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(Continued from page fourteen.)

"Twas like parting soul from body, this short leave-taking 'twixt me and my Lord; for though I reasoned that they could not throw him into prison until he had had speech with Will, yet I dreaded leaving my dear Lord for an instant. But he, grown suddenly old and calm, bade me 'God-speed' with quiet, cheerful word, only breaking down when he prayed, 'God bless thee, Molly!'"

"Twas dull and rainy when I was taken to Will's cell, yet methinks no day could be found more fitting to the feelings of my heart. So despairing was I that I scarce noted the wretchedness of the prison house in which they had kept Will, and I dreaded the being brought face to face with him. For now that my last stake had been played and lost, now that I knew that my Lord was resolved to die, so that Will might go free, a strange unreasoning anger against my cousin took possession of me. Lord forgive me! but I grew mad at the thought that Will would enjoy life and the sweets of it, while my dear Lord, in my eyes so far the nobler of the two, would suffer death."

My dear Lord had sought all through the night to prepare me for this last extremity; and though it seemed to me that no one would dare to tear him from my arms, yet the horrible dread was with me always. Indeed, I saw no quarter, no gleam of hope from anywhere. His Majesty, who had deemed that he was kind, had in a manner signed my dearest Lord's death warrant; for I knew but too well that he would accept his life from no man's hand."

I would I could tell you how I lived through that day, how it was that so wretched and desperate a woman as myself still continued to draw breath. I prayed each moment that it should be my last, and yet each hour found me still despairing, still living, with the everlasting fear that when the darkness fell they would take my dear Lord away from me."

These horrible thoughts dwelt in my brain as I climbed the cold stone step to Will's cell, and when they threw open the heavy door to let me pass I was fain to swoon with misery."

The cell was steeped in such darkness that I could scarce distinguish aught but a dusky form lying in one corner of it, and I could not speak, albeit I had come with words prepared to greet him who had suffered so much for our sake."

At the sound of the key in the lock he rose, in his old courtly manner, to greet me—seeing, yet not seeing me; and when he turned his face full on me, I discovered (being then accustomed to the gloom) my cousin's features. I scarce could have deemed it possible that a man could have changed so unrecognizably; for his face was so white and drawn that he was like unto a dead man, and I cried "Will!" and stretched my arms to him, forgetting in that moment that I had felt rancor against him in my heart that he should live and my Lord was doomed to die."

At sound of my voice he gave a great cry. "What! Molly!" was all he said, but with such a world of pathos in his tone that I cast myself on the stone floor and sobbed.

"Nay, sweetheart," he said nothing, and tried to raise me, but being so weak from privation and misery, was fain to let go of me, sighing piteously; and then I gathered my poor strength, and told him my errand—that I had come to gain forgiveness from the King; that, falling in my petition, my dear Lord had resolved to give himself up; and I ended, saying—"And for what you have done for us and suffered, may the Lord requite you, and grant me strength to endure my misery."

Then Will, in all a strong man's grief, kept silence for a little, yet by the working of his face I could see that he had formed some high resolve. At last he said: "I knew it, Molly. Daily, sweetheart, have I been expecting a sight of Jack or you, I never did him one moment's injustice in my thoughts; now could I, having held him as my dearest friend! And, Molly, now that I've seen the sweetest face that ever woman bore, I can surely bear to die. Sweetheart, life without you is death."

(Now, think me simple as you will, but I had never guessed that love of me had had a part in Will's noble resolve; indeed, I shall always declare that he was no lover of mine, but through being distraught with misery and loneliness, he had come to dwell upon his affection for me until it had become greatly magnified.)

But then I only cried in my exceeding anguish, "Nay, Will, you are to live, and he, my Lord, my dearest, is to die."

Then, quick as lightning falls from heaven, Will made answer: "You have married him, Molly!"

"Ah, yes!" I whispered, having forgotten that Will, a prisoner, must needs be ignorant of the fact.

"And he is going to leave you, Molly—his wife, and all he holds dear—for my sake, sweet. Nay, that shall never be."

"But it must be!" I cried desperately; "he will not allow it. Will! Alas! what shall I do! How can I bear to lose him!"

Then Will was silent for a long time, until, with a tone so solemn that I felt 'twas an angel speaking, he said:

"Be comforted, Molly. There will be a means of escape yet."

"Ah, there is none!" I cried wildly.

"None. He must die!"

"If you would accept this boon of me,"

pleaded Will. "See here, my Molly, in all this world there is not one soul who would grieve for me; not one heart that will give more than a passing regret for one whose sole life knew no joy."

But I could not listen. "Will," I cried, "you said there was a means of escape. Oh, Will! I tell me those were not idle words. Say them again, Will!"

To soothe me he did say them again. Methought he had grown colder towards me, but surely 'twas but my fancy, for my tears fell fast before the end of the interview. Moreover, I was drawn anew to my cousin, having forgotten in the absorbing love of my dear Lord how truly dear he had been to me. Therefore, when I was forced to bid him "Good-by," 'twas as if my heart were torn in twain, and as if I could never know a greater sorrow, though through being so used to misery, I grew dulled to it at last. Will's face, pale, though smiling, visible to me through all the darkness, troubled me so greatly that I was fain to beg of his jailer to re-open the door (which had closed so heavily, with a sound as of clanging iron), that I might gain one more glimpse of him. But the man, being surly (though perhaps his nature was warped through living in such an atmosphere of misery), refused me the boon; therefore, until my dying day will I carry about with me the remembrance of Will, prisoner, hopeless, yet smiling, through all that bleak, dreary, wintry night. Surely, 'tis the smile he wears in heaven!

For in this life I never saw Will more. The bravest heart that ever beat did not shrink from a couple of scoldings, and the escape he dreamt of for us all was but the shaking off of the fetters that bound him to the earth. I cannot call it self-slaughter, when 'twas but an offering up of himself upon the shrine of love; nor cowardice, when he went to his death bravely. Nay, it is Will more than I, who am proud of the stuff of which heroes are made. Search as I will, I can find no example of friendship like unto this; and surely his act of self-murder will be pardoned him, for certain am I that the world never knew a better man than Will."

'Twas in this fashion that my cousin took into his own hands the cutting of the web with which the malicious fates had bound us, relieving my dear Lord of the necessity of giving himself into the hands of justice."

The bitterness of my husband's death was almost past for him and for me, for he had taken his last leave of me, bidding me himself so sad himself, and of good cheer. The Lord knows there seemed no comfort for me, even in his tender words. I, being too much overwhelmed with anguish to feel aught keenly, had fallen into a state of unconsciousness, when of a sudden I heard such noise and commotion as betokens some stirring event, yet, being but half alive, I could not rouse myself."

Then it seemed to me as if I heard my dear Lord's voice calling "Molly!" to which I made no answer, fearing lest it should prove some torturing device of my fancy, conjuring up a dear voice which (to my intimate grief) I knew belonged to one who must be far away."

Then again the cry of "Molly!" rang through the house, and I rose in haste, to meet my dear Lord on the threshold of my room. I sprang to him, being mad with sudden joy. Alas! 'twas of short duration. One glance at his face, grown haggard and old, pale and drawn with anguish, stilled the tumult of happiness."

"Molly," he said, "may the Lord forgive us!" And then, quietly, "He's dead!"

"Dead!" I cried in my relief at this news, not measuring the meaning it held for my Lord."

"Dead!" he said, in so sad a tone that I was like to cry out in my misery. "He's dead, killed by his own hand in order to save us, and I live dishonored forever."

'Twas long before I could persuade my dear Lord that Will's sacrifice made a fitting end to a well-spent life. True he was but young to die, but he had attained such perfect knowledge, was of such nobleness of words all living souls, that in his short life he had already crowded more virtues than an ordinary life holds."

His Majesty was so gracious as to give us permission to bury Will among his liegemen. My dear Lord was resolute to inscribe Will's true name on his tombstone, saying that one whose life was an example of perfect truth should not in his death be buried with a lie graven over him; whereas most people marvelled greatly."

Their wonder was furthermore excited by the King's making over to me the grant of the Castleton estates, coupled with the title, which my Lord was also to assume, thereby reinstating my dead husband in the honors which properly were his. Further, more, his Majesty declared himself satisfied with the penalty which Will had paid, so that my Lord was free, for the which I can only say that I thank and bless the King daily. Moreover, I venture to add that the land holds no more loyal subjects than my Lord and me."

'Twas long before my Lord recovered from the gloom and sorrow that settled upon him. He, whose life had been one stream of pleasures, grew morose, even sullen, and at times most sad."

But I as a dutiful wife strove to overcome this habit of depression, though often without success. 'Twas only when our children began to grow up around us that he recovered some of his former cheerfulness; yet until this day he loves of a winter's evening when twilight has fallen to sit by his fireside narrating how our cousin died, to save us from everlasting sorrow. Even at that time, together with a tender sigh of "Molly!" and a fond pressure of his wife's hand, a tear steals into his eye for the gap in the family which can never again be filled."

Surely the memory of a heroic deed will remain with us for evermore!—*Arian Adair, in Longman's Magazine.*

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Short English house jackets, made double-breasted and trimmed with Astrakhan, velvet, or braiding in soutache, are used by many in lieu of Jerseys, as an extra waist to wear with various skirts. A cardinal or dark blue jacket is worn with skirts of black satin gros grain, or any of the new striped silk and wool fabrics. A pale ecrú cloth position, braided with dark seal-brown silk gimp, trimmed with very narrow bands of golden brown beaver, is dressy enough for general wear, and contrasts well with most winter colors. Cream-white pilot cloth is a grade higher in dressy effect, and jackets made of this material are out so that the right side of the front laps to fasten (at the widest point) at a left side a little below the shoulder seam. This lap is faced with golden-brown or wine velvet, and cuffs and collars are also of the velvet, the collar fastened with linked buttons of gold, set with mock rubies."

The fashion of wearing ornaments in the high coils of hair arranged *à la japonaise*, is by no means decreasing in popularity. Ornamental pins of various devices take the place of ordinary hair-pins. Real jewels are worn, not only in the hair, but appear upon expensive dress hats and bonnets. Jewel cases are ransacked for odd pins and other ornaments which have been laid away as obsolete, to furnish decorations for various portions of the dress. The fashion of wearing real gems on head gear, it is said, arose from the example set by the Princess of Wales, who wore a glittering diamond ornament on her violet velvet bonnet at the Edinburgh Exhibition. This fashion may do for royalty, but it is not to be commended to our cosmopolitan countrymen. The display of diamonds worn in such fashion, and the risks attending it, are too obvious to need comment."

Almost daily in life we meet some friend who seems to be cross, peevish, out of sorts, all wrong. We have met them; in fact, we have felt it ourselves. Reader, haven't you and we felt we could not ask our friends to bear with us, that we had an attack of biliousness of dyspepsia, but nevertheless we had the attack. We have found the remedy and we feel happy. If you suffer from biliousness, dyspepsia, general debility, try it—Kennedy's Herbal Discovery works wonders, relieves at once and can be relied on at all times. Price one dollar per bottle. JAMES A. KENNEDY & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Wholesale Agents."

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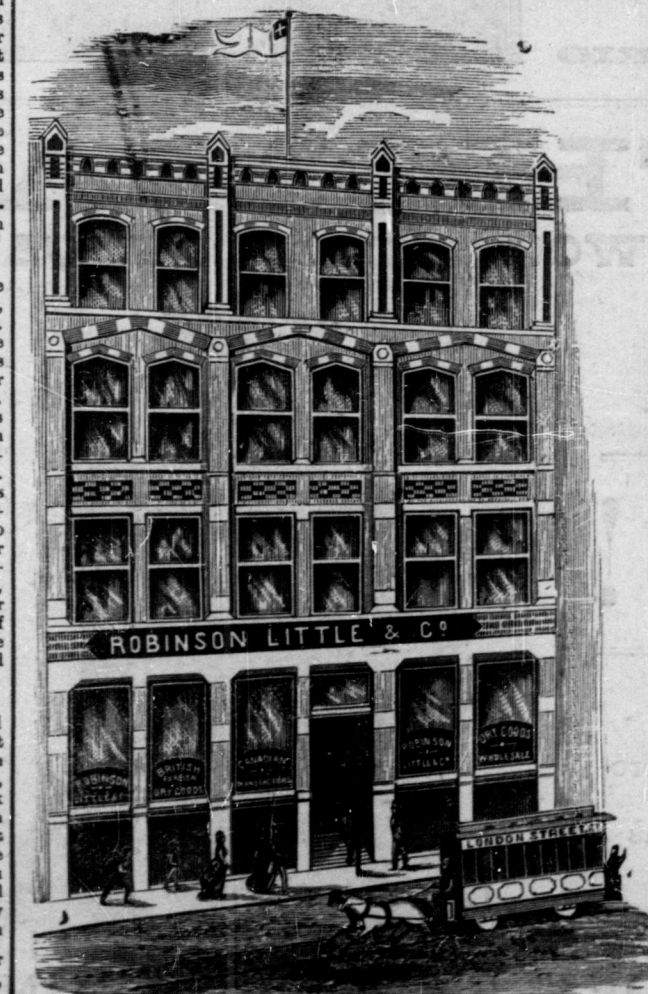
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