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The Lamp is Blown Out. The door of Margaret Douglas' chamber still stood open and Sholto found Earl William seated upon the foot of the bed and endeavoring by every means in his power to distract his sister's attention from her fears. Maud Lindesay, now more completely dressed than when he had first seen her, Jock of Abernethy." eat on the other side of the little lady's couch. She was laughing as he entered at some merry jest of the earl's. And at the sound of her tinkling mirth Sholto's ing that he was being played with. All proval. heart sank within him. At sight of the new captain of the guard the gladness left her face and she became grave and sober like a gossip unconfessed when the holy

father comes knocking at the door. At sight of her emotion Sholto resolved that if his fears should prove to be well founded he would resign his honorable office. For to abide continually in the castle and hourly observe Maud Lindesay's love for another was more than his philosophy could abide.

In the meantime there was only his duty to be done. So he saluted the earl and in a few words told him that which he had seen. But the soul of William Douglas was utterly devoid of suspicion, both because he held himself so great that none could touch him, and also because being high of soul and open as the sky, he read into the acts of others his own straightforwardness and unsuspicion.

The earl rose smilingly, declaring to Margaret that tomorrow he would hang every dog and puppy in Galloway on the dule tree of Thrieve, whereupon the child began to plead for the life of this cur and that other of her personal acquaintances with a tearful earnestness which told of a sore jangled mind.

"Well, at least," said Earl Douglas, "I will not have such brutes prowling about my castle of Thrieve even in my sister's dreams. Captain Sholto, do you station a man of your guard in the angle of the staircase where it looks along each corridor. Pick out your prettiest cross-bowman, for it were not seemly that my guests should be disturbed by rude shots of the fusil."

Sholto bowed stiffly and waited the further pleasure of his master. Then the two young men went out without Maud Lindesay having uttered a word, or manifested the least surprise at the advancement which had befallen the heir of the master armorer of

As soon as the door had closed upon the two maidens the earl turned a face suddenly grave and earnest on his young captain of the guard.

"What think you?" he said. "Was this appearance real?"

"Real enough to leave these upon the floor," answered Sholto, pointing to sundry gouts and drops of blood upon the turret stair. The earl took the lamp from his hand and earnestly scrutinized each step in a downward direction. The spots ran irregularly, as if the wounded beast had shaken his head from side to side as he ran. They turned along toward the corridor, where, at that the carl loves you, and that you love he should know the tricks and stratagems the first alarm, Sholto had found the earl, and in the very midst of it abruptly stopped. and the earl examined the floor they both looked over their shoulders occasionally, as if conscious of a regard upon them, as if some one unseen himself had been looking at them from behind.

"Do you place your men as I told you." said the earl abruptly, "and bring me a truckle bed out of the guard room. I shall remain in this closet till morning. But do you keep a special lookout on the floor above that the repose of my sister and her friend be not disturbed."

Sholto bowed without speech and, hastening down to the guardroom, he commanded two of his best bowmen to follow him with their apparatus, while he himself snatched up the low truckle couch which custom assigned to the captain of the guard, should he desire to rest himself during the night and on which Landless Jock had always passed the majority of his hours of duty. This he carried to the earl, and placing it in the angle. he saw his youthful master stretch himself upon it, wrapped in his cloak and with a naked sword ready in his hand.

"A good and undisturbed slumber to you my lord!" said Sholto, as he went out. He saw that his two men were duly posted upon the lower landing of the stairs and then betook himself to the upper floor, where slept the little maid of Galloway. He walked slowly to the end of the pas-

sage, scrutinizing every recess and closet door, every garde robe and wall press from which it was possible that the hound he had seen might have emerged. He was wholly unsuccessful in discovering anything suspicious and had almost resolved to station himself at the turn of the staircase which led down from the roof, when, looking back blue archer's coat. at the sharp click of a latch, he saw Maud Lindesay coming out of the chamber of the little maid of Galloway.

Softly closing the door behind her, she more with her chin than with her finger she beckoned him to approach.

"She sleeps," said the girl, "but so uncertainly and with so many startings of terror that I will not leave her alone. Do you aid me to remove the mattress of my couch and lay it on the floor beside her."

Coldly Sholto signified his willingness. His mind was more than ever oppressed by the thought that the earl of Douglas loved this girl whom he had found listening to his words with such frank laughter.

Maud stayed him with one of the long

BEECHAMS

FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS such as Wind and Paln in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fulness after meals, Headache, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat Loss of Appetite. Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Cold Chills, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be

Weak Stomach Impaired Digestion IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN Beecham's Pills are Without a Rival LARGEST SALE of any Patent Medicine in the World. · looks out from under her eyelashes. The dark, violet eyes rested upon him a moment reproachfully with a hurt expression in their depths, and were then dropped with a

sigh. "You are still angry with me," she said, a little wistfully, "and I wanted to tell you how happy it made me-made us, I meanthat you are to be captain of the castle guard instead of that grumbling curmudgeon

The heart of Sholto was instantly melted, more by her looks than by her words, though the same and in spite of his resolves the eye lashes did its own deadly work.

"I did not know that aught which might befall me could be anything to Mistress Maud Lindesay!" said Sholto, with the last like a child, I-forgive me-and-the lamp shreds of dignity in his voice.

"I said not to me, but to us," she corof this appearance which has so startled our Margaret. Was it ghost or goblin or dream of the night? We have never had either witch or werlock about the house of Thrieve since the old abbot Gawain laid the ghost of Archibald the Grim with four and forty masses said in the castle chapel."

"Nay, ask me not," answered Sholto. am little skilled in matters spiritual. should try swordpoint and arrowhead on such gentry, and if these do them no harm, why, then, I think they will not distress me much!"

But all the same he said nothing to the girl about the red blood on his sword or the gouts on the steps of the staircase.

He followed Maud Lindesay into her cham ber, and, being arrived there, lifted couch and all in his arms with an ease born of long apprenticeship to the forehammer. The girl regarded him with admiration which she was careful not to dissemble.

"You are very strong," she said; then after a pause, she added: "Margaret and I like strong men!"

The heart of the youth was glad within him, thus to be called a man, even though he kept saying over and over to himself: "She means it not! She means it not! She loves the earl! I know well she loves the earl!"

Maud Lindesay paused a moment before the chamber door of her little charge, finger on lip, listening.

"She sleeps-go quietly," she whispered, holding the door open for him. He set down the bed where she showed him, by the side of the little slumbering figure of the maid of Galloway.

Then he went softly to the door. The girl followed him. "You will not be far away." she said, doubtfully, and with a perilous sort of humility. "If this dreadful thing should come back again. I—that is, we, would feel safer if we knew that you-that any one strong and brave was near at

Then the heart of Sholto broke out in quick anger,
"Deceive me not!" he cried. "I know well

bim in return." as honest a woman." said Maud Lindesay

pouting disdainfully." But what is such a matter, yea or nay, to you?" "It is all life and happiness to me," said Sholto earnestly. "Ah, do not go-stay

moment. I shall never sleep this night if you go without giving me an answer." "Then," said the girl, "you will be the more in the line of your duty. You are but a silly petulant boy for all your fine captainey. I wish it had been Landless Jock.

He would never have vexed me with foolish

questions at such a time!' "But I love you, and I demand an en-

"What do you think yourself, now?" she said, looking up at him with an inimitable slyness and pronouncing her words to imitate the simplicity of countryside speech. Sholto vented a short gasp or inarticulate snort of anger, at which Maud Lindesay

started back with affected terror. "Do not fright a poor maid," she said. Will you put me in the dungeon if I do not inswer? Tell me exactly what you want me to say and I will say it, most mighty cap-

tain. And she made him the prettiest little courtesy, turning at the time her eyes in mock humility on the ground.

"O, Maud Lindesay," said Sholto, with a little conflicting sob in his throat, ill-becoming so noted a warrior as the captain of the castle guard of the Black Douglas, "if you knew how I loved you, you would not treat

me thus." The girl came nearer to him and laid a white and gentle hand on the sleeve of his

"Nay, lad," she said, more soberly, lifting a finger to his face. "Surely you are no milksop to mind how a girl flouts you. Love the earl-say you? Well, is it not our duty paused a moment as if undecided, and then to the bread we eat? Is he not worthy? Is he not the head of our house?"

"Cheat me not with words. The earl loves you?" said Sholto, lifting his head haughtily out of her reach. (To have one's chin pushed this way and that by a girl's forefinger, and as it was considered critically from various points of view, may be pleasant, but it interferes most seriously

with dignity). "He may, indeed," drolled the minx, "one can never tell. But he has never said so. He is perhaps afraid, being born without the self-conceit of some people-archers of the guard, fledgling captains and such like

gentrice." "Do you love him?" reiterated Sholto. "I will tell you for that gold buckle," said Maud, calmly pointing with her finger Instantly Sholto pulled the cap from his head, undid the pin of the archery prize,

and thrust it into his wicked sweetheart's She received it with a little cry of joy, then she pressed it to her lips. Sholto, rejoicing at heart, moved a step nearer to But in spite of her arch delight she was on the alert, for she retreated deftly and neatly within the chamber door of the fair maid of Galloway. There was still more mirthful wickedness in her eyes.

"Love the earl? Of course I do. Indeed dote upon him," she said; "how I shall love this buckle, just because he gave it to

And with that she shut the door. Sholto, in act to advance, stood a moment poised on one foot like a goose. Then, with heart blazing with anger and one of the arst oaths that had ever passed his lips, he turned on his heel and strode away. "I will never think of her again. I will never see her. I will go to France and

perish in battle. I will throw me in the castle pool. I will-" So the poor lad retreated, muttering ho and angry words, all his heart sore within him because of the cruelty of this girl.

"Sholto! Sholto! I want you, He bent his brows and strode manfully

of a military commander, as he stood be-

She held the iron lamp in her hand. The wick had fallen aside, and now was wasting itself in a broad, unequal flame. The maid of honor looked at it in perplexity, knitting her pretty brows in a mock frown.

dare not! Will you-will you blow it out for me, Captain Sholto?"

There was a dancing challenge in her dark She could not of course have known that the light made her look so beautiful, or she

with himself, trying to conquer his dignity deep within him he had still an angry feel- and retain his attitude of stern disap-

shot from under those dark, sweeping him, dropped them again dark upon her cheek, and anon looked a second time at

"I am sorry," she said, more than ever is so hot."

unconsciously, resigned their soft sweetness for a long moment to his will. Then the door closed and he heard the

click of the lock as the bolts shot from within. The gallery ran round and round about him like a clacking wheel. His I heart beat tumultuously and there was a strange humming sound in his ears. The captain of the guard stumbled half distracted down the turret stair. The old

world had been destroyed in a moment and he was walking in a new, where perpetual roses bloomed and the spring birds sang forever more. He knew not, this poor, foolish Sholto, that he had much to learn ere



DECEIVE ME NOT." CRIED SHOLTO. "YOU LOVE MY LORD DOUGLAS."

of that most naughty and prettily disdainful that night he thought he knew her heart and soul, which made him just as happy.

In the morning he had other news of it never closed an eye. A blowing out of the lamp had turned his ideals and hopes all He laughed triumphantly within him at swer," cried Sholto fuming; "do you love the difference. They had run into corners a present frae the dauphin o' France. He and acreamed and struggled and held up has cast off the well-tried one, and with it ineffectual hands. And when his lips did also the auld servant that hath served him reach their goal it was generally upon the these many years!"

the same man he had been before. Deep of puir Landless Jock," said the old man, in his heart he laughed at the thought.

And then, again, with a quick revulsion, the return wave came upon him. "How i she be as untouched as her beauty is fresh; throat. I envy you not, though your adhas she learned that skill in careesing?" wise man should always mistrust a girl who the loon is paper-backed and feckless. But

Then again his better self would reassert

others. She speaks differently, her eyes are different, her bair, her hands-why should she not be different also in this?"

morning, coming suddenly upon him as he stood, with a pale face and dark rings of sleeplessnem about his eyes, looking meditatively out upon the broad river and the blue smoke of the morning campfires, there was yet another difference to be revealed to him. He had expected that like others she would be confused and bashful meeting him thus in the daylight-after, well after the extin-

But there she stood, dainty and calm, under the morning sunshine, in fresh, clean gown of lace and whiteness, her face calm and grave as a benediction, her eyes deep and cool like the water of the castle well. Sholto stared at sight of her, recovered hin self and eagerly held out both his hands. "Maud!" he said, hoarsely, and then again

in a lower tone, "Sweetest Maud!" But pretty Mistress Lindesay only looked at him with a certain reserve and grave surprise, looking him straight in the face and completely ignoring his outstretched

"Captain Sholto," she said, steadily and calmly, "the Lady Margaret desires to see you and to thankyou for your care and watchfulness. Will you do me the honor to follow me to her chamber?"

There was no yielding softness about this maiden of the morning hours, no conscious droop and swift uplifting of penitent eyelids, no lingering glances out of love weighted eyes. A brisk and practical little woman rather, her feet pattering most purposefully along the flagged passages and skipping faster than even Sholto could fol- est story. And the young man's heart told low her. But at the top of the second stairs him that this was the atonement of Maus he was over quick for her. By taking the narrow edges of the steps he reached the landing level with his mistress.

His desire was to put out his hand to circle her lithe waist, for nothing is so dangerously reproductive of its own species as a first kies. But he had reckoned without

proachful eyes.

"Maud Lindesay, have you forgotten last night and the lamp?" he said indignantly. "What may you mean, Captain Sholto?"

she said with wonderment in her tone, "Margaret and I never use lamps. Candles CHAPTER XIX.

La Joyense Balts Her Hook. On the morrow, the ambassador of France being confined to his room with a slight quinsy, caught from the marshy nature of the environment of Thrieve, to which he was unaccustomed, the earl escorted Lady Sybilla to the field of the tourney, where, as Queen of Beauty, her presence could not be

The maid Margaret and the earl's sister remained also, not having yet recovered from her fright of the preceding evening. With her was Maud Lindesay and her mother—"the auld leddy," as she was called throughout all the wide dominions of her

dispensed with.

In spite of his weariness Sholto led his archer guard in person to the field of the tournament. For this day was the day of need to be scourged from the barriers.

But ere he went Sholto summoned two of lingering, drawing glances. the stanchest fellows of the company, Andrew, called the Penman, and his brother straight charge and a heavy one upon them.

"On your heads be it if you fail, or let any soul pass." he said. "Stand ready bows and if any man come hither challenge him to stand and bid him return the way he came. But if any dog or thing running on four feet ascend or descend the stair make no sound, ask no question, cry no warning, but whang the steel bolt

through his ribs!' Then Andrew the Penman and his brother nothing, but spat on their hands, smiled at each other, well pleased, and made the wheels of their crossbows sing with a clear, whirring note.

"I would not like to be that dog," said Andrew the swarthy, "whose foul carcass I pray God to send speedily!" echoed John the blonde.

Sholto had hoped that whilst he was at

casion to see once more the tantalizing mischief maker whom he yet loved with all his heart, in spite of, or perhaps because of the distraction to which she continually reduced his spirit by means of her manifold and incalculable contrarieties. Nevertheless, it was with an easier heart that Sholto went his way out of the castle yett, all arrayed in the new suit of armor his lord had sent him. It was made of chain of the finest, composed of many rings set alternately thick and thin, flexible as the deer leather which he wore underneath it. Over this doublet of blue silk carried the lion of Galloway in white upon it, and all the cerulean of the ground was dotted over with the Douglas' heart. But, greatest joy of all, there was brought to him by command of the earl a sultable horse, not heavily armed like a charger for the tilt, but light of foot and answering easily to the hand. Blue and red was the silken housing, fringed with long silver lace, through which could be seen the silken sheen of the glossy skin. The buckles and bits were also of silver, and the cup of

Then when he was mounted and out upon the green waiting for the coming forth of his lord, what delight it was to feel the "Well, indeed, were it for him if he loved minx, Mistress Maud Lindesay. But for noble dark gray answer to each touch of the rein, obeying his master's thought, more than the strength of his wrist or the prick

As he waited there, his predecessor in office, old Sir John of Abernethy, Landless Jock, as he was nicknamed, came out from the Douglases fell over his arm half way to the ground. On its front was a lion which ramped among golden fleur-de-lis. his lordship's new helmet, just brought as

"Nay, Sir John," said Sholto, with court-

"Ah, lad, I envy ye not, think not that sadly shaking his head. "I also have tried the new office, the shining armor, and felt the words of command rise proudly in the vancement hath been sudden-and, well, for "I remember my father saying that a my son John I had hoped, though indeed

At that moment there issued forth from head and again returning upon his own the gateway the young earl, holding by footsteps, "why should I belie her? She is the hand the Lady Sybilla. His mother, the countess, came to the door to see them ride away. The queen of the sports was in a merry mood, and as she tripped down the steps she turned, and, looking over her shoulders, she called to the Lady Douglas. 'Fear not for your son; I will take care of

But the elder weman answered neither her smile nor yet her word, but stood like a mother who sees her son treading in places perilous, yet dares not warn him, knowing well that she would drive him to giddler and

The pennons of the escort fluttered in the breeze as the men on horseback tossed their lances high in air in salutation of their The archer guard stood ranked and ready, bows on their shoulders and arrows in quiver. Horses neighed, armor clanked and sparkled, and from the moat platform twenty silver trumpets blared a fanfare as the Lady Sybilla, the arbiter of this day's chivalry, mounted, with the help of Earl Douglas. She thanked him with a low word in his ear, audible only to himself, as he set her in the saddle and bent to kiss her

Sybilla de Thouars as they rode away, light and dark together, over the greensward and under the tossing banners of the bridge, Sholto behind them giving great heed to the managing of his horse and wondering n his heart if indeed Maud Lindesay were ooking down from her chamber window. As they passed the drawbridge he turned him about a little in his saddle as it were to see that his men were all in good order. A little jet of white fluttered out from the sparred wooden gallery which clung to the gray walls of Thrieve just outside the high-Lindesay.

Earl Douglas was in his gayest humo

so and stood further off, safely poised for excellent fellows to boot. It was also a most flight, looking down at him with cold re- noble chance that the French ambassador was confined by the quinsy, for it was certainly pleasant to ride out alone with that beauteous head glancing so near his shoulder, to watch at his will the sun crimsoning the red lips, sparkling in the eyes bright as sunshine slanting through green leaves on a waterbreak, and to mark is he fell a pace behind how every hair of that luxuriant chevalure rippled golden and separate, like the halo of a Florentine work about the head of a saint.

The Lady Sybilla de Thouars was merry also, and with what a different mirth to that of Mistress Maud Lindesay, thought Captain Sholto MacKim, with a conscious glow of pride in his sweetheart.

True, Sholto was scarce a fair judge, in that he loved one and did not love the other. He owned that there might be something in that. But as the gay tones of the lady's laughter floated back on the air as his master and she rode forward by the edge of Dee toward the Lochar fords, the first fear with which he had seen her in the greenwood returned upon the captain of the guard.

Earl William and the Lady Sybilla talked together that which no one else could hear. "So after all you have not become a the high sport, and many lances would be churchman and gone off to drone masses splintered and often would the commonalty with the monks of your good uncle," she said, looking up at him with one of her

"Nay," Earl William replied, "surely one

Douglas at a time is gift enough to holy John. Then, having posted them at either church. At least I can choose my own end of the corridor in which were the way in that, though in most I am as chambers occupied by the girls, he laid a straightly constrained as the king himself." "Speaking of the king," she said, "my uncle, the marshal, must perforce ride to Edinburgh to deliver his credentials. Would with your hands on the wheel of your cross- it not be a most mirthful jest to ride with equippage such as this to that mongrel poverty stricken court, and let the poor little king and his starved guardian see what greatness and splendor mean?"

"I have sworn never again to enter Edinburgh town," said the earl, slowly. "It was prophesied that there one of my race should meet a Black Bull which John, being silent, capable fellows, said should trample the house of Douglas into ruins."

"Of course, if you are afraid-" mused the lady. The earl started as if he had been stung.

hauteur, "you come from far and do not know. No Douglas has ever been afraid throughout all their generations."

"Madam," he said, with a sudden chill

The lady turned upon him with a sweet the guard setting he might have had ocand moving smile. She held out her fair hand. "Pardon, nay a thousand pardons! knew not what I said. I am not acquainted

with your Scottish speech nor your Scottish customs. Do not be angry with me. I am a stranger, young, far from my own people and my own land. Think me foolish for speaking thus freely if you like, but not unkind." And when the earl looked at her there were tears glittering in her beautiful eyes.

"I will go to Edinburgh," he cried, "I am the Douglas. The tutor and the chancellor are but as two straws in my hand, a longer and a shorter. I fling them from me-thus!" The Lady Sybilla clapped her hands joyously, and turned toward the young man "Will you indeed go with me?" she cried, "will you truly? I could kiss your hand,

my Lord Douglas, you make me so glad." "Your kiss will keep?" said the earl, with a quiet passion quivering in his voice. "Nay, I meant it not thus-not as you mean it. I knew not what I said. But it will indeed change all things if you will but come. Then I shall have some one to speak to, some one with whom to laugh at their court mummery, their flasco of dignity. You

are not like these other beggarly Scots, my lord duke of Touraine!" "They are brave men and loyal gentlesaid the generous

would die for me." "Noy, but so I declare would I," gayly cried the lady, glancing at his handsome head with a quick admiring regard. "So would I-if I were a man. Besides, there is so little worth living for in a country

such as this." The earl was silent and she proceeded: "But how joyous we shall be at Edinburgh! Know you that at the court of Charles that was my name-La Joyeuse they called me. We will keep solemn countenances while we enter the presence of the king. We will bow. We will make obeisance Then when all is over we will laugh to gether at the fatted calf of a tutor, the cunning chancellor with his quirks of law and the poor schoolboy, scarce breeched, whom they call king of Scotland. But all the while I shall be thinking of the true king of Scots-who alone shall ever be king to

La Joyeuse broke off short, as if her feelings were hurrying her to say more than

she had intended. "I did wrong to flout their messengers yesterday," said William Douglas, his boyish heart misgiving him at dispraise of others, "perhaps they meant me well. But I am naturally quick and easily fretted and the men annoyed me with their parchments I think you could be true, that is, where royal, their heralds of the Lion and 'King

of Scots' at every other word." "Who is the youth who rides at the head of your company?" said the Lady Sybills. "His name is Sholto MacKim, and it was but yesterday that I made him captain of man with a grave quiet, which became him my guard."

"I like him not!" said Lady Sybills. "He is full of ignorance and obstinacy and pride. Pesides which, I am sure he likes not me." "Save that last, I am not sure that Douglas has a right to dislike him for any such faults. Ignorance, obstinacy and pride are, indeed, good Galloway virtues of ancient descent, and not to be despised in the cap-

tain of an archer guard." "And pray, what may be the ill qualities which in Captain Sholto make up for these excellent Scottish virtues?" asked the lady disdainfully.

"He is faithful-" began the earl. "So is every dog." interjected Sybilla de Thouars.

The earl laughed a little gay laugh. "There is one dog somewhere about the castle, licking an unhealed sword thrust, that wishes our Sholto had been a triffe less faithful.

for a space; then, striking abruptly into a new subject, she said: "Do you defend the lists today?" "Nay," answered the earl. "Today it is my good fortune to sit by your side and old the truncheon, while others meet the

shock, but the knight who this day gains

The Lady Sybilla sat silent on her saddle

the prize tomorrow must choose a side against me and fight a melee." "Ah." cried the girl, "I would that my uncle were healed. He loveth that sport. He says that he is too old to defend his shield all day against every comer, but in the melec he is still as good a lance as

"That is well said," cried the earl. "He shall lead the Knights of the Blue in my place. "Nay, my lord duke," cried the Lady Sybillia; "more than anything on earth d

the bridge of Orleans."

"O. I am no great lance," replied Doug- of the morrow. las, modestly: "I am yet too young and light. As things go now the butterfly cannot tilt against the beef barrel when both done into armor. But with the sword I will fight all day and be hungry for more. Aye, or rattle a merry rally with the quar-

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oftlimes swinge we tightly for my soul's but one head thereof!" replied Lord Wil-The lady went on quickly, as if avoiding

any mention of Sholto's name. "Nevertheless, tomorrow I must see you ride in the lists. My uncle says that your father was a mighty lance when he rode at Amboise on the famous day of the thirteen victories." "Ah, but my father was twice the man

am," said the earl. swered, smiling. "So at least it is reported of him in

Touraine," answered his son, smiling back "He loved and rode away, like all your race!" cried the girl with a strange, sudder flicker of passion, which died as suddenly. But I think it not of you, Lord William.

you truly loyed." And as she spoke she looked at him with a questioning eagerness in her eyes which was almost pitiful. "I do love and I am loyal," said the young

well and ought to have served him better than many protestations.

Andrew the Penman Gives an count of His Stewardship. In the fighting of that day James Douglas, the second son of the fat earl of Avondale won the prize, worsting his elder brother in the final encounter. The victor was a noblyformed youth, of strength and stature greater than those of his brother, but without Wir-

liam of Avondale's naughty spirit and stern

CHAPTER XX.

elf-discipline. virtues which would drink with any pricker at a tavern board and make him ready to clap his last gold lion on the platter to pay for the draught, telling as like as not the good gossip to keep the change and (if well (avored) give him a kiss therefor. The Douglas cortege rode home amid the shoutings of the holiday makers, who thronged all the approaches to the ford in order to see the great nobles and their trains ride by, and Sholte and his men had much trouble to teep them as far back as was decent.

The earl summoned his victorious cousins William and James to ride with him and of ash. That is what drives the tree home, the tourney's Queen of Beauty. But William proved even more silent than usual and his dark face and upright carriage caused him truer courage." to appear on his charger as if carved in iron. Jolly James, on the other hand, attempted a jest or two which savored rustically enough. Nevertheless he received courage and address with the equanimity best knight in Scotland even at that time, as | duke." he was twelve years after when in the lists of Stirling he fought with the famous Messire Lalain, the Burgundian champion, Earl William dropped behind to speak a moment with Sholto and to give him the clerk, Jamie aching to drive lance through desire to see you bear arms on the field of orders which he was to convey to the provest

of the games with regard to the encounte La Joyeuse took the opportunity of ad-

dressing her nearer and more silent com-

"You are, I think, the head of the other

blush either with shame or with annovance

liam, with a certain sternness, without look-

ing at her. The lady had the grace to

and the Red." "The red and the black alike are the "Great alike in love and war?" she an- liege men of William of Douglas, whom Angus and Avondale alike have the honor of serving," answered he, still more uncompromisingly.

> Will is the only chief and will make a rare lance when he hath eaten a score or two more of bolls of meal." The earl returned even as James was

land, James!" two of bolls of good Galloway meal to your ribs. English beef and beer are excellent and drive a lance home into an unarmed foe, but it needs good Scotch oats at the

rings on iron." "Indeed, cousin Jamie," said the earl, 'you have some right to your porridge, for this day you have overturned well nigh a score of good knights, and come off unhurt and unashamed. Cousin William, how

"Not that ill." said the silent master. "I am indeed better at taking than at giving. James is a better lance than I shall ever

"Not so," cried jolly James. "Our Will never doth himself justice. He is forever reading Deyrolles and John Froissard. in order to learn new ways and tricks of fence, which he practices on the tilting ground, instead of riding with a tight knee and the weight of his body behind the shaft and so he gets many a coup. Yet to fall and to be up and at it again is by far the

The Lady Sybilla laughed heartily as it . seemed, yet with some little bitterness in the sound of it. "I declare you Douglases stick together

"Indeed, and that I am!" cried the young man joyously, "here be my cousins, William and James-Will ready to read me out of

cried James, "St. Bride, but I would make a hole clean through him, though my elbuck should dinnle for a week after."

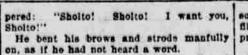
ing more silent and somewhat constrained

(To be Continued)

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"Sholto-dear Sholto. Do not go. I need Against his will be turned, and seeing the head of Maud Lindesay, her pouting lips and beckoning finger, he went sulkily back.

fore her.

"Well," he said with the stern curtness are so much safer, especially at night."

"It burned me as I was ordering my hair," she said, "I cannot blow it out. I

She spoke with a sweet, childlike humility. And she held the lamp up so that the iron handle was almost touching her soft cheek. eyes and her lips smiled dangerously red.

would have been more careful. Sholto stood still a moment, at wrestle

But the girl swept her lashes up toward

Now Sholto was young, but he was no rected, smiling, "but tell me what think you quite a fool. He stooped and blew out the light, and the next moment his lips rested upon the other lips which, as it had been



CHAPTER XVIII. The Morning Light. Even when he was relieved from duty he headpiece from which the blue feather of topsy-turvy. His heart sang hot and loud within him. He had kissed other girls in- The old man held it up for Sholto to take. feed before at kirns and country dances.

bridge of a nose or the tip of an ear. He could not remember any especial pleasure esy, taking the helmet which it was his accompanying the rite.

But this! The bolt of an arbaiast could him on a velvet covered placque, "nay—well not have given him a more instant or tre- has the good servant deserved his rest, and mendous shock. His nerves quivered yet to take his ease. The young to the broil and responsive to the tremulous clinging of the the moil, the old to the inglenook or the cup lips he had touched in the dark of the of wine benath the shade." doorway. He felt that never could he be

itself. "No," he would argue, tramping up and I die. lown in the short bounds of the turnpike pure as the air-only she is different to all

But when Maud Lindesay met him in the

guishing of the lamp.

Sholto's happiness was full. For a space as he gazed upon his steed he forgot even Maud Lindesay. of his heel.

the main doorway. He carried a gleaming "Hae!" he said, in a surly tone, "this is

now there remains for me only to go to the kirk of St. Bride in Douglasdale and there set me down by my auld master's coffin till

yet more dangerous heights.

hand. A right gallant pair were Douglas and

on this second day of the great tourneying. He had got rid of his most troublesome guests. His uncle, James of Avondale; his red cousin of Angus, the grave, ill-assorted figure of the abbot of Duice Cor, had all But he had not proceeded twenty steps the lady's favor, which in matters of this vanished. Only the young and chivalrous along the corridor when he heard the door kind is proverbially important. Mistress remained, his cousins, William and James, softly open and a low, sweet voice whis- Maud sluded him without appearing to do Hugh and Archibald, good lances all, and both Sholto there is my master, and doth! "There is but one house of Douglas

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> at this rebuff. "Pardon," she said; "you must remember that I am a foreigner. I do not understand your genealogies. I thought that even in France I had heard of the Black Douglas

"Aye," cried the jovial James, "Cousin

"What is that I hear about bolls of meal?" he said. "What wots this fair damsel of our rude Scots measures for oats and beer? You talk like the holder of a 20-shilling "I was saying." answered James Douglas, "that you would be a proper man of your lance when you had laid a score or

back of the spear hilt to make the sparks fly when knight meets with knight and fron

liked you the whammel you got from James' lauce in your final course?'

wise books and advise me better than any any man's midriff in my quarrel." "Lord, I would that I had the chance,"

So talking together, but with the lady rid-Aye, or rattle a merry rally with the quar-ter staff like any common variet. But a of Avondale.

the compliments of the Lady Sybilla on his like crabs in a basket. Cousins in France do not often love each other so well. You when he rode by the side of the maid over of a practiced soldier. He was, indeed, the are fortunate in your relation, my lord