

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

William, sixth earl of Douglas, the most prove with the Lady Sphills, the nice of the French ambassador. Marshal de Ritz, who chances to be crossing the Douglas existes. On the day following their meets and hundreds of knights and squires, and hundreds of knights and squires, armorer, distinguishes himself in brokers armorer, distinguishes himself in brokers, and the lift of the earl's sister. And the lift of the earl's sister, and the lift of the earl's sister, and the lift of the earl's sister, and the lift of the earl's sister. And the lift of the earl's sister, and the lift of the earl's sister. And the lift of the earl's sister, and the lift of the earl's sister. And the lift of the earl's sister, and the lift of the earl's sister. And the lift of the earl's sister, and the lift of the earl's sister. This sequence is a sister of the lift of

## CHAPTER XXXVL

The Rising of the Douglases. The sun shone fair on the battlements of Douglas castle as Sholto rode up to the level mead, whereon a little company of men was exercising. He could hear the words of command cried gruffly in the broad Galloway speech. Landless Jock was drilling his spearmen, and as the shining triple line of points dropped to the "ready to receive," the old knight and former captain of the earl's guard came forward a little way to welcome his successor with what fittle grace was at his command.

"Eh, sirce, and what has brocht sic a braw young knight and grand frequenter o' courts sae far as Douglas castle? Could no even let puir auld Landless Jock hae the tilt yaird here to exercise his handfu' in, and keep his auld banes a wee while frae the rust and the Thrieve.

these words the white anxiety in Sholto's face struck through his half-humorous complaint, and the words died on his line in a perturbed "What is 't-what is 't ava', lad-

Sholto told him in the fewest words. "The verl and Dayvid in the power o' their hoose's enemies! Blessed Sant Anthony, and here was I flighterin' and ragin' aboot my naethings! Here, lade, blaw the horn and cry the slogan! Fetch the horse frae the stall and stand ready in your war gear within ten minutes by the knock. Aye, faith will we raise Douglasdale! Gang your ways to Gallowa'-there shall not a man bide at hame this day. Certes-we wull that. Ca' in the by-gaun at Lanark-aye, lad, and gin the rascals are no willing or no ready, we will hang the provost and magistrates at their ain doorcheeks to learn them to bide

Sholto had done enough in Douglasdale. He turned north again on a yet more imporcant errand. It was forenoon, full and broad. when he halted before the little town of Strathaven, upon which the castle of Avondare looks down. It seemed of the greates moment that the Avondale Douglases should know that which had befallen their cousin. For no suspicion of treachery within the house and name of Douglas touched with a shade of shadow the mind of Sholto MacKim.

bide frae the cried assembly o' their liege

He thundered at the townward port of the castle to which a steep ascent led up. where presently the outer guard soon crowded about him, listening to his story and already fingering bowstring and examining rope-matches, preparatory to the expected march upon Edinburgh. 'I have not time to waste, comrades. I

must see my lords," said Sholto. "I must

And even as he spoke there on the steps appeared the dark handsome face and tall but slightly stooping figure of William Douglas of Avondale. He stood with his hands clasped behind his back and his serious thought-weighted face bent upon the concourse about Sholto.

With a push of his elbows this way and that the young captain of the earl's guard opened a way through the press.

In short, emphatic sentences he told his tale and at the name of prisonment and treachery the countenance of William Douglas grew stern and hard. His face twitched if the news came very near to him. He did not answer for a moment, but stood



such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fulness after meals, Head-ache, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat Loss of Appetite. Costiveness, Blotches on the Skin, Cold Chills, Dis-turbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations.

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| biting his lips and glooming upon Sholto, as

heart's heart ye are aye a Douglas-and though the silly gaping commons like ye

not so well as they like me, you are the best o' us a', for all that!" So it came to pass that within the space of half an hour the young Avondale Douglases had sent men to the four airts, young Hugh Douglas himself riding west, while James stirred the folk of Avondale and Strathaven, and in all the courtyards and streets of the little feudal town there began the hum and buzz of war assembly.

Lord William went with Sholto to see staunch Darnaway duly stabled, and to approve the horse which was to bear the messenger to the south without halt, now that his mission was accomplished in the west. When they came out Sholto's riding harness had been transferred to a noble gray steed large enough to carry the burly James. let alone the slim captain of the guard of

In the court, ranked and ready, bridle to bridle, were ranged the knights and siquires in waiting about the castle of Avondale, while out on a level green spot on the edge of the moor gathered the denser array of the townsfolk with spears and partizans.

The Avondale Douglases were ready enough to ride to the assistance of their cousins. Alas, that Earl William would ake no advice, for had these and others cone in with him to the fatal town there would have been no black bull's head or the chancellor's dinner table in the banqueting hall of Edinburgh castle.

# CHAPTER XXXVII.

A Strange Meeting. It was approaching the evening of the third day after riding forth upon his mission when Sholto, sleepless, yet quite unconscious of weariness, approached the loch of Carlinwark and the cottage of Brawny Kim. West and south he had raised the Douglas country as it had never been raised before. And now behind him every armiger and squire, every spearman and lightfoot archer was hastening Edinburghward, eager

to be first to succor the young and headstrong chief of this great house. Sholto had ridden and cried the slogan as was his duty, without allowing his mind to dwell too much upon whether all might not come too late. And ever as he rode out of village or across the desolate moors from castle or fortified farmhouse it seemed that not he but some other was upon this quest. Something sterner and harder stirred in

his breast. Light-heart Sholto MacKim, the careless lad of the jousting day, the proud young captain of the earl's guard, was dead with all his vanity, and in his place a man rode southward grim and determined, with vengeful angers a-smoulder in his bosomhunger, thirst, love, the joy of living and the fear of death all being swallowed up by deadly hatred of those who had betrayed his master.

Maud Lindesay was doubtless within a few miles of Shorto, yet he scarcely gave even his sweetheart a thought as he urged his weary gray over the purple Parton moors toward the loch of Carlinwark and the little hamlet nestling along its western side under the great ancient thorn trees of the Carlin's

He rode down over the green Crossmichae braes, on which the broom pode were cracking in the afternoon sunshine, through hollows where the corn lingered as though unwilling to have done with such a scene of beauty and fland itself mewed in dusty ground in mills, or close-pressed in thatched rick. He breasted the long smooth ise and entered the woods which encircled he bright hike of Carlinwark, the pearl of all the southland Scottish lochs.

With a strange sense of detachment he ooked down upon the greensward between him and his mother's gable end, upon which as a child he had wandered. Then it was nearly as large as the world, and the grass was nost comfortable to small bare feet. There were children playing upon it now, even as there had been of old-among them his own little sister, Magdalen, whose hair was spun gold, and whose eyes blue as the forget-menot in the marshes of the Isle Wood. The children were dressed in white, five little girls in all, as for a festal day, and their voices came upward to Sholto's ear through the arches of the great beeches which tudded the turf, even as they had done to that of William Douglas in the springtime of

the year. The minor note, the dving fall of the innocent voices, tugged at his heart strings. He could hear little Magdalen leading the chorus:

Margaret Douglas, fresh and fair, A bunch of roses she shall wear; Gold and silver by her side, I know who's her bride. It was at "Fair Maid" they were playing the mystic dance of southland maidenhood at whose vestal rites no male of any age was ever permitted to be present. words broke in upon the gloom which opthe little Margaret Douglas, of whom the children sang, again gathering the gowans on the braceldes of Thrieve, or perilously is alive!" reaching for the purple irises athwart the

Take ner by the lily-white hand, Lead her o'er the water— Give her kisses, one, two, three, For she's a lady's daughter. As Sholto MacKim listened to the quaint

For without clatter or accouterment was seated upon the saddle, swaying with gentle movement to the motion of her steed. At the sight of her face as she came nearer

It was the Lady Sybille. of freedom and life. Anger against this smiling enchantress auddenly surged up in

The Lady Sybills moved her hand this way and that with the gesture of a blind

man groping. "Hush," she said. "I only said that he was well. And he is well. As I am already in the place of torment I know that there is a heaven for those who die as William Douglas died!" "Dead - dead - Earl William dead-my

master dead!" He dropped the palfrey's rein, which till now he had held. His sword fell unheeded on the turf and he flung himself down in an agony of boyish grief. But from her white palfrey, sitting still where she was, the

maiden watched the paroxysms of his sorrow. She was dry-eyed now and her face was like a mask cut in snow. Then as suddenly recalling himself Sholto eaped from ground, snatched up his sword and again passionately advanced upon the

"You it was who betrayed him," he cried. pointing the blade at her breast, "answer if it was not?" "It is true I betrayed him!" she answered

Lady Sybilla.

almly. "You whom he loved-God knows how un-

not sight of her whom you call your sweetheart, nor yet of her charge, Margaret Douglas, the maid of Galloway, till the snows fall and winter comes upon the land."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The MacKims Come to Thrieve. Sholto MacKim stood watching awhile as the white paffrey disappeared with its rider into the purple twilight of the woods which barred the way to the sea. Then, with a violent effort of will, he recalled himself and looked about for his horse. The tired animal was gently cropping the lush dewy herbage on the green slope which led downward to his native cottage. Sholto took the gray by the bridle and walked toward his mother's door, pondering on the last words of the Lady Sybilia. A voice at once stren-

"Shoo wi' you, impident randies that ye are, shoo! Saw I ever the like about ony decent hoose? That hens will drive me oot o' my mind! Sholto, lad, what's wrang? Is't your faither? Dinna tell me it's your

"It is worse than that, mither mine." "No the earl—surely no the early him-self—the laddie that I hae nursed, the laddie that was to Barbara Halliburton as her ain

They are dead, betrayed into the hands of

# "Mother, it is the earl and David too. urged his wearied steed forward. Like a worthily-"

brough the gathering gloom.

winter wind among dried leaves the children , were dispersed every way by the gust of his angry shout. But the maiden on the palfrey either heeded not or did not hear. Whereupon Sholto rode furiously to intercept her. He would learn what had befallen his master. At least he would avenge him upon one-the chiefest and subtlest of his enemies. But not till he had come within ten paces did the Lady Sybilla turn upon him her regard. Then he saw her face. It broke upon him sudden as the im-

minent sight of hell to one sure of salvation. He had expected to find there gratified ambition, sated lust, exultant pride, cruel vengeance. He saw instead as it had been the face of an angel cast out of heaven of a martyr who had passed through the torture chamber on her way to the place of

The sight stopped Sholto, stricken and wavering. His anger fell from him like a

The Lady Sybilla's face showed of no earthly paleness. Marble white it was, the eyes heavy with weeping, purple rings beneath accentuating the horror that dwelt in them. The lips that had been as the bow of Apollo were parted as though they had been singing the dirge of one beloved, and even as she rode the tears ran down her cheeks and fell on her white robe, and upon

She looked at Sholto when he came near. but not as one who sees or recognizes. Rather as if dumb, drunken, besotted with grief looked forth the soul of the Lady Sybilia upon the captain of the Douglas guard. She heeded not his angry shout, for another voice rang ever in her ears, speaking the knightliest words ever uttered by a man about to die. Sholto's sword was threateningly in his hand, but Sybilia saw only another sword gleam bright in the morning sun ere it fell to rice again dimmed and red. Therefore she checked not her steed, nor turned aside, till Shelte laid his hand upon her bridle rein and leaped quickly to the ground with his sword in his hand, leaving his own beast to wander where it would.

"What do you here?" he cried. "Where s my master? What have they done to I bid you tell me on your life." Sholto's voice had no chivalrous courtesy in it now. The time for that had gone by He lowered his sword point, and there was iron in the muscles of his arm. He was ready to kill the temptress as be would a

beautiful viper. The Lady Sybilla looked upon him and in dazed fashion, like one who rests between the turns of the rack. In a little while she appeared to recognize him. She noted the sword in his hand, the death in his eyeand for the first time since the scene in the courtyard of Edinburgh castle she smiled. Then the fury in Sholto's heart broke sud-

denly forth. "Woman," he cried, "show me cause why should not slay you. For by God, I will, f aught of harm hath overtaken my master. Speak, I bid you, if you have any wish to Brittany." live!

But the Lady Sybilla continued to smilethe same dreadful, mocking smile, and somehow Sholto, with his weapon bare and his arm nerved to the thrust, felt himself grow weak and helpless under the stillness and utter pitifulness of her look. "You would kill me-kill me, you say-

the words came low and thrilling forth from lips which were as those of the dead whose chin has not yet been bound about with a napkin, "ah, would that you could. But you cannot. Steel will not slay, poison will not destroy, nor water drown Sybilla de Thouars till her work is done!" Sholto escaped from the power of her eye.

"My master—" he gasped, "my master, s he well? I pray you tell me?"

Was it a laugh that he heard in answer?

which hid the sea.
So leaving Sholto standing by the lake

him so, continue to follow him?

side with bowed bead and abased sword the strange woman went her way to work out her appointed work. But ere the Lady Sybilla disappeared

"YOU BETRAYED H IM TO HIS DEATH, WHY THEN SHOULD I NOT RILL YOU?" "God knows," she said, simply and their enemies; cruelly and treacherously

> "You betrayed him to his death. Why Barbara MacKim sank on her knees and Again she smiled upon him that disarmlifted up her hands to heaven. "Because you cannot kill me. Because it were too crowning a mercy to kill me. Because for three inches of that blade in my heart I would bless you through the eternities. Because I must do the work that re-

able for mortal weakness to rear him, William Douglas drew his life frae me. What for, Sholto, are ye standin' there to tell the What for couldna ye hae died wi' him? As mither's milk slockened ye baith. The same arms credled ye. I bade ye keep your lord safe wi' your body and your sou And there ye daur to stand, skin-hale and bane unbroken before your mither. Get hence-ye are nae son o' Barbara MacKim. Let me never look on your face again, gin ye bringna back the pride o' the warld, the gladness o' the auld withered heart o' her

"Mother," said Sholto, "my lord was no dead when I left him-he sent me to raise the country to his rescue." "And what for are ye standin' there clavering, and your lord in danger among his foes?" cried his mother, angrily.

"Dear mother, I have something more tell ye-" "Aye, I ken, ye needna break the news Laurence wha ran frae the Abbey to gang wi' him to the wars is nae mair. Aweel they are worthily spent, since they died for their chief! Ye say that ye were sent to

"Mother," said Shorto, still more gently, "hearken but a moment. Thirty thousand men are on their way to Edinburgh. Three Douglasdale is awake. The Upper Ward is already at the gates of the city. To a man, Galloway is on the march. The border is all aflame. But it is all too late, I have had reach within miles the fatal ax had fallen,

burgh castle." "And if the laddles were alive when ye rode awa', wha brocht the news afore my Sholto could ride-tell me that?"

First I raised the west from Strathaven to Ayr. Then I carried the news to Dumfries and the borderside. But today I have seen the Lady Sybilla on her way to take ship for France. From her I heard the news that all had done was too late."

named queen o' beauty at the tournay by the Fords o' Lachar-Certes, I wadna beieve her on oath, no if she swore on the pleased banes o' Sanct Andro himsel'. To the castle, man, or I'll kilt my coats and be there afore ye to shame ye!" "I go, mother," said Sholto, trying vainly

to stem the torrent of denunciation which poured upon him. "I came only to see that all was well with you." "And what for should a' be weel wi' me? What can be ill wi' me if it be not to gang

on leevin' when the noblest young men in he warld-the lads that was suckled at my bosom-lies cauld in the clay. Awa' wi' ye Sholto MacKim, and come na back till ye hae rowed every traitor in the same bloody rindin' sheet!" The foster mother of the Douglases sank

on the ground in the dusk, leaning against and bonny as they were. I hae stratkit and

# Bankers' Union of the World.

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Dr. E. C. Spinney of this city, supreme president of the Bankers' Union of the World, has received a charter from the state of Nebraska, and is writing a large volume of business for his new company. One deputy wrote 123 applications in one week, and the business at the Supreme office has become so large already that three extra clerks have been called for to write out the policies, Dr. Spinney has arranged for an increase in his Omaha force, and business will go on with a bound. He has a most excellent plan and we expect in due time to see him have one of the largest fra-ternal associations in our commonwealth. He is the most indomitable worker in life insurance ranks in the middle west, and a

manager of unexcelled ability.

The officers of the Bankers' Union are as follows: Supreme President, Dr. E. C. Spinney, formerly manager of the United States Life Insurance Company of New York for Nebraska and Iowa, who is also secretary and manager of the Home Savings and Trust Company, with a capital stock of \$10,000,000; Supreme Vice President, N. B. Rairden; Supreme Secretary, M. S. W. Brunk; Supreme Banker, H. H. Harder, secretary of the Fidelity Trust Company of Omaha; Supreme Physician, Dr. Robert S. Anglin; Supreme Attorney, Thomas Ryan of Lincoln; Superintendent of Deputies, Judson W. Harris; Supreme Director, J. B. Flynn, director and treasurer of the Home Savings and Trust Company. The deposi-tory of the Union is the First National Bank of Omaha. The Bankers' Union will operate on the lodge system, and col-

ects a sufficient premium to set aside a proper reserve for future emergencies. It will be operated on the broad principles of fraternal government. The states of our commonwealth will be en-tered for business as rapidly as may be consistent with conservative management. In future issues we will have more to say about this new organization. J ...

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kissed sae oft and eft. O, wass me-waes me! What will I do without my bonny

It was with the sound of his mother's ament still in his ears that Sholto rode sadly away over the hill to Thrieve. The way is short and easy and it was not long before the captain of the guard looked down upon the lights of the castle gleaming

He was pausing at the bridge head to wait the lowering of the draw chain when out of the covert above him there dashed a desperate horseman, who stayed neither for bridge nor ford, but dashed straight at the eastern castle pool, where it was deepest. To the stirrup clung another figure strange and terrible, seen in the uncertain light from the gate house and the beams of the

The drawbridge clattered down, and, sending his spurs home into the flanks of his tired steed, in a moment more Sholto was hard upon the track of the first headlone horseman. Scarce a length separated them as they reached the outer guard of the castle. Abreast they reined their horses in the quadrangle and in a moment Sholto had recognized in the rider his brother Laurence, pale as death, and in the figure that had clung to the stirrup as the horse took the water his father, Malise MacKim. Thus in one moment came the three Mac-

Kims to the doorstep of Thrieve. The clatter and cry of their arrival prought a pour of torches from every side

"Have you found them-where are they?" came from every side. But Laurence seemed neither to hear nor see.

"Where is my lady?" he cried, in a hearse man's voice, and again, "I must see my

Sholto stood aside, for he knew well that these two brought later news than he. Presently he went over to his father, who eaned, panting, upon a stone post, and asked him what was the news. But Malise thrust him aside, apparently without recognizing him.

'My lady," he gasped, "I would see my

ady!" Then through the torches clustered upon the steps of the castle came the tall, erect figure of the earl's mother, the countess of Douglas. She stood, with her head erect, looking down upon the Mackims and the heaving shoulders of their horses. Above and around the torches flared, and their reek blew thwartwise across the strange scene.

"I am here," she said, speaking clearly and naturally. "What would ye with the lady of Douglas?"

Thrice Laurence essayed to speak, but his tongue availed him not. He caught at his horse's bridle to steady him, and turned weakly to his father.

"Do you speak to my lady-I cannot!" he gasped. A terrible figure was Malise MacKim, the strong man of Galloway, as he came forward. Stained with the black peat of the morasses, his armor cast off that he might run easier, his under apparel torn almost

from his great body, his hair matted with

the blood which still cozed from an unwashed wound above his brow. "My lady," he said hoarsely, his words whistling in his throat, "I have strange things to tell. Can you bear to hear them! "If you have found my daughter dead or

dying, speak and fear not!" "I have things more terrible than the death of many daughters to tell you!" "Speak and fear not-an' it touch ives of my sous, the mother of the Douglases has learned the Douglas lesson. "Then," said Malice, sinking his head

upon his breast, "God help you, lady-your two sons are dead!" "Is David dead, also?" said the lady of Douglas. "He is dead," replied Malise.

the tonmest step of the ascent to Thrieve One or two of the torch bearers ran to support her. But she commanded herself and waved them aside. "God-he is the God!" she said. one day he hath made me a woman solitary and without children. Sons and daughter He has taken from me. But he shall not

The lady tottered a little as she stood or

break my heart. No, not even he. Stand up, Malise MacKim, and tell me how these things came to pass." And there in the blown reck of torches and the bush of the courtyard of Thrieve

Maliae told all the tale of the black dinner and the fatal morning, of the short shrift and the matchless death, while around him strong men sobbed and lifted up right hands to swear the vengeance. But alone and erect as a banner staff stood

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he mother of the dead. Her eyes were dry, her lips compressed, her nostrils a little distended like those of a warhorse that snifts the battle from afar. Outside the wall the news spread swiftly, and somewhere in the darkness a voice set up the Certic keen. "Bid that woman hold her peace. I will hear the news and then we will cry the slogan. Say on, Malise!"

Then the smith told how his horse had broken down time and again, how he had pressed on, running and resting, stripped alnost naked that he might keep up with his son, because that no ordinary charger could arry his great weight.

Then when he had finished the lady of Thrieve turned to Sholto: "And you, captain of the guard, what have you done, and wherefore left your master in his hour o

need?" Then, succinctly and to the point, Sholte spoke, his father and Laurence assenting and confirming as he told of the earl's commission and of how he had accomplished

those things that were laid upon him. "It is well," said the lady calmly. "Now also will tell you something that you do not know. My little daughter, whom ye call the Fair Maid of Galloway, with her comsanion, Mistress Maud Lindesay, went more than tweve hours agone to the holt by the ford to gather hazel nuts, and no eye of

man or woman hath seen them since." And as she spoke there passed a quick strange pang through the heart of Sholfo. He remembered the warning of the Lady Sybilla. Had he once more come too late?

(Te be Continued.)

# FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

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Disordered Liver

ditches of the Isle.

Sholto's heart.

and moving lullaby suddenly there came into the field of his vision that which stiffened him into a statue of breathing tramp of hoof, without companion or attend-ant, a white palfrey had appeared through the green arches of the woodlands. A girl

a low cry of horror and amazement broke from Sholto's lips. Yet he knew that he had left her behind him in Edinburgh, the siren temptrees of Earl Douglas, she who had led his master into the power of the enemy, she for whose sake he had refused the certainty

"Halt there on your life!" he cried, and

pressed Shelte's heart. Momentarity he for- Then again the low even voice replied out Think no more of your master. Let the dead got his master, and saw Maud Lindesay with of the expressionless face. Dury their dead. Ride to Thrieve and lose "Aye, your master is well!" "Ah, thank Ged," burst forth Sholto, "he

> eal, perhaps, than his own instinct of crude slaying-the instinct of the wasp, whose nest has been harried to sting the first comer This woman's hatred was something deadler, surer, more persistent. knowing what he said, "why should you who betrayed him speak of avenging

"VENGEANCE!"

Sholto was silent, trying to think. He

found it hard to think. He was but a boy,

and experience so strange as that of the

Lady Sybilla was outside him. Yet vaguely

he felt that her emotion was real-more

then should not I kill you?"

"And that work is-?"

mains-

ng, hopeless, dreadful smile.

"Because," said the Lady Sybilla, "I loved him as I never thought to love man born of woman. Because when the fiends of the pit tie me limb to limb, lip to lip with It is that Balise my man is dead—that Judas, who sold his master with a kisswhen they burn me in the seventh hell. I shall remember and rejoice because to the last he loved me, believed in me, gloried in his love for me. And God, who has been cruel to me in all else, will yet do this thing for me. He will not let William

Douglas know that I deceived him or that he trusted me in vain." "But the vengeance that you spoke ofwhat of that?" said Sholto, dwelling upon

that which was uppermost in his own thought. "Aye," said the Lady Sybilla, "that alon can be compassed by me. For I am bound by a chain, the snapping of which is my death. To him who, in a fair land, deviate all these things, to the man who plotted the fall of the Douglas house, to Gilles de Retz, marshal of France, I am bound. But -I shall not die-even you cannot kill me. till I have brought the head that is so high o the hempen cord, and delivered the foul flend's body to the fires of earth and hell. "And the Chancellor Crichton-and the tutor Livingstone-what of them?" urged

The Lady Sybilla waved a contemptuous hand. "These are but lesser rascals-they had been nothing without him. You of the Douglas house must settle with them." "And why have you returned to this country of Galloway?" said Sholto; "and why

raitors

are you thus alone?" "I am alone," said the Lady Sybilla, "he cause none can harm me with my work undone. I travel alone because it suits my mood to be alone; because my master bad me join him at your town of Kirkcudbright, whence he takes ship for his own country of

"And why do you, if as you say you hate

"Ah, you are simple," she said. "I follow

him because it is my fate, and who can es-

cape his doom? Also because, as I have said, my work is not yet done!" She relapsed into her former listless, forthlooking, unconscious regard-looking through aim as if the young man had no existence He dropped the rein and the point of his sword with one movement. The white palfrey started forward with the reins loos neck. And as she went the eyes of the Lady Sybilla were fixed on the low hills

Rather a sound not of human mirth, but of among the trees she turned and spoke.
a condemned spirit laughing underground. "I have but one counsel, sir knight

slain!" Then the keening cry smote the air a

"O, the bonny laddles-the two bonny bonny laddies! Mair than my ain bairns loved them. When their ain mother wasne

ye ca' your mither!"

raise the clan-then what seek ye at the Carlinwark? To Thrieve, man, to Thrieve, as hard as ye can ride!"

days and nights have I ridden without sleep news of the end. Before ever a man could and my lords, for whom each one of us would gladly have died with smiles upon our faces, lay headless in the courtyard of Edin-

"I came not directly to Galloway, mother Sholto, thinking like a Scot of his native

> "That foreigneerin' randy! Wad ye be lieve the like o' her? You woman that they

the wall of her house. She held her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. "O, Willie, Willie Douglas, mair than ony o' my ain I loed ye. Bonny were ye as a bairn. Bonnie were ye as a laddie. Bonny abune a' as a noble young man and the desire o' maiden's But name o' them a' loed ye like poor auld Barbara, that wad hae gien her life to cleasure ye. And noo she canna even steek thae black black e'en, nor wind the corpsclaith about you comely limbs-sae straight

which almost instantly will relieve your sufferings. A 15c. bettle relieves. A 50c. bottle will cure. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* FOR SALE BY SHERMAN & MCCONNELL DRUG CO.