## By permission of Charles Scribner's So WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE LAD

BY IMOGEN CLARK CHAPTER XVII.

It was Saturday and a half holiday at It was Saturday and a half holiday at the Grammar School. Some of the boys were gone for a game of ball to the field beyond the Weir Brake, others linger-ed in the playgrounds back of the Guild buildings busy with prisoners' base, and still others were playing at tag across the open common of the town itself. There were divers ways of spending a half holiday, as many and dissimilar as

boys to play withal. net, however, had no mind to join Hamnet, however, had no mind to join in any of the sports, but sat instead on the door-step of his own home, his head sunk dejectedly on one hand. Susanna and Judith had just set joff for Shottery to meet their mother and to return the had a sunk of the summer of the thence in the early evening. He had watched them disappear in the distance with an almost indifferent glance; later he might follow them, though he would give no promise in answer to their cajo-

day was sultry, and a lowering The day was surery, and stay, with not a glimpse of blue to be seen anywhere, stretched above the parched earth; for twenty four hours the dense mass of copperish-coloured the dense mass of copper clouds had hung thus heavy, and still not a drop of rain tad fallen. But the oy, idly noting the low-darting swallows that the storm would not be de knew that the storm would not be de-layed overlong. There were other in-duvitable signs abroad which he could not fall to perceive. The soft smoke from the different chimneys fell dis-prirtedly, shrouding their sides as with a veil, the oxen in Neighbour Bridge's field hard by were smilling the air with field hard by were snuffing the air with impatient nostrils and looking vainly to the worth such local south with longing in their eyes; bees had gathered in swarms close the bees had gathered in swarms close to their hives, not venturing farther away, and some great blue bottle flies buzzed sluggishly within reach of Sil-ver's capacious jaws—Silver, who in his turn, would drowse awhile and then rise turn, would drowse awhile and then rise listlessly to scrape up the earth in the

All the morning Hamnet had seen the rooks go circling pass the school-room windows, now appearing and now disappearing, restless as were the other birds and beasts. Their harsh cries filling the air reminded him of the noise they had made that night in Sanctity Lane, and the borror of that dark moment pervaded his being again with a force that chilled the blood in his value. The night with its hideous de-All the morning Hamnet had seen the

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when despite the sam's shining and all when the braw same beauty around him, he was only a story. If Tath it must be was only a story. If Tath it must be was only and and severellite the poor if a story at the propose of the propos

All the carried the former is the control of the co

with the cold iron pushed against her. At the end of this road they delivered her eyes, and she could scarce believe them.

For she stood at the head of a deep green valley, carved from out the mountains in a perfect oval, with a fence of sheer rock standing round it, 80 feet or 100 feet high, from whose brink black wooded hills swept up to the sky-line. By her side a little river glided out from underground with a soft dark from underground wi

Here mother burst out crying again, not loudly, but turning quietly, because she knew that no one now would ever care to wipe the tears. And fifty or a hundred things, of weekly and daily happening, came across my mother, so that her spirit fell like slackening lime.

"This matter must be seen to; it shall be seen to at once," the old man answered, moved a little in spite of all his knowledge.

"Madam, if any wrong has been done, trust the honor of a Doone, I will redress it to my utmost. Come inside and rest yourself, while I ask about it. What was your good husband's name, and when and where fell this mishap?"

"Deary me," said mother, as he set "The Doones to talk of rapine ! Mother's head went round so that she courtesied to them both, scarcely know-

was a widow, and my children father- and yet she could not see the way to

I was a widow, and my children fatherless. My husband's name was 'John
Ridd,' sir, as everybody knows, and there
was not a finer or better man in Somerset or Devon. He was coming home
from Porlock market, and a new gown
for me on the crupper, and a shell to put
my hair up—oh, John, how good you
were to me!"

Of that she began to think again, and
not to believe her sorrow, except as a
dream from the evil one, because it was
too bad upon her, and perhaps she woul
awake in a minute, and her husband
would have the laugh of her. And so
she wiped her eyes and smiled, and
looked for something.

"Madam, this is a serious thing," Sir
Ensor Doone said, graciously, and show.

CHAPTER V.

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not always given to those who live nearest us to see the most clearly that it was three which for the time being, had put a check upon his usually merry spirits.

"The trouble will mend with the day," Mistress Mary Shakespears to thought with the day," Mistress Mary Shakespears to thought with the day," Mistress Mary Shakespears to the being, shown here if solit, servicing to mere in the midst of all this distress on mind Hamet had not felt to entrol on apprehension for the punishment from a problemsion for the punishment from a problemsion for the punishment from the punishment

most peaceful geutlemen went to the tittle market at Porlock with a lump of money. They bought some household stores and comforts at a very high price, and pricked upon the homeward road, away from vulgar revelers. When they drew bridle to rest their horses, in they drew bridle to rest their horses, in the shelter of a peat-rick, the night being dark and sudden, a robber of practice of the size and strength rode into the midst of them, thinking to kill or terrify. His arrogance and hardinood at the first amazed them, but they would not give up without a blow goods which were on trust with them. He had smitten three of them senseless, for the power of his arm was terrible; whereupon the last man tried to ward his blow with a pistol. Carver, sir, it was, our brave and noble Carver, who saved the lives of his brethren and his own; and glad enow they were to escape. Notwithstanding, we hoped it might be only a flesh-wound, and not to speed him in his sins."

As this atrocious tale of lies turned up joint by joint before her like a devil's couch-horse," (The cock-tailed beetle has earned this name in the West of England,) mother was too much and manazed to do any more than look at him, as if the earth must open. But the only thing that opened was the great brown eyes of the Counselor, which is the loss of and and prevalent of leg, or lip, or puss-string with the assurance of feeling, but not a movement of leg, or lip, or puss-string with the assurance of selecting, but not a movement of leg, or lip, or puss-string with the last or. All good people of either persuasion, royalty or commonalty, knowling that very lip and the great assurance of seeling, but not a movement of leg, or lip, or puss-string in his favor. All good people of either persuasion, royalty or commonalty his kitchen range to be cold, no longer would play turnspit. And this, it may be, seared his heart more than the loss of land and fame.

In great despair at last, he resolved to settle in some outlandish part, where to no equal to set the may on a v most peaceful gentlemen went to the and cousinly to all who begged little market at Porlock with a lump of of him. But now all these provide

"All the Doones are gentlemen," an

curing, and when it was best to kill a pig, and how to treat the maidens. Not that I would ever wish — oh, John, it seems so strange to me, and last week you were everything!"

Here mother burst out crying again, not loudly, but turning quietly, because she knew that no one now would ever wish one that poor husband we do not charge your poor husband.

use his staff unjustly in this unchartered age of violence and rapine."

The Doones to talk of rapine! Mother's head went round so that she courte-sied to them both, scarcely knowing where she was, but calling to mind her manners. All the time she felt a warnth, as if the right was with her, and yet she could not see the wax to

beaver off, and mother tried to look at him, but he seemed not to descry her.

"Counselor," said Sir Ensor Doone, standing back in his height from him, "here is a lady of good repute—"

"Oh, no sir; only a woman."

"Allow me, madam, by your leave. Here is a lady, Counselor, of great repute in this part of the country, who adare the boones with having unjustly slain her husband—"

"Murdered him! murdered him!" or 'ried my mother; "If ever there was a murder. Oh, sir! oh, sir! you know it."

"The perfect rights and truth of the case is all I wish to know," said the old man, very loftily; "and justice shall be done, madam."

"Oh, I pray you—pray you, sir, make no matter of business of it. God from the even, look on me!"

"Put the case," said the Counselor.

"The case is this," replied Sir Ensor, holding one hand up to mother; "This lady's worthy husband was slain, it seems, upon his return from the market at Porlock, no longer ago than last Saturday night. Madam, amend me if I am wrong."

"No longer, indeed, indeed, sir. and a Porlock, no longer ago than last Saturday night. Madam, amend me if I am wrong."

No longer, indeed, indeed, sir. Sometimes it seems an twelvemonth, and sometimes it seems an twelvemonth, and sometimes it seems an hour."

"Cite his name," said the Counselor, with his eyes still rolling inward.

"Master John Ridd, as I understand.
Counselor, we have heard of him often; a worthy man and a peaceful one, who meddled not with our duties. Now, if any of our boys have been rough, they shall answer it dearly. And yet I can scarce believe it. For the folk about these parts art apt to misconceive of our sufferings, and to have no feeling for us. Counselor, you are our record, and very stern against us: tell us how this matter was."

"Oh, Counselor, you are our record, and very stern against us: tell us how the same.

"Sir Counselor, you will be fair, I see it in your countenance. Only tell me who it was, and set me face to face with him; and I will bless you, sir, and God shall bless you, and my children."

The square man with the long gray beard, quite unmoved by anything, drew back to the door and spoke, and his voice was like a fall of stones in the betom of a mine.

"Few words will be enow for this. Four or five of our best-behaved and most peaceful gentlemen went to the little market at Porlock with a lump of links for tunes. Of him. But now all these provided him.

more than look at nust open. But the ened was the great dought to work or pay other men for doing it, and many farmers were grown weary of manners without discourse to them, and all cried out to one another only thing that opened was the great brown eyes of the Counselor, which rested on my mother's face with a dew of sorrow as he spoke of sins.

She, unable to bear them, turned sudded y on Sir Eusor, and caught (as she fancied) a smite on his lips, and a sense of quiet enjoyment.

"All the Doones are gentlemen," and the property of the property of the state of the stat



When women have backache they often attribute their suffering to other disorders and do not realize that the kidneys are diseased.

are diseased.

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> of the forest, i of the forest, I agree to begin first they took ing respect f pity for their a little admirathat robbed a squires, and first did not gottle or eye gently, or eve in the case they found the laughter, as rage stained every woman every woman and haughtin scorn of God one good thi it were good another, and But this on But this on more, so cer wreaked upon Doone. One I was born, rich man's he head, a sho dark, of whi and only or harm was d well on the slain either ber fell from out so much been struck and perhap wound, while His brothers

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