## Author of gs of the Morning

00000000 3000000000000000 not only the cedar box with its ents intact, but also the swords and ers stolen from the Englishmen

or they slept.

owbray did not know then that the toficial had curtly told Fateh Momed he was in grave peril of being ed on the nearest tree if Jahangir reason to complain of his treatment to strangers. It was in vain that at man pleaded the mperor's writhstructions, which were ambiguous inly, but which must be interpreted is Majesty's anxiety to secure the more of the two Feringhis at Agra. you interpret a King's wishes you interpret a King's wishes run the risk of making a false lation," was the chilling response, atch Mohammed was left altery thanking the Prophet that he had beyed his inclinations and slain the urs when he learnt how they had winked him, and shivering with lest, after all, Jahangir might find to be displeased with him.

erefore, he groveled before Mow-and, like Prince Henry's sack-g companion, wished "it were bed-and all well."

and all well."

e mystery of the Emperor's attideepened when. Walter learned
Nur Mahal was, indeed, a palace al. Even the weather-cock cour-skilled in the art of polite evasion, ot scruple to show his contempt for line influences at the best. have seen many such butterflies ag in the sun," he said scoffingly, y are very brilliant until the rain or some hungry bird eats them," s orders were to conduct the Engen and their followers to Dilkusha, they would be in the midst of fa-

they would be in the midst of fa-surroundings, and it was Jahan-wish to receive them that after-When Mowbray insisted that Pietro should come with them the was dubious at first, but Walter not yield the point, which was ately conceded. As for the others, were to bide in their present camp arrangements were made for their al.

al.

d!" cried Roger, paying some
to this statement, "that will not be
atilda's liking!".

tilda's liking?"

we affairs come to the pass that

may not be parted?" asked Walter,

hly, his perplexities vanishing for

oment as he pictured the Count
agitation when told she was to be

ted from her cavalier.

Is to me a matter of no great

was the reply, "but the poor

will surely miss me when the mule

s a bit of road."

hy not bring-her with us?"

re. That is to be thought of,

are always more ways of killing

than choking him wi' butter."

t you must marry the lady first,

At a pinch, Fra Pietro—"
e devil fly off with thee and thy
ng. Who spoke of marrying? Thy
, at times, Walter, is dry as the
after a drought."
om what I have seen of the Connfear that marriage will be the
une for her affiliction,
the cross of Osmotherly!" cried
m, hotly, "if that be her malady
ill ail a long time ere I give her
Marry, forsooth! If ever I'
wife, which I greatly doubt, I'll
up wi' a lass from my own dales,
hat Matilda is ill-looking, or, for
natter, as skittish as some I have
but may the Lord help any weman
g to Wensley afore my mother
in eye over her!"
fear, then, her Ladyship must rehere willy-nilly."

here willy-nilly."

ton, more annoyed than he cared
w, drew his long neglected sword
egan to burnish it affectionately.
ou hast a toad's tongue at times,
he growled, breathing on the steel
rubbing it to a fine sheen. "The
had not troubled me a whit hadst
not spoken of it, but, now I come
k over bygones, I am constrained
mit that maybap her Ladyship
save construed my actions amiss. have construed my actions amiss.

n are oft prone to look through a
when the door is open an the
On my soul I fear to face her.

ng-dog looks will betray me and
upbraid me. Go thou, Walter, and
r—tell her—"

r-tell her—"
at thou hast no mind to wed.
Roger, that would be ungallant,
the least."
I her any gib lie that will get me
away. Samson was half conqueren it was known wherein his
h lay, and my only sure refuge
t if a woman attacks. Poor MaI would I had the heart to apser. Yet I am not for matrimony,
harber can make a wig of a hide
bald of wool. But I vow you
exed me by your niceties. Drat
ng. I trust the bit of Latinity
prthy friar gave me yester e'en
d sense, else I'll mope for a

what was that, Roger?" asked ay, turning to hide a smile from thful friend.

spoke to me of certain passages on and Nur Mahal, as he built ure on her power despite. Jail story. Yet he sigher and said vento? Mulier. Quid mulier? It tickled my fency to nut the It tickled my fancy to put the

More fickle than wind
Is woman's mind:
More fickle than woman
Naught you'll find.'

me! It fitted Nur Mahal all

v me! It fitted Nur Mahal all put the cap seems to sit awry worn by my jolly and pleasant-Countess. What! Would you me, you dog, like a clown gapugh a horse-collar? I'll wager, e business yours, you'd carry a jowl."

my word, Roger, if you trumpet y I must even believe that my t is sore wounded. Why say oday to the Countess? Once we don some new path I promise her on your behalf, and in such that any silly notions she may oring shall vanish after a day's

you know not Matilda. She

not miss her dinner for twenty and that is what draws me to plague on all weddings, I say. ar a woman and vex a man.
ne devil! A nicething Noah did
world when he took nowt but
to the Ark.'

to the Ark.'
theless, though angered by his
iscovery, Sainton was far too
ured to steal away covertly
genial presence of the Countess
ta. He cudgeled his brains to
ome reasonable excuse for bidfarewell. Finally he hit upon
dient that pleased him greatly.

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