

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

CHAPTER VII,—(Continued.)

these two parted, for when they met once more no words passed between them, and although she knew not how these things would end, Eve felt that parting to be dreadful. Turning her face to the wall, for a while she wept, then when the wom-

"Aye, priest, I'll away, but by Gods' blood! I'll take that Red Eve with me. For one thing she knows too much to leave her behind; for a second I mean to pay her back, and for a third, although you may think it strange, I'm mad for her. I tell you she looked wondrous standing with her back against that wall, her marble face

It was past three o'clock on this same day when Eve had drunk the milk and some hours after she began to dream that Hugh de Cressi and his men, safe and sound but weary, halted their tired horses at the door of the Preceptory of the Templars in Dunwich.

"I come hither with my companions beating the warrant of the King to seize Edmund Acour, Count de Noyon, and convey him to London, there to stand trial on a charge of high treason toward his liege lord, Edward of England. Yield you, Sir Edmund Acour."

lost his office over the matter. Nor was there ever any other chosen afterward, as those who read the records of that ancient port may discover for themselves.

When Master de Cressi and his people were gone, having first searched the great manor house and found none in it save a few serving men and women, whom he swore to put to death if they disobeyed

He learned of the King's wrath at the escape of this same Accor and of His Grace's seizure of that false knight's lands in Suffolk, which, however, proved to be so heavily mortgaged that no one would grow rich upon them.

On he rode, acknowledging the cheering of his soldiers with smiles and courtly bows, till at length he pulled rein just in front of the triple line of archers, among whom were mingled some knights and men at arms, for the order of battle was no

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Boston than in St. John bu
up the difference.

It is said that final ar

each year.