the chance of solid points of the terrace. With a low bow and words of deference he declared his erd devotion to the duke of Monmouth, Carford should his own was subout to run out and where him the coke so boidly through my partive village; that offense would serve as well and words of deference he declared his erd devotion to the duke of Monmouth of the party from him then and there to show by was in reality of the French party. So he are the color of the intermed him even the chance of sum of the party from hopes that Mistress Quinton would not send hi

This M. de Pontelles has orders to bring you at all hazards, and is armed with the king's commands," said Carthe'king's authority, in case my lord's hidding should not be enough."

She sait for a white in helpless dismay. Carford bad the wisdom not to interrupt her thoughts. He knew that she was seek.

The bas the king's commands," said Carther a wait, said Carther a wait he is a servant and as strained as servant and as strained as servant and as strained as servant and discount and discount and discount and the was ment as bidding him be caused, she summoned as servant and as strained as servant and discount and discount and discount and the special and received him declifes and servant and as strained as strained

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ents before he ventured to address her her air was not such as to encourage him; her cheek was reddened and her eyes were indignant. Yet at last he plucked up his dourage. "I trust, madame," said he, "that I may carry the fairest of answers back with me?"
"What answer is that, sir?" she asked, half turning to him with a scornful glance.

"Yourself, madame, if you will so honor me," he answered, bowing. "Your coming would be the answer best pleasing to madame, and the best fulfillment of my errand. She looked at him coolly for a moment or we and then said: "I have sent for a gentleman who will addse me on my answer.

M de Fontelles raised his brows and an-swered somewhat etiffly: "You are free, madame, to consult whom ou will, although I had hoped that the matter needed but little consideration." She turned on him in a fury. 'I thank you for your judgment of me

sir," she cried. "Or is it that you think me a fool to be blinded by this letter?" "Before heaven-" began the puzzled gen

"I know, sir, in what esteem a woman's onor is held in your country, and at your king's court." In as high, madame, as in your country, and at your court."

"Yes, that's true. God help me, that's true. But we are not at court now, sir Hasn't it crossed your mind that such an orrand as yours may be dangerous?" "I had not thought it," he said with smile and a shrug. "But, pardon me, I do

not fear the danger. "Neither danger nor disgrace?" she succeed. Fontelles flushed. "A lady, madame, may say what she pleases," he remarked with a bow.

"Oh, enough of pretenses," she cried. Shall we speak openly?" "With all my heart, madame," said he lost between anger and bewilderment. For a moment it seemed as though she would speak, but the shame of open speech was too great for her. In his ignorance and

wonder he could do nothing to aid her.
"I won't speak of it," she cried. "It's a
man's part to tell you the truth and to as's ecount from you. I won't soil my lips with

Fontelles took a step toward her, seeking w he could assuage a fury that he did not "As God lives," he began gravely. Bar bare would not give him opportunity. "I pray you," she cried, "stand aside and suffer me to pass. I will not stay longer with

you. Let me pass to the door, sir. I'll send a gentleman to speak with you." Fontelles, deeply offended, utierly at a loss, to let her cass. "Madame," he said, "It must be that you missoprehend." "Misapprehend? Yes, or apprehend too dearly!"

"As I am a gontleman-"I do not grant it, sir," she interrupted. He was silent then; bowing again, he drew broken for the sake of another lady, there are revolutions in hearts as in states, and actions. Nor did my cry of "Il vient" moment, looking scornfully at him. Then, after the rebels have had their day the king change this mood in him. When he colcomes to his own again. Nay, I have known lected his thoughts and recalled the inci-some who are very loyal to King Charles yet dent in which those words had before played as ever woman's way left man since the Now, for reasons that have been set out

Gayly and courteously he presented him-self to Barbara. Her mother lay still in right with this hasty damsel who denied

But as I went I passed the vicar's door, waited with all composure while she read into conversation on the terrace, Fontelles He stood on the threshold, smoking his long the letter. Indeed, he deserves some pity, watching them from the window. To his pipe (the good man loved Virginia and give for women are not wont to spend much time fresh amazement, the interview seemed his love free rein in the evening) and gazing on reasoning in such a crac. When a man at the sky. I tried to slink by him, fearing comes on business which they suspect to to be questioned, but he caught sight of my figure and called me to him; yet he made no reference to the manner of our last which they make no ado about holding him press some course on her adviser, figure and called me to him; yet he made a party to it, and that without inquiring which the adviser was loath to take; no reference to the mainer of our last whether he knows the thing to which he is setting his hand.

"Whither away, Simon" he arked.

Bathara read her letter through once and lenky gays way; he howed acquirescence while

Enthara read her letter through once and lenly gave way; he bowed acquiescence while a second time; then without a word to Fou-his demeanor agreeted disapproval; she made teller, aye, not so much as bidding him be nothing of his disapproval and received his

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