THE PAGE OF JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

Translated from the French by S. A. C., with the author's permission

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE MOUNTAINS.

After an hour's hard riding our trav ellers found themselves in the midst of a bare and sterile country. Immense moors stretched away on either side, and the wildness of the scenery and the dwarfed appearance of the herbage showed them that they were

nearing the mountains.
"In a couple of hours we shall be at the Black Gorge," said Shell at last, breaking the silence they had observed since leaving the hut; "but to do that since leaving the hut; "but to do that we must change horses in the hamlet we are now approaching." "Why?" asked Francis. "Our

beasts have had a night's rest, and are quite able to carry us thither.

"Your horses, my young lord, are very good," answered Shell; "but, nevertheless, they are not at for the journey that still awaits us." "I think you undervalue my steed, Master Shell," said Francis. "Yester day he went sixteen miles without a hait; yet look at him now—he is as

fresh as ever."
"I can clearly see," replied Shell, "that yours is an excellent horse for the purposes of ordinary travelling but

our journey during the next two hours or so will be of a very different character. We shall be riding up stiff and rugged mountain - paths. Now, your horse, which is not accustomed to this horse, which is not accustomed to this climbing, would cover ground at a much slower rate and at greater expenditure than common ponies which are used to work. Silence now fell on the little party

until they arrived at the hamlet where the change of horses was to be made. Whilst Shell and Moses attended to the horses, Francis looked curiously at the hamlet, which was formed of a lection of miserable cottages, whose in-habitants, more wretched than even their dwellings, drew a meagre subsis-tence from the flocks which they led to pasture in the mountains. His ce of Scotland hitherto had been re stricted to large cities or rich and wellpeopled villages, and poverty like this filled him with surprise and compassion.

An old woman stood near him on the road, holding on either side of her a ragged child, who stared in amazement at the traveller. Francis held out to her one of the gold pieces given him by the King, but the old woman regarded the coin with indifference, and made n

effort to take it.
"She does not know what gold is, said Shell, who had noticed this inci dent;" "but if you offer her a small coin you will see how pleased she will

Following this advice, the youth held out to the old woman a common coin o little value, which was at once grate fully accepted. The young page was lost in wonder, and stood gazing at the poverty-stricken scene before him, ab-sorbed in thought. in thought.

Shell soon, however, roused him from his abstraction.

"Come, come, my young lord! we ought to be at the end of our journey before the sun gets too hot. We must hasten on, if you please."

"But I only see two horses. Is Mose

'Moses will wait for you here, sir. It is not that we distrust your servant
—far from it; but we need at the Gorge only the eyes and ears of those con-cerned in the business. Besides, prov-isions are scarce, and we are obliged to mize them, so we avoid as far as possible having to feed useless mouths. There are already quite enough people with the Shepherd of the Mountains Will you, therefore, consent to do without your servant, and allow me to act stirrup for Francis to mount.

"Very well," replied the latter, resigning himself to the inevitable.

Francis was ignorant of the purpos for which he was wanted. really the partisans of the King who had called him hither? In any case, what did all these precautions mean There was but one man on whom he could rely, and now he was suddenly deprived of him. True, the thought that Shell was with him, who had before saved him from death, calmed somewhat the fears which he could not entirely that was even Shell to be of him. True, the thought that But was even Shell to restrain. trusted? He had been the companion before of bandits. If only he knew pre-cisely how matters stood, he should be prepared to act. If he were certain that he was being conducted to encmies, he would attempt to escape by sudden flight, or, if necessary, by at-tacking Shell; but to adopt either of alternatives in his present state of knowledge might prove prejudicial to the interests of his master, as those awaiting him in the Black Gorge might, after all, be loyal subjects of the King were planning his rescue and needed his help. He decided, therefore, to remain passive, and allow himself to he led to the place of meeting, whether he was to encounter there friends or So, abandoning himself to fate, he followed Shell, letting his horse choose his own route; for the animal, as if obeying some unseen influence, went on at a brisk pace, without paying any attention to the bridle by Francis had at first tried to

guide him.

Absorbed in his reflections, Francis took no notice of the road by which they were travelling, until it suddenly began to grow dark, and wild cries were heard around. Thus aroused from his reverie, Francis looked about him. His horse was walking on a narrow path which ran between two high mountains, whose sides, covered with lefty pin trees, almost shut out the light of day. The scene was a wild, and withal a pic-turesque one. Here a gigantic pine growing from the mountain side stretched its branches over the road, and threat ened to fall on the traveller who should brave the perils of the way. There was to be seen a huge overhanging boulder, seemingly suspended in mid air, awaiting but a touch. Further on, a deep cavity, worn by the ravages of

time, presented itself to the gaze like a gaping mouth, as if the mountain yawned with weariness in its frightful solitude, while, disturbed by the noise of the horses' hoofs, wild birds of prey wheeled around, uttering their discordant cries, which echoed and re-echoed amongst the mountains. Francis was much impressed by the

Francis was much impressed by the wild scene around him.

"Where are you leading me?" he cried. "One would say this was the mouth of the infernal regions."

"Have no fear, sir," replied Shell gaily, somewhat amused to see the effect produced on Francis by the surrounding. "You are called the roundings. "You are only at the entrance of Black Gorge, to which you Honor in your comparisons pays so doubtful a compliment. This is the dwelling of the Shepherd of the Mountains, and he, as you will soon see, is not derived."

What !" exclaimed young D'Arcy,

"this man, this Shepherd, how can he dwell in such a place?"
"What displeases you, sir, in this place?" asked Shell, looking round him with a complacent smile, for its aspect was familiar to him.
"What displeases me, you a
Master Shell! I find it frightful!"

"Sir," said the man, but this time in a serious tone "he who dwells here would be ungrateful if he were to pronounce such a severe judgment as you have done on this spot; and when you see this person you will agree with me that he has reason to call this place beautiful, to which he owes his life: for it is precisely the ruggedness of the risks to those that traverse it—for at any moment those overhanging rocks might fall and crush ing rocks the traveller—all, in fine, that you style frightful—that keep away the curious, and insure the solitude, and consequently the safety, of the Black

Gorge."
"But," added Francis, who could not contain his impatient curiosity, and who hoped at last to get some informaextraordinary tion concerning the extraordinary being whose residence he was now ap has this man been pro scribed, and so obliged to hide precaution ?"

is-it is-a person," answered "whom you Shell, with hesitation, "whom you will now see, sir, for we have only to turn the next corner and we shall be at his dwelling."

Francis, astonished and overawed by his surroundings, divided between fear of being entrapped and the desire of doing something for the delivery of the King, on hearing that he had actually arrived at his destination, and would soon behold the Shepherd of the Mountains, was seized with a sudde feeling akin to fear, and his heart beat quickly. At that moment Shell reined up his horse, and exclaimed:

Here we are! If your Honor will dismount and wait for me an instant,

will go and get further orders. Francis obeyed, and Shell, leading he horses, disappeared from view

ind some rocks. Left alone, our young hero looked Left alone, our young hero looked carefully about him, but no trace of a house was visible. The spot where he stood was circular in shape, above which, at a great height, towered lofty mountain-peaks, which, inclining inwards, formed a kind of dome, through which daylight penetrated with difficulty. He was so to speak, at the culty. He was, so to speak, at the bottom of a precipice. In vain he tried to still the beating of his heart. Was he friend or foe to whom he was conducted? A few minutes

being conducted? A few minutes would decide the question.

Shell now re-appeared, and, addressing Francis, said, "The Shepherd of the Mountains awaits you, my young lord :" and as he spoke the man bent scrutinizing glance upon the youth, as if to judge of the effect of his words and an involuntary smile hovered on his lips. Francis observed it, and owing to his present state of mind it seemed to him so full of sarcasm and mockery that he no longer doubted as to his fate. He had surely fallen into the hands of enemies, and the man he had trusted had unworthily betrayed

him. "Ah!" he said to himself, "I will take courage, nevertheless, and they shall see how a Frenchman can act he is still but a stripling though though he is still but a striping.
Having braced himself up with this
little effort, the page of James V.
replied with a firm and steady voice,
" Lead the way—I follow you;" and,
preceded by his guide, he advanced for about thirty paces along a narrow path between the rocks. Here Shell came to a standstill, and pointing out to his companion an excavation hidden by creeping plants and dry brushwood -saying as he did so, "This is the place; I will announce your arrival" - disappeared behind the trailing of re appear, however, almost

green, to re immediately. "Enter, my young lord," he said, holding back the curtain of creeping plants, and Francis, passing through, found himself in a square apartment which, remembering the situation of the place, he knew must be an ex cavation in the rock, though from its appearance one would never have sed it could be so. The four side of this impromptu chamber were entire ly hidden by tapestry, the ground covered with thick carpets, and the whole richly furnished. It is easy to imagine the surprise of Francis, as he gazed at the unexpected profusion of luxury revealed to him by the wax gazed at the ur which were burning in great lights.

"Here dwells the Shepherd of the Mountains," said Shell, after a somewhat long interval of silence, during which he had enjoyed the amazement of the boy, "and you will now behold him." Still smiling, he bowed, and

once more left our young hero. The page was mystified. "Was it not all the illusion of a dream? Could these costly articles have been brought to such a wild place? Surely it was not a reality, but the effect of imagination. However, he soon became con vinced that it was not so, for each piece of furniture he touched spoke more eloquently that all his reasonings as to the truth of what he saw. Once more he asked himself, "Who can this Shepherd be, who in a rock like

this has made for himself such a prince

dwelling?"
A curtain at the end of the room was A curtain at the end of the room was at that moment lifted, and the mystery at length was solved. A man of tall and graceful figure stood before him, the dress he were contrasting strangely with his noble and handsome counter-ance, for he was clothed from head to in sheepskin. Francis looked in foot in sheepskin. Francis astonishment at this mysterious figure, astonishment at this mysterious figure, who had occupied all his thoughts who had occupied all his thoughts because in a second of the control of the since the preceding evening. But hardly had he glanced at him than, in spite of himself, he cried out, "My spite of himself, in Lord Chancellor!"

Silence, foolish child !" said Cardinal Beaton, for it was none other.
"Chancellor Beaton is no longer in Scotland; that prelate, deprived of all his dignities, crossed over to France At least, such was the general belief, and that time has not yet come to un

deceive people."
"For the last six months, my lord, we have believed you to be on the

Continent."
"And I have lived at the Black Gorge under the name of the Shepherd of the Mountains. Yes, Francis; and it is from here that I am watching over the King of Scotland, and working to set him free. But we have no time to lose, poor conspirators that we are."

"Conspirators!" exclaimed Francis

Yes, my son-yes conspirators. We are obliged to conspire in the dak to restore the Scottish throne. We con spire to serve our King, and we, who only aim at what is just, are forced to hide like crimina's. Yes, yes!" he went on with bitterness, "see what these Douglasses have done for fair Scotland.

May God pardon them!"
"Oh, my lord, how pleased the King would be if only he knew!"

"He shall know, my son—yea, and son too. I hope. You shall see for seon too, I hope. You shall see yourself just now what kind soldiers the exiled Beaton yourself soldiers gathered together for the King you shall judge by its leaders of th value of the army of James the the King gathered value of the army of James the Fifth. But first listen to me, my son. Since I placed you with the King, I know that not for a moment have you failed in what I expected of you. I know this, I say, for from this lonely place I have kept my eye upon you. I know too, that you have proved a faithful and devoted companion to our poor and devoted companion to our poor captive monarch. But that is not The mission I am now about to entrust you with will be a perilous ne. Have you, young as you are, ourage enough to undertake such a courage enough to difficult enterprise?"

"Speak, my ford, command! My courage will not fail, and if I needs nust die to set the King again at liberty, I should lay down my life with joy, if be forehand I could know that the happy result had been attained."

"That is well, my son—well. You show yourself what I judged you to be.

Now, come, follow me."
The Cardinal raised the curtain that hung before the door by which he had entered, and drew Francis into another chamber much larger than the first, and in which were assembled all the whom Chancellor Beaton had spoken of as the heads of the party of James the

CHAPTER XVII.

MELROSE BRIDGE. The appearance of the large recep-tion room into which the Cardinal in troduced Francis was certainly cal-culated to excite further surprise in one who knew that it had been improvised in the midst of the wild mountain solitudes. It was formed out of a space between two rocks, and was roofed with cloth, whilst the ground was covered with carpets laid another, thus effectually excluding damp and cold. Upright posts had been driven into the ground at certain distances to approach the scale. distances to support the sailcloth which formed the walls of this hall wherein the Cardinal had gathere partisans of James the Fifth, or, to speak more precisely, the enemies of the Douglas. A large table loaded with viands ran down the whole length of this tented chamber, and Fran more and more astonished at the lux ury displayed in so wild a spot, might have believed himself transported to one of the country house outside of Edinburgh, if the half savage appearance of those there assembled had not recalled him to the true state of things.

In this gathering, which consisted principally of the chiefs of the different clans, Sir Walter Scott, head of the powerful clan of Buccleuch, was conpicuous, both on account of his martial bearing, and haughty countenance. He had joined the Cardinal's party less from political conviction than out of a personal hatred to Sir Andrew Kerr Cessford, the chief of a clan at enmity with his own. It will be remembered that Sir Andrew had not long since attached himself to the Douglas attached nimself to the Douglas party, and that it was he whom Angus had entrusted with the work of putting Francis out of the way. Sir Walter, delighted to have (in the event of war being declared) an opportunity of en countering his enemy, threw himself heart and soul into the cause upheld by Beaton, and the other chieftains, recognizing his superiority, had in joining him consented to hold a secon dary rank in the affair now meditated. Nevertheless, not all whom the Cardinal had invited were from the mountain districts, for he had drawn to himself several of the Western lords and other Scotch nobles, who, either from jealousy of the supremacy assumed by Angus, or from a desire of reby Angus, or from a desire of re-venging private wrongs, longed to see the Douglas humbled. Among these latter, the most remember of the house of Lennox, a member of the house of Hamilton, and therefore a connection of the Cardinal's. Of all his family Lennox was the only one who had not bent beneath the sway of the Douglas and abandoned the Cardinal in his hour of need. Beaton, on his side, felt for Lennox all the kindness of a father, and had such confidence in his courage and talents that he considered him as

about to undertake.

The assembled guests awaited with

the soul of the enterprise they were

who had left them to receive Francis. In Scotland no conspiracy was ever well organized without feasting, and the Cardinal was too familiar with Scottish customs to ignore this fact, and had therefore desired that the banquet prepared for his adherents should be worthy of the undertaking should be worthy of the undertaking for which they had assembled. Not-withstanding the difficulty of procuring provisions, he had succeeded in gracing his table with the most deli-cate viands, and the sight of the noble joints of venison and the choice and rare fish, which diffused around a savory smell, whetted the appetites and excited the enthusiasm of at least all the secondary chiefs of the enter-

"Is His Eminence the Cardinal never coming back?" asked a mountainee chief, eyeing greedily the well-spread

Why does he pay such attention "Why does he pay such attention we a little page?" remarked the impover ished Corder laird who very rarely partook of such a feast. "It were better to let him wait than us."

"What a misfortune!" added aird. "By St. Dunstan! the meat third. are getting cold, and will lose half their flavor. A malison on the page." These and other observations of like nature circulated amongst the

standing the guests. One group alone, seemed to have forgotten the feast in the more serious consideration of the conspiracy. Amongst them were Lennox and Buccleuch, the two natural

Lennox and Buccieucu, the chiefs of the enterprise.

"What folly this is!" impatiently exclaimed Sir Walter, "what can the Cardinal be thinking of to bring hither cardinal be thanking of a page? Of what this young spark of a page? use can he be to us?"
"Who knows, Sir Walter," replied

Lennox, "but that we may find this young spark, as you call him, of ser-

And in what way, my lord ?" "In this way: If you reflect upon our plan, you will see that in order for it to succeed we need an intelligent person near the King. Remember, Sir Walter, that you, with your mountair-eers, are to occupy Melrose Bridge, opposite the castle in which Lord Douglas has imprisoned our young

King."
"I have not forgotten that, my lord the plan is good and that part of the plan is good. From there I will challenge the Douglas and his people. Infuriated by my insults, they will fight. I shall be the victor, and consequently master of the castle. "Stop a moment, my dear Walter!"

cried Lennox. "You reckon without your host. First, who has told you that Angus will sally out? And who has assured you that, even should they do so, the victory will be yours?"

"Who has told me, my lord? My own courage and the strength of my "Far be it from me, Sir Walter,"

rejoined Lennox, smiling, "to doubt either one or the other; but we must take every precaution to insure suc-cess. Every man that we can muster must be there, and each section of fighting men must have its own particular task. You, with your mountaineers, must occupy the bridge. I and my lords—and he indicated with a gesture of his hand the Border chieftains—"must camp at Kirkliston, and from there threaten the capital. So if you give way to your private feelings, and challenge the Douglas to a contest, you must be there, and each section of fight lenge the Douglas to a contest, you will compromise the whole affair. What you have to do is to feign an attack upon the castle, and here it is that the p will be of use : for whilst you are give ing the Douglas a tangle to unravel the page, with his servant and two or three trustworthy men we have in the castle, will conduct the King through a postern door-the key of which already in our possession in our possession, or shortly
—and escort him to our camp at will be Kirkliston, whence we will take him in triumph to Edinburgh. A signal will and as your object will then be accomplished, and your aim, please to rememper, is nothing but to cause a diversion so as to draw off the attention of the Douglas, you will beat a retreat and join your forces with mine. Then, and then only, we fight. Such, Sir Walter, is our concerted plan. Make no change in it. Restrain your courage, and con-tent yourself with the part you have to until the fitting moment has arrived for a general one laught. Now you understand the Cardinal's plan of associating with us this young spark of a page and the service he may do us?"

Yes, truly, my lord, and I think the plan a very well-arranged one. There is nothing left for me to do but follow it out in all its details and play

follow it out in all its details and play
at a feigned assault."

"Which may soon enough become a
tragedy, Sir Walter," replied Lennox;

"for the Douglases will defend them
selves stoutly, and blood will be shed."

"By my knightly word!" cried Sir
Walter, "I accept the augury, my

At this moment an exclamation o satisfaction was heard among the waiting chiefs, and the little group of Scottish lords broke up at the sight of the Cardinal, who entered followed by

Francis.
"My lords and gentlemen," cried the Cardinal, presenting Francis to the company, "salute in the person of this young man the friend and companion of our captive King, and see in him a faithful and devoted adherent to our

cause.' A murmur of approbation went round A murmur of approposion went round the assembly, and the Cardinal then gave the signal for the banquet to com-mence. It was noisy and animated. Toasts were proposed in honor of the King. They drank to his deliverance e happy result of the enter-lasses were clinked to the prise. Glasses overthrow of the Douglases, and all rose from the table full of ardor and en-

Francis, who had been placed at table near the Cardinal, soon became aware that his opposite neighbor was looking fixedly at him. At first he did not pay much attention to the matter, but seeing the persistence of the scrutiny, he became uneasy. Then he, on his part, returned the gaze of his ob-server, and after a few moments felt

convinced that the face of the man was not unknown to him, and that under different circumstances he had certainly seen him before, though in another

dress.
"How very strange!" he thought. "That man's face is familiar to me, and yet I cannot recall where I have

" My lord," said Francis to the Cardinal when they rose from table, "who is that mountaineer? Do you know

" As much as I know most of thos here," replied Beaton, "and that is very little. He arrived this morning with the mountain chiefs who formed the suite of Sir Walter Scott of Bucc leuch, but I am ignorant of his name. But why, my child, do you ask these questions? Have you any doubte about him—any suspicions? Speak!"

" No, my lord-no ; I know nothing. "No, my lord—no; I know nothing. I seemed to recall his features, but I see I must be mistaken," replied Francis quickly, fearing that he might excite groundless suspicions against the man. Nevertheless, he added to himself: "It is very extraordinary: I feel almost certain I have seen him be-

Francis was still trying to recall the circumstances in which he ha face which seemed so familiar to him, when, in the midst of the tumult occasioned by the breaking up of the party, he heard a voice whispering in his ear:
"Take care, Owen; Douglas has an

eagle eye and a vulture's claw. Francis turned quickly round, but saw nothing but a talling curtain, and mountaineer's plaid disappearing behind it.

"How very strange!" thought young D'Arcy; and he determined to men-tion the matter to the Cardinal, but the tumu!tuous departure of Sir Walter Scott and his adherents from the Black Gorge had entirely driven it out of his mind when at length he was summoned by the Cardinal.
"My child," said Beaton as he per

ceived the young page enter, "come and learn what is to be the part as signed you in this holy undertaking. You have but to speak, my lord, replied Francis with warmth. "I am ready, as I said before, to fulfil the mision, even should it imperil my life. "Good, my son," answered the pre-

"I doubt neither you nor late. young courage. Listen, then. You have just witnessed the departure of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch. In three days he and his clan will be a Melrose, and will attack the castle.' "Oh, my lord," interrupted Francis, may God preserve us from such a mis-

may God preserve us from siden a mis-fortune! The castle is impregnable, and well defended, both by its position and its well-trained garrison. Sir Walter will never take Melrose." "I know it, my child," replied the

Cardinal, smiling.
"What! you know it, my lord, and

you do not hinder such a useless attempt!" cried the boy in surprise "Do you not know that after this at tempt the captivity of the King will be more strict, and that all hope of flight will become impossible?" "Yes, impetuous youth, if we wait until Sir Walter has taken Melrose. and the Douglases have had time

and the Douglases have had time to take precautions. But if we profit by the first surprise to deliver James V, from his prison, what will it signify to us whether Melrose is taken or not? us whether Melrose is taken or not a We shall have the King, and with him power, and on you all this depends."
"How, my lord? I do not under "Here is a key, Francis, which opens

the postern on the side of the castle away from the river. I have had this key made from a waxen impression of the real one which your servant Moses " Moses!" exclaimed Francis; "and

he concealed it from me!'

"I know, and it was by my orders that he did so," said Beaton. "Once master of this key, which I now entrust in the delivery of the young King, you must take advantage of the tumult which will be caused at the first appearance of Sir Walter before the castle to hurry away the monarch, who of Sir Walter before will for the moment be left unwatched as all will run to the castle walls at the as all will run to the castle walls at the tidings of the assault. You must leave the castle by this postern, which, I undertake to say, will be but poorly guarded, as Sir Walter will be attack. ing from the river and trying to carry the bridge, so as to draw everyone to that side. Once out of the castle, you will find horses and mea waiting to escort you to Lennox at Kirkliston, who will at once proceed with the King to Edinburgh, where he will be in the midst of his people. This, then, is what we expect of you. Set out now, what we expect of you. Set out now and return to him whom you will shortly iberate. Have you clearly understood

the instructions, my son?"
"Yes, my lord, and it will not be my ar plan does not succeed. fault if yo "Set out, then, child, but first

Francis knelt before the prelate, who in a solemn voice and with eyes raise

heaven, thus addressed him : " May the blessing of an old man protect you from the dangers you are exposing yourself to for our young King! Noble and conrageous young man, I bless you !"

Francis rose, much moved, and the Cardinal affectionately embraced him, adding in a trembling voice:
"May God protect thee and grant

"Amen," responded the young page, and a few minutes later, accompanied by Shell, he set off at a rapid pace to wards the hamlet where Mose

we must now, dear readers, leave Francis to pursue his return journey to Eilnburgh; we must also leave the Cardinal and Lennox to arrange the further than the state of the purious states. ther details of the projected enterprise We shall not even delay to visit Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, who, with his clan, was making preparations for the expedition, but return at once to Melrose to the young King, with whose turn at once to welfare so many of his devoted subjects are at this mement occupying themselves. The absence of Francis had left the young monarch triendless in the midst of his gaolers. The poor

Prince was sad and uneasy, and time Prince was sad and uneasy, and time hung heavy on his hands in the absence of his friend and companion. He had whiled away the first day by reading some of the books which, as we know, Sir Parkhead had delivered to him, The second day he had every moment expected his page to reappear. By the third day he had grown very impatient. and when the fourth day arrived, and Francis had not yet returned, he he came seriously uneasy.

" How could this be ?" our readers

" From the time Francis left Mel. rose to the moment of his departure from the Black Gorge hardly twenty. four hours bad elapsed, and we saw the pace he was going twelve hours would have sufficed to take him back to Melrose. Yet here is the fourth day, and he has not yet arrived. What does it mean? Has any misfortune over.

These are questions, dear reader, which we cannot now answer. All that we can affirm is, that by the evening of the fourth day Francis had not returned, and that the following day Sir Walter Scott was to appear before the walls of Melrose. It is impossible for us to in-form you as to the whereabouts of Francis, for we know not, any more than the young King, what has befallen him, and we are no less uneasy as to his fate than he is. Some few facts, however, we can acquaint you with.

On the evening of the very day on which Francis left the Black Gorge, man clad in a mountaineer's dress arrived at Melrose. He had evidently ridden hard, for his horse was covered with foam and sweat. He demanded to speak with Count Angus, and was at once admitted to his presence. On the following day Sir Andrew Kerr Cess-ford entered the castle with a small oand of followers. Lord Angus gave him an audience, and the first addressed to him as he entered were, "Ah well!" To which Sir Andrew re-plied, with the ferocious smile we know well: "It is done, my lord, and this time I have made sure.

"Good," rejoined Angus coldly, and, as if speaking to himself, "Thus shall the turbulent be punished. As to the old fox, we will unearth him when the visit we may expect in a day or two is over. This is all we know at the present

moment, and what can we infer from it? Is the man in the mountaineer's garb Is the man in the mountaineer's garo one of Angus' spies, and the same that Francis had noticed at the Black Gorge? Do Cessford's words, "and this time I have made sure," refer to the young page? There is nothing to prove it. Nevertheless, Angus appears to know that Sir Walter Scott is to arrive short-man Malerse, and that Beaton is hid-Nevertheless, Angus appears to know that Sir Walter Scott is to arrive shortly at Melrose, and that Beaton is hidden in the mountains. Cessford's word's, too, would seem to bear allusion to the affair at the Pinc-branch Inn. How can we solve our doubts? What are we to think? How, in short, can be associated when the angular heaven and the second of the solution of the second of we ascertain what has really happened to our young hero, and whether he is alive or dead? This is precisely our difficulty. Nevertheless, let us make an effort. Let us stroll about the castle. Perhaps if we were to mingle with the soldiers and servants who together, we might here and there catch a chance word which would put us on the right track. Ah! here is just the opportunity we are seeking, for there, in the midst of a group of curious servants, who are plying him with questions, is the man in the mountaineer's dress.

"By St. Dunstan!" he exclaimed. "I was not sorry to be able to repay the bath he made me take in the lake at the Morass of Dunse at the time when my father was river-keeper to Sir Home of Wedderburn. "So he was a false Douglas, then ?"

asked one.
" Perfectly false," replied the man "During the month I had been in Sir Parkhead's service I had very seldom seen the young page, but I happened to be in the conrtyard the day he left for Edinburgh, and, on looking at him, I thought I recognized him as the son of Sir D'Arcy, the French gentleman who was Governor of Dunbar bafore Sir Home revenged the death of his kinsman by killing the Frenchman at the Morass of Dunse. I owed the boy a grudge for the ducking he in the lake, and as I believed I had discovered him in the so-called Owen Douglas, I ran at once to Sir Parkhead make known to him my suspicions. He listened very attentively, a ding me wait where I was, went to take ding me wait where I was, went to case counsel with his couns Sir George and the Earl. After some time they sent for me, and Lord Angus said to me: "A particular circumstance that I now recall gives a certain coloring of truth to your assertion. It is possible that young D'Arcy may have been rescued from drowning, and if so, it is very probable that the page is he. Follow him wherever he goes. Do not lose sight of him for an instant, and if it turus out that your conviction is true, go to St. Andrew Kerr Cessford at Edinburgh and deliver this letter to him-It contains my orders," saying which the Earl handed me a sealed letter. I then set out in pursuit of the young page, and, as I rode the best horse in the stables, I soon caught him up, and, as I watched him, I was fully confirmed in my suspicions, for I recognized in his servant a peasant lad from the village of Wedderburn. Bah! Moses! he is no more Moses than the young page is a Douglas!" replied the soldier. "He is called Harry, and, though he is much grown since I last saw him, I knew him at once. This was another constitution. victing circumstance, for I knew the little clown had left Wedderburn the day that Sir D'Arcy's son had been shut up at the Pine-branch Inn. As good luck would have it, during the month I have been here my work kept me out of the way of the young page and his servant, or the latter would certainly have recognized me: for he was in the habit of following me in my walks along the lake, and was with me on the day I took the bath in question. But, to be brief, I followed them with.

out being seen until we were close to Kirkliston, when I suddenly lost sight

of them. Night had come on, and I wandered about the country till day.

break. In the morning near the mountains, and where my horse, quite sp Discouraged, and ashan lost my prey, I began rude reception I should the castle, when sudden!
I saw my young frien
longer accompanied by i l saw allonger accompanied by a sort of peasant s peared to be acting as a seemed very odd, I thow watching them enter the gas could go no furth. se could go no furthe sight of them, and wall mongst the mountains, nothing disturbs, unti-heard a noise, which see of a troop advancing of a troop advancing of hid myself and saw a taineers pass. "I will thought I to myself, they are going to the Frenchman is bound for recognized. What Here chance came to the band had lagged be appeared dragging his difficulty, so tired was quite spent, he seated. the very rock beh hidden. To ask him to impossible; he would them to me; so I thou them by force, and, dra I sprang upon him, pie pired. It was a crime mercy for it. A mor his garb, and, I taken by the band, I place where a number assembled. They paid me, and I soon learnt desired to know." " But who were

"Why were they the showered upon the ma "Things that don't

plied Tumkett, the for As to that which Francis," he went or sured that I had no they called him arcy. That was a D'Arcy. so, after eating my sh meal, and having dis page's mind by some in his ear without let mounted the first h hand and hastened with the Earl's lette Cessford. That is a

"But the young Douglas — what has demanded the eager "Oh, as to that give you my word. But no one felt co

question the ferociou fter a few more exc It is very extraord a false name? He m plans," etc., the gre off to his usua As for us, we kno have been made kno we do not yet know Francis; only Sir Ar us on this point, at feel reluctant to q that not he over and talking with himself, who is he an enormous pot of he. Let us get r

matter what may co

"Ah! it has no

tinuing a conversatione. "He had a once : he has not e had him gagged started from his even drink a glass was done. For if a few cups too muc Inn, that scounds have hoodwinked n Saying this, he st and passed it to h he continued, str with his fist on the was sitting: "I like that ! Shall ! low? On my w should be to crac fist! One accound but I shall not be brute Shell has be I'll find him one d prediction made to rather, that phase on the road!" A of himself, he sa Don't let us thin

neighbor's hands. until he had dre Then, staggering himself down on a in the middle of t Alas ! what v leaves no room Francis is dead misunderstand th ble chieftain. Let us now ret is sadly ill at e news we have jo reached him.

drink.

too troubled to of his window . every sound, and footsteps of faithful companie footfall was hear of the river his exclaim, "That must be Francis falls died away would again tal "My God! M exclaim. "Is i exclaim. "Is i Poor Francis!

ervice ; he has him so dearly. It was new 2 and still James he heard a nois from immediate That no one mig not asleep, the