WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE LAD. BY IMOGEN CLARK.

CHAPTER XI.

How should I be revenged? If this be true-As I have such a heart that both my ears Must not in haste abuse--if it be true, How should I be revenged? CYMBELINE.

do him honor.

"And so Ned bragged on, wi' more

" And this was-when ?"

went me full length.

powers ; " every word's gospel true."

" So that's how matters stand wi' thy

uncle and me," Diccon said, after the

Twas for thy sake Isuffered ; 'i is th ;

ou help me an thou canst ?

Ay," Hamnet answered, unflinching-"Tell me what I mast do."

There was the faintest trace of hesita

tion on the little lad's part, then he took

his right hand from Silver's trusty neck,

and placed it in the grimy, outstretched

"So," he said, softly, "I swear it."

Silver gave a low growl. "Have a care to that beast !" Dic-

con exclaimed. "I mislike the way he

but he hath put an affront upon me that

I'll na pardon. I'll pay him back yet.

silence had grown unbearable to him.

no word to sav-as yet.

Wilt th

palm.

eyes

me.'

ily.

Let's further think of this. Weigh what convenience both of time and means May fit us to our shape. HAMLET.

Both youths started apart as though the earth had opened at their feet, and whirled around only to see a slender little fellow with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes bending eagerly forward, holding a great hound in check. Diccon's lace darkened as he took a step in the child's direction, his fist raised in

"Out upon thee, thou lily-livered atch," he cried. "I'll teach thee to patch,' listen to thy betters and hear what's na meant for thine ears and then go blab. I'll pound thee into dust an thou so much as breathest a word o' what we've said.

"Nay, I be no tale bearer," Hamnet Answered, hotly, drawing himself up to answered, hotly, drawing himself up to his greatest height, "and so let me pass. Thou need'st not be afeard I'll speak o' what I heard. I did but offer thee my service, and that in right good earnest, i' faith; but an thou'it have honest men would do. An thou'rt na a coward, meet me here and now.' With

"Thou'lt na stir an inch until it is my will," Diccon blustered, the scowl deep-ening between his heavy brows. "You Shakespeares be fine folks, forsoothdown I the one a braggart, the other listener and a tattler.

"I be neither o' those names," the little lad cried, with a ctoking voice; "I'd not stoop to neither. Twas true I was in you bushes. I hid me there when I did see thee coming, because I thought thou'dst pass right on and I'd

tarry till after thy going." "Ho-ho." Diccon sneered; "belike we're na fine enow company for one whose father's a play-actor i' London town and whose uncle will e'en be one." "Speak naught o' my father, else thou

shalt have a taste o' Silver's teeth to match the beauty spot thou already hast.

"Dost threaten me wi' thy cur? Beshrew thee, I'll shoot him where he standeth wi'my stone bow."

"Nay, nay, peace I pray thee," Wat Cawdrey interposed; "the lad spoke us fair enow, Diccon, and was ready wi's help. Thou'lt mar all wi' thy black humours, and the quarrel is only wi'

Ned Shakespeare anyway." "Why true-true," Diccon stammered backing down from his high horse, the more because he feared the fierce gleam in Silver's unwavering eyes: "I meant nowt by my words, lad. I be willing enow to speak thee softly and to take enow to speak thee softly and to take thine aid too as 'twas offered. Thou wert na cozening us?" "Marry," Hamnet returned, standing

his ground finaly, "I meant it in very truth. I've a quarrel wi' Ned too. He -nay, 'tis betwixt us two, but 'tis a just quarrel. Only I cannot fight him be-cause I be not his size and he'll have naught to do wi' me. And I cannot wait till I'm a man; 'tis so long till then -so very long." His voice broke a -so very long." His voice br little and he paused to steady it.

"But I'll not let him go hence still fouting me,' he continued, with a dash of spirit. "An thou'lt not put me on the track o' getting the better o' him, I'lk e'en work out a way in my own mind."

"Why, that's my bully-rook!" Diccon cried, slapping the boy on the shoulder; "and I'll and thee an hundred ways to get even wi' thine uncle—or one will serve. And thou needst na give the wherefore o' thy quarrel; keep thine own counsel. Marry, I wot thou hast just reason for na loving him." "Ay, that I have! An thou know'st it

thou'dst say so too, as any would; but at home, i' faith, they're all for Ned and his going to London town wi' father.

A shrewd gleam passed over the lowering, watchful face, which only intensified its ugly character, as the sun in its course lights some loathsome spot, and even as it brightens it show

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

hath ever a sharp eye to what is best; he knoweth that o' the two-his son or Hamnet shuddered despite himself at the hatred in the threatening tones. It seemed to him that he was in some sort of a trap that with every passing he knoweth that o' the two-his son or me-even an we were both o' one age, I'd serve his purpose more fully. He hath a pretty affection for the little lad; but it is only a child, and weakly, too. My brother hath other plans for him, moment narrowed more closely about There was no possible way of him.

"What wilt thou do?" he questioned, though his cake is mostly dough where the lad is concerned; but wi' me now, he seeth 'tis in my buttons to rise and faintly. " Marry, I must know."

"And so thou shalt, my jolly baw-cock; take heart! Trust all to me; thy cause is in my hands. O' Monday night, after curfew hath struck, thou

about thee than I will as say, only it was worser than aught that went afore." must find the chance to give a message to thine uncle, but thou must so manage it that he'll na suspicion us. Belike Hamnet's legs trembled beneath him. He had not realized until that moment how really tired he was, nor did he 'twill be better coming in the form o' a letter; thou art clerkly, and can write it in a hand he will na know. But more understand the strange sensation of numbress that was creeping over him. o' that anon; there may be a let-ter, or no letter as I shall de-vise. 'Twill only be a few words at best-meet an old friend, and the He had caught a little chill while sleeping, no doubt. He sat down on the ground by Silver, and made a pretence f adjusting the collar, though his fingers lace named, or something o' that sort. shook with that new feeling of weariness that had taken possession of him. After a brief pause he looked up. And when once thou hast given it. thou may'st get thee to bed wi' a light heart, and in the morning thy father will ride forth alone.

"But Ned?" Hamnet whispered; "thou wilt not kill him?" "Beshrew thee! who talks o' killing?"

"An hour or so agone," Diccon an-swered. "Nay, I'll keep naught back. Dost see this hurt upon my cheek ? 'Tis thine uncle's mark, but I'll write me yet Diccon growled. "An I hear thee say that word again I'll brain thee on the spot. I be no murderer; I'll but give Ned Shakespeare his quittance for this debt, and there's an end."

"But thou wilt despitefully handle him," the little lad continued, unabashed. "and I would not have that hap-

"Thou wouldst na have that happen?" that, we stood off to fight, though I was na i' the trim and he was well-breathed. Diccon sneered. "And what is thy lordship's will? Shall we treat Master When we were about to begin, I wot na how it was, but my foot slipped, and Ned to sweet words, and give him cakes and honey? By my troth! thou mind st Whereme o' the cat i' the ada_e, that would have fish and would na wet her feet getupon did they all cry out-his friends and my good Wat-Stand off ! hit na a fatten man !' But Ned was on me in a ting it. Thou'rt bold and thou'rt na bold. Thou wouldst see thine uncle punished, and anon thou criest at the noment, beating and kicking me might-ly. The others made no move to drag mere notion o' his hurts, like a girl him away-save only my sweet Wat. and him they overpowered and beat when they saw what my fine gentleman's pricked her finger. that's Tis scant thought he'll give to thy feelings, once will was. They follow him an he was something come down out o' the skies, he's away wi' thy father, and why should'st thou think o' him?"

and they would na cross him for worlds "I think not o' him," Hamnet retort-So Ned kept up wi''s pommelling, and I'd cry for no quarter—na I! "Tis thy ed; "go on wi' thy plan."

"I know thou'rt to be trusted, little day now, Ned Shakespeare,' methought, 'but the wheel will turn.' At last, when Shakespeare," Diccon resumed, 'though most fellows o' my age would keep their his fists would serve him no longer, he own counsel, and use thee but as their fell to rating me wi' his tongue, most shameful; and when his breath did fail servant. But that's na Diccon Hob-day's way, which is ever a fair and him, then went he off to sport him fur-der wi' his talk o' Brother Will and London. Say I na true, Wat ?" honest way, and 'tis in great part thy quarrel too. Well, here's the very quarrel too. Well, here's the very simpleness o' my scheme: Thou givest "On ! ay, ay," Wat stammered, lost in admiration of his friend's narrative thine uncle word to meet a friend for one last parting. So he cometh him to the spot where Wat and me be waiting Hamnet sat quite motionless, staring

dark, wi' mayhap another tall before him with unseeing eyes, his hand still on Silver's collar. He hoped they would not expect him to speak ; he had fellow or two, and we rush out and overcome Master Ned and bind him fast, and bear him away down stream to a little hut I wot of i' the fields, and there we'll leave him. Is't not a fair jest? And when he waketh, belike 'twill be the next night, or betimes o' Wednesday morn, and he'll be summat sore from the drubbing he's had. But what o' that? Many a lad at school getteth a stiffer threshing for an unlearnt lesson. When my fine gentleman starteth for home thy father will be well on his journey, ly. "Tell me what I m st do."
"Nay, wilt thou swear it? Come,
thy hand !" and Ned must tarry, forsooth, till he cometh again. La, Stratford 'ull be but a sorry place wi' one's thoughts all

for London; but beggars may na be choosers, and thine uncle will have a tamer tongue in 's head, I warrant me, after this dose. So thou wilt be avenged for thy quarrel, whate'er it may be. I' faith, thy father will be wroth, and will set Ned down as a promise-breaker and a carouser, and so belike someone will never go to London. after all."

"He meaneth naught," Hamnet cried, "But that will not be true," Hamnet hastily; "he is as gentle as any lamb." Then, with a swiftness born of inspirainterrupted. "Twould not be right for my father to hold such thoughts; I could

tion, for his heart was sick within him, and he longed for home, he added : "Be-It was the last flare of the cand'e of like he's thinking o' his supper; we righteousness, the last assertion his "Nay, there's our plan first; thou must away." "Nay, there's our plan first; thou must na go yet. Woul't break thy word?" conscience made against the network of biccon sprang to his feet w th a loud little sums thou hast made on every. imprecation, and the small lao would have suffered grievous harm at his hand Diccon turned a suspicious glance upon the small figure, with a sudden tightening of his fists and something

thou could'st na do," Diccon cried, from Londen town.' keeping a great control over himself; "Ha, ha, sweet r

ing from the sense of disappointment that had clouded his home-coming, and prone to magnify small causes into thrice their size. That was all. He CHAPTER XII. A hundred thousand welcomes! I could weep And I could laugh, I am light and heavy. Welcome CORIDIANUS

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His konour and the greatness of his name

HENRY VII

Master Will Shakespeare, turning into Henley Street from the Swan, where he had left his fellow-travellers, felt a great thrill of satisfaction as he was almost bursting with the constant caught the first glimpse of the home of his birth set in its fair garden. He took o.' his velvet bonnet with its curling feather, and waved it as gayly as any boy let out for a half-holiday waves his cap in mid-air, while the shout that issued from his happy throat was a right goodly imitation, surely, of the shouts of his youth. If he had known a bitter pang of disappointment because no slender, little figure waited by the road-There's small danger o' thy breaking it. When next I come from London thou'lt side as he came riding over familiar ground and searched each bush and tree be on the lookout, surely." with eager eves, expecting to hear the glad cry 'Father!' glad cry 'Father!' at every moment that disappointment was speedily swal where-'twould spoil half the surprise. "That would it; but surprise me no more surprises o' this mornings sort. Ha! Ned, is't thou? Why, lad, thou lowed up in the delight of seeing near at hand the sight his heart most longed for.

look'st bravely-bravely.' They were all there by the house-door, or darting out into the lane- his father, mother, wife, daughters and the little lad-him the ardent glance sought out first and last. Not ill, Ned always to come between? For a short time he had been able to put his uncle from his thoughts, but only for a praised ! as he had almost feared when he had passed along the home stretch and no laughing challenge bade him stay his horse. Not ill—and yet the short time, small heart which had made it impos-sible for the child to meet his father, anxious eves saw an indescribable diffthe u raised face, which was pressed more heavily than before. Had it not been punishment enough, he asked himself, to relinquish that dear too faint to be called a change, and which those about the boy had failed to perceive. On the moment it cast a pleasure, that in these first moments of a nearer drawing together he should be shadow upon the man's heart, darkening it, even as the sudden shifting of a spared the pain of Ned's coming to thrust them wide apart ? cloud across the sun will chase the warmth and brightness from the landstirring the dormant anger there into

the gave a little shiver, as if some coming evil had already assumed a tan-gible shape. The feeling which had dominated his breast for so long filled him with a vague apprehension. At any time that which he prized most dear might be swept from him. The very sense of pos-session was full of a pathos too deep for words. To have, to hold-nay, what availed his feeble strength? The thought was 'as a death, which cannot chose but weep to have that which it fears to lose.' Was it only in his fancy, he asked himself, that the delicate face had grown thinner and paler ?

"Art not well sweet heart ?" he Cato's wounds with dexterous fingers demanded, leaped to the ground and caught the lad in his arms, holding him at a little distance and scanning his features uneasily.

" La, Will," Mistress Anne Shakes peare laughed. "I do protest thou art as full o' whimseys as an old goody. Me-thinks the child is in fair health; he's grown taller sith thou wert here, and belike he's summat slimmer ; but, go to belike he's summat slimmer; but, go to ! feelings back to life by the repetition he hath a parlous appetite, and that I of Diccon's phrases and his vague, inknow full well. Speak up, sirrah ; thou art not sick ?

"Not so, dear mother, naught aileth me."

"Ay, forsooth, the lad is right," Mis-tress Mary Shakespeare said, in her reassuring way; "'tis on sweet son—and thy fear," 'tis only thy fancy y fear," she added, in a lower tone, and a little catch in her breath like a sob; "nay, I see with thine eyes sometimes, and I understand. But 'tis pure fancy now," she continued voice, even briskly, and her gentleness, made one think of the stirring of the breeze which dispels the clouds and drives them relentlessly across the sky to leave the blue un-marred. "And Nan's not wrong about the appetite neither ; there's scant fall ing off there. I do bethink me, and he seemeth pale to thee, that it is for ome cause which is not far to seek. The lad's slumbers have been broke of late. Am I not right, boy? Thou need'st not to hang thy head, dear wag; I know the trick thou hast thing. Nay, the shopmen o' Middle Row keep not fairer tallies o' their sales had not the watchild dog leaped sudden-thy forward as his champion. "'This too late for thee to say what heardst that someone was coming home

sweet mother : is that the

DECEMBER 4, 1909.

ness and show the way to a better ad-justment of the burden Fate assigns, since borne it must be. He would have helped his boy in this present instance with his maturer wisdom, but he had too much respect for the sacredness of a child's feelings to strip them of their finary covering and make light of them was as foolish as any girl ! "An thou knew'st how I longed for thee, in very truth, thou would'st have made shift to meet me," he said, with in careless, grown-up wise. He would view their nakedness only at his son's bidding and then he would wrap them close in the mantle of his love—then, his tender smile, unconsciously planting a deeper barb in the little heart which struggle between its love and its un-worthiness. "But there ! I'll upbraid close in the mantle of his love—then, and not till then. Measuwhile, by a thousand indirect ways, he sought to make it easy for the little lad to approach him with his perplexity, and still the boy held aloof, not only spiritthee no more. Thou'lt never make me look in vain again-wllt thou, dear boy ?" "" "Nay, never again "-the small hand ceased stroking the dog, and clasped its ually but physically. mate tightly over the man's arm— "never again." " A promise, and ratified thus !

Hamnet. on his part, realized speed-ily that the nearness of the old times was something that was not to be the centre and joy of this particular visit. Another season, when he was more worthy, he told himself, he might linger by his father's side—now he dared not Now he was almost glad to share that dear companionship with the others to go without those long delightful talks of which he had dreamed for months. Nor was it only the thought of months. Nor was it only the thought of his unworthiness that whipped him from his father's society and made him an outsider. He was tormented by the constant 'ear that in some way he might betray his trust. He had boasted that no Shakespeare had ever held his word lightly, and the dread that now end passed him was that by some chance he night imperil the whiteness of the na his father bore. Come what come might he must be true to Diccon's hideou plan, since his oath was given. was no alternative. So with his vague notions of honor, argued and so he fought out his battles un while the tiny mist of misunderstandin rolled like a soft, impenetrable curtain between his father and himself.

It was a slight matter, but a pebble n one's shoe will lame one as surely as a larger stone, and matters do not have to be of great import to give rise to mis conceptions and consequent heartaches. Something huge and tangible may be overthrown with ease, when one is braced for the act, and leave a pleasant sense of exhilaration behind, but those little insidious things-too small almost for notice, and which yet send their roots into the very depths of one'sbeing -are well-nigh invincible.

The child's reserve in this respect was like a constant pricking in Will Shakes-peare's side. It implied more - much nore-than the mere withholding of his confidence. Whatever he had hitherto known or thought had always been revealed, and, in the crucible of the man's great love, had been purified of all dross by an alchemy which, to the boy's thinkaccomplished. Still, the promise, which was like a chain about him, kept him ing, was almost divine. But here was a trouble, which, for some reason, was not to be so dealt with. What aid the little and when he found himself chafing against its bounds he nursed his evil lad received was to come from himself, or from some outsider, who, for the time being, stood nearer than his father.

Will Shakespeare, with a touch of jealousy in his breast, cast about him to dis cover who had usurped his place. His quest was unavailing. There was no ne who stood nearer, seemingly, nor did he miss aught from the child's adoring love. It was as patent to all as the o have increased in volume, if that could be, though it possessed a new qualty, half of humility, half of sorrow. There vas often a questioning, pathetic look in the wideset hazel eyes as they were turned upon the father's face — a dumb, grieved longing that found its counterpart in Silver's glance at times — which hurt the recipient as the keen thrust of a knife would have done. The frequent silences, too, which fell upon the merry tongue, and the will bursts of extrava gant mirth which succeeded them, were so unusual as to confirm the man's first belief in the lad's illness. And that subtle fear which had made the precariousness of life so insistent to him.

thrilled him again and again. These, however, were the only shadows to cloud the brief home stay. There was much of pleasantness besides — gay that day is so dear to thy thought." Hamnet clung closer to his father, his talks with relatives and friends, walks a-field with a tail of loving, thronging tears. How dared Ned speak so fair, he asked himself angrily-how dared he, children, delicious dreamings in long afterglow, when the hush of night was creeping up over the peaceful land, On! if it were only possible to tear the lingerings by the tranquil river, wit

est of all and no th their has It was deep sat been ma about it was muc the appl to the coat-arn then a y nized p enable l him, to proudes The o silence o The pos the end known r Fortune of his s days wh in the first aj arms, a neighbo be put o his hear eldest s the acco had seen the wide was not

self at

mere en

fairer of

the who

told the

the 'G

how, no

accompl taken s

little cl

Mistres

then he

eral ch was pro

-even own los

her. "The

away,"

others

sciously

though

mother,

I'll no

home, the doo

and thi

than th

she cou

where

father.

bravely

against

" De hard b

away. the nat

to sav

hath a

sound.

old pla

could i "Na

hast g

fancy.

Under

they w Place,

will re

all the

And n

called

belike

his for

interp

phrase still t

thus a

meddl

thy sh

liam S

ford, i

man, a

excell But

for a his m

under

and th

stron hold

There

of the

But

his re

ness

dim

mute

hurri him I

the

The

well

" W

Ham

" Not

DE the child

but the more plainly its abominations. Diccon Hobday was no fool. In a trice he had read the secret of the transparent little heart before him. Let the boy keep the cause of his quarrel said or unsaid; it mattered not-here was the right string to play upon! He glanced over at Wat Cawdrey with a

"A just reason," he said, thoughtfully, "A just reason," he said, thoughtfully, "a very just one. I doubt na that. I'll na seek it out, but I tell thee an I were thy shoes I'd na like to see Master Ned put before me i' the matter of going to London. Lord! Lord! how strange things come around. 'Twa only this very day I said to Wat when "Twas were coming back from Warwick and were e'en speaking o' Ned's fair for-tune-'Why,' says I, 'an what Master Schoolmaster saith be true, Hammet Shakespeare is the better scholard of the two lads, though he is na so old. 'Tis a pity now,' quoth I, 'that he hath na a few more years to his count tha he might be going away instead o' Ned. So were we talking together, him and me, when Ned and some o' his mates came along. We all drew up for a few came along. We all drew up for a few words, and I wot na how it befell, but the thought o' thee was still in my mind, so I spoke right out and said: 'Tis true then, thou wilt only keep

the place for thy nephew." Whereat Ned was mightily wroth,

and quoth he: "I keep the place for no one: I am to be to my brother as his own right hand.'

'How ?' said I, stung by his tone, for I had spoke him fair. 'I leave it to all here; is't na a son's place to be his father's right hand?'

father's right hand?' "Then were they all loath to speak, but Wat—who hath ever a prety love o' justice, and is as full o' courage as a tabour is o' sound—called out right 'O' Tuesday,' Diccon said, specula-"O' Tuesday,'' Diccon said, speculaboldly: 'I' faith, 'tis true.' "That angered Master Ned the more

-so that he fumed and blustered, like any wench ready for the ducking-stool them go. and he said, stamping about:

"There be sons and sons, just as and I'll give thine uncle there be brothers, and my Brother Will member that the longest." and I'll give thine uncle reason to re-

Hamnet's face flushed. He was too w for fighting, too little to be rusted How dared they treat him thus? It "'tis only now what thou canst. Think was too bitter to be endured.

like a snarl in his tones.

A Shakespeare hath never broke his word yet," he answered, proudly, " and I'll not be the first to do it, trust me. An what thou say'st is true-and ve both say it is-I have less cause than ever to love mine uncle. But let that pass. An I loved him, I'd still see him punished for what he hath done ; so e'en

tell me quickly o' thy plan, sith it waxeth late, and I must hasten nome. "When doth thy father come?

Hamnet drew in his breath sharply. When ?-There was no need to hesitate. Had he not kept count of the lagging days on everything that came within his reach ? Was it not his last thought at night, as it was his first in the morning !

He lowered his head. Not to morrow, but the next day." "A Saturday, then. Thou'rt na cozen ing me? Come, speak out bold." "On Saturday, sure."

And when goeth hence ?

" On Tuesday

Silver stirred under the pressure of the small hand with a low whine of pain "Humph!" Diccon ejaculated. that suiteth my purpose as good as another. Marry, sweet Ned Shakes-peare, I'll be ready for thee by then."

He sat looking before him for a few moments without speaking, while Wat Cawdrey regarded him in open mouthed delight, and Hamnet retained his 1 osition, stroking Silver softly, his heart like a heavy weight in his breast. Somehow, he did not even care to hear how Ned should be punished. He had no wish to think of Ned, for far back of his sunny, handsome face he could see that

tively, his voice breaking in upon the little lad's musings and dispelling them roughly, though he was not sorry to let

them go. "O' Tuesday be it! But his own pure, little face flushed but before then there cometh Monday night, resolute with a strange, fixed expression.

cause? I' faith, thou readest child-nature better than do the rest of all us put together. Well, lad, and thou knew'st

on that! Thou hast sworn to help us, and I'll e'en give thee a thought to spur thy craven spiriton. An I'd no stomach exactly when I should come, why for this fight, 'twould keep me from faltering just to remember how Ned didst not meet me beyond the bridge ! Father and son had fallen a trifle be hind the others, and at the question the hath meant-ay, and still meaneth-to cozen thee from thy father's love. little fellow raised his tortured eyes to did na teli thee a tithe o' what he said; the man's clear gaze. I kept it back from sheerest pity. 'Twould poison thy life to the longest "I could not come," he answered, simply ; "I could not." "So," Will Shakespeare said, softly,

day o' it, an thou should'st come to Gaffer Castrell's age, could'st thou but with something like pity in his tones know. for though he wist not what the trouble

"I'll not know, I'll hear no further word," Hamnet gasped, with something like a sob, half of grief, half of anger, choking his utterance. "I'll do what-e'er thou wilt, and thou may st do what thou wilt wi' Ned, only let me that have ever run to meet

"Ay, ay, my little chuck, I'll say a word for thee," Wat Cawdrey chimed in strong reason. readily. "What sayest thou, Diecon, to letting the lad in at the pommeiling? Twould do his heart good to hit at Ned when he's sprawling.

thou so, Wat Cawdrey?" "Think'st f pain. Hamuet cried, contemptuously." Marry, "Well, I give heaven thanks that no two persons in this world be alike. I'd not hit my greatest foe under another mau's -I be not such an arrant coward as share his innerm st thoughts, and watch that.

"An thou talk'st o' cowards," the other spluttered. "Peace, peace," Diccon interposed.

"What! shall there be falling out betwixt sworn brothers? Take hauds, take hands, 1 say. So! Now thou may'st get thee to thy home, boy, and fail na to meet me to-morrow at cockshut time at the elm at the Dove Close. And for a nay-word- H'm! let's see. What the dickens shall it be?

the mass, I have it—it shall be 'London and father!' Dost hear, little one? Say it after me." Hamnet raised his head and looked

strai ht into the evil face before him He put them aside hastily, stung sud-denly into the realization, by the great-"London," he said, bravely, "London and-and father! I'll not forget."

nask from his hateful, smiling face and expose him truly as he was. During the next few days the subtle

" Marry, yea, though I'll not tell thee

Hamnet fell back as the brothers em-braced, the light in Ned's eyes darken-

ing the sudden happiness in his own.

The load of guilt

A hot flame leaped in the boy's breast

fresh life. His rage toward Ned had

died down in a degree, and in its stead

he had found himself longing to retract

his oath. What real reason had he, aside from his bitter jealousy and those

cruel reports Diccon had spread, to

thwart his uncle and to be-tray him? Silver had long since

granted forgiveness — a forgiveness which Hamnet, in his turn, was bound to

accord when that night, as he hastened

home from Welcombe Hill, Ned had overtaken him, and had made amends

It was Ned, too, who had bound up

and had given him a new back ; even in

Hamnet's half-grudging thanks there

had been a note of admiration for the

skilful work the amateur surgeon had

from any real friendship with his uncle

Will Shakespeare turned suddenly

from his brother's eager questions and

looked around like one missing his chief-est good. A single glance at Hamnet's

moody face was in itself a revelation to

the man's mind, and a thrill of joy warmed his heart at the simple solution

of the difficulty before him, though with

its coming he felt a stab of distress at

the thought of the pain the child was

know'st thou not that thy place is al-

He drew the boy's head against his

reast as he spoke, and patted his

"By my troth, thou hast grown most

marvelous," he cried; "nay, Ned, thou wilt have but a short deputyship, I'm

thinking-the true prince will not tarry

"Marry, that will he not," he said, and glad I'll be, i' faith, heartily, when

he cometh into his own, sith I know that

eyes closed to keep back the stinging

when he had said those other things ?

How dared Ned speak so fair, he

past his due time." Ned laughed good humouredly.

he asked

suffering. He put out a fond hand.

"Why didst leave me ?"

tolerable hints.

vavs here?"

for his ill-doing of the earlier day.

Wa

in th

it always to be like this?

change which had come over the child was ever present to the anxious parent, who, from the first moment of their reunion, had noticed its existence. It was not so much that the little lad looked ill though there was a trace of languor discernible in his appearance, and his flushed cheeks and over bright eyes were in some measure indicative of the excitement under which he was labouring, but in other way the observant eves were conscious of an alteration was a restlessness about the boy that was far from natural : he seemed to be

was, yet was he certain that it lay heavy on the small heart, and he longed living in a continual state of repression. He was full, too, of apprehension, and to lift away the burden and make all bright again-" so, then thou must have had a strong teason to stay thy feet started like a timid girl at the least sound-the tapping of a branch at the me-a

window, or a low whistle, would cause He waited a moment for the boy to him manifest uneasiness-and even his at the lowered face and the small brown hand that passed restlessly to and fro on customary courtesy, and his sisters, in

A touch of bitterness stole over the man at the withholding of the childish confidence, and not for the first time did something was sadly amiss. That it was he long to bear the lad away and keep connected with Edmund's going he was him always by his side, where he might well aware, and he waited for some childish outburst of envy to clear away the unfolding of his nature. He had dreaded that, living, as he was obliged the surcharged feelings.

But Hamnet's conduct toward his uncle was full of contradictions, as his to, the greater portion of his time apart from his family, he would grow to be regarded by the little ones in the light father was not slow to recognize. It of a stranger. And when he said 'little ones,' though his daughters were was made up largely of a regret that was something more than the regret occasioned by the prospect of absence, and the boy bore himself at the same time in dear to him, he knew intuitively that he meant the lad in whom all is bright-est hopes were centred. Had his fear an attitude of mingled resentment and in a degree come true? Was this affection. Often he would cast glances of anger and hatred at Ned's unconscious figure, which would be succeeded boy whose thoughts had ever been as open as the day just a beginning of the cooling of his love? The questions were full of torment to the man's mind. anon by looks so full of pain and sorrow as to sadden the watcher indescribably. The man was never one to disparage a child's trouble-it was as keen and

big to the little mind as it would have ness of his own affection, that the boy's love was no whit less deep thin his, and could not fail him. He was still smart- philosophy whereby to dispel the dark-



Here is a test which proves positively that Dr. A.W Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills do cure kidney disease and uri-

nary troubles. Capt. Wm. Smith, a British Army veteran, living in Revelstoke, B. C., had his urine tested by his phy-After being cured by **Dr. A. W. Chase's**

Kidney & Liver Pills

he again had an examination of the urine made and his physician stated that no trace of the old trouble re-

mained. Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills are definite and certain in action and positively cure back-ache, kidney disease, Bright's dis-ease (in early stages) and urinary troubles. One pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



"I "I au Ther draw his h spec Tł peer gath "Y "N I don "V Sing see well W pity of f knew clos plie than mon A nel' man they han sir,