

The Black Douglas by S.R. Crockett.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

William, sixth earl of Douglas, the most powerful man in Scotland, falls in love with the Lady Sybilla, the niece of the French ambassador...

CHAPTER XXV.

The Rising of the Douglases.

The sun shone fair on the battlements of Douglas castle as Sholto rode up to the level meadow, where a little company of men was exercising...

CHAPTER XXVI.

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...

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE RISING OF THE DOUGLASES.

Sholto had done enough in Douglasdale. He turned north again on a yet more important errand. It was forenoon, full and bright when he halted before the little town of Strathaven...

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DOUGLASES.

Dr. E. C. Spiny of this city, supreme president of the Bankers' Union of the World, has received a charter from the state of Nebraska...

CHAPTER XXIX.

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CHAPTER XXX.

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pressed Sholto's heart. Momentarily he forgot his master, and saw Maud Lindsey with the little Margaret Douglas, of whom the children sang, again gathering the gowns on the benches of Thrive, or seriously reaching for the purple lilies atward the ditches of the loch.

Then again the low even voice replied out of the expressionless face. "Aye, your master is well!" "Ah, thank God," burst forth Sholto, "he is alive!"

The Lady Sybilla 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—dead—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.

"You betrayed him," he cried, pointing the blade at her breast, "answer if it was not!" "It is true I betrayed him!" she answered calmly. "You whom he loved—God knows how unworthily—"

"YOU BETRAYED HIM TO HIS DEATH. WHY THEN SHOULD I NOT KILL YOU?"

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.

"God knows," she said, simply and calmly. "You betrayed him to his death. Why then should I not kill you?" Again she smiled upon him that disarming, hopeless, dreadful smile.

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