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CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XX. I stood glaring at her.

You were a blind bat, or you would have found it out for yourself," she continued scornfully. "A babe would have guessed it, knowing as much of your father as you did."

Does he know himself?" I muttered hoarsely, looking anywhere but at her now. The shock had left me dull and confused. I.did not doubt her word, rather I wondered with her that I had not found this out for myself. But the possibility of meeting my father in that wide world into which I had plunged to escape from the knowledge of his existence had never occurred to me. Had I thought of it, it would have seemed too unlikely, and though I might have seen in Gardiner a link between us. and so have identified him the greatness of the chancellor's transactions, and certain things about Clarence which had seemed, or would have seemed had I ever taken the point into consideration, at variance with my ideas of my father, had prevented me getting upon the

Does he know that you are his son, do you mean?" she said. "No; he does not." You have not told him?" 'No," she answered, with a slight

shiver. I understood. I comprehended that even to her the eagerness with which, being father and son, we had sought one another's lives during those days on the Rhine had seemed so dreadful that she had concealed the truth from him.

"When did you learn it?" I asked, trembling too.

"I knew his right name before I ever saw you, "she answered. "Yours I learned on the day I left you at Santon." Looking back, I remembered the strange horror, then inexplicable, which she had betrayed, and I understood it. So it was that knowledge which had driven her from us! "What will you do now?" she said. "You will save him? You must save him! He is your

Save him? I shuddered at the thought that I had destroyed him; that I, his son, had denounced him! Save him! The perspiration sprang out in beads on my forehead. If I could not save him, I should live pitied by my friends and loathed by my enemies!

'If it be possible," I muttered, "I will

"You swear it?" she cried. Before I could answer she seized my arm and dragged me up the dim aisle until we stood together before the figure and the cross. The chimes above us rang 11. A shaft of cold sunshine pierced a dusty window and, full of dancing motes, shot athwart the pillars. "Swear," she repeated, with trembling eagerness, turning her eyes on mine and raising her hand solemnly toward the fig-

e. "Swear by the cross!"
"I swear," I said. She dropped her hand. Her form seemed to shrink and grow less. Making a sign to me to go, she fell on her knees on the step and drew her hood over her face. I

walked away on tiptoe down the aisle; but, glancing back from the door of the church, I saw the small, solitary figure still kneeling in prayer. The sunshine had died away. The dusty window was colorless. Only the red lamp glowed dully above her head. I seemed to see what the end would be. Then I pushed aside the curtain and slipped out into the keen air. It was here to pray. It was mine to act.

I lost no time, but on my return I could not find Master Bertie either in the public room or in the inn yard, so I sought him in his bedroom, where I found him placidly reading a book, his patient waiting in striking contrast with the feverish anxiety which had taken hold of me. "What is it, lad?" he said, closing the volume and laying it down on my entrance. "You look disturbed."

"I have seen Mistress Anne," I answered. He whistled softly, staring at me without a word. "She knows all," I continued.

'How much is all?" he asked after pause "Our names-all our names-Penruddocke's, Kingston's, the others-our meeting place, and that we hold Clarence a

prisoner. She was that old woman whom we saw at the Gatehouse tayern last He nodded, appearing neither greatly surprised nor greatly alarmed. "Does she

intend to use her knowledge?" he said. "I suppose she does." Unless we let him go safe and unhurt before sunset.

"They will never consent to it," he an swered, shaking his head.

'Then they will hang!" I cried. He looked hard at me a moment, dis cerning something strange in the bitterness of my last words. "Come, lad," he said, "you have not told me all. What

else have you learned?" 'How can I tell you?" I cried wildly, waving him off and going to the lattice that my face might be hidden from him. "Heaven has cursed me!" I added, my

voice breaking. He came and laid his hand on my shoul-'Heaven curses no one, ' he said. "Most of our curses we make for our-

selves. What is it. lad?" I covered my face with my hands. "He -he is my father," I muttered. "Do you understand? Do you see what I have done

He is my father!" "Ha!" Master Bertie uttered that one exclamation in intense astonishment.

Then he said no more. But the pressure of his hand told me that he understood; that he felt with me: that he would help me. And that silent comprehension, that silent assurance, gave the sweetest comfort. "He must be a lowed to go, then, for this time," he resumed gravely, after a pause, in which I had had time to recover myself. "We will see to it. But there will be difficulties. You must be strong and brave. The truth must be told; It is the only way.'

I saw that it was, though I shrank exceedingly from the ordeal before me. Master Bertie advised, when I grew more calm, that we should be the first at the rendezvous, lest by some chance Penruddocke's orders should be anticipated, and accordingly, soon after 2 o'clock, we mounted and set forth. I remarked that my companion looked very carefully to his arms, and taking the hint I followed his

ride. However successful we might be in escuing my father-alas, that I should have today and always to call that man father!-I could not escape the future be-fore me. I had felt shame while he was but a name to me. How could I endure to live, with his infamy always before my yes? Petronilla, of whom I had been hinking so much since I returned to Engand, whose knot of velvet had never left ny breast nor her gentle face my heartw could I go back to her now? I had thought my father dead and his name and fame old tales. But the years of foreign life which yesterday had seemed a suffi-



"They are Spaniards, I fancy." cient barrier between his past and myself -of what use were they now, or the forservice I had fondly regarded as a kind of purification?

Master Bertie broke in on my reverie much as if he had followed its course. 'Understand one thing, lad," he said, laying his hand on the withers of my horse. "Yours must not be the hand to punish your father. But after today you will owe him no duty. You will part from him today, and he will be a stranger to you. He deserted you when you were a child, and if you owe reverence to any one it is to your uncle and not to him. He has himself severed the ties between you.'

"Yes," I said. "I will go abroad. will go back to Wilna." "If ill comes of our enterprise, as I fear ill will come, we will both go back, if we can," he answered. "If good by any chance should come of it, then you shall be my brother, our family shall be your family. The duchess is rich enough," he added, with a smile, "to allow you a

younger brother's portion." I could not answer him as I desired, for we passed at that moment under the archway and became instantly involved in the bustle going forward in the courtyard. Near the principal door of the inn stood eight or nine horses gayly caparisoned and in the charge of three foreign looking men, who, lounging in their saddles, were passing a jug from hand to hand. They turned as we rode in and looked at us curiously, but not with any impertinence. Apparently they were waiting for the rest of their party, who were inside the house. Civilly disposed as they seemed, the fact that they were armed and wore rich liv-

think both of us, a momentary alarm. "Who are they?" Master Bertie asked in a low voice as he rode to the opposite door and dismounted with his back to them. "They are Spaniards, I fancy," I said,

eries of black and gold caused me, and l

scanning them over the shoulders of my horse as P, too, got off. "Old friends, so to speak." "They seem wonderfully subdued for them," he answered, "and on their best

behavior. If half the tales we heard this morning be true, they are not wont to carry themselves like this." Yet they certainly were Spanish, for I

overheard them speaking to one another in that language, and before we had well dismounted their leader-whom they received with great respect, one of them jumping down to hold his stirrup-came out with three or four more and got to horse again. Turning his rein to lead the way out through the north gate, he passed near us, and as he settled himself in his saddle took a good look at us. The look passed harmlessly over me, but reaching Master Bertie became concentrated. The rider started and smiled faintly. seemed to pause. Then he raised his plumed cap and bowed low, covered himself again and rode on. His train all followed his example and saluted us as they Master Bertie's face, which had flushed a flery red under the other's gaze, grew pale again. He looked at me, when they had gone by, with startled eyes.

"Do you know who that was?" he said speaking like one who had received a blow and did not yet know how much he was "No." I said.

"It was the Count de Feria, the Span ish embassador," he answered. "And he recognized me. I met him often years ago. I knew him again as soon as he came out but I did not think he would by any chance recognize me in this dress.' 'Are you sure,'' I asked in amazement

'that it was he?'' "Quite sure," he answered.

"But why did he not have you arrested or at least detained? The warrants are still out against you."

Master Bertie shook his head. "I can not tell," he said darkly. "He is a Spaniard. But come, we have the less time to We must join our friends and take ose. their advice. We seem to be surrounded by pitfalls.

At this moment the lame hostler came up, and grumbling at us as if he had never seen us in his life before, and never wished to see us again, took our horses We went into the kitchen, and taking the first chance of slipping up stairs to No. 15 we were admitted with the same precan tions as before, and descending the shaft

gained the cellar. Here we were not, as we had looked to be, the first on the scene. I suppose a sense of the insecurity of our meeting place had led every one to come early, so as to be gone early. Penruddocke indeed was not here yet, but Kingston and half a score of others were sitting about convers ng in low tones. It was plain that the distrust and suspicion which we had remarked on the previous day had not been allayed by the discovery of Clarence's

treacherv Indeed it was clear that the distrust and despondency had today become a panic. Men glared at one another and at the door and talked in whispers and started at the without, be answerable for both of them? slightest sound. I glanced round. one I sought for with eager yet shrinking eyes was not to be seen. I turned to Mas ter Bertie, my face mutely calling on him to ask the question. "Where is the pris-

oner?" he said sharply. A moment I hung in suspense. Then one of the men said: "He is in there. He is safe enough!" He pointed as he spoke to a door which seemed to lead to an inner

"Right," said Master Bertie, still stand-It was a silent, melancholy, anxious you nevertheless. Firstly, I have just been two in the bush!"

recognized by the Spanish embassador whom I met in the courtyard above. Half the men rose to their feet. "What is he doing here?" they cried, one boldly, the others with the quaver very plain in their voices.

"I do not know, but he recognized me Why he took no steps to detain or arrest They gazed at one another' and we at

into some faces grew stronger in theirs. "What is your other bad news?" said Kingston, with an oath.

"A person outside, a friend of the prisoner, has a list of our names and knows our meeting place and our plans. She threatens to use the knowledge unless the man Clarence or Crewdson be set free." There was a loud murmur of wrath and

dismay, amid which Kingston alone preserved his composure. "We might have been prepared for that," he said quietly. 'It is an old precaution of such folk. But how did you come to hear of it?" "My friend here saw the messenger and

heard the terms. The man must be set free by sunset." "And what warranty have we that he

will not go straight with his plans and his list to the council?" Master Bertie could not answer that neither could I. We had no surety, and if we set him free could take none save his word. His word! Could even I ask them to accept that? To stake the life of the meanest of them on it?

I saw the difficulties of the position, and when Master Kingston pronounced coolly that this was a waste of time, and that the only wise course was to dispose of the principal witness, both in the interests of justice and our own safety, and then shift ourselves before the storm broke, I acknowledged in my heart the wisdom of the course and felt that yesterday it would have received my assent.

"The risk is about the same either way," Master Bertie said.
"Not at all," Kingston objected, a sparkle of malice in his eye. Last night we had thwarted him. Tonight it was his turn, and the dark, lowering looks of those round him showed that numbers were with him. "This fellow can hang us all. His accomplice who escapes can know nothing save through him and could give only vague and uncertain evidence. No. no. Let us cast lots who shall do it, get it done quickly and be gone."

"We must wait at least," Bertie urged. until Sir Thomas comes.

"No!" retorted Kingston, with heat. "We are all equal here. Besides the man was condemned yesterday with the full assent of all. It only remains to carry out the sentence. Surely this gentleman," he continued, turning suddenly upon me, who was so ready to accuse him yesterday, does not wish him spared today."
"I do wish it," I said in a low tone.

"Ho! ho!" he cried, folding his arms and throwing back his head, astonished at the success of his own question. "Then may we ask for your reasons, sir? Last night you could not lay your tongue to words too bad for him. Tonight you wish to spare him and let him go."

"I do," I said. I felt that every eye was upon me and that, Master Bertie excepted, not one there would feel sympathy with me in my humiliation. They were driven to the wall. They had no time for fine feeling, for sympathy, for appreciation of the tragic, unless it touched themselves. What chance had I with them, though I was a son pleading for a father? Nay, hat argument had I save that I was a son, and that I had brought him to this? No argument. Only the appeal to them that they would not make me a parricide! And I felt that at this they would mock.

And so, in view of those stern, curiou faces, a new temptation seized me-the temptation to be silent. Why should I not stand by and let things take their Why should I not spare myself course? fruitless? When Master Kingston with a cynical bow, said, "Your reasons, sir," I stood mute and trembling. If I kept silence, if I refused to give my reasons, if I did not acknowledge the prisoner, but merely begged his life, he would die, and the connection between us would be known only to one or two. I should be freed from him and might go my own way. The sins of Ferdinand Cludde were well nigh forgotten. Why take to myself the sins of Clarence, which would otherwise never stain my name, would never

be associated with my father or myself? Why, indeed? It was a great and sore temptation as I stood there before all those eyes. He had deserved death. I had given him up in perfect innocence. Had I any right to call on them to risk their lives that I might go harmless in concience, and he in person? Had I-

What! Was there, after all, some taint in my blood? Was I going to become like him—to take to myself a shame of my own earning in the effort to escape from the burden of his ill fame? I remembered in time the oath I had sworn, and when Kingston repeated his question I answered him quickly. "I did not know yesterday who he was," I said. "I have discovered since that he is my father. I ask nothing on his account. Were he only my father I would not plead for him. I plead for my self," I murmured. "If you show no pity, you make me a parricide.'

I had done them wrong. There wa omething in my voice, I suppose, as I said the words which cost me so much, which wrought with almost all of them in They gazed at me with awed, wondering faces and murmured, "His father!" in low tones. They were recalling the scene of last night, the moment when I had denounced him, the curse he had hurled at me, the half told story of which that had seemed the climax. I had wronged them. They did see the tragedy

'Yes; they pitied me, but they showed plainly that they would still do what perhaps I should have done in their placejustice. "He knows too much!" said one. 'Our lives are as good as his,' muttered another, the first to become thoroughly bimself again. 'Why should we all die for him?" The wolfish glare came back fast to their eyes. They handled their weapons impatiently. They were longing to be away. At this moment, when I saw had indeed made my confession in vain, Master Bertie struck in. "What," he said, "if Master Carey and I take charge of him, and, escorting him to his agent "You would be only putting your necks

into the noose!" said Kingston. "We will risk that!" replied my friend, and what a friend and what a man he seemed amid that ignoble crew! "I will myself promise you that if he refuse to remain with us until midnight or tries wherever we are to raise an alarm or communicate with any one I will run him through with my own hand. Will not

that satisfy you?' "No," Master Kingston retorted; "it "I have two pieces of bad news for will not! A bird in the hand is worth "But the woman outside?" said one

timidly "We must run that risk," quoth he. "In an hour or two we shall be in hiding. Come, the lot must be drawn. For this gentleman, let him stand aside.

I leaned against the wall, dazed and horror stricken. Now that I had identime I cannot tell. He rode away by the fled myself with him I felt a great longing to save him. I scarcely noticed the them. The wolfish look which fear brings ble. My every thought was taken My every thought was taken up with the low door over there and the wretched man lying bound in the darkness behind What must be the horror, the black despair, the hate and defiance of his mind as he lay there, trapped at last like any beast of prey? It was horrible! horrible! horrible!

I covered my face and could not restrain the cry of unutterable distress which rose to my lips. They looked round, two or three of them, from the table. But the impression my appeal had made upon them had faded away already, and they only shrugged their shoulders and turned again to their task. Master Bertie alone stood apart, his arms folded, his face grave and dark. He, too, had abandoned hope. There seemed no hope, when suddenly there came a knocking at the door. The papers were dropped, and while some stood as if stiffened into stone others turned and gazed at their neighbors. It was a knocking more hasty and imperative than the usual summons, though given in the same fashion. At last a man found tongue. "It is Sir Thomas," he suggested, with a sigh of relief. "He is in a hurry and brings news. I know his knock.

"Then open the door, fool," cried Kingston. "If you can see through a two inch plank, why do you stand there like a gaby?

Master Bertie anticipated the man and himself opened the door and admitted the knocker. Penruddocke it was. He came in, still drumming on the door with his fist, his eyes sparkling, his ruddy cheeks aglow. He crossed the threshold with a swagger, and looking at us all burst into a strange peal of laughter. "Yoicks! Gone to earth!" he shouted, waving his hand as if he had a whip in it. *Gone to earthgone forever! Did you think it was the lords of the council, my lads?"

He had left the door wide open behind him, and we now saw in the doorway the seafaring man who usually guarded the room above. "What does this mean, Sir Thomas?" Kingston said sternly. He thought, I fancy, as many of us did, that the knight was drunk. "Have you given that man permission to leave his post?"

"Post? There are no more posts," cried Sir Thomas, with a strange jollity. He certainly was drunk, but perhaps not with "Except good fat posts," he continued, smacking Master Bertie on the shoulder, "for loyal men who have done the state service and risked their lives in evil times! Posts? I shall get so drunk tonight that the stoutest post on Ludgate will not hold me up!" "You seem to have gone far that way

already," my friend said coldly. "So will you when you hear the news!" Penruddocke replied, more soberly. "Lads,

the queen is dying!" In the vaulted room his statement was eceived in silence, a silence dictated by no feeling for the woman going before her Maker-how should we who were plotting prise. against her feel for her, we who were for the most part homeless and prescribed through her?—but the silence of men indoubt, in doubt whether this might mean gyes, "my name is Cludde. So is yours. I all that from Sir Thomas" aspect it seemed tried to save your life, because I learned all that from Sir Thomas' aspect it seemed. to mean.

"She cannot live a week!" Penruddocke continued. "The doctors have given up hope, and at the palace all is inconfusion. She has named the Princess Elizabeth her horror. But he had no fear. successor, and even now Cecil is drawing up the proclamations. To show that the game is really up the Count de Feria, the Spanish embassador, has gone this very

oming queen. Then indeed the vaulted roof did ningring and ring again with shouts of "the coming queen!" Men over whom the wings of death had seemed a minute ago to be hovering, darkening all things to them, looked up and saw the sun. "The

coming queen!" they cried. "You need fear nothing!" continued Penruddocke wildly. "No one will dare to execute the warrants. The bishops are shaking in their miters. Pole is said to be dying. Bonner is more likely to hang himself than burn others. Up and out and play the man! Away to your counties and get ready your tar barrels! Now we will give them a taste of the Cujus Regio! Ho, drawer, there! A cup of ale!

He turned, and shouting a scrap of song swaggered back into the shaft and began to ascend. They all trooped after him, talking and laughing, a reckless, good natured crew, looking to a man as id they had never known fear or selfishness. -as if distrust were a thing impossible to them. Master Kingston alone, whom his losses had soured and who still brooded

over his revenge, went off moodily. I was for stopping one of them, but Master Bertie directed my eyes by a gesture of his hand to the door at the far end of the cellar, and I saw that the key was in the lock. He wrung my hand hard. 'Tell him all," he muttered. wait above."

CHAPTER XXL

Tell him all? I stood thinking, my hand on the key. The voices of the rearmost of the conspirators sounded more and more faintly as they passed up the shaft, until their last accents died in the room above, and silence followed—a silence in strange contrast with the bright glare of the torches which burned round me and lit up the empty cellar as for a feast. I was wondering what he would say when I told him all, when I said: "I am your son! I, whom Providence has used to thwart your plans, whose life you sought, whom, without a thought of pity, you left to perish! am your son!"

Infinitely I dreaded the moment when I should tell him this and hear his answer, and I lingered with my hand on the key until an abrupt knocking on the other side of the door brought the blood to my face. Before I could turn the key the hasty summons was repeated and grew to a frantic, hurried drumming on the boards -a sound which plainly told of terror suddenly conceived and in an instant full grown. A hoarse cry followed, coming dully to my ears through the thickness of the door, and the next moment the stout planks shook as a heavy weight fell against

I turned the key and the door was flung open from within. My father stumbled

The strong light for an instant blinded him, and he blinked as an owl does brought to the sunshine. Even in him the long hours passed in solltude and the blackness of despair had worked changes. His hair was grayer, in patches it was almost white, and then again dark. He had gnawed his lower lip, and there were bloodstains on it. His mustache, too, was

also. His eyes were bloodshot, his lean face was white and haggard and fierce. 'Ha!'' he cried, trembling as he peered round, "I thought they had left me to

starve! There were rats in there! thought"-He stopped. He saw me standing holding the edge of the door. He saw that otherwise the room was empty, the farther door leading to the shaft open. An open door! To him doubtless it seemed of all

shouting.'

sights the most wonderful, the most heavenly! His knees began to shake under "What is it?" he muttered. "What were they shouting about? I beard them

"The queen is dying," I answered simply, "or dead, and you can do us no more harm. You are free." "Free?" He repeated the word, leaning

against the wall, his eyes wild and glaring, his lips parted.

"Yes; free," I answered in a lower voice "free to go out into the air of heaven a living man!" I paused. For a moment I could not continue. Then I added solemnly, "Sir, Providence has saved you from death and me from a crime."

He leaned still against the wall, dazed, thunderstruck, almost incredulous, and looked from me to the open door and back again as if without this constant testimony of his eyes he could not believe in his escape. "It was not Anne?" he murmured.

'She did not''-"She tried to save your life," I answered, "but they would not listen to

"Did she come here?" As he spoke he straightened himself with an effort and stood up. He was

growing more like himself. "No," I answered. "She sent for me and told me her terms. But Kingston and the others would not listen to them. You would have been dead now, though I did all I could to save you, if Penruddocke had not brought this news of the queen."

"She is dead?" "She is dying. The Spanish embassador," I added to clinch the matter, for I saw he doubted, "rode through here this afternoon to pay his court to the Princess Elizabeth at Hatfield.'

He looked down at the ground, thinking deeply. Most men would have been unable to think at all, unable to concentrate their thoughts on anything save their escape from death. But a life of daily risk and hazard had so hardened this man that I was certain, as I watched him, that he was not praying nor giving how he might to the best advantage sell his knowledge of the government whose hours were numbered to the government which soon would be. The life of intrigue it. The recollection did not trouble him had become second nature to him.

He looked up, and our eyes met. We gazed at one another. 'Why are you here?" he said curiously. Why did they leave you? Why were you

the one to stop to set me free, Master Careva "My name is not Carey," I answered

What is it, then?" he asked carelessly. "Cludde," I answered softly.
"Cludde!" He called it out. Even hisself mastery could not cope with this sur-"Cludde," he said again-said it

twice in a lower voice.
"Yes, Cludde," I answered, meeting and yet shrinking from his questioning

from Mistress Anne". I paused. I shrank from telling him that which, as it seemed to me, would strike him to the ground in shame and thwart his schemes and untouched by the "What?" he cried. "What did you

learn? learn?"
"That you are my father," I answared which had plucked him from the abyss slowly. "I am Francis Cludde, the son and given him one more chance of repentday to Hatfield to pay his respects to the whom you deserted many years ago and to whom. Sir Anthony gave a home at Co ton."

I expected him to do anything except what he did. He stared at me with astonished eyes for a minute, and them a low whistle issued from his lips.

"My son, tre you? My son!" he said solly. "And how long have you known moldy:

this, young sir?" "Since yesterday," I murmured. The words he had used on that morning at Santon when he had bidden me die and rot were fresh in my memory-in my memory, not in his. I recalled his treachery to the duchess, his pursuit of us, his departure with Anne, the words in which he had cursed me. He remembered apparently none of these things, but simply gazed at me with a thoughtful smile.

"I wish I had known it before," he said at last. "Things might have been different. A pretty dutiful son you have been! The sneer did me good. It recalled to my mind what Master Bertie had said. There can be no question of duty be tween us," I answered firmly. "What

duty I owe to any one of my family I owe to my uncle. Then why have you told me this?" "Because I thought it right you should know it," I answered, "were it only that, knowing it, we may go different ways.

We have nearly done one another a mischief more than once," I added gravely. He laughed. He was not one whit abashed by the discovery, nor awed, nor cast down. There was even in his cynical face a gleam of kindliness and pride as he scanned me. We were almost of a height, I the taller by an inch or two, and in our features I believe there was a likeness, though not such as to invite remark.

'You have grown to be a chip of the old block," he said coolly. "I would as soon have you for a son as another. I think on the whole I am pleased. You talked of Providence just new"-this with a laugh of serene amusement-"and perhaps you were right. Perhaps there is such a thing. For I am growing old, and, lo! it gives me a son to take care of me. I shook my head. I could never be that

"Wait a bit," he said, frowning slightly. "You think your side is up and mine is down, and I can do you no good now, but only harm. You are ashamed of me. Well, wait," he continued, nodding confidently. "Do not be too sure that I cannot help you. I have been wrecked a dozen times, but I never yet failed to find a boat that would take me to shore."

kind of son to him.

Yes; he was so arrogant in the pride of his many deceits that an hour after heaven had stretched out its hand to save him he denied its power and took the glory to himself. I did not know what to say to him, how to undeceive him, how to tell him that it was not the failure of his treachery which shamed me, but the treachery itself. I could only remain si-

lent. And so he mistook me, and after pondering a moment with his chin in his

ragged and torn, as if he had gnawed that the Protestants will be everything. It town will be everything.

will go hard then with those who cling the old faith

He looked at me with a crafty smile, his bead on one side. "I do not understand," I said coldly "Then listen. Sir Authony will hold by his religion. He used to be a choleric gentleman and as obstinate as a mule. He will need but to be pricked up a little, and

he will get into trouble with the author.

ities as sure as eggs are eggs. I will an swer for it. And then"—
"Well?" I said grimly. How was I to observe even a show of respect for him when I was quivering with fierce wrath and abhorrence? "Do you think that will benefit you?" I cried. "Do you think that you are so high in favor with Cecil and the Protestants that they will set you in Sir

Anthony's place? You!"' He looked at me still more craftily, not put out by my indignation, but rather amused by it.

"No, lad, not me," he replied, with tolerant good nature. 'I am somewhat blown upon of late. But Providence has not given me back my son for nothing. I am not alone in the world now. I must remember my family. I must think a lit-

tle of others as well as of myself." "What do you mean?" I said, recoiling. He scanned me for a moment, with his eyes half shut, his head on one side. Then he laughed, a cynical, jarring laugh.

"Good boy!" he said. "Excellent boy! He knows no more than he is told. His hands are clean, and he has friends upon the winning side who will not see him lose a chance, should a chance turn up. Be satisfied. Keep your hands clean if you like, boy. We understand one another.

He laughed again and turned away, and, much as I dreaded and disliked him, there was something in the indomitable nature of the man which wrung from me a meed of admiration. Could the best of men have recovered more quickly from despair? Could the best of men, their plans failing, have begun to spin fresh webs with equal patience? Could the most courageous and faithful of those who have tried to work the world's bettering have faced the downfall of their hopes with stouter bearts, with more genuine resignation? Bad as he was, he had courage and endurance beyond the common. He came back to me when he had gone a few

paces. "Do you know where my sword is?" he asked in a matter of fact tone, as one might ask a question of an old comrade. I found it cast aside behind the door. He took it from me, grumbling over a thanks. He was already pondering how he might make the most out of the change; some desperate blow when he was seized. He fastened it on with an oath. I could not look at the sword without remembering how nearly he had taken my life with

> in the slightest. "Now farewell!" he said carelessly. "I am going to turn over a new leaf and begin returning good for evil. Do you go to your friends and do your work, and I will

> go to my friends and do mine. Then, with a nod, he walked briskly away, and I heard him climb the ladder and depart.

What was he going to do? I was so deeply amazed by the interview that I did not understand. I had thought him a wieked man, but had not conceived the hardness of his nature. As I stood alone looking round the vault I could hardly believe that I had met and spoken to my father and told him I was his son-and this was all! I could hardly believe that he had gone away with this knowledge, unmoved and unrepentant, alike unwarned by the Providence which had used me to beneficence which had thrice held him back from the crime of killing me-aye,

I found Master Bertie in the stable waiting for me with some impatience, of which, upon the whole, I was glad, for I had no wish to be closely questioned, and the account I gave him of the interview might at another time have seemed disjointed and incoherent. He listened to it, however, without a remark, and his next words made it clear that he had other

matters in his mind. "I do not know what to do about fetching the duchess over," he said. "This. news seems to be true, and she ought to be here.

'Certainly,' I agreed. 'The country in general is well affected o the Princess Elizabeth," he continued. (To be continued.)

Jabrz Spencer Balfour, ex.M.P., and his Queen's Bench sitting in London of fraud and other offences in connection with the Liberato and kindred companies.



Weak and Nervous

Whenever the body has been weak-ened by disease, it should be built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this! "About twe years ago I suffered with a very severe attack of inflammation of the bowels. When I began to recover I was in a very week and nervous condition, and suffered intensely with neuralgia pains in my head, which caused loss of sleep, and having no appetits, I

Became Very Thin and weak. Fortunately a friend who had used Hood's Sarsaparilla with great benefit, kindly recommended me to try it. I did so and a perfect cure has been effected. I am now as well as I ever was, and I would not be without Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house for anything." Mrs. G. Kern, 245 Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier Prominently in the public eye today.

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