

SPECIALIST OF THE

TED STATES. actor of suffering he actor of suffering human-ber of years has had per-eattle, where the sick and treatment in the future, ast, from this noted PHIL-fame is being spread from ha Atlantic he Atlantic.

ck people of Seattle and owd his office daily? wonderful cures he is ting have created confi-the hearts of those who years against the this doctor restored then

DISEASES OF MEN POSITIVELY CURED IN ST POSSIBLE TIME.

AGED of youth ul indis-eretions and un-natural losses; if d to idiocy, insanity and the nd melancholy, morbid fear t prevades your mid; if you nbition; if you have an f your memory is failing r Sweany before it is too

call at his office Frida**ys are** to his services free of

No poisonous or injurious mineral drugs are used, but the medicines are all compounded from the very and most effective plants, the whole remove from the very whole range of nature. atly, but all of them har-and while their effects mediately apparent, they mporarily, but effect per

BE There are thousands cured at home HOME by corresponence. Write your trongy from the city. The strictived, and medicines sent free

TT SWEANY, M.D., 13 Front St., Seattle, Wash.

eby given that thirty days natend applying to the Hon-ssioner of Lands and Works lease as site for a fishing ng described land, situate Muchalat Arm, Nootka og 50 acres, more or less, at a post marked D.S. t corner on the shore at Arm; thence in the following the shore at the shore shore the shore shore at the shore shore the shor ly 60 chains to the bound. serve; thence following he Indian Reserve in an the beach; thence follow ack to place of co

Arm, Nootka Sound, Sept D. S. HENNESEY.

aby given that thirty days ntend applying to the Honlease as site for a fishing and described lands situate halat Arm, Nootka Sound, ty acres, more or less viz: post marked Thomas Hooper on the shore at the head of s to a stake marked south following the shore line Arm, Nootka Sound, Sept,

THOMAS HOOPER

reby given that thirty days intend applying to the Hon-dissioner of Lands and Works have as site for a fishing ing described lands situated in, Nottka Sound, and conmore or less, viz: Com-arked W A. Ward, south west 40 chains; thenc Nootka Sound, down to the shore of ng shore line back to plac

Arm, Nootka Sound, Sept W. A. WARD.

by given that Thirty Days ntend applying to the Hon-sioner of Lands and Works se as site for a fishing sta cribed land, situated and Sixty Acres, more

post marked R. V. Winch post warked R. V. Winch, brly post on the shore of tence North Forty Chains; y Chains to the Beach on following the shore line in direction back to place of direction back to place of cluding an Island situated old River, and laying on the R. V. WINCH.

by given that 30 days after applying to the Honorable or of Lands and Works for a site for fishing station, eribed land, situated on otka Sound: Starting from 30 post marked "J. H. Lang-40 chains, thence south 30 hore line to place of coming in all 60 acres, more or hore line to place of com-ning in all 60 acres, more or HOWARD LANGUEY. 13, 1895.

y given that 30 days after applying to the Honourable of Lands and Words, for as site for a fishing station scribed land, situate on the Sound, and containing the or less, viz: Commenc-1"F. Jacobsen's S.K. Post," helat Arm, thence north 5 120 chains to the beach on following the shore line in irection back to place of cluding an island situate at I River and lying on the River, and lying on the ve-mentioned land F. JACOBSEN. August 13, 1895.

Somenos, near E. & N. n containing 130 acres; 30 m containing 130 acres; 3 ced and cultivated, usua good orchard of large and s, \$7,600. For terms, etc.,

ED-HELP.

duce a new discovery and tacked up on trees, fence shout town and country

RLD MEDICAL ELECTRIC CO. London, Ont., Canada

Fox Terrier Pups for Sale. old. Price \$10.01. Aprly Quamichan, B. set3-Im

[Copyright, 1891, by Cassell Publishing Co. All rights reserved.]

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

A younger generation has often posed me finely by asking. "What, Sir Francis! Did you not see one bishop burned? Did you not know one of the martyrs? Did you never come face to face with Queen To all which questions I have one answer, No, and I watch small eyes grow large with astonishment. But the truth is a man can only be at.one place at And though, in this very month of February, 1555, Prebendary Rogers-a ndly man, as I have heard, who had a wife and nine children—was burned in Smithfield in London for religion, and hashop of Gloucester suffered in his own city, and other inoffensive men were burned to death, and there was much talk of these things, and in thousands of breasts a smoldering fire was kindled which blazed high enough by and bywhy, I was at Coton End or on the London road, at the time, and learned such things only dimly and by hearsay.

But the rill joins the river at last and ofttimes suddenly and at a bound, as it were. On this very day, while I cantered easily southward with my face set toward St. Albans, Providence was at work shaping a niche for me in the lives of certain people who were at the time as unconscious of my existence as I was of theirs. In a great house in the Barbican in London there was much stealthy going and coming on this February afternoon and evening. Behind locked doors, and in fear and trembling, mails were being packed and bags strapped and fingers almost too delicate for the task were busy with nails and hammers, securing this and closing that. The packers knew nothing of me, nor I of them. Yet but for me all that packing would have been of no avail, and but for them my fate might have been very different. Still the sound of the hammer did not reach my ears, or, doing so, was covered by the steady tramp of the roadster, and no vision, so far as I ever heard, of a dusty youth riding Londonward came between

the secret workers and their task. I had made up my mind to sleep at St. Albans that night, and for this reason, and for others relating to the sheriff of Buckinghamshire, in which county Stony Stratford lies, I pushed on briskly. I presently found time, however, to examine the packet of letters of which I had made spoil. On the outer wrapper I found there was no address, only an exhortation to be speedy. Off this came, therefore, without ceremony, and was left in the dirt. Inside I found two sealed epistles, each countersigned on the wrapper, Stephen Winton

"Ho! ho!" said I. "I did well to take

Over the signature on the first letter—it seemed to be written on parchment—were the words, "Haste! haste! haste!" This was the thicker and heavier of the two and was addressed to Sir Maurice Berkeley, at St. Mary Overy's, Southwark. London. I turned it over and over in my hands and peeped into it, hesitating. Twice I muttered, "All is fair in love and war!" And at last, with curiosity fully awake and a glance behind me to make the seal. The document proved to be as short and pithy as it w was an order commanding Sir Maurice Berkeley forthwith in the queen's name and by the authority of the council, and so on, and so on, to arrest Katherine Willoughby de Eresby, duchess of Suffolk, and to deliver her into the custody of the lieutenant of the Tower, "These presents to be his warranty for the detention of the said Duchess of Suffolk until her grace's pleaswre in the matter be known.

When it was too late, I trembled to think what I had done. To meddle with matters of state might be more dangerous a hundred times than stealing horses or even than ducking the chancellor's messenger! Seeing at this moment a party of travelers approach, I crammed the letter feebly that I could scarcely return their greetings. When they had gone by, I pulled out the warrant again, having it tion. "What is your religion, young in my mind to tear it up without a moment's delay, to tear it into the smallest morsels and so get rid of a thing most dangerous. But the great red seal, dangling at the foot of the parchment, caught my eye, and I paused to think. It was so red, so large, so imposing, it seemed a pity to destroy it. It must surely be good for something. I folded up the warrant again and put it away in my safest pocket. Yes,

it might be good for something. I took out the other letter. It was extreme care, being directed simply to Mistress Clarence—there was no address. But over Gardiner's signature on the wrapper were the words, "These, on your

peril, very privately." I turned it over and over and said the same thing about love and war and even repeated to myself my old proverb about a sheep and a lamb. But somehow I could not do it. The letter was a woman's letter; the secret, her secret, and though my fingers itched as they hovered about the seals my cheek tingled too. So at last, with a muttered, "What would Petronilla I put it away unopened in the pocket where the warrant lay. The odds were immense that Mistress Clarence would never get it, but at least her secret should remain hers, my honor minel

It was dark when I rode, thoroughly jaded, into St. Albans. I was splashed with mud up to the waist and wetted by a shower and looked, I have no doubt, from the effect of my journeying on foot and horseback, as disreputable a fellow as might be. The consciousness, too, that I was without a penny, and the fear lest, pareful as I had been to let no one outstrip me, the news of the riot at Stratford might have arrived, did not tend to give me assurance. I poked my head timidly into the great room, hoping that I might have it to myself. To my disgust it was full of people. Half a dozen travelers and as many townsfelk were sitting round the fire, talking briskly over their draft. Yet I had no choice. I was hungry, and the thing had to be done, and I swaggered in, semething of the sneak no doubt peeping through my bravado. I remarked, as I took my seat by the fire and set to drying myself, that I was greeted by a momentary silence, and that two or three of the

company began to eye me suspiciously.

There was one man, who sat on the settle in the warmest corner of the chimney, who seemed in particular to resent my neighborhood. His companions treated him with so much reverence, and he snubbed them so regularly, that I wondered who he was, and presently, listen-

ing to the conversation which went or ound me, I had my curiosity satisfied. He was no less a personage than the bailiff of St. Albans, and his manner befitted such a man, for it seemed to indicate that he thought himself heir to all the powers of the old abbots under whose broad thumb his father and grandfather had My conscience pricking me, I felt some

nisgiving when I saw him, after staring at me and whispering to two or three of his neighbors, beckon the landlord aside. His big round face and burly figure gave him a general likeness to bluff King Hal, and he appeared to be aware of this himself and to be inclined to ape the stout king's ways, which, I have heard my uncle say, were ever ways heavy for others' For awhile, however, seeing my supper come in, I forgot him. The bare armed girl who brought it to me and in whom my draggled condition seemed to provoke feelings of a different nature lug ged up a round table to the fire. On this she laid my meal, not scrupling to set

aside some of the snug dry townsfolk. Then she set a chair for me well in the blaze, and folding her arms in her apron stood to watch me fall to. I did so with a will, and with each mouthful of beef and draft of ale spirit and strength came back o me. The cits round me might sneer and shake their heads and the travelers smile at my appetite. In five minutes I cared not a whit. I could give them back oke for joke and laugh with the best of them.

Indeed I had clean forgotten the bailiff when he stalked back to his place. Bu the moment our eyes met I guessed there was trouble afoot. The landlord came with him and stood looking at me, send ing off the wench with a flea in her ear. and I felt under his eye an uncomfortable consciousness that my purse was empty Two or three late arrivals, to whom I sup oose master bailiff had confided his suspi tions, took their stand also in a half cirele and scanned me queerly. Altogether i struck me suddenly that I was in a tight place and had need of my wits.

"Ahem!" said the bailiff abruptly, tak ng skillful advantage of a lull in the talk. Where from last, young man?" He spoke in a deep, choky voice, and if I was not mistaken he winked one of his small eye in the direction of his friends, as though o say, "Now see me pose him!"

But I only put another morsel in my nouth. For a moment indeed the temptation to reply "Towcester," seeing that such a journey over a middling road was something to brag of before the highway law came in, almost overcame me. in time I bethought me of Stephen Gardiner's maxim, "Be slow to speak!" and put another morsel in my mouth. The bailiff's face grew red, or rather

redder. "Come, young man, did you hear me speak?" he said pompously. "Where from last? "From the road, sir," I replied, turning

to him as if I had not heard him before. 'And a very wet road it was.' A man who sat next me chuckled, being apparently a stranger like myself. But the bailiff puffed himself into a still more striking likeness to King Henry, and including him in his scowl shouted at me: 'Sirrah, don't bandy words with 'me

Which way did you come along the road," asked. It was on the tip of my tongue to anwer saucily, "The right way!" But I reflected that I might be stopped, and to be stopped might mean to be hanged at worst, and somthing very unpleasant at best. So I controlled myself and answered, though sure that the act was unobserved, I broke | the man's arrogance was provoking |

> know as much as I do." "Do I?" he said, with a sneer and a wink at the landlord.

"Yes, I think so," I answered patiently. triumph. "I don't. It is my opinion that you have come from London.

I went on with my supper.
"Do you hear?" he asked pompously. sticking his arms akimbo and looking give an account of yourself, young man. We will have no penniless rogues and sturdy vagabonds wandering about St. Albans.

"Penniless rogues do not go a-horse back," I answered. But it was wonderful into my pocket and rode by them with a how my spirits sank again under that red face and a tongue that stuttered so word "penniless." It hit me hard. "Wait a bit," he said, raising his finger to command attention for his next ques-

> man?" "Oh," I replied, putting down my knife and looking open scorn at him, "you are an inquisitor, are you?" At which words of mine there was a kind of stir. You would burn me as I hear they burned Master Sandars at Coventry last week, would you? They were talking

about it down the road."

"You will come to a bad end, young man!" he retorted viciously, his outstretched finger shaking as if the palsy bound with green ribbon and sealed with , had seized him, for this time my taunt had gone home, and more than one of the I went to bed in all comfort with it under listeners standing on the outer edge of the group, and so beyond his ken, had mutgrown dark. "You will come to a bad grown dark. "You will come to a bad end," he repeated. "If it be not here, then you have come from London and that you cry out for a young fellow just your age, and a cock of your hackle, I judge, who is | place in which I had gone to bed, and I wanted for heresy. A Londoner too. You do not leave here until you have give en an account of yourself, Master Jack-a-Dandy!" The party had all risen round me, and some of the hindmost had got on benches to see me the better. Among these, between two bacon flitches, I caught a glimpse of the serving maid's face as she peered at me, pale and scared, and a queer impulse led me to nod to her-a reassuring little nod. I found myself growing cool and confident, seeing myself so cornered.

"Easy, easy!" I said. "Let a man finish his supper and get warmed in peace." "Bishop Bonner will warm you!" cried

"I dare say-as they warm people in Spain!" I sneered. "He will be Bishop Burner to you!" shricked the bailiff, almost beside himself with rage at being so bearded by a lad.
"Take care!" I retorted. "Do not you

getting into trouble! He fairly writhed under this rejoinder. "Landlord," he spluttered, "I shall hold you responsible If this person leaves your house and is not forthcoming when wanted, you will suffer for it!" The landlord scratched his head, being

speak evil of dignitaries, or you will be

bailiff, especially at St. Albans. And I was sistance would be useless. My sole chance my tongue for one so young, which the ble. middle aged never like, though the old bear it better. He hesitated.

"Do not be a fool, Master Host!" I said. near my sword hilt-"that will make you | indeed the cooler the greater the stress. rue it if you interfere with me!"

"Ho! ho!" cried the bailiff in haste and triumph. "So that is his tone! We have ting on all sides of me, and questions so fast when he finds his feet in the stocks. Master landlord, call the watch! Call the tering, and go down stairs to open the watch at once, I command you!"

'You will do so at your peril!" I said sternly. Then, seeing that my manner had some effect upon all save the angry official, I gave way to the temptation to drive the matter home and secure my safety by the only means that seemed pos sible. It is an old story that one deception leads inevitably to another. I solemnly drew out the white staff I had taken from the apparitor. "Look here!" I continued waving it. "Do you see this, you booby I am traveling in the queen's name an



"Bishop Bonner will warm you!" on her service. By special commission too, from the chancellor. Is that plain speaking enough for you? And let me tell you, master bailiff," I added, fixing m eye upon him, "that my business is pri vate, and that my Lord of Winchester wil not be best pleased when he hears how I have had to declare myself. Do you think the queen's servants go always in cloth of gold, you fool?, The stocks indeed!"

I laughed out loudly and without effort. for there never was anything so absurd as the change in the bailiff's visage. His color fled, his cheeks grew pendulous, his lip hung loose. He stared at me, gasping like a fish out of water and seemed unable to move toe or finger. The rest enjoyed the scene, as people will enjoy a marvelous sudden stroke of fortune. It was as good as a stage pageant to them. They could not take their eyes from the pocket in which I had replaced my wand, and continued long after I had returned to my meal to gaze at me in respectful silence The crestfallen bailiff presently slipped out, and I was left cock of the walk and for the rest of the evening enjoyed the

fruits of victory. They proved to be more substantial than I had expected, for as I was on my way up stairs to bed, the landlord preceding me with a light, a man accosted me and beckoned me aside mysteriously.

"The bailiff is very much annoyed," he said, speaking in a muffled voice behind his hand, while his eyes peered into mine. Well, what is that to me?" I replied, looking sternly at him. I was tired and sleepy after my meal. "He should not make such a fool of himself."

"Tut, tut, tut! You misunderstood me, young sir," the man answered, plucking my sleeve as I turned away. "He regrets the annoyance he has caused you. A enough: "I have come from Stratford, mistake, he says, a pure mistake, and he hopes you will have forgotten it by morn-Then, with a skillful hand which seemed not unused to the task, he slid two coins into my palm. I looked at them for a moment, not perceiving his drift. "Well, I don't!" he retorted in vulgar Then I found they were two gold angels, and I began to understand. "Ahem!" said, fing ing them uneasily. "Yes. Well, well, I will look over it, I will look over it. Tell him from me," I continued, gaining confidence as I proceeded with my round for sympathy. "You will have to new role, "that he shall hear no more about it. He is zealous, perhaps overzealous.

"That is it," muttered the envoy eager-"That is it, my dear sir. You see perfectly how it is. He is zealous—zealous

in the queen's service.' "To be sure, and so I will report him. Tell him that so I will report him. And here, my good friend, take one of these for I added, magnificently giving yourself, him back half my fortune, young donkey that I was. "Drink to the queen's health, and so good night to you.'

He went away, bowing to the very ground, and when the landlord likewise had left me I was very merry over this, being in no mood for weighing words. The world seemed—to be sure, the ale was humming in my head, and I was in the landlord's best room-easy enough to conquer, provided one possessed a white staff. The fact that I had no right to mine only added-be it remembered I was young and foolish-to my enjoyment of its power. by any dream of a mischance. But when More than one face had | did a lie ever, help a man in the end?

When I awoke, which I seemed to do or a sudden, it was still dark. I wondered somewhere else. It is my opinion that | for a moment where I was and what was the meaning of the shouting and knocking have been in trouble. There is a hue and I heard. Then, discerning the faint outline of the window, I remembered the sat up and listened. Some one-nay, sev eral people-were drumming and kicking against the wooden doors of the inn yard and shouting besides loud enough to raise the dead. In the next room to mine I caught the grumbling voices of persons disturbed, like myself, from sleep. And by and by a window was opened, and I heard the landlord ask what was the matter.

"In the queen's name," came the loud, impatient answer, given in a voice that rose above the ring of bridles and the stamping of iron hoofs, "open, and that quickly, Master Host. The watch are

here, and we must search.' I waited to hear no more. I was out of bed and huddling on my clothes and thrusting my feet into my boots like one possessed. My heart was beating as fast as if I had been running in a race, and my hands were shaking with the shock of was Master Pritchard's, and it rang with all the vengeful passion which I should ducked and robbed, to be feeling. There would be little mercy to be had at his for the moment as the hunted hare's distinguished the tramping of at least half a tenham and Aldersgate I said "God bless dozen horses, so that it was clear that he her!" and I say so now. a good natured fellow, but a bailiff is a had come with a force at his back. Re- So twice in one day, and that the gloom-

muddy and travel stained, and quick of lay in flight, if flight should still be possi-

Even in my haste I did not forsake the talisman which had served me so well, but staid an instant to thrust it into my "I have something here"— and I pocket. The Cluddes have, I fancy, a knack touched my pocket, which happened to be of keeping cool in emergencies, getting

By this time the inn was thoroughly aroused. Doors were opening and shuta tavern brawler here, have we? A young were being shouted in different tones from swashbuckler! His tongue will not run room to room. In the midst of the hub bub I heard the landlord come out, mutdoor. Instantly I unlatched mine, slipped through it stealthily, sneaked a step or two down the passage and then came plump in the dark against some one who was moving as softly as myself. The surprise was complete, and I should have cried out at the unexpected collision had not the unknown laid a cold hand on my mouth and gently pushed me back into my room.

Here there was now a faint glimmer of dawn, and by this I saw that my companon was the serving maid. "Hist!" she said, speaking under her breath. "Is it you they want?" I nodded

"I thought so," she muttered. "Then on must get out through your window. You cannot pass them. They are a dozen or more and armed. Quick! Knot this about the bars. It is no great depth to the bottom, and the ground is soft from the rain."

She tore as she spoke the coverlet from the bed, and twisting it into a kind of rope helped me to secure one corner of it about the window bar. "When you are down," she whispered, "keep along the wall to the right until you come to a haystack. Turn to the left there-you will have to ford the water—and you will soon be clear of the town. Look about you hen, and you will see a horse track, which leads to Elstree, running in a line with the London road, but a mile from it and through the woods. At Elstree any path to the left will take you to Barnet and not two miles lost."

"Heaven bless you!" I said, turning from the gloom, the dark sky and driving scud without to peer gratefully at her. 'Heaven bless you for a good woman!" "And God keep you for a bonny boy!"

she whispered. I kissed her, forcing into her hands-a thing the remembrance of which is very pleasant to me to this day-my last piece of gold.

A moment more, and I stood unhurt, out almost up to my knees in mud, in an alley bounded on both sides as far as I could see by blind walls. Stopping only to indicate by a low whistle that I was safe, I turned and sped away as fast as I could run in the direction which she had pointed out. There was no one abroad, and in a shorter time than I had expected I found myself outside the town, traveling over a kind of moorland tract bounded the distance by woods.

Here I picked up the horse track easily enough, and without stopping, save for a short breathing space, hurried along it to gain the shelter of the trees. So far so good. I had reason to be thankful. But my case was still an indifferent one. More than once in getting out of the town had slipped and fallen. I was wet through and plastered with dirt owing to these mishaps, and my clothes were in a woeful plight. For a time excitement kept me up, however, and I made good way, warmed by the thought that I had again baffled the great bishop. It was only when the day had come and grown on to noon, and I saw no sign of any pursuers, that thought got the upper hand.

Then I began to compare, with some bitterness of feeling, my present condition -wet, dirty and homeless-with that which I had enjoyed only a week before, and it needed all my courage me. Skulking, half famished, between Barnet and Tottenham, often compelled to crouch in ditches or behind walls while travelers went by, and liable each instant to have to leave the highway and take to my heels, I had leisure to feel, and I did feel, more keenly, I think, that afternoon than at any later time, the bitterness of fortune. I cursed Stephen Gardiner a dozen times and dared not let my thoughts wander to my father. I had said that I would build my house afresh. Well, truly

I was building it from the foundation. It added very much to my misery that it rained all day a cold, half frozen rain. The whole afternoon I spent in hiding, shivering and shaking, in a hole under a ledge near Tottenham, being afraid to go into London before nightfall lest I should be waited for at the gate and be captured. Chilled and bedraggled as I was and weak through want of food, which I dared not go out to beg, the terrors of capture got hold of my mind and presented to me one by one every horrible form of humiliation, the stocks, the pillory, the cart tail-so that even Master Pritchard, could be have seen me and known my mind, might have pitied me; so that I loathe to this day the hours I spent in that foul hiding place.

Between a man's best and worse there is ittle but a platter of food. The way this was put an end to I well remember. An old woman came into the field where I lay hid to drive home a cow. I had had my eyes on this cow for at least an hour, having made up my mind to tress." my pillow and slept soundly, untroubled milk it for my own benefit as soon as the dusk fell. In my disappointment at seeing it driven off and also out of a desire be going to milk it in a corner of the pasture, in which case I might still get an after taste, I crawled so far out of my hole | dawn were come, we could tell." that, turning suddenly, she caught sight of me. I expected to see her hurry off, but she did not. She took a long look and then came back toward me, making, however, as it seemed to me, as if she did not see me. When she had come within a few feet of me, she looked down abruptly, and our eyes met. What she saw in mine I other, and heaven grant it be the right can only guess. In hers I read a divine one!" pity. "Oh, poor lad!" she murmured. "Oh, you poor, poor lad!" and there were tears in her voice.

I was so weak-it was almost 24 hours since I had tasted food, and I had come 24 miles in the time-that at that I broke down and cried liked a child.

I learned later that the old woman took me for just the same person for whom the bailiff at St. Albans had mistaken me-a got into trouble about religion and was at this time hiding up and down the country, Bishop Bonner having clapped his father into jail until the son should come to hand. But her kind heart knew no disthe alarm. The impatient voice without tinction of creeds. She took me to her cottage as soon as night fell and warmed and dried and fed me. . She did not dare have expected that gentleman, duped, to keep me under her roof for longer than an hour or two, neither would I have staid ing over and over again the name Clarto endanger her. But she sent me out s hands. Moreover, my ears, grown as keen new man, with a crust, moreover, m, my pocket. A hundred times between Tot-

jest day of my life, I was succored by woman. I have never forgotten it. I have tried to keep it always in mind, remem bering, too, a saying of my uncle's, tha there is nothing on earth so merciful as a good woman or so pitiless as a bad one.

CHAPTER V. "Ding, ding, ding! Aid ye the poor Pray for the dead! Five o'clock and a murky morning.'

The noise of the bell and the cry which ecompanied it roused me from my first sleep in London, and that with a venge ange, the bell being rung and the words uttered within three feet of my head. Where did I sleep, then? Well, I had found a cozy resting place behind some boards propped against the wall of a baker's oven in a street near Moorgate. The wall was warm and smelt of new bread, and another besides myself had discovered its advantages. This was the watchman, who had slumbered away most of his vigil cheek by jowl with me; but, morning approaching, had roused himself, and before he was well out of his bed, certainly before he had left his bedroom, had begun, the ungrateful wretch, to prove his watchfulness by disturbing every one else. I sat up and rubbed my eyes, grinding

my shoulders well against the wall for warmth. I had no need to turn out yet, but I began to think, and the more I thought the harder I stared at the planks six inches before my nose. My thoughts turned upon a very knotty point, one that I had never seriously considered before: What was I going to do next? How was I going to live or to rear the new house of which I have made mention? Hitherto I had aimed simply at reaching London London had paraded itself before my mind, though my mind should have known better, not as a town of cold streets and dreary alleys and shops open from 7 to 4, with perhaps here and there a vacant place for an apprentice, but as a gilded city of adventure and romance in which a young man of enterprise, whether he wanted to go aboard or to rise at home, might be sure of finding his sword weighed, priced and bought up on the instant and himself valued at his own standard. But London reached, the hoarding in

Moorgate reached, and 5 o'clock in the morning reached, somehow these visions faded rapidly. In the cold reality left to me I felt myself astray. If I would stay at home, who was going to employ me? To whom should I apply? What patron had I? Or if I would go abroad, how was I to set about it? How find a vessel, seeing that I might expect to be arrested the moment I showed my face in daylight?

Here all my experience failed me. I did not know what to do, though the time had come for action, and I must do or starve. It had been all very well when I was at Coton to propose that I would go up to London and get across the watersuch had been my dim notion—to the Courtenays and Killigrews, who, with other refugees, Protestants for the most part, were lying on the French coast waitng for better times. But now that I was in London, and as good as an outlaw myself, I saw no means of going to them. seemed farther from my goal than I had been in Warwickshire.

Thinking very blankly over all this. I began to munch the piece of bread which owed to the old dame at Tottenham and had solemnly got through half it when the sound of rapid footsteps—the footsteps of women, I judged, from the lightness of the tread-caused me to hold my hand and listen. Whoever they were—and I wondered, for it was still early, and I had heard no one pass since the watchman had left me-they came to stand in front of my shelter, and one of them spoke. Her words made me start. Unmistakably the voice was a gentlewoman's, such as I had not heard for almost a week. And at this place and hour, on the raw borderland of day and night, a gentlewoman was the ger. Her gray eyes flashed. Her teeth glimmered. Seeing her thus, and seeing last person I expected to light upon if the speaker were not some one of station Petronilla's lessons had been thrown away upon me.

The words were uttered in a low voice but the planks in front of me were thin, and the speaker was actually leaning against them. I caught every accent of what seemed to be the answer to a ques-"Yes; yes. It is all right," tion. she said, a covert ring of impatience in her voice. "Take breath a moment. I do not see him now."

"Thank heaven!" muttered another voice. As I had fancied, there were two persons. The latter speaker's tone smacked equally of breeding with the former's, but was rounder and fuller and more masterful, and she appeared to be out of breath. "Then perhaps we have thrown him off the trail," she continued after a short pause, in which she seemed to have somewhat recovered herself. "I distrusted him from the first, Anne; from the first. Yet, do you know, I never feared him as I did Master Clarence, and as it was too much to hope that we should be rid of both at once—they took good care of that -why, the attempt had to be made while he was at home. But I always felt he was

a spy.' "Who-Master Clarence?" asked she who had spoken first. "Aye, he certainly. But I did not mean him. I meant Philip. "Well, I—I said at first, you remember,

that it was a foolhardy enterprise, mis-"Tut, tut, girl," quoth the other tartly. This time the impatience lay with her, and she took no pains to conceal it. "We to learn whether the old dame might not are not beaten yet. Come, look about! Cannot you remember where we are nor which way the river should be? If the

> "But with the dawn"-"The streets would fill. True, and, Master Philip giving the alarm, we should be detected before we had gone far. The more need, girl, to lose no time. I have my breath again, and the ohild is asleep. Let us venture one way or the

"Let me see," the younger woman answered slowly, as if in doubt. "Did we come by the church? No. We came the other way. Let us try this turning, then." "Why, child, we came that way," was be decided answer. "What are you the decided answer. thinking of? That would take us straight back into his arms, the wretch! Come, come! You loiter," continued this the more masculine speaker, "and a minute young apprentice named Hunter who had may make all the difference between a prison and freedom. If we can reach the Lion wharf by 7-it is like to be a dark morning and foggy-we may still escape before Master Philip brings the watch

upon us." They moved briskly as she spoke, and her words were already growing indistinct from distance, while I remained stiff, idly seeking the clew to their talk and mutterence, which seemed familiar to me, when a cry of alarm, in which I recognized one of their voices, cut short my reverie. I crawled with all speed from my shelter and stood up, being still in a line with the boards and not easily distinguishable.

As she had said, it was a dark morning, but the roofs of the houses-now high now low-could be plainly discerned against a gray, drifting sky wherein the first signs of dawn were visible, and the blank outlines of the streets, which met at this point, could be seen. Six or seven yards from me, in the middle of the roadway, stood three dusky figures, of whom I judged the nearer, from their attitudes, to be the two women. The farthest seemed

to be a man. I was astonished to see that he was standing cap in hand—nay, I was disgusted as well, for I had crept out hot fisted. expecting to be called upon to defend the women. But, despite the cry I had heard, they were talking to him quietly enough as far as I could hear. And in a minute or so I saw the taller woman give him something

He took it, with a low bow, and appeared almost to sweep the dirt with his bonnet. She waved her hand in dismissal, and he stood back, still uncovered. And -hey, presto!-the women tripped swiftly away

By this time my curiosity was intensely excited, but for a moment I thought it was doomed to disappointment. I thought that it was all over. It was not by any means. The man stood looking after them until they reached the corner, and the moment they had passed it he followed. His stealthy manner of going and his fashion of peering after them was enough for me. I guessed at once that he was dogging them, following them unknown to them and against their will, and with considerable elation I started after him, using the same precautions. What was sauce for the geese was sauce for the gander! So we went-two, one, one-slipping after one another through half a dozen dark streets, tending generally southward.

Following him in this way I seldom caught a glimpse of the women. The man kept at a considerable distance behind them, and I had my attention fixed on him. But once or twice when, turning a corner, I all but trod on his heels, I saw them, and presently an odd point about them struck me. There was a white ker-chief or something attached apparently to the back of the one's cloak, which considerable assisted my stealthy friend to keep them it view. It puzzled me. Was it a signal to him? Was he really all the time acting in concert with them, and was I throwing away my pains? Or was the white object which so betrayed them merely the result of carelessness and the lack of foresight of women grappling with a condition of things to which they were unaccustomed? Of course I could not decide this, the more as, at that distance, I failed to distinguish what the white some

thing was or even which of the two wore it. Presently I got a clew to our position, for we crossed Cheapside close to Paul's cross, which my childish memories of the town enabled me to recognize, even by that light. Here my friend looked up and down and hung a minute on his heel before he followed the women, as if expecting or looking for some one. It might be that he was trying to make certain that the watch were not in sight. They were not, at any rate. Probably they had gone home to bed, for the morning was growing. And after a momentary hesitation he plunged into the narrow street down

which the women had flitted. He had only gone a few yards when I heard him cry out. The next instant, almost running aganst him myself, I saw what had happened. The women had craftily lain in wait for him in the little court into which the street ran and had caught him as neatly as could be. When I came upon them, the taller woman was standing at bay, with a passion that was almost fury in her pose and gesture. Her hus, and seeing the burden she carried under her cloak, which instinct told me was her child, I

thought of a tigress brought to bay. 'You lying knave!" she hissed.

The man recoiled a couple of paces and in recoiling nearly touched me. "What would you?" she continued.
"What do you want? What would you do? You have been paid to go. Go, and leave us."

"I dare not," he muttered, keeping away from her as if he dreaded a blow. She looked a woman who could deal a blow, a woman who could both love and hate fiercely and openly-as proud and frank and haughty a lady as I had ever seen in

my life. "I dare not," he muttered sullenly. "I have my orders."
"Oh!" she cried with soorn. "You have your orders, have you? The murder is out. But from whom, sirrah? Whose orders are to supersede mine? I would King Harry were alive, and I would have you whipped to Tyburn. Speak, rogue. Who bade you follow me?"

He shook his head. She looked about her wildly, passionately, and I saw that she was at her wits' end what to do or how to escape him. But she was a woman. When she next spoke there was a marvelous change in her. Her face had grown soft, her voice low. 'Philip," she said gently, "the purse was light. I will give you more. I will give you treble the amount within a few weeks, and I will thank you on my knees, and my husband shall be such a friend to you as you have never dreamed of if you will only go home and be silent. Only thator better still walk the streets an hour and then report that you lost sight of us. Think man; think!" she cried, with energy. "The times may change. A little more and Wyatt had been master of London last year. Now the people are fuller of discontent than ever, and these burnings and torturings, these Spaniards in the streets-England will not endure them long. The times will change. Let us go, and you will have a friend when most you need one."

He shook his head sullenly. "I dare not do it," he said. And somehow I got the idea that he was telling the truth and that it was not the man's stubborn nature only that withstood the bribe and the plea. He spoke as if he were repeating a lesson and the master were present.

When she saw-that she could not move him, the anger which I think came more naturally to her broke out afresh. will not, you hound!" she cried. "Will neither threats nor promises move you?" "Neither," he answered doggedly. "I

have my orders." (To be continued.)

An article which contains much excellent An article which contains much excellent advice for men among other things says:
"In packing a dress suit the coat should be folded so that the outside is inside. It should be kept if possible in one fold, in the middle of the back, after the sleeves and wings have been folded, so that they will not be wrinkled. Brown wrapping or white tissue manar, such axis used for putting no tissue paper, such as is used for putting up bundles in stationery shops, should be placed between the folds. This preven's the elightest wrink es.