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enjoying the sea air near his castle gate, with the glory of the sun ascending above the waves, when he saw the figure of a youth mounted upon a spent horse wearily drawing near.

Approaching him, he noticed the painfully heaving flanks of the smoking and foaming steed, saw that his widely-distended nostrils were full of blood, and also noticed, with not little astonishment, that the cloaked figure was bare of foot, wearing neither boot nor spur.

"How now—how now, young rider? What means this?"

The duke was famished, stiff and weary, almost desperate. He determined to risk all and trust this man. The blood of Rolla was in Hubert's veins, as in his own, and, recognizing him, young William remembered this and his nickname, and how he prided himself upon preserving the honor of his family. With eyes looking fixedly and inquiring into those of the Lord of Rie, and with the hilt of his long, straight, broad-bladed sword in readiness for defence, the duke replied by affecting ignorance, "Who," he said slowly—"who is he that questions me?"

"Pon honor!" replied the honest seigneur frankly. "I am Hubert of the Rie, and from you, my liege, as lord suzerain, I hold my lordship under the Count de Bessin."

William gathered up his reins on hearing this name, but Hubert laid his strong hand upon the bridle and said he, "Fear not, lord duke, I will hold your safety as precious as if you rode in my skin!"

"May I trust you," asked the young duke.

"With your life!" said Hubert, gravely and earnestly: "pon honor!"

"It is my life I give into your hands," replied William.

And he told him how, when soundly sleeping at Valognes, he had been suddenly aroused by that loud, quick beating at the door and walls of his chamber, while hearing the voice of Galet, the jester, crying:

"Awake! awake! my lord, or you will never waken more!" also telling Hubert how there was a great conspiracy among his enemies to kill him as he slept, wherefore he had mounted in hot haste and fled through the darkness, with the assassins at his heels.

"It was a narrow escape," said Duke William; "I heard the tramp and snorting of their horses, and the loud rattling of their arms, as I dashed through the barriers and rode toward St. Clement."

Hubert took the youth into his castle, hastily placed food before him, fitted him with arms and armor, and then, taking him into the courtyard, showed him four tall horses, beside three of which, armed to the teeth, stood as many young warriors, mere boys, the youngest little more probably than a child. They were his sons, in whose bravery and resolution he had the strongest faith. Already tried in warfare, they were proud of their deeds of arms, and fully prepared to sacrifice their lives in the cause of their parent's guest. Turning to them:

"Mount and ride," said he, sternly, "and hold this traveller's life as precious as you would my own; avoid the towns and beaten roads; and so God give you speed!"

Hubert watched the four as they clattered over the drawbridge, the duke in their midst, stood looking after him until they were out of sight. Presently thundering toward him came the fierce pursuers, a crowd of knights and men-at-arms.

"Hubert, have you seen the duke?" they shouted, with great excitement, as they approached.

"I have seen him!" he shouted back, and ran toward them.

"When?" cried many voices; and a laugh of savage glee arose as Hubert with a smile, replied:

"He was riding a spent horse, and passed but a little while ago."

"Then he cannot escape us!" they all cried in triumph.

"Stay but a while," said Hubert, grimly; "I will mount horse and ride with you; and when we catch him he sure, 'pon honor, that 'tis this my hand that will deal the first blows!"

He looked strangely from one to another, with so fierce a light in his fearless blue eyes, that they laughed again

for they thought him as eager for the duke's blood as they were themselves, but they never imagined that the blows of which he spoke were meant for them.

So he rode away with them inland while his sons rode along by the sea; and Hubert was ever foremost, and every now and then rising in his stirrup to wave his great sword, he cried:

"Prick on! prick on! seigneurs, or the quarry will escape us after all!"

The foaming horses of the traitors, Grenoult du Plessis, Ranulph of Bayonne and Neil, Lord of the Contenein, laboring onward, with bleeding flanks and nostrils, pricked by the cruel spikes then worn for spurs, showed signs of increasing distress, for their speed was only kept up by continuous torture.

Up the hills and down into the valleys they rode, and then began to suspect to murmur and doubt.

But Hubert, riding far ahead, still cried, "Prick on prick on!" his voice growing fainter as he, on his fresh, swift war horse, rapidly increased the distance between them.

In the meantime, William and his guides, riding down by the sea, at last reached Falaise, in no gay plight, it is true, says Wace, but "what mattered it so that he was safe?"

"There was great alarm next day," says Planche, "for no one knew what had become of the duke. The road from Valognes was covered with his fugitive followers, who believed him to have perished in his attempt to cross the Vire, and men cursed heartily fierce Grenoult du Plessis, whom they rightly suspected of being the principal traitor, for having foully made away with his lord."

After that Hubert and his sons enjoyed high favor in the Norman court, and "Pon honor" became a popular saying in connection with anything clever or incredible. The jesters grew proud of their fellow, and often and often in hall and bower did he afterward joyously tell this true story. "Pon honor."

A Swim for Life

When the British steamship Shimosa arrived at New York from Singapore last summer she brought a story of most extraordinary human endurance. The tale is told by the captain in the columns of the Brooklyn Eagle. The ship, at the time of the occurrence, was three hundred miles from Perim, and well into the Red Sea.

One day, while on the bridge, the chief officer heard a whistle. No vessel was in sight, but still the faint whistle continued. Suddenly he descried a man swimming not far from the ship. A life-buoy was thrown out, and the swimmer brought on board. The man was so exhausted when he reached deck that he entirely collapsed, and it was some time before he could tell his story.

When the rescued man had recovered he told his adventures. He was a lascar, and had fallen overboard from a steamer bound for Suez. He insisted he had been three days in the water, but that was improbable. There is no doubt, however, that thirty-six hours had passed between the time of his falling overboard and his rescue. When the Shimosa reached Suez, she found the steamer from which the lascar had fallen, and, according to the calculations of the crew, the poor sailor battled with the waters for a full day and a half.

The most extraordinary part of the affair is how the man could have existed in the intense heat of that climate. His lips and mouth were skinned and bleeding, but he seemed as well as could be when he was landed at Suez, four days after his rescue.

The water of the Red Sea is somewhat denser than that of the ocean, and therefore more buoyant. The heat is terrific. The mean surface temperature is from eighty-four to one hundred degrees. How any one could keep afloat under such a broiling sun is a mystery.

The use of Miller's Worm Powders insures healthy children so far as the ailments attributable to worms are concerned. A high mortality among children is traceable to worms. These sap the strength of infants so that they are unable to maintain the battle for life and succumb to weakness. This preparation gives promise of health and keeps it.