By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXIV. A moment later the servants in the hall heard a scream-a scream of such horror and fear that they scarcely recognized a human voice in the sound. They sprang to their feet scared and trembling, and for a few seconds looked into one another's faces. Then, as curiosity got the upper hand, the boldest took the lead and all hurried pellmell to the door, issuing in a mob into the courtyard, where Ferdinand Cludde, who happened to be near and had also heard the cry, joined them. "Where was it, Baldwin?" he exclaimed.

"At the back, I think," the steward answered. He alone had had the coolness t bring out a lantern, and he now led the way toward the rear of the house. Sure enough, close to the edge of the moat, they found Martin, stooping with his hands on his knees, a great wound, half bruise, half out, upon his ferehead. "What is it?" Ferdinand cried sharply. "Who did it, man?"

Baldwin had already thrown his light on the fool's face, and Martin, seeming to become conscious of their presence, looked at them, but in a dazed fashion. "What?" he muttered, "what is what?"

By this time nearly every one in the house had hurried to the spot, among them not only Petronilla, clinging to her father's arm, but Mistress Anne, her face pale and gloomy, and half a dozen womenfolk who clutched one another tightly and screamed at regular intervals.

"What is it?" Baldwin repeated roughly, laying his hand on Martin's arm and slightly shaking him. "Come, who struck you, man?"

"I think," the fool answered slowly, gulping down something and turning a dull eye on the group, "a-a swallow flew by and hit me!'

They shrank away from him instinctively, and some crossed themselves. "He is in one of his mad fits," Baldwin muttered. Still the steward showed no fear.
"A swallow, man!" he cried aloud. 'Come, talk sense. There are no swallows flying at this time of year, and if there were they do not fly by night nor give men wounds like that. What was it? Out with it now! Do you not see, man," he added, giving Martin an impatient shake, "that Sir Anthony is waiting?"

The fool nodded stupidly. "A swallow," he muttered. "Aye, 'twas a swallow, a great big swallow. I—I nearly put my foot on him.'

'And he flew up and hit you in the face?" Baldwin said, with huge contempt in his tone. Martin accepted the suggestion placidly.

'Aye, 'twas so. A great big swallow, and he flew in my face," he repeated. Sir Anthony looked at him compassion-

ately. "Poor fellow!" he said. "Baldwin, see to him. He has had one of his fits and hurt himself. "I never knew him to hurt himself,"

Baldwin muttered darkly.
"Let somebody see to him," the knight said, disregarding the interruption. "And now come, Petronilla Why, where has

Not far. Only round to the other side of him, that she might be a little nearer to Martin. The curiosity in the other women's faces was a small thing in comparison with the startled, earnest look in She gazed at the man with eyes not of affright, but of eager, avid questioning, while through her parted lips her breath came in gasps. Her cheek was red and white by turns, and for her heart—well, it had seemed to stand still a moment, and now was beating like the heart of some poor captured bird held in the hand She did not seem to hear her father speak

to her, and he had to touch her sleeye. Then she started as though she were awakening from a dream and followed him sadly into the house.

Sadly, and yet there was a light in her eyes which had not been there five minutes pefore. A swallow? A great big swallow? And this was December, when the swallows were at the bottom of the horse ponds. She only knew of one swallow Sir Anthony was soundly rating everywhose return was possible in winter. But then that one swallow-aye, though the with his key in the door, found, or affected snow should lie inches deep in the chase to find, the task of turning it a difficult and the water should freeze in her room- one. As the steward came up, however, would make a summer for her. Could it the big doors at some sign from him be that one? Could it be? Petronilla's creaked on their hinges, and the knight, heart was beating so loudly as she went his staff in his hand and the servants up stairs after her father that she won- clustering behind him with lanterns, dered he did not hear it.

The group left round Martin gradually melted away. Baldwin was the only man dignity.
who could deal with him in his mad fits, "Who disturbs us at this hour?" he and the other servants, with a shudder and a backward glance, gladly left him to to Baldwin to hold up his large lantern, the steward. Mistress Anne had gone in since the others, uncertain of their recepsome time. Only Ferdinand Cludde re- tion, had put out their torches. By its mained, and he stood a little apart and light he and those behind him could make for any sound which might betoken the of yards away, while in support of these sheriff's approach than in hearkening to there appeared a bowshot off and still in for it was made up entirely of scolding on line of trees, above which the moon, new other. Yet Ferdinand, ever suspicious and of clouds. "Who are ye?" the knight reon his guard, must have felt some interest peated. in it, for he presently called the steward to him. "Is he more fool or knave?" he the answer. muttered, pointing under hand at Martin, who stood in the gloom a few paces

Baldwin shrugged his shoulders, but reis the meaning of it all?" Ferdinand persisted, his keen eyes on the steward's face. 'Did he do it himself, or who did it?"

Baldwin turned slowly and nodded toward the moat. "I expect you will find him who did it there," he said grimly. "I never knew a man save Sir Anthony or Master Francis hit Martin yet but he paid for it, and when his temper is up he mad, or as good as mad, and better than two sane men!"

"He is a dangerous fellow," Ferdinand said thoughtfully, shivering a little. It | nel Bridgewater are with me. I implore the bravest have their moods.

"Dangerous?" the steward answered. 'Ave. he is to some and sometimes." Ferdinand Cludde looked sharply at the speaker, as if he suspected him of a covert traved no glint of intelligence or amuse, ment, and the knight's brother, reassured and yet uneasy, turned on his heel and went into the house, meeting at the door a servant who came to tell him that Sir Anthony was calling for him. Baldwin | against odds. Might it not be better, after Moor, left alone, stood a moment think- all? ing and then turned to speak to Martin.

But Martin was gone and was nowhere to be seen. The lights in the hall windows twinkled cheerily, and the great fire cast its glow half way across the courtyard, as lights and fire had twinkled and glowed at Coton End on many a night before. But neither in hall nor chamber was there any answering merriment. Baldwin, coming in, caused the servants who were in his way, and the men moved meekly and without retort, taking his oaths for what they were-a man's tears. The women folk sat listening, pale and frightened, and one or two of the grooms, those who had done least in the skirmish, had visions of a tree and a rope and looked sickly. The rest scowled and blinked at the fire or kicked up a dog if it barked in its sleep.

"Hasn't Martin come in?" Baldwin growled presently, setting his heavy wet boot on a glowing log, which hissed and sputtered under it. "Where is he?" "Don't know!" one of the men took on

himself to answer. "He did not come in here.

"I wonder what he is up to now?" Baldwin exclaimed, with gloomy irritation, for which, under the circumstances, he had ample excuse. He knew that resistance was utterly hopeless and could only make matters worse and twist the rope more tightly about his neck, to put cion, therefore, that this madman-for such in his worst fits the fool becamecould to the attacking party, was not a my command."

A gray haired man in the warmest nook by the fire seemed to read his thoughts. There is one in the house," he said slowy and oracularly, his eyes on Baldwin's boot, "whom he has just as good a mind to hurt, has our Martin, as any of them Clopton men. Aye, that has he, Master Baldwin.

"And who is that, gaffer?" Baldwin asked contemptuously. But the old fellow turned shy. it is not Sir Anthony," he answered, nod-ding his head and stooping forward to caress his toasting shins. "Be you very sure of that. Nor the young mistress, nor the young master as was, nor the new lady that came a month ago. No, nor it is not you, Master Baldwin."

"Then who is it?" cried the steward mpatiently.
"He is shrewd, is Martin—when the saints have not got their backs to him,"

said the old fellow slyly. 'Who is it?'' thundered the steward. well used to this rustic method of evasion. 'Answer, you dolt!"

But no answer came, and Baldwin ever got one, for at this moment a man who had been watching in front of the house ran in.

"They are here!" he cried. "A good hundred of them, and torches enough for St. Anthony's eve. Get you to the gate, porter. Sir Anthony is calling for you. Do you hear?'

There was a great uprising, a great clattering of feet and barking of dogs and some wailing among the women. As the messenger finished speaking a barsh challenge which penetrated even the courtyard arose from many voicces without and was ollowed by the winding of a horn. This sufficed. All hurried with one accord into the court, where the porter looked to Baldwin for instructions. "Hold a minute!" cried the steward, si-

encing the loudest hound by a sound kick and disregarding Sir Anthony's voice, which came from the direction of the gateway. "Let us see if they are at the back

He ran through the passage, and emergng on the edge of the moat was at once saluted by a dozen voices warning him back. There were a score of dark figures standing in the little close where the fight had taken place. "Right," said Baldwin to himself. "Needs must when the old gentleman drives! Only I thought I would make sure."

He ran back at once, nearly knocking who, with a companion was making, but at a slower pace, for the front of the house.

"Well, old comrade," cried the steward. smiting the fool on the back as he passed. you are here, are you? I never thought that you and I would be in at our own deathsl

He did not notice, in the wild humor which had seized him, who Martin's companion was, though probably at another time it would have struck him that there was no one in the house quite so tall. He sped on with scarcely a glance, and in a moment was under the gateway, where body, and particularly the porter was walked forward a pace or two to the end of the bridge, bearing himself with some

cried, peering across the moat and signing seemed more deeply engaged in listening out a group of half a dozen figures a score their conversation. Listen as he might he the open ground a clump of, it might be; would have gained little from the latter, a hundred men. Beyond all lay the dark one side and stupid reiteration on the risen, was sailing through a watery wrack

"Are you Sir Anthony Cludde?" came "I am.

"Then in the queen's name, Sir Anthony," the leader of the troop cried solemnly, "I call on you to surrender. I hold mained silent. "What happened? What a warrant for your arrest, and also for the arrest of James Carey, a priest, and Baldwin Moor, who, I am told, is your steward. I am backed by forces which it will

be vain to resist." "Are you Sir Philip Clopton?" knight asked, for at that distance and in that light it was impossible to be sure. "I am," the sheriff answered earnestly,

"and as a friend I beg you, Sir Anthony, to avoid useless bloodshed and further cause for offense. Sir Thomas Greville, the governor of Warwick castle, and Colo was unlike him to shiver and shake, but you, my friend, to surrender, and I will do you what good offices I may."

The knight, as we know, had made up his mind, and yet for a second he hesitat-There were stern, grim faces round him, changed by the stress of the moment But Baldwin's gloomy face be- into the semblance of dark Baldwin's—the, his rere supper." faces of men, who, though they numbered but a dozen, were his men, bound to him by every tie of instinct and breeding and custom, and he had been a soldier and knew the flerce joy of a desperate struggle

But then he remembered his women

kind, and, after all, why endanger these have the drawbridge lowered, only I beg

Giving Ball win the order and bidding nim as soon as it was performed come to him, the knight walked steadily back into the courtyard and took his stand there. He dispatched the women and some of the servants to lay out a meal in the ball, but it was noticeable that the men went reluctantly, and that all who could find any excuse to do so lingered round Sir Anthony as if they could not bear to abandon him, as if, even at the last moment, they had some vague notion of protecting their master at all hazards. A score of lanterns shed a gloomy, uncertain lightonly in places re-enforced by the glow from the hall windows-upon the group. Seldom had a Coton moon peeped over the gables at a scene stranger than that which met the sheriff's eyes as with his two backers he passed under the gateway.

"I surrender to you, Sir Philip," the knight said, with dignity, stepping forward a pace or two, "and call you to witness that I might have made resistance the thought as he framed it. The suspiand have not. My tenants are quiet in present. Father Carey is not here nor in might be hanging round the place in dark steward, but I beg for him your especial the house. This is Baldwin Moor, my corners, doing what deadly mischief he offices, since he has done nothing save by

'Sir Anthony, believe me that I will do all I can," the sheriff responded gravely, 'but''—

"But to set at naught the queen's pro amation and order!" struck in a third oice harshly-it was Sir Thomas Grerille's-"and she but a month on the throne! For shame, Sir Anthony! It smacks to me of high treason. And many man has suffered for less, let me tell

"Had she been longer on the throne, the sheriff put in more gently, "and were the times quiet, the matter would have been of less moment, Sir Anthony, and might not have become a state matter. But just now"-"Things are in a perilous condition,"

Greville said bluntly, "and you have done your little to make them worse!" The knight, by a great effort, swallowed

his rage and humiliation. "What will you do with me, gentlemen?" he asked, speaking with at least the appearance of calmness "That is to be seen," Greville said,

oughly overriding his companion: "For tonight we must make ourselves and our en comfortable here." 'Certainly-with Sir Anthony's leave, Sir Thomas Greville," quoth a voice from behind. "But only so!"

More than one started violently, while the Cludde servants almost to a man spun round at the sound of the voice-my voice, Francis Cludde's, though in the darkness no one knew me. How shall I ever forget the joy and lively gratitude which filled my heart as I spoke, which turned the night into day and that fantastic scene of shadows into a festival, as I felt that the ambition of the last four years was about to be gratified? Sir Anthony, who was one of the first to turn, peered among the servants. "Who spoke?" he cried, a sudden discomposure in his voice and manner. Why spoke there?

"Aye, Sir Anthony, who did?" Greville said haughtily. "Some one apparently who does not quite understand his place or the state of affairs here. Stand back, my men, and let me see him. Perhaps we may teach him a useful lesson."

The challenge was welcome, for I feared scene and to be left face to face with my uncle more than anything. Now, as the servants with a loud murmur of surprise and recognition fell back and disclosed me standing by Martin's side, I turned a little from Sir Anthony and faced Greville. "Not this time, I think, Sir Thomas," I said, giving him back glance for glance. "I have learned my lesson from some who have fared farther and seen more than you, from men who have stood by their cause in foul weather as well as fair, and were not for mass one day and a sermon the next."

"What is this?" he cried angrily. are you?" 'Sir Anthony Cludde's dutiful and loving pephew," I answered, with a courteous bow. "Come back, I thank heaven,

n time to do him a service, Sir Thomas.' "Master Francis! Master Francis!" Clopton exclaimed in remonstrance. He had known me in old days. My uncle meanwhile gazed at me in the utmost asstratement, and this the servates irre flashed a strange light, while many of them hailed me in a tone which told me that I had but to give the word, and they would fall on the very sheriff himself. "Master Francis," Sir Philip Clopton repeated gravely, "if you would do your uncle a service, this is not the way to go about it. He has surrendered and is our prisoner. Brawling will not mend

I laughed out loudly and merrily. "Do you know, Sir Philip," I said, with somehing of the old boyish ring in my voice 'I have been since I saw you last to Belgium and Germany—aye, and Poland and Hamburg? Do you think I have come back

"I do not know what to think of you, ne replied dryly, "but you had best"— "Keep a civil tongue in your head, my friend," said Greville, with harshness,

'and yourself out of this business!" "It is just this business I have come to get into, Sir Thomas," I answered with ncreasing good humor. "Sir Anthony, show them that!" I continued, and I drew out a little packet of parchment with a



"Sir Anthony, show them that!" great red seal hanging from it by a green ribbon-just such a packet as that which I had stolen from the bishop's apparitor nearly four years back. "A lantern here!" I cried. "Hold it steady, Martin, that Sir Anthony may read. Master Sheriff wants

I gave the packet into the knight's hand, my own shaking. Aye, shaking, for was not this the fulfillment of that boyish vow I had made in my little room in the gable yonder, so many years ago? A fulfillment strange and timely, such as none but a boy in his teens could have hoped for, nor any but a man who had tried the

chances and mishaps of the world could faithful men? He raised his voice and fully enjoy as I was enjoying it. I tingled oried clearly: "I accept your good offices, with the rush through my veins of tri-Sir Philip, and I take your advice. I will umph and gratitude. Up to the last moment I had feared lest anything should go you will keep your men well in hand and do my poor house as little damage as may should be withheld from me. Now i stood there smiling, watching Sir Anthony, as with trembling fingers he fumbled with the paper. And there was only one thing, only one person, wanting to my joy. looked and looked again, but I could not anywhere see Petronilla.

What is it?" Sir Anthony said feebly, turning the packet over and over. "It is for the sheriff-for the sheriff, is it not?" "He had better open it then, sir," I answered gayly.

Sir Philip took the packet, and after a glance at the address tore it open. "It is an order from Sir William Cecil," he muttered. Then he ran his eye down the brief contents, while all save myself pricked their ears and pressed closer, and I looked swiftly from face to face as the wavering light lit up now one and now anotherold familiar faces for the most part.

Well, Sir Philip, will you stop to supper?" I cried, with a laugh, when he had had time, as I judged, to reach the signa-

"Go to!" he grunted, looking at me. "Nice fools you have made of us, young man!" He passed the letter to Greville. "Sir Anthony," he continued, a mixture of pleasure and chagrin in his voice, "you are free! I congratulate you on your luck. Your nephew has brought an amnesty for all things done up to the present time save for any life taken, in which case the matter is to be referred to the secretary. Fortunately my dead horse is the worst of the mischief, so free you are and amnestied shough nicely Master Cecil has befooled

We will give you another horse, Sir Philip," I answered.

But the words were wasted on the air. They were drowned in a great shout of joy and triumph which rang from a score of Cludde throats the moment the purport of the paper was understood-a shout which made the old house shake again and scared the dogs so that they fled away into corners and gazed askance at us, their tails between their legs, a shout that was plainly heard a mile away in half a dozen homesteads where Cludde men lay gloomy

By this time my uncle's hand was in mine. With his other he took off his hat. "Lads," he cried huskily, rearing his tall form in our midst, "a cheer for the queen! God keep her safe, and long may she reignl

This was universally regarded as the end of what they still proudly call in those parts "the Coton insurrection." When silence came again, every dog, even the oldest and wisest, had bayed himself hoarse and fled to kennel, thinking the end of the world was come. My heart, as I joined roundly in, swelled high with pride, and there were tears in my eyes as well as in my uncle's. But there is no triumph, after all, without its drawback, no fruition equal to the anticipation. Where was Petronilla? I could see her nowhere. I looked from window to window, but she was at none. I scanned the knot of maids, but could not find her. Even the cheering had not brought her out.

It was wonderful, though, how the cheers cleared the air. Even Sir Thomas Greville regained good humor and deigned to shake me by the hand and express himself pleased that the matter had ended so happily. Then the sheriff drew him and Bridgewater away to look to their men's arrangements, seeing, I think, that my uncle and I would fain be alone awhile, and at last I asked with a trembling voice after Petronilla.

"To be sure," Sir Anthony answered, furtively wiping his eyes, "I had forgot-ten her, dear lad. I wish now that she had staid. But tell me, Francis, how came you back tonight, and how did you

manage this?' Something of what he asked I told him to the estates or as a means of extorting hurriedly, but then—be sure I took advantage of the first opening—I asked again after Petronilla. "Where has she gone, sir?" I said, trying to conceal my impatience. "I thought that Martin told me she was here-indeed that he had seen her after I arrived."

"I am not sure, do you know," Sir Antony answered, eying me absently. "that I was wise, but: I considered she was safer away, Francis. And she can be fetched back in the morning. I feared there might be some disturbance in the house, as in deed there well might have been, and though she begged very hard to stay with me I sent her off.

'This evening, sir?' I stammered, sud denly chilled.

But an hour ago every approach was guarded, Sir Authony," I cried in surprise. "I had the greatest difficulty in slip ping through from the outside myself, well as I know every field and tree. To escape fram within, even for a man, much less a woman, would have been impossible She will have been stopped."

"I think not," he said, with a smile at once sage and indulgent, which seemed to add, "You think yourself a clever lad, but you do not know everything yet."

"I sent her out by the secret passage to the millhouse, you see," he explained, "as soon as I heard the sheriff's party outside. could have given them the slip myself had I pleased.' "The millhouse?" I answered. The mill

stood nearly a quarter of a mile from Coton End, beyond the gardens and in the direction of the village. I remembered vaguely that I had heard from the serv ants in old days some talk of a secret outlet leading from the house to it, but they knew no particulars, and its existence was only darkly rumored among them. "You did not know of the passage," Sir

Anthony said, chuckling at my astonish nent "No: I remember, but the girl did. four father and his wife went with her. He quite agreed in the wisdom of sending her away, and indeed advised it. On

neaching the mill, if they found all quiet, they were to walk across to Watney's farm. There they could get horses and might ride at their leisure to Stratford and wait the event. I thought it best for her, and Ferdinand agreed. "And my father-went with her?" 1 muttered hoarsely, feeling myself growing

chill to the heart. Hardly could I restrain my indignation at Sir Anthony's folly or my own anger and disappointment-and fear, for though my head seemed on fire, and there was a tumult in my brain, was cool enough to trace clearly my fa ther's motives and discern with what a deliberate purpose he had acted. "He went with her?'

"Yes; be and his wife." the knight an swered, noticing nothing in his obtuse

'You have been fooled, sir," I said bisterly "My father you should have known, and, for his wife, she is a bad, unscrupulous woman! Oh, the madness of it, to put my cousin into their hands!" "What do you mean?" the knight cried.

beginning to tremble. "Your father is a changed man, lad. He has come back to the old faith, and in a dark hour too.

"He is a hypocrite and a villain!" I recorted, stung almost to madness by this wound in my tenderest place-stung indeed beyond endurance. Why should I spare him, when to spare him was to sacrifice the innecent? Why should I pick my words, where my love was in danger? He had had no mercy and no pity. Why should I shrink from exposing him? Heaven had deals with him partiently and given him life, and he did but abuse it. I could keep silence no longer and told Sir Anthony all with a stinging tongue and in gibing words, even at last how my father had given me a hint of the very plan he had now carried out of coming: down to Coton and goading his brother into some offense which might leave his estate

at the mercy of the authorities. "I did not think he meant it." I said bitterly. "But I might have known that the leopard does not change its spots. How you, who knew him years ago and knew that he had plotted against you since, came to trust him again-to trust your daughter to him-passes my fancy! 'He was my brother," the knight mur

mured, leaning white and stricken on my shoulder. "And my father-heaven help us!"

CHAPTER XXV. "We must first help ourselves," Sir An thony answered sharply, rousing himself with wonderful energy from the prostra tion into which my story had thrown him "I will send after her. She shall b brought back. Ho! Baldwin! Martin!" he cried loudly. "Send Baldwin hither Be quick there!'

Out of the ruck of servants in and abou the hall Baldwin came rushing presently wiping his lips as he approached A sin gle glance at our faces sobered him Send Martin down to the mill!" Sir An thony ordered curtly. "Bid him tell my daughter if she be there to come back, and do you saddle a couple of horses and be until a woice I had not heard for years and ready to ride with Master Francis to Watney's farm and on to Stratford if it be necessary. Lose not a minute. My daugh ter is with Master Ferdinand. My order is that she return.

The fool had come up only a pace or two behind the steward. Do you hear, Martin?" I added eagerly, turning to him. My thoughts, busy with the misery which might befall her in their hands, maddened ne. "You will bring her back if you find | breast.

her, mind you." He did not answer, but his eyes glittered as they met mine, and I knew that he understood. As he flitted silently across the court and disappeared under the gateway I knew that no hound could be more sure. knew that he would not leave the trail until he had found Petronilla, though he had to follow her for many a mile. We might have to pursue the fugitives to Stratford, but I felt sure that Martin's lean figure and keen dark face would be there to meet us.

Us? No. Sir Anthony indeed said to 'You will go, of course?" speaking. s if only one answer were possible.

But it was not to be so. "No," I said; you had better go, sir. Or Baldwin can trusted. He can take two or three of ne grooms. They should be armed," dded in a lower tone.

My uncle looked hard at me and then ave his assent, no longer wondering why did not go. Instead, he hade Baldwin o as I had suggested. In truth, my heart was so hot with wrath, and indignation hat I dared not follow, lest my father, in is stern, mocking way, should refuse to et her go, and harm should happen beveen us. If I were right in my suspiions, and he had capped his intrigue by deliberately getting the girl I loved into his hands as a hostage, either as a surety that I would share with him if I succeeded ust myself face to face with him. If I ould have mounted; and ridden after my ove, I could have borne it better, but the curse seemed to cling to me still. My worst foe was one against whom I could ot lift my hand.

"But what," my uncle asked, his voice quavering, though his words seemed in-



tended to combat my fears, "what can he do, lad? She is his niece."

'What?" I answered, with a shudder. I do not know, but I fear everything. If should elude us and take her abroad with him-heaven help her, sir! He will the. He held no communication with me use her somehow to gain his ends—or kill or with any at Coton End later than that

Sir Anthony wiped his brow with a them," he said.

"Let us hope so," I answered. Alas, how far fell fruition short of anticipation! This was my time of triumph. "You had under the sardinal's auspices. Doubtless. better go in, sir," I said presently, gaining a little mastery over myself. Sir Philip has returned from settling his have spoken-Sir Anthony, the duchess, men for the night. He and Greville will be wondering what has happened."

'And you?'' he said. 'I cannot," I answered, shaking my

shadow on the far side of the court listening to the clatter of knives and dishes, the cheerful hum of the servants as they Lowestoft under the Duchess of Suffolk's called to one another, the hurrying footsteps of the maids. A dog crept out and licked my hand as it hung nerveless by trust, others ungrateful, though I experimy side. Surely Martin or Baldwin would overtake them, or if not it still was not so easy to take a girl abroad against her will. But would that be his plan? He must

he might take her, telling her any wild story of her father's death or flight or by some strange fate myself? To be sure, a brave Christian and—in peaceful times Anne was not altogether without feeling -n studious gentleman. or conscience, but she was his-his entire- But it is not only in vacant seats and

was this dreadful inaction which was kill-

The busile and voices of the servants, who were in high spirits, so irritated me at last that I wandered away, going first to the dark, lifeat gardens, where I walked up and down in a fever of doubt and fear, much as I had done on the last evening I had spent at Coton. Then a fancy seized me, and turning from the fishpond I walked toward the house. Crossing the moat, I made for the thurch door and tried it. It was unlocked. I went in. Here at least in the sucred place I should find

AND MAR LONG LUNCH IN THE MARKET wietness, and unable to help myself in his terrible crisis might get help from one to whom may extremity was but an pportunity.

I walked up the aisle, and finding all n darkness, the moon at the moment being obscured, felt my way as far as Sir Piers' flat monument and sat down upon it. I had been there scarcely a minute when a faint sound, which seemed rather sigh or an audible shudder than any articulate word, came out of the darkness in front of me. My great trouble had seemed to make superstitious lears for the time impossible, but at this sound I started and trembled, and holding my breath felt a cold shiver run down may back. Motionless I peered before me and yet could see nothing. All was gloom, the only distingaishable feature being the east window.

What was that? A soft rustle as of ghostly garments moving in the aisle was succeeded by another sigh which made me rise from my seat, my hair stiffening. Then I saw the outline of the east window growing brighter and brighter, and I knew that the moon was about to shine clear of the clouds and longed to turn and fly, yet did not dare to move.

Suddenly the light fell on the altar steps and disclosed a kneeling form which seemed to be partly turned toward me, as though watching me. The face I could not see-it was in shadow-and I stood transfixed, gazing at the figure, half in superstitious terror and half in wonder, yet should have known among athousand said softly, "Francis!

"Who calls me?" I muttered hoarsely knowing and vet disbelieving, hoping and yet with a terrible fear at heart.

"It is I-Petronilla!" said the same voice gently, and the the form rose and glided toward me through the moonlight. 'It is I-Petronilla! Do you not know me?" said my love again and fell upon my

She had been firmly resolved all the time not to quit her father, and on the first opportunity had given the slip to her company, while the horses were being saddled at Watney's farm. Stealing back through the darkness, she had found the house full of uproar and apparently occupied by strange troopers. Aghast and not knowing what to do, she had bethought herself of the church, and there taken refuge. On my first entrance she was horribly alarmed. But as I walked up the aisle she recognized-so she has since told me a thousand times with pride-my footstep, though it had long been a stranger to her ear, and she had no thought at the moment of seeing me or hearing the joyful news I brought.

And so my story is told. For what passed then between Petronilla and me lies between my wife and myself. And it is an old, old story, and one which our children have no need to learn, for they have told it, many of them for themselves. and their children are growing up to tell it. I think in some odd corner of the house there may still be found a very ancient. swallow's nest, which young girls bring out and look at tenderly, but for my sword knot I fear it has been worn out these 30 years. What matter, even though it was velvet of Genca? He that has the

substance lacks not the shadow. I never saw my father again, nor learned passed at Watney's farm after Petronilla was missed by her two companions, but one man, whom I could ill spare, was also missing on that night, whose fate is still something of a mystery. That was Martin Luther. I have always believed that he fell in a desperate encounter with my father, but no traces of the struggle or his body were ever

found. The track between Watney's farua and Stratford, however, runs for a certain distance by the river, and at some point on this road Ethink Martin must have come up with the refugees, and failing either to find Petronilla with them or to get any satisfactory account of her must have flung himself on my father and been foiled and killed. The exact truth, I have said was never known, though Baldwit and I talked over it again and again, and there were even some who said that a servant much resembling Martin Luther was seen with my father in the low countries not a month before his death. I put no credence in this, however, having good reasons to think that the poor fool-who was wiser in his sane moments than most men-would never have left my service while the breath remained in his body.

I have heard; it said that blood washes out shame. My father was killed in a skirmish in the Netherlands shortly before the peace of Chateau Cambresis and about three months after the events here related. I have no doubt that he died as a brave man should, for he had that virwhich I have here described, but woud appear to have entered the service of Cartrembling hand. "Baldwin will overtake | dinal Granvelle, the governor of the Netherlands, for after his death word came to the Duchess of Suffolk that Mistress Anne Cludde had entered a nunnery at Bruges she is long since dead.

And so are many others of whom I Master Bertie and Master Lindstrom. For 40 years have passed since these things happened—years of peaceful, happy life, which have gone by more swiftly, as it seems to me in the retrospect, than the After he had gone I stood awhile in the four years of my wanderings. The Lindstroms sought refuge in England in the second year of the queen and settled in protection and did well and flourished as became them, nor indeed did they find, I enced some difficulty in inducing Sir Anthony to treat the Dutch burgher as on an equality with himself. Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the Peregrine to whom, I stood godfather in St. Willibred's church at have hiding places in England to which Wesel, is now a middle aged man and my very good friend, the affection, which his mother felt for me having descended to even perhaps of her own danger if her him in full measure. She was indeed such whereabouts were known. I had had ex- a woman as her majesty-large hearted perience of his daring, of his cunning, his and free tongued, of masouline courage plausibility. Had he not taken in all with and a wonderful tenderness. And of her whom he had come into contact, except husband what can I say, save that he was

ly, body and soul. Yes, if I could have gray hairs that I trace the progress of 40 followed I could have borne it better. It years. They have done for England aling, habit bern miles also of ligants tione erati main trict tem

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