IE stood among the roses, singing light heartedly as she gathered great fragrant clusters of them. For she was young, and all life lay before her, and her neart was full of dreams, and her head of ambitions. But when her quick ear caught the sound of a man's approaching foctsteps, a faint shadow fell across the brightness of her face, and a vague trouble

crept into her eyes, born of the knowledge that her greeting of today would be different from the greeting of other days. To the man, however, the little, unaccustomed touch of gravity seemed only to lend an added charm to the childlike beauty of her face.

"Dreaming again?" he asked, with a little, bulf tender, half quizzical smile. Then, as she lifted her eyes to his he added, with an impulsiveness rare in him, " Dear, do you ever, among your dreams, dream of how much I love your Do you guess sometimes how life means just a time to make you happy, and death only a time to lose you? Do you know, little girl, that for me this great world holds-just you-only you? Can you understand yet a love that-"

The roses fell suddenly unheeded to her feet, and she put out her bands with a half frightened gesture. "Ah, don't," she whispered; "don't say lif"

"Why not?" he questioned gently, "since you must aleady know it? I ask so little-only for the right to love u and take care of you, to teach you what you are too ung yet to know-all that love may mean. Dear, have I only dreamed that your eyes have told me you cared-O! not a great deal, I know, but just a little?"

Her hands dropped to her sides, and her eyes wandered past the garden of roses to the bare purple moor beyond "Yes," she said slowly, at last. "I do care for youa great deal-more, I think, than for any one else in the world, and not any less today than yesterday, or all other yesterdays, only-I care for other things-for the other thing

He smiled down on her serious youthfulness. "You dear little stage struck mortal!" he said. "And is that the only obstacle between us?"

"It is an obstacle," she affirmed, and he recognised with a swift pang a new quality in her voice, a certain suggestive stillness in her attitude, the stillness that spells purpose. I suppose," she went on dreamily, "we all come into

the world with same one great want, the need to express correctves in some one particular way. And the failures in life are those who never learn to voice that want." Or who voice a wrong one," he amended.

'Ah, but," she took him up swiftly, "I know that this is right. I feel it deep down in my heart. It's like a voice that keeps saying insistently, 'Go! Go! Go!'"

'It's all very-sudden," he suggested. "Are you--" O. I know!" she interrupted. "But I've always wanten do it, you know, and then it came to me all in a flash at the last that I must. Yet that doesn't necessarily make it any less true, does it? Truth comes to us all differently. To me it came that way."

His heart, as he looked down on her, was heavy within him, heavy with fear for her. Yet what could he say to her, to this child of the radiant eyes, across whose young life the shadow of a distant fame had fallen? He wanted only to gather her into his arms and hold her there, away from se battle and the struggle and the bitterness of life, but he s wise enough to know it would avail nothing. Yet, wing it, he made one effort.

'And you think that the stage will satisfy you-will fill your life?" he questioned. 'Is not work enough to fill one's life?" she questioned that is.

"It may be, for some women. Not, I think, for you. Child, are you sure of yourself? Have you counted the cost? Is it indeed to be fame and only fame?" 'O'" she cried. "I can't bear to burt you, Hilary, and yet-I must go."

"Then, if you must, marry me first. Dear, it isn't the rich, and-

"One cannot serve two masters," she said, with a wisdom beyond her years. "One must give oneself, one's whole self. If one means to succeed. And I--"

She looked away again beyond the tangled rose garden to radiant, and a dreamy smile hovered round her red, young perimenting. lips. She had skipped, as is youth's way, the hard and thorny path leading to success, and in imagination the goal

To the man watching her in silence, there came an odd ntuition, born, perhaps, of his fifteen years' superiority, looked down into her troubled eyes.

perhaps of his great love, that some day she would come back to him-some day, when she had learned that the best thing in life often lies nearest; that the greatest human nees I" not success but love.

By Nora Anderson

With a deep drawn sigh, a sigh of infinite aspirations. she came back at last from her dreamland.

" Poor Hilary!" she said softly. "Why poor?" he questioned.

DOGE BEFFER PART

"Because you have no vocation to fill your life."



"It is enough for me," he answered quietly. "And, some

"Some day?" she echoed.

"It may be enough for you, too." She stirred uneasily, and again that faint shadow fell across her face, that vague trouble crept into her eyes. It was as though some dim premonition of the ill awaiting her out yonder in the great world had come to her. But she

Hilary. Don't ever think that. I-I want to live and to do. I don't want to be just absorbed-absorbed by love and all the commonplaceness of every day things. I want '-she stretched out her rounded young arms towards the crimson tanted moors-" I want life."

'Not for me," she answered swiftly, with all the self-

Don't," she whispered unsteadily. "O, Hilary, youyou make me afraid-afraid of myself-of whether, after all, I have chosen the better part-"

"I shall wait until your experimenting is over." Do you-care-so very much?" she asked wistfully.

П. HE rose slowly from her chair, and the great man

rose, too, and his eyes were pitiful. For he had told her a hard thing-perhaps the hardest thing in life, and, though she was facing it with the courage and self-restraint ten years of strenuous work had taught her, yet he knew that to her it spelled an end more bitter than death. So his grip on the

"It will be many years, little girl, I think, before you

greatness. "Thank you, doctor." she said, a little unsteadily.

silence there came the sound of her own name, caught up and echoed on every side, till it swelled to one deep threated call. But across the darkness of her mind it fell unmeaningly. She did not know she had reached her goal the goal of 'nose rar off days among the roses, did not know that her dream of then was tonight a reality. She did not know anything, except the one bitter fact that her heart was broken. Mechanically, as the curtain rose again, and like one making desperate effort at self-control, the got to hen feet, and her eyes, burning, despairing, stricken, seeming to hold the only life in the white drawnness of her face, looked out into the hopeless, empty futurity. For a moment she swayed unsteadily, then, with a low, half articulate cry, the cry of a soul that has touched the nethermost depths and reached its pain limit, she turned, and moved slowly away.

" By Jove," said the younger of two men seated in the stalls. "she's magnificent! I'm glad you brought me along! That last call was as fine a piece of acting as one need live

But the elder man said nothing. He, and he alone in ah that vast audience, knew the truth-knew that to her it had been reality, not acting.

On the satin coverlet lay a pile of morning papers, but the woman whom today they one and all halled as a genius lay with her face to the wall, unheeding, uncaring. She had not read them, had not read anything but the slip of paper crushed in her hand.

Dear," it ran, "you were right that day long ago among the roses, and I was wrong. I only understood tonight. For you, my Iris, are a genius, and geniuses do not belong to themselves. This is just a line of farewell and congratulation, for you will believe, will you noi? that I do congratulate you with all my heart. And now good-by. The old restlessness is on me again, and I am off tomorrow. But, dear, remember always that I would come from the ends of the earth to serve you, if ever you should need me. Yours always.

" HILARY ST. JOHN." And the irony of it ate deeper and ever deeper into ner ---

HE stood among the roses once more, but she did not sing as she gathered them; only, when the sound of a familiar, unexpected footstep fell upon her ears, her face grew suddenly radiant with a radiance it had never known before. "Dearest," he whispered, and his arms were

round her as he spoke. " what must you have thought of me? But I only knew it six weeks ago-saw it in a scrap of two year old newspaper, and started within an hour. But the time has seemed an eternity. Dear one "-the old tender ring had come back into his voice-" you did not think I had willfully failed you-failed you in your hour of need?" "O, no," she whiapered; "not that-never that!"

"I have been picturing you here ever since I knew it. alone and in darkness, and the hours have been hell. Dear beart, you used to tell me I was second only to your work. You will come to me now? You will let me try in some little measure to make up to you?"

"But I must not think now. There will be time enough afterwards. Tonight-" Then suddenly her hands fell to She drew away from him with a little inarticulate sound, her tap. "O, God." she meaned, "tonight I-I shall not half laugh, half sob. And you-you came from the other side of the world to

ask me. a poor, malmed-To ask the woman I love," he corrected gently. "Listen first," she said. "I never played again after the

night you saw me and wrote that letter." "Poor little girl!" he murmured tenderly. "Was it so sudden as that?"

"No. They gave me three months, but I could not play. I could only think of you, and how you had loved me. Somehow I never understood, never valued it until the loneliness and the darkness came to me. And then you had given me so much, and I-I had nothing to give you, except that three months. It was a sort of offering, you see, and so, I came down here the next day and staid here for over a year. It was-O. Hilary "-she stretched out her hands to him, and he drew her back into the shelter of his arms-"it was fust hell! And then I went back to New York, and they operated on me. They said it was the complete rest that had done it-made the operation possible, I mean. But I don't know. Even specialists make mistakes sometimes, and Dr. Grant

He looked away, and his arms fell from her. He would not have been human if he had not suffered intensely at that moment. But he turned to her at last. "Thank God, dear!" he said, quietly. "But why are you

made one that time. Hilary, I-I can see today as well as

here then?" "O, Hilary," she cried, "don't you understand? I don't whose magnetic spell had held the densely packed house in want work, or success, or fame, or any of those things. I the thrilled silence only genius may compass, lay, her head fallen forward on her arms, every line, every curve of the want-

"Yes?" he questioned. She put up her arms and drew his face down to her own "Just you," she whispered.

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MAIDEN

guinea to the fellow, who, deftly catching it, slipped it into his ruse was doomed to fall, for his pocket with a grin. " Another when you return with the So saying, he closed his eyes and sank back wearily upon horse." And so saying he entered the common room of the

> The minutes sped on, until at length he became alive to the fact that he had been dozing. The fire had burned low, and, springing to his feet, he hastened from the room and summoned the landlord. The hostler had not yet returned, and mine host was profuse in his apologies. With an oath Orgill strode out into the darkness and the driving rain. He listened, and to his relief heard the rhythmical hoof beats of a galloping horse. On the threshold of the tavern he impatiently awaited the arrival of the horseman, doubting not that he was the hostler. But presently, to his charrin and disquietude, he perceived by the light thrown from the doorway that he rider was not the man he looked for but a

Returning to the room he resumed his seat, and, to pre- or foot and I pull the trigger!" pare for a possible emergency, examined the priming of his pistol and loosened his sword in the scabbard. But one thing he did not do. Ignorant of the fact that his wig was awry, he omitted to adjust it. A step sounded in the hallway; then, with a careless

swing of his shapely shoulders, the newcomer entered the

The rakish, white plumed beaver, the jeweled sword hilt. half hidden by the rich purple cloak; the riding boots adorned with sliver spurs-all these Orgill noted in a glance. Whereupon, "Bah!" he said to himself, "a boy, and a popinjay to Fair haired, blue eyed, with a complexion pure and fresh

picture as, smiling and debonair, he gave the other greeting "A foul night, sir, for a ride," quoth Orgill, rising to his feet. "Yet, 'fore God, I envy you." "Envy me, indeed!" rejoined the youth, pleasantly.

'And, prithee, why? Because of my wet cloak, that is like to become wetter ere my journey is at an end?" "Pooh, sir! That is but a small mater. I envy you be

cause you are a fully equipped cavaller. For myself, I amwithout a horse, and a cavaller without a horse is like a rapier without a point-of little use." And thereupon he acquainted the stranger of his mishap, finishing his recital heartily oursing the absent hostler for his tardiness. After a brief pause. "Pardon me, sir," suid he; "are you

Charlton of Charlton maner?" "Nay. Neither a Chariton nor a Bainbridge, tho' Bainbridge I would fain be called."

"I am highly pleased to make your acquaintance, Master -Bainbridge," said Orgill, with a bow. "Dick Calvert, at your service.

The youth returned the bow in stience. Do you travel far tonight?" continued Orgill. "To Hatton."

"I perceive. A recruit for his majesty. Good luck t'ye, Master Bainbridge!" Raising his tankard. "May your aword never fall you in the hour of need. "I thank you, sir," said Bainbridge, modestly, "Having

long wished to serve the king. I resolved this day to join the royalist force now at Hatton, and as my father refused his 'You came without it! Bravo, my lad! You are made

To the youth's reply he gave but little heed, for it had

doubtless a good one-already saddled and bridled. Why turry longer? And as he asked himself the question he set tankard upon the table, and for a second or two stood in the attitude of listening. "Hark!" said he, "there is a horseman upon the road. Mayhap 'tis that cursed hostler." You have sharp cars, Master Calvert, I hear raught

but the rain and the whistling of the wind." Without replying. Orgill (to give him his true name) upon his heels.

You are right after all, Master Calvert," said the young Elmieigh hall, I understand. Tomorrow I will ride over there. cavaller, quietly, as they stood by the threshold of the outer "Here comes your horse." And, sure enough, there was the hostler riding in from the roadway. Mine host now appeared, and five minutes later Orgill,

saddle and hastened to overtake Bainbridge, who was already upon the highroad. The converse of the two men as they rode together in the I cannot accept your offer."

moonlight for the most part was one sided. In front of the tall sign post they drew rein. "Here we

part," said Orgill. "Your way lies to the left; mine-He paused, for Bainbridge's pistol was leveled at his Your way, my friend, lies to the left also. Move hand

Orgill laughed-a trifle uneasily. "And this be a joke, 'tis those who have served him well." sorry one." And as he spoke his right hand stole downwards towards his pistol. "Come, young sir, what means

"It means that you are my prisoner-The word died on his lips. Orgill's arm had suddenly straightened, there was a flash, a report, and the builet whistled harmlessly over Bainbridge's head.

Bainbridge made no attempt to follow-horse and rider med like a piece of statuary. Suddenly raising pistol be fired. "Missed!" he cried, despairingly, his gaze riveted on that of a country maiden, the youth made a pleasing the fleeing horseman.

For a space Orgill kept his seat, then, nodding like a drowsy man, he sank slowly ferward and rolled from the saddle. Instantly the horse came to a standstill, and, tossing his head, glanced around, as in wonder, at his late rider, who

lay motionless, one foot entangled in the stirrup. 'My God," cried Bainbridge, "I have killed him." And he cast down his pistol as though it had scorched him. As he did so he heard the rapid beat of horsehoofs and jingling

a troop of cavallers advancing at a gallop. Dismounting he threw the reins across the horse's neck and walked towards the motionless figure upon the road. But ere he reached it he turned and, utterly unnerved, faced the horsemen shrinkingly, as if he feared they were about to

ride him down. What is this?" cried the foremost-Capt. Landon by e-reining in his horse with a jerk. "What have we here?" glancing at the prostrate figure. "Fore God!" said he. "'tis a cavaller!" Turning his gaze upon Bainbridge,

Sir. your explanation! With twitching lips the youth essayed to speak, but no

towards Bainbridge, who, like a person but half awake, forthwith handed over his sword and remaining pistol. Now, sir." demanded Landon, "what is your name? And who is the man you have shot?"

"He is a roundhead in disguise. He has stolen the king's

letter. Search him, I pray you."

In the best room of the farmhouse where he had taken up his quarters sat Gen. Sloane, ruddy faced and genial, a

"What a handsome boy!" he said to himself, as he fixed his eyes upon Bainbridge, who stood before him, nervously fingering his beaver. Aloud he said: "I have heard of your exploit, Master Bainbridge. (Pray be seated). Also, Capt. Landon has handed me his majesty's letter. The man who Orgili-generous whenever it served his purpose-tossed strode towards the door. As he did so he became aware that shot Cornet Winram, and whom you so cleverly outwitted,

Winram! I trust his wound is not a serious one. He lies at

He will be pleased to hear what has happened. "And now, Master Bainbridge," he went on, "permit me to congratulate and thank you for the signal service you have rendered to our cause. I trust you will join us. I can offer you a cornetcy; there is a vacancy just now in Capt. Landon's "I thank you, sir," said Bainbridge, in a low voice; "but

Judging by the expression on the general's face, this was hardly the answer he expected.

"I am sorry," he said. "We need such men as you. Will nothing tempt you?" Nothing, sir."

"Remember, there is a brilliant career open to you. His majesty-despite what his enemies may say-never forgets 'Again, sir, I thank you; but I cannot alter my decision,"

"Well, well, so be it. And now we will drink his majesty's health." From the floor he lifted to the table a small hamper of rare old wine. "I have here-" he began, and then he stopped suddenly. For as he raised the lid, out from the hamper sprang a mouse. Instantly, with a faint scream, Bainbridge rose to his feet; then sat down again, and lay back with closed eyes.

By heaven! 'Tis a woman," muttered the general, amazement and consternation depicted on his weather beaten face, as. with nervous fingers, he began to unfasten the cloak at the neck.

The girl's bosom softly rose and fell, the blue eyes slowly unclosed, whereon the general, turning away, hastened to pour some wine into a cup. "Forgive me," he said, and, though he knew it not, his

voice had softened. "I was thoughtless. I ought to have the known that you were weary, hungry perchance." He paused; and in stience the girl took ' e cup from his hand. Her secret, she knew, was a secret no longer. His voice and manner told her as much. "General," she began, falter-

ingtly, "you spoke just now of Elmleigh hall." She paused. That is my home," she added, and the long lashes fell upon her checks. "Your home!" he cried, in sheer bewilderment. "Then

you are-"Sir Geoffrey Marston's daughter." The old soldier

bowed. "I am betrothed to Philip Winram." "My child," he said kindly, "your secret is safe with me. Cornet Winram shall be told tomorrow of the capture of Or-

And now, in haste to go, Laura gratefully but firmly declined his offer of refreshment and an escort. And so once more she rode through the moonlight. Meanwhile the general, sitting over his wine, drank several toasts. And the first was not "The King!" but "Mistress Laura Marston!"

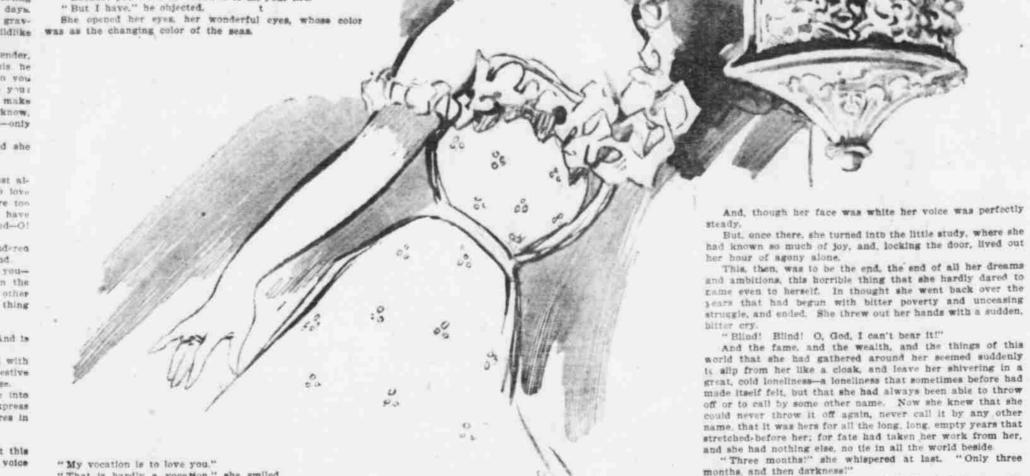
Not until a twelvementh after his wedding day did Philip Winram learn the truth concerning the recovery of the king's

And so, sweet heart." he said at I ngth, "'twas for my sake you faced all those perils?"

Nay, sir," said she; s' for the king's sake." "Happy king!" and he laughed good humoredly. Then

softly he said, his arm stealing around her waist, "My ! rave, true bearted little woman!" Brave!" she cried. " Nay, dear, I was a coward. I was afraid of the darkness, and of that poor wretch, Orgill. And,





"That is hardly a vocation," she smiled.

shook it off impatiently. "No, no," she cried. "It never will be. Forget me,

"And life is love," he finished softly; "the best of life,

sufficiency of youth. "Dear," he said, and his voice and the words he spoke came back to her afterwards across long years of silenceafterwards, when she had learned too late their truth. "dear, there is just one thing I would say to you. Go; and alf good go with you. Live your own life, and win the success life one would choose for you. It isn't the life any man that I know awaits you. Work your hardest, and give your would choose for the woman he loves. It is too hard a one, whole self, your self that is so dear "-a sudden tenderness understand how much," he answered quietly. But give me at least the right to protect you, the right to stole into the gravity of his voice-" to your vocation. But fight your battles for you, the kind of battles, I mean, that if ever it fails you, if ever a time comes when you realize woman should need to fight for herself. Let me make that success and fame and honor are not all, but only a part the path as smooth for you as I can. I am, as you know, of life, if ever you grow tired, and stretch out these little

bands for the gift you care nothing for today, then remember, it is yours, my Iris-yours for all time and eternity.

Don't be afraid, little one. I think you have not chosen the distant reddening horizon, and once more her eyes grew at all yet. You are too young to choose. You are only ex-

He put a hand under her chin, and, lifting her face, carriage.

daintily gloved hand she held out to him said much that his

"Home, please," she said.

crossed the sunshiny pavement and stepped into the waiting

Then she turned away, and a moment later she had

supple, nerveless figure echoing the despair of those last tragic, unfinished words. Then, as the curtain slowly descended, through the

And on her soul the darkness had already fallen, as she

cowered in the grip of an ironical fate that, out of all other

possible nights, had chosen just this one to strike her down

-this night that she had dreamed of ten years ago among

She put up her hands to her head, and pushed back the

It was over at last, the play that all New York had talked

she swaved unsteadily.

the roses, and worked for ever since.

need to act, only to remember."

For a moment

heavy, waving hair.

flinging the servant the promised guinea, sprang into the

Orgill, swinging his horse to the rightabout, drove in the spurs; the animal reared, then broke into a gallop.

of accouterments, and, glancing up the Hatton road, beheld

words followed. The other syed him with a deepening suspicion, and a degree of contempt. He turned to one of the troopers. " Arkwright," said he, "arrest that man!" And he pointed sternly

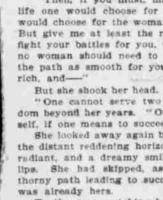
Thereupon Bainbridge found his voice

soldier every inch of him.

gill-by a cavalry picket."

O. Philip, that borrid mouse!"





year is out."

HE great civil war was raging. Royalist and roundhead-each in the belief that he was but- the pillows. tling for the right-were leaping like famished woives, at one another's throats.

strict injunctions of his doctor-had ordered a second boitle of wine to be brought to him. "The king! God bless him! And confusion to his enemies!" And the old man drained his glass. "O, father!"

Glancing round, he beheld Laura, the elder of his daugh-

Tinings of a royalist victory had just

reached Elmleigh hall, and, to celebrate the

chair. "But the occasion, sweet heart," quoth he, "the was out of hearing, Atkin quickly walked in the opposite occasion! His majesty--"I know. I heard your toast. But drinking his majesty's health will assuredly not improve your awn. She carefully refilled his glass; then, suddenly, placing

the bottle behind her back, she broke into a merry laugh.

No more tonight, my dear!" quoth she. "Au revoir "

In spite of himself, Sir Geoffrey smiled. "Come back,

"Drinking wine again! Truly I am ashamed of you.

ters-a bonny maid of 19-standing in the doorway.

you rogue!" he cried. "Come back!" But she was gone; and with a sigh he resigned himself to the inevitable. A royalist to the tips of her dainty fingers was Laura Marston. Nevertheless, her gladness at the news of victory is not wholly unalloyed. For was it not bought at the cost many precious lives !- the life, mayhap, of Philip Winram!

No romantic, girlish fancy held her beneath its spell. Her

love for the man to whom she was betrothed was deep, unswerving-a love that would end only with her life. Rejoining her father she nestled at his feet before the great log fire; then, glancing up into his face: "Father, when, think you, will this cruel war be over?" Ere long, I hope, sweet heart. Perchance before the

God grant It!" she murmured. "And then." he went on, smoothing her fair silken hair, "I suppose I must lose the treasure I value most. You love the lad, Laura?" Why, yes, of course. Next to my father be is the noblest man in England." "Noblest fiddiesticks! A harebrained cavaller! Well,

added. " were he the best man that ever buckled on sword he would still be unworthy of the hand of Laufa-"Hush!" she cried, placing her fingers upon his lips. As she did so her sister, the dark haired Winnie, entered. At sight of her Laura sprang to her feet. Winnie's face was ashen, and there was a tremor in her voice, as she said: Philip Winram is here. Be not alarmed. He is wounded,

well, I will not tease you. Philip is a good lad. But," he

but, I think, only slightly. The doctor is with him." Laura's face paied a little. "Take me to him." she said, Upon a couch in an adjoining room lay Philip Winram,

his doublet torn and muddled, a blood stained bandage scov-

ering the bullet hole in his shoulder.

have lost a little blood-that is all. Have they told you how happened?" She shock her head. I have been robbed," he cried, with sudden excitement, robbed of the king's letter. The scoundrel was disguised as cavaller. Heavenst If I had only strength to sit my He made as if he would rise, but Laura gently

"Tis but a scratch, dearest," he said, " the veriest trifle.

forced him back. Huah, dear one, hush," she said softly. "Do not grieve about it. His majesty will hald you blameless. "Nay. I have falled in my mission, and his majesty's

In obedience to a signal from the portly and rublcund doctor, who was standing near, Laura softly followed him from the room, leaving her lover in care of Winnle. "Will he die?" she asked, her voice trembling a little, as

week or so-a month at the farthest." Briefly, then, he acquainted her with the circumstances attending her lover's misadventure, which were these: The moon, he said, had already risen when the report of firearms came to the ear of Atkin, the porter of the lodge. Hastening out, he had almost reached the gate when he perceived a horseman galloping past-a royalist, apparently, judging by The old gentleman began to fidget in his high backed his plumed beaver and flowing cavalier locks. So soon as he direction, and ere long discovered, lying in a wayside ditch,

> proceeded to bandage the wound, having meanwhile sent his little son for the doctor. Winram had received imperative orders to carry with all name I have forgotten) commanding his majesty's forces nuartered at Hatton. As you perceived just now, the loss of that letter is troubling him grievously. His mind, I need scarcely say, must be diverted from the matter, for, albeit

I will do all I can." said Laura; but her heart sank because of the doctor's concluding words.

bring on a fever."

The knowledge that he was a traitor did not trouble Richard Orgill overmuch. Indeed, in the matter of ethics his

roundheads, certain of whom found in him an excellent tool. Tonight, as he galloped past the gates of Elmleigh hall, was in high good humor. A stranger to remorse, he gave no thought to the man whom he had left bleeding in the wayside ditch. "Egad!" he chuckled, "a good night's work!" And in fancy he could hear the chink of the guiden guineas he would receive on the morrow in exchange for Charles Stuart's letter.

ing that his treachery was on the eve of being discovered, he

scarded his plumed beaver, cropped his poli, and joined the

But fortune proved unkind. His horse fell lame, and be tween him and his journey's end lay many a mile. What was to be done? And he glanced about him despairingly. Whatever the cost, a horse he must have, and that quickly. Suddenly it came to him that some little way ahead was a tavern-the White Hart-where possibly he might be able to

he shrewdly eyed the black haired, frowning stranger. Come, my friend," quoth Orgili, impatiently, "what of suddenly occurred to him that close at hand was a borsear neighbors? Have they no horses? The other scratched his head, and then: "To be sure,"

rupted Orgill, producing an apparently well lined purse. The landlord's small, deep set eyes twinkled at the sight of the gold, and, beckening the hostler, who was standing near, he proceeded to give him the needful instructions.

eve t, Sir Geoffrey Marston-heedless of the they stood together in the spacious hallway. Die! My dear young lady, he will be fit for duty in a

> the unconscious form of Philip Winram. As speedily as might be, he carried the stricken man to the lodge, and there "I gather," concluded the man of medicine, "that Master possible dispatch the king's letter to the general (whose

the wound is not a dangerous one, constant brooding may

conscience-if he ever possessed such a thing-was exceed-For many months, in the rôle of a royalist, he had supplied the king's enemies with information. Afterwards, fear-

obtain a remount. But he was doomed to disappointment. The only horse ir the stable of the White Hart was in a sorry plight, having of the right stuff. With that good sword of yours you will that same day failen sick with a fever. F) said mine host, as yet carve your way to fortune."

drawle . "Farmer Ridley has a fine 4 year old "-Eating his head off in the stable, I warrant?' inter-