

lines across the country so fast as horses could gallop, stringing out the local men as they went along. We have probably blundered through one or two of these lines, but were bound to be caught sooner or later, unless we made for the coast on either side, and that would have delayed things a bit, for there was little chance of us getting ship with all parts in his hands. It serves me right. I should have killed De Courcy and then galloped for it. However, the Lord stands by us, Frances; never forget that."

"It doesn't look much like it," said the girl dependently.

"Oh, well, nothing looks like itself in this accursed fog. Why couldn't we have had this mist on the road from York? Still, I don't think it would have made much difference, once Cromwell's riders got to the north of us. Resourceful man, Oliver, I like him."

"And I don't. Yet you are supposed to be against him, and I am supposed to be for him. I fear him; I fear him."

"Oh, there's no danger, not the slightest, for either of us. You have done your task, and have done it well. I am the blunderer. But I stand on my status as a Scot, and I will argue the matter out with him. The man I tumbled into the ditch was the king's chamberlain, and not a parliamentarian, and a foreigner at that. The document I am supposed to carry was not given to me by the king, but taken by force from a minion of the king, and a Frenchman. I have assaulted no Englishman, and Cromwell knew I was traveling on this pass. He cannot deny that he wrote it, and for exactly the purpose it has served. Oh, I shall have a beautiful legal argument with Old Noll, and will upset him with his own law. I'm in no danger; neither are you."

"I trust it will appear so."

"It cannot appear otherwise. He was trying to frighten you when he said he would hang me. He is a sly, capable dog, who will be satisfied with having beaten me, and will not court trouble with my countrymen by hanging even a Borderer. It cost one of our kings his throne to do the like of that."

This conversation, with which there was no interference on the part of their captors, was brought to a conclusion by their arrival at the main road. Here a halt was called and the bugle was sounded, again to be answered, as before, from different directions.

"Dismount," said the officer to Armstrong, whereupon the latter, without a word, sprang to the ground. Against the next move he protested, but his opposition was unavailing, and, indeed, unheeded. The officer gave the lady and the two horses in charge of a party of six, with orders to take them to Lichfield and install them in the cathedral. A guard was to be set at the door, and no communication was to be allowed with any one outside. Orders from headquarters were to the effect that the lady was to be treated with every deference, and these orders were impressed upon the six men. The detached squad disappeared down the road in the fog and Armstrong stood disconsolate and angry, but helpless, surrounded by troopers.

The monotony of waiting was relieved by the frequent arrivals of companies from the east and from the west, who did not stay at the crossroads, however, but marched south toward Sutton, Coldfield and Birmingham. Thus the little company standing at arms was continually augmented, and continually reduced to its

original size. It was waiting for some one higher in command than the mild lieutenant, and nearly two hours passed before this man set in authoritatively. Armstrong heard the tramping of horse to the south, and presently the sound of voices became quite audible through the fog. There seemed to be a dispute going forward, which was something unusual in the Parliamentary forces, where, if discipline seemed lax, instant obedience was invariably required.

"I tell you, colonel, I am to take charge of the lady and escort her to Cromwell."

"I have no orders to that effect."

"I have come direct from Cromwell, and these were his orders."

"I do not take orders from you. I hold written instructions relating both to the man and the woman, and these I shall carry out."

"You will be wise to hang the man on the nearest tree and take his papers to Cromwell."

To this there was no reply, and Armstrong now knew that De Courcy had not been so badly hurt as he had pretended, for he had taken a long ride to the north since then. The prisoner recognized the voice long before his cavalier costume emerged from the mist. De Courcy had not changed his apparel and it formed a strange contrast to the Parliamentarian uniform, as indeed did Armstrong's own dress.

"Ah, my young friend," cried De Courcy, the moment he recognized the prisoner, "you had your laugh in the morning and I have mine in the evening."

"There is a time for everything," replied Armstrong, indifferently, "and my time for laughing is in the morning. It was brighter then."

"Yes, it looks rather dark for you at the moment and you seem less merry than when I met you earlier."

"Oh, there were more funny things happening then, that's all. How's your horse?"

"We are neither of us the worse for our encounter. Don't you wish you could say the same for yourself?"

"Yes, I do, and thank you for your sympathy."

"Have you sent the woman to Lichfield?" asked the officer-in-chief of the subordinate.

"Yes, colonel; some two hours ago."

"Very well. We will relieve you of your prisoner. Take your men to Birmingham."

"Is there any truth in the Royalist rising there, colonel?"

"None in the least. Have you heard anything?"

"Nothing but a rumor that there was an outbreak of some sort. I heard that a detachment from Lichfield was to leave for Birmingham." "We will turn it back if we meet it. Good night."

At the word the lieutenant and his men marched off to the south, and Armstrong was taken in charge by the squadron of horse. A trooper was dismounted and his steed given to Armstrong, of whom no questions were asked, as he had expected. They seemed very sure of their man. The cavalry set off to the north, and De Courcy rode close beside his enemy, taking a delight in taunting him. To this enforced companionship the Scot objected and made appeal to the colonel.

"Sir, am I your prisoner, or do I belong to this renegade king's man? Who is in authority here, you, or this Frenchman?"

To this the colonel made no reply, nor did he order De Courcy to the rear, probably not wishing to offend one who seemed

their way through the crowd, munching hot buns out of a big paper bag and looking out for something new.

"Something new! They have their choice between the negro minstrels, the 'comic singers,' the peripatetic phrenologist, who tells your bumps, the Punch and Judy show, the cocoanut shying alley, and a trip out to sea in what is sardonically called a 'public pleasure yacht,' with 200 other seasick landmen. These are the only amusements provided for perhaps 100,000 people. No wonder the Englishman spends a melancholy holiday."

The Englishman sighed sympathetically over his countrymen's summer woes, then went on:

"The negro minstrels are the first attraction, but our clerk and his wife soon find out that they tell the same old stories, sing the same old songs, and do the same old stunts as the negro minstrels of their youth. So they wander along the sands, make a lunch off more hot buns, had ice cream and warm beer, and then go for a sail in one of the 'pleasure yachts.' Naturally they are very seasick and return to the beach more melancholy and quarrelsome than ever.

"The children? They paddle in the sea until a big wave comes in and knocks Johnny over and spoils his nice new suit. Poor Johnny gets his ears boxed—as if he were responsible for the vagaries of the Atlantic!—and there is one more spasm of weeping and scolding. Then the head of the family, bored to death, sneaks off to the nearest drinking place and stays there until it is time for the train to start for home. Often enough, his poor wife has to search for him there, and drag him along, half drunk, to the railway station.

"The return journey is even more miserable than the trip down, but fortunately

to be a friend of Cromwell's. The angry Scot was forced to make the best of it in silence, while the Frenchman, very polite and jocular, pressed ironic services upon him, asked after the girl, and said he would use his influence with Cromwell to have a silken rope used at the coming execution of so distinguished a spy. It is ill to tamper with Border temper, as the Frenchman soon discovered. Armstrong slipped his knife from his belt and held it in readiness, when his attention was drawn to the tramping of an approaching host in front of them, and he remembered that here was coming the troop from Lichfield, which expected to meet a body of the king's men, if the rumor from Birmingham were true. The rumor had, no doubt, been started by the riding north in hot haste of this courtier now at his side, at a time when such costume was not seen outside Oxford. Besides, the country was in a constant state of alarm, and the wildest tales were current, whose constant contradiction by after events did nothing to allay ever-recurring panic. Armstrong quietly gathered up his reins, watched his opportunity, and, instead of running his blade between the ribs of De Courcy, jabbed the point into the flank of the Frenchman's horse.

CHAPTER XXII.

Stratagem.

However graceful the Frenchman might be on foot, and no one denied his elegance of bearing, he was but an amateur on horseback, and when his steed unexpectedly plunged forward he relinquished the reins and grasped the mane. For one brief moment the attention of the troop was diverted toward the unexplained antics of the maddened horse and the imminent overthrow of its rider. It is one of the defects of human nature that man is prone to laugh when he sees a fellow creature in some predicament from which his own superior skill leaves him free. Every man in the company was a faultless rider and nothing their horses could do would have been any embarrassment to them. To see this dandified foreigner, whom at heart they despised in any case, crouching like a gaudily dressed monkey on a frolicsome dog, and screaming for help, was too much for even the saddest of them, and a roar of laughter went up, which did nothing toward quieting the injured and frightened quadruped. If it had been the horse of Armstrong that had begun these dancings, his guards would have been instantly on the alert for an attempted escape, but at the very moment their eyes should have been on the Scot their attention was withdrawn. Armstrong did not laugh, but, thrusting back his knife, whipped out his sword and struck De Courcy's horse twice with the broad of it. His own steed leaped forward under the prick of the spur, and before the colonel could give a word of command the two had disappeared in the fog ahead. Even then the colonel, who was the only man that had his wits about him, did not think there was the least chance of escape, for he had heard the troop coming toward him, and Armstrong must run directly into it. He rose in his stirrups to give the alarm to those ahead, when all heard a ringing shout: "Charge, cavaliers! God save the King! To hell with the Roundheads! Charge!"

Out of the fog came a spattering fire, then a volley. Two horses and three men went down, while the other troopers hastily unslung their carbines and fired down

another, and presently they drop off to sleep and forget all the woes of the holiday. Next day the man goes cheerfully to his work, thankful that he won't have to go to the seaside again for several months.

"No, sir," emphatically concluded the Englishman, "England has nothing like Coney Island or Atlantic City, worse luck! "But this is dull. Let's do some more 'stunts,' as you Americans call them. Looping the loop is better fun than reforming England."

And a minute later the Englishman had forgotten all about the melancholy merry-making of merrie England in the mad, joyous whirl of old Coney.

Pointed Paragraphs

Towels and eggs can never be too fresh. Patriotism always stands in with the government.

It is usually the silly woman who makes a fool of a man.

The average man wants others to see him as he sees himself.

Don't consider everything impossible that you are unable to perform.

There is some hope for a man as long as he knows how to take a hint.

If beauty were taxable the fair sex would never try to dodge the assessor.

College professors and the bootblacks both strive to polish the understanding.

Some men are like razors; it's impossible to tell how sharp they may be until they are strapped.

Probably the most dangerous men are those who have honest motives and dishonest practices.

"Know thyself," says the old adage. A

the street without waiting for the word of command.

"Stop, you fools," yelled the colonel, "you are shooting your own men." Then to the oncomers he roared a like warning, which was drowned in another volley. The Lichfield men were not to be taken in, even if they had heard the warning. With their own eyes they had seen two cavaliers burst upon them out of the fog with a strident cry for the king. De Courcy coming first, they concentrated upon him, and he went down before them. Armstrong, swinging his sword, smiting right and left, bellowing like a fiend in true cavalier style, a very Prince Rupert come again, dashed at the weakest spot, and his impetuosity carried all before him.

"Never mind him," cried the leader, as some would have pursued.

"Fire and break their charge," and fire they did right stoutly, until a maddened officer, with a bravery that scorned the bullets around him, galloped along their front, waving his sword and commanding them to stop.

"You are killing your own men. There are no royalists, but an interfering fool of a Frenchman and an escaped Scot. Back to Lichfield!" Nevertheless, a battle is not quelled at a word, and the brave colonel pressed through among them and galloped in pursuit of his late prisoner.

Once clear of the clash Armstrong was not sparing of a horse that belonged to someone else. At great risk to his neck he raced through the blind fog, sword in hand, ready for further opposition should he meet it. He emerged from the fog with a suddenness that startled him. The sun had set, and there, barely a mile away, stood out against the darkening sky the great red bulk of the cathedral, with its war-broken towers, and the little town huddled at its feet.

At the same moment he became aware that someone was thundering after him, and again he dug the cruel spurs into the laboring horse. A glance over his shoulder showed him the colonel breaking through the bank of fog, and he thought of turning and fighting him on the run, but the sound of firing had ceased, and he knew the colonel would prove a stouter combatant than the Frenchman, so he hurried on. Aside from this, Lichfield had been roused by the roar of the guns, and he saw the long, narrow street that lay between him and the cathedral becoming alive with pikemen, and knew he would have his work cut out for him, if he was to get safely through the town. As soon as he came within earshot he shouted to them:

"Barricade the street! The king is upon us. I have just escaped. Our men are on the retreat. Defend the town to the south. Barricade! Barricade!" Thus he clattered through Lichfield, shouting.

Soldiers are so accustomed to the word of command that they obey first and think after, if at all. Seeing a rider in the costume of a cavalier come tearing down upon them, they made hasty preparation for stopping him, but his tone of authority was so well assumed that they gave way before him, and began the running out of carts and whatever other obstructions they could lay their hands upon, to make the way difficult for the oncoming colonel, who swore as loudly at their stupidity as if he were the king's own.

"What are you about, you accursed clodhoppers? Don't you know a king's man when you see one? Leave that rubbish and follow me to the cathedral!"

(To Be Continued.)

man can find out quite a good deal about himself by running for office.

It sometimes happens that the world thinks a man is wise simply because he doesn't take the trouble to explain his mistakes.—Chicago News.

Glimpse of the Future

Now, in the course of time the multi-millionaire fell seriously ill.

He sent for his doctors.

"Gentleman," he observed, "you may have heard that I once said I considered it a disgrace to die rich."

"We have heard of it," they replied.

"Well," he rejoined, "I still think so, for a rich man can afford the best medical advice there is in the world. Therefore, gentlemen, if I die it will be terribly disgraceful—to you. Furthermore, if you don't restore me to health I will fix matters so you will not get a cent out of my estate in payment of your bills."

Hearing this, the physicians exerted themselves and saved him, and for many years thereafter he continued to amuse himself accumulating money and giving it away.—Chicago Tribune.

New One for Telephone

There is no limit to the use that the telephone can be put to. It is said that a certain Richmond lady, wishing to visit a neighbor the other day, pulled the baby's crib up in front of the 'phone, opened the receiver and calmly told "Central" that she was going out to a neighbor's, and if the baby waked up and began to cry to ring her up at the neighbor's. She ought to get a patent on that baby tender.—Richmond (Va.) Register.

Doleful Merrymaking

(Continued from Page Four.)

at the window. "Now, then, Mariah! Mariah! Where are them children? Why don't you look after them 'stead of gapin' around at other people like a stuck pig? Jimmy, what are you doin'? Suckin' toffee again! Ain't I told yer not to do that? Mariah, you oughter know better than to let 'im make a little beast of himself."

"And so he rages around the platform, finding fault with everything and everybody, until the whistle blows warningly, and he hurries aboard the train to find himself sandwiched between an old woman who drinks gin out of a stone bottle all the way and somebody else's toffee-sucking infant.

"It is a miserable train journey, in dirty little cars which an American company would hardly use for cattle trucks. Probably it lasts until nearly noon, and, unless the family have brought some food with them in a paper bag—a practice usually considered 'low' by the 'cheap tripper' class—they have to starve, for they have no chance to buy refreshments on the journey.

"When at last they get to the seaside, hot, hungry, dirty, tired and uncomfortably, they immediately make a dash for the beach—the sands, they call it—where all the amusements center. Amusements!" and the Englishman sported with sheer disgust. "It's an insult to the word after one has seen Coney Island or Atlantic City, or any of your other big American summer resorts.

"If it happens to be a public holiday and several excursions have come down, people swarm on the beach like ants, until there is no room to move without treading on somebody. Our clerk and his family push