CHAPTER XII.

SIX MONTHS LATER

Six months have elapsed since Francis became the King's companion, have taken place. The crisis, which had been imminent between the opposhad been immaent between the opposing parties in the State, came to a head at the next meeting of the Parliament. The partisans of Angus and of Beaton—that is to say, of the Douglases and the Hamiltons—met in the High Street of Etinburgh, and a bloody control of the Parliament of the Parliament. Siet ensued. For some time the result for either party was indecisive, but the unexpected entrance of Sir Home of wedderburn through the Netherbow Gate, accompanied by a strong band of der men, gave the victory to Angus, agh in the skirmish Wedderburn self was killed, an end far too noble or one stained with so many crimes.
The Hamiltons were chased from the sity, leaving seventy of their number dead within its walls, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the Barl of Arran himself and his son, ded in making good their escape from the pursuit of their vengeful enemies. This street skirmish, called by the

wits of the day "the Cleansing did more for Angus than Causeway," did more for Augus than Profiting by the terror his success had inspired, Angus wrested from Parliament an order withdrawing James from the guardianship of his mother, and confiding him to the care of a council of peers, of which he himsel though still inhabiting Holyrood, Margaret was not allowed to see her son, over whom Angus or one of his family kept an assiduous watch.

This precarious sort of authority did not, however, satisfy Angus, whose ambition knew no limits, and who aimed ambition knew no limits, and who aimed at supreme power, which he could only attain through the King. Therefore, following the virulent counsels of his brother George, he, by threats rather than persuasion, forced James, who was now fourteen, to sign a proclamation declaring that he had confided the reins of government to Lord Douglas.
Angus could now with impunity wreak his vengeance on his adversaries Margaret, the Queen mother, wa adversaries. banished from the Court; but, as a compensation, Angus obtained from Henry the Eightn, with whom he had secret understandings, the confirmation of the divorce so much desired by both Margaret and himself. Margaret rctired into one of her private castles, and, laying aside all royal dignity, soon contracted a third alliance with Sir Henry Stewart, afterwards Lord Evandale. As to the Chancellor, since his defeat in the streets of Edinburgh he had everything to fear from the vengeance of Augus, who, as the Cardinal well knew, would not shrink from taking his life.

So long as Angus was merely head of So long as Angus was merely head of the council of peers, Beaton tried to weather the storm; but as soon as Angus became chief Minister and supreme, Beaton was at once deprived of his office and state. On learning his dismissal, Beaton at once disappeared, no one knew whither-a precaution indeed, dictated by prudence, for that very day Angus sent his officers to arrest him. It was at first believed that he had sought refuge in one of the castles of the Earl of Arran; but that supposition was soon proved to be un-true, for Arran, terrified by the utter rout of his party, had completely abandoned the Cardinal, and aimed only at reconciling himself with the all-powerful Douglas. This reconciliation he easily effected, Angus being most desirous to gain over the Arran bestowed honors upon them on condition that on in the event of his returning to Scotland, for the general belief no was that he had fied to France. This This condition the Hamiltons accepted, thus many favo. disgracing themselves, and repaying ingratitude the bestowed upon them by their in the day of his power. One alone stood aloof—the Earl of Lennox—who, being a man of noble sentiments, dis-dained to accept such dishonoring con-

But to return to our young here As the shrewd Chancellor had foreseen Francis soon became a favorite with the young King. Ashawed of practising deceit on one who showed him so much kindness, Francis one day related to the King the stratagem exployed by the Cardinal to place him near his person, and made known to near his person, and made known to him his true name and his recent heavy misfortunes. Moved to pity by this relation, and touched by the frankness page, James took him into his confidence, and at the conclusion of his friend's narrative exclaimed :

"Well, if as I fear, I have only found in the Earl a master, where I thought to find a friend, you, at least, will be here to serve as a means of com-munication between me and those who wish me well.

'Yes, Sire," replied Francis. "When the day comes that the Earl's powe presses too heavily, I shall at the peril of my life, strive to liberate you. But I do not wish any longer to bear the name Owen, which is not my own neither do I wish to claim a false kin ship with the Douglas. So I shall go to the Earl and tell him all."

Take care to do no such thing, quickly replied the King. "I recollec now, from what you have related to m of the plan laid by Angus to assassin ate you, to prevent your coming here that he tried to destroy you also in that he tried to destroy you also is another way, in case his plan failed for he represented you to me as a spy whom the Cardinal wished to place

spy" indignantly exclaimed

Francis. "Be at peace," said James. "I did not believe him; and now I see clearly what he aimed at, and I much fear that I have fettered my hands by signing

THE PAGE OF JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

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

CHAPTER XII.

That paper for him yesterday, which gives him supreme power."

"Surely the Earl will not dare to abuse his power," said Francis; "and, besides, you have friends — Cardinal Beaton, to say nothing of the Queen, your mother."

"I never see my mother now, Francis—I may not see her; and as to the Chancellor—do you think that Angus, who detests him, will leave him long in

As he spoke the words, it see that chance wished to confirm them, for at that moment a herald's voice wheard crying in front of the palace:

"In the name of the King, our Sover-eign Lord, and by command of Lord Archibald Douglas, first Minister, my Lord Beaton, Cardinal Archbishop of St. Andrews and Chancelor of Scotland is deprived of his offices, dignities, and

"You see," said the King, after lis tening in silence, "one of our friends already taken from us. Ah! what have I done? what have I done?"

"Sire," said Francis sorrowfully, now see that you spoke truly when you said you had put yourself into the Earl's May it please God he does not

"And mother - my mother? What

will become of her ? Again the herald gave the response

the question, crying out anew:
"In the name of the King, and by
mmand of Lord Archibald Douglas, first Minister, Madam Margaret of England, mother of the King, Countess of Angus, and ex-Regent of the king-dom, is banished from the Court, being however, free to choose as her dwelling any castle in Scotland she may please.

"Exiled! my mother exiled!" cried the King indignantly. "Ah, we will see about that! Bring the Earl here," he said, addressing a guard who appeared at his call.

peared at his call.

"What are you going to do?" asked Francis with auxiety.
"I do not know yet—I am but a child; but I am a King, and I will force Angus to retract his wicked commands. Besidee, he loves me, and when he sees that they cause me pain he will doubtless recall them."

"Take care Sire" Francis ventured

less recall them."
"Take care, Sire," Francis ventured
to say; for he had seen more of the
world than the young King, whose life
had been chiefly spent within the palace walls, and knew its ways better. care that this step-which, believe me, care that this tep—which, believe me, is useless—does not deprive us of the apparent liberty we still enjoy. At least, you are allowed to walk alone with me in the gardens and the palace. l'ake care, or they will deprive us even of that. Angus has you in his grasp and will not let you go, for you are

"No, no!" replied the King impa-tiently; "I will not listen to you. I hear him coming up. Yes, here he is; tiently ; leave us.

Angus entered the presence of the King in obedience to his summons. James expressed his indignation and the displeasure he had felt on hearing the ordinances which exiled his mother and deprived the Cardinal of his office "And in my name, too !" he cried.

In my name you banish my mo Angus, you must revoke those ordera-you must; I desire it." In a cold, sneering tone that was hardly veiled by the semblance of re-spect with which he sought to cover it,

"Sire," Angus replied, "far be from me the wish to displease your Majesty; but you have confided your authority out you have confided your authority to me, so that I may act as I judge best for the welfare of the State."
"Certainly, my lord," answered James with dignity; "out before coming to such a decision you ought to have consulted me. In investing you with

I did not mean to give you the opportun ity of avenging your private wrongs.' "I have done my duty, Sire," answered Angus, hardly able to master

his anger. "If this causes you pain, I am sorry; but if it had to be done over again I should not hesitate." "So, sir," said the King, with more dignity and self possession than could have been looked for in a child of his age and so little accustomed to courtly forms and manners, "that is to say you mean to act as you please, and without

consulting me 'Certainly, Sire," responded Angus, By St. Dunstan! it would be a pretty thing for a man of my age to consult a child of your years !

"A child! a child!" cried James in-dignantly. "By my patron, St. James! I will prove to you, my lord, that I am no longer such!"
"And whilst waiting for that proof, child!" cried James in-

Sire," answered Angus in an insolent tone, "permit me to treat you as one and as you are too young to take part in State affairs, you must suffer others to do so without you." The King was greatly irritated, but could find no words of reply, and Douglas, marking the effect of his speech on the boy went on: "Good-bye, Sire. What I do is for your good and for the welfare of the people whom later on you will govern. One day you will thank me;" and he turned to leave the roon.

James recalled him.
"So you refuse to revoke the order that have just been proclaimed?" he

Yes, Sire, in view of the good that will result from them, "Then, you no longer love me, Angus?" asked James in the childish

tone he had been wont to use when the Earl shared his games with him. "Can you ask that, Sire? I love you nore than ever; but it is impossible to yield to your caprice.

'Oh, Angus, how changed you are You were not like this when you played at bones with me there on that carpet." The Earl blushed at the word which

ecalled his humiliation. "Other times, other manners," he said abruptly as he left the room. "Ah, it is so," he said to himself as he returned is so," he said to himself as he returned to his own apartments. "Henceforth

he must be watched. Meanwhile Francis had been recalled by the King, who related to him what had passed.
"Was I not right?" asked his friend.

"Listen to me, Owen," said Angus after a short pause. "You are our ' Have you gained anything but a cleser

eaptivity?" " Will the Earl, think you, dare

He will dare anything. During the two months I have been with your Majesty in this palace I have learnt to know all these Douglases, who, believing me to be one of themselves, do not trouble to conceal their designs from me. He will dare anything, I tell you, Sire."

Listen," said James quickly. "The Earl has not yet taken his measures. What you have just told me has opened my eyes. We must escape from this prison. Let us fly before they deprive prison. Let us fly before they deprive us of the liberty we still enjoy. Let u leave the palace by the gardens, and

then find my mother. Come!"
"It is too late, Sire," answered
Francis. "This daring step ought to have been attempted before your interview with Argue. It is too late now, tell you.' " That does not matter; let us try."

replied James, who in his impationce had already caught up some of the things he most valued. But Francis "Hold, Sire!" he cried. "Listen to that!" And as they listened in-tently the sound of arms and the tramp

of feet were heard. What is it, Owen ?" " Pikes falling on the gallery steps,

Sire.' James quickly laid down his little ollection nto the gallery, which he found full of soldiers.

"What does this mean, sir?" h asked of Sir George Douglas, whom he also found there. "Why all this waralso found there. "Why all this war-like preparation? Do you fear that the citizens of Edinburgh will attack the palace? No, Sire," replied Sir George

"These soldiers are a part of your guard, of which I have the command." My guard !" echoed the King in astonishment.

" My brother," said Sir George "considered, Sire, that the royalty with which you are clothed had need of greater display, and so has just ap-pointed a guard of a hundred men to

be specially attached to your person."
And as he pronounced the word "attached" he intentionally emphasized it.
"That is well, sir," replied the
King with some emotion. "You will
convey our thanks to Lord Angus for he care he has of our dignity Then he quickly re entered the room

and burst into tears.
"We are prisoners, Sire," said Fran cis, leading the King into an inner chamber, for he feared that Sir George might be eavesdrooping behind the tapestry. "Henceforward we shall not tapestry. "Henceforward we shall not be able to take a step without having at our heels some of the solders of your guard," added the young page ironically, emphasizing the word in imitation of Sir George. "Your guard,

which, as Sir George has taken care to inform you, will be specially attached "And now there is no way of shak ing off the yoke laid upon me by Angus," said James in a dejected tone. "It will be very difficult, Sire, but now my work begins. I shall know no

now my work begins. I shall allow arest until the day comes when I can liberate you. Until then, I see, I must the name of Owen consent to retain the name of Owen Douglas, though it weighs heavily upon me to do so. But, Sire, as soon as the hour of freedom has sounded for you, will resume my own name of Franci

And that name, Francis, I will s surround with honors that there will be none more glorious in the kingdom,' said James enthusiastically. "There my page, I trust myself to you—to you, my true, my only friend;" and he held out his hand to Francis, who, kaeeling, kissed it respectfully.

This day the real captivity of the

young monarch began, as also the mis sion entrusted to Francis-the mission of a liberator-in pursuance of which he must needs be exposed to many perils. A King had been confided to his care, and this King needed help to in back the authority of which an am bitious usurper had deprived him. was a noble task, and in the eyes of the young page excused dissimulation. The next day but one after James V. becam the prisoner of one of his own subjects Angus had sent for Owen-that say, Francis—who obeyed the summons, and found Angus and his brother Sir

George Douglas tegether.

"Come here, Owen," said Augus, as the youth, whom he regarded in the light of a distant cousin, entered the room. "Do you know what my brother Sir George has just said?"

"I could not possibly do so, sir for

"I could not possibly do so, sir, for I was with His Majesty in his apart ment, where you cannot hear what is said in this room

"True, Owen," replied Angus, smiling at the answer; "I know you are lad of sense and always have an answe ready, so I will tell you what Sr George said. He thinks you are more devoted to the yourg King James than to your cousin Angus."

do not know how corsin George has been able to divine feelings whi I have never expressed," said Francis. adroitly avoiding compromising himself.

That is not all," went on the Earl.

He goes so far as to believe that you nothing less than liberating the King from his imprisonment.

"Imprisonment! Is the King, then, prisoner, my lord ?" asked Francis in surprise. as bit his lip, feeling he had be

trayed himself, and hastened to add:
"No, no, Owen! that word escaped me because we had feared that His Majesty looked upon the guardianship we exercise over him in that light. But I see, Owen, my brother was mistaken in suspecting you.

"I am ignorant as to how I have dis-pleased Cousin George," said Francis humbly, "and I beg of him to let me know so that I may not again offend him.

im."
"You see, George," whispered Anus in his ear, "he is a child of no consequence, one with whom we may do as we will."
"Hum! hum!" growled Sir George,

"Hum! hum! growth and shook his head doubtingly.

kinsman. Your mother, the niece of Sir Gawain Douglas, was my cousin. For this reason, when you were brought to me utterly destitute, I received you. I wished to give King James V. a companion; therefore I at once placed you with him. To me you owe all, and it would show an unthankful spirit if you were not grateful to ma."

were not grateful to me."

"I shall always cherish for Cousin
Angus the gratitude he has a right to
expect from me," replied Francis,
whose presence of mind readily furnished him with ambignous answers.

"Swear, then, to me, Owen, always to retain for the Douglases the senti to retain for the Douglases the sent ments you have just expressed, and to serve the chief of your family—your master, in fact—in all things."

"Oh yes, my lord," answered Fran-cis quickly. "I swear—yes, with a solemn oath—that I will always observe,

and rever depart from what I at this moment feel towards the Douglas family. I further swear to serve faithfully the chief of my family, and to re-main always and at all peril fai hful to my master. May the curse of Heaven fall upon me should I ever prove faithless to my oath !"

These words were uttered by the boy with such deep and true enthusiasu that Angus, interpreting in his own ense, was delighted.
"Good!" he said. "Owen, I am

quite satisfied with you. Go back to the King now; later on I will give you your private orders."

your private orders."

Francis left the room, pleased at having so well extricated himself from a serious difficulty.

'You see, George,' again said Angus to his brother, "your suspicions were groundless. He is a true Douglas."

'All the same," replied Sir George, who in this newly-resuscitated cousin

who in this newly-resuscitated cousin scented an enemy, "I shall keep my eve upon him.'

However, put on his guard by the interview related above, Francis beaved himself with such prudence and deference that the suspicions even of Sir George were lalled to rest; and without any misgivings Lord Angus made preparations for the sojourn of the King at Melrose during the summe onths; and there James and his escort journeyed in the early days o July, 1526.

CHAPTER XIII. A CAPTIVE KING.

The castle of Melrose stood upon the Tweed, about thirteen mile of Edinburgh, and was both advantageously situated and well forti fied. Since the King had been brought thither, Angus had been busy repairing a portion of the outworks which had fallen into ruins, and would have afforded an easy entrance into the cita iel. He placed sentinels on the ram parts, and both Sir George and Park who commanded the castle is turns, were on the slert in case of attack

All these preparations plainly showed the King that his captivity had become more rigorous, and that, rather than suffer him to escape from his hands, Argus would endure a siege. Angus indeed sought to justify himself for taking these precautions by urging that, as troubles had arisen on the Border, they were necessary to insure the safety of the King. But James no longer gave any credence to the testations of Angus. Indeed, it ce to the pro all too clear to the King that he was little more than a prisoner in the hands of the Douglas faction. If he expressed wish to ride out with his page, they hastened to accede to his request but at once either Sir George or Park head, with a troop of fifty mounted soldiers, followed in attendance; or, again, did he wish to roam freely about he park, no opposition was raised, but at each turn the poor Prince encount ered a sential on guard; nor could he ever take a single walk without meeting one or other member of the Douglas Sometimes it was the eyed George, another time Parkhead, or, again, old Archibald Douglas, the uncle and godfather of Angus. Weary of such surveillance, James left off riding in the glades and shortened his walks in the gardens, confining himself very much to his own apartments. with Francis, which he took care not to do in the presence of his pitiless guardians. Even here, however, they took the precaution of withdrawing into the corner of the room furthest from the door, for they knew that most of the time one or other of the Oovglases was sure to be outside listen

Not even in the practice of his relig ious duties was the young King really free. Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunand was the appointed spiritual adviser of the royal captive, so that every-where, and at each step, and at every hour of the day, a Douglas was before him. It was an intolerable state of things, and James lorged for an oppor tunity of escape from such bondage but no occasion presented itself. I v in had Francis, engrossed with this one thought, watched eagerly for an opportunity. No opportunity ever came. He turned over in his mind seemed feasible. The apartments assigned to the King consisted only of two rooms, which he could not leave without passing through a long corridor half filled with soldiers, who kept guard there day and night. The window looked down upon the Tweed, which bathed the castle walls, but at a height of about a hundred feet from the iver. Sorrowfully Francis relinquished all hopes of escape. A rescue was hardly probable. The King seemed to be friendless, or, at least, his friends had not sufficient courage to venture on the risks which must attend an attemp at rescue. The outlook was surely o the gloomiest.

Must we, Sire," Francis one day said to the King in mournful tones "must we resign ourselves, and for ever, to such a life as this?"

"Speak lower," replied the King, in a fright, for the very thought of a Douglas made him tremble. "Suppose one of our gaolers should be listening?"
"We have nothing to fear on that

core, Sire," replied Francis. "Sir George is hunting in the park; Sir Parkhead has gone to the stables to look at some new horses that have just arrived; old Archibald is cleaning his weapons, which occupation is of such importance in his eyes that he allows no one to do it for him; the Bishop of Dunkeld is at his dinner, and certainly he would not trouble himself to come and listen; and as to Lord Angus, he is in his private room reading so despatches that have just arrived from Edinburgh.'

"No Douglas at our door!" cried James in surprise. "What good for-

"Yes, and very rare; but this is how we have gained a respite. Parkhead was on duty in the ante chamber when the horses arrived. He could not resist the desire to go and look at them, and as there are fifty, he won't be back just "Let us take advantage of our free-

escape?"
"None. I have racked my brains in vain. Oh! if you only knew how to swim we might attempt it," he added, glancing towards the window, which ooked upon the river.
"Yes, but I can't swim," replied

"Yes, but I can't swim," replied James, leaning out of the casement to look at the Tweed, but suddenly withlook at the Tweed, but suddenly which drawing his head, saying, as if seized with vertigo, "Besides, it is too high."
"Ah, Sire," said his page, "what are your friends about? "They have abandoned us. If they could help us from without, we might be able to do something."

"My friends, Francis? I have none but you. You are my one, my only friend."

"And I," rejoined the youth, "am helpless. Oh, if I were only a man! I would then leave the castle, Sire; I would gather a band of brave and re-solute men and attack the place. Then, Sire, you would see that I knew now to save you with the point of my But what men would follow me? sword. what soldiers fight for me?"

"That is true," said the young King
and I am just as destitute of resources as you, my poor friend. Ah, I see am condemned to endure this infamous imprisonment until it pleases God or my friends to release me."

'Alas! may it please God that

day may soon come!' cried Francis
"Why has the Cardinal also abandoned us ?' "Why, Francis, because if poor Beaton had remained in Scotland he would have been hunted like a wild

beast, for Angus would have sho no mercy; therefore he went to France or at least it is supposed he is there and as to my mother, who has lost al power in the kingdom on account of her can she do?-nothing except pity me. "Yes," replied Francis; "but the Cardinal should have done more. Oh I feel if I only had him here in Scot

land to counsel and support me, should be able to set you free, Sire and replace you a free King on your father's throne! Ah! I repeat, Sire, why has the Cardinal abandoned us?" "It is God's will," gravely an swered the King, "and our complaints are useless. Yet life in this castle weighs on me and kills me, though, thanks to you, I have learnt to read better than I did before."

That is to say, Sire, that in order I have had to perfect myself, so that might be qualified to teach. So we owe

must thank the Earl for all he has done Be assured, Francis, when the day comes that I am again free, and master in my own right, Angus shall receive the thanks he deserves. I swear, here n your presence, that as long as will never pardon him, nor any Douglas, and that the day I become a true King all that abominable Douglas brood shall quit Scotland, and shall never Never shall I forget the lessons the have taught me, and my hatred will only die with me. Bear in mind, Francis, what I have now said; and if ever I prove unfaithful to my oath, may my throne be shaken to its foundations and, falling on me, crush me."

This oath, prompted by wounded

pride and indignation, was never for gotten by James, but only too faithfully carried out. "I can well understand, Sire, your

"I can well understand, Sire, your hatred for your odious gaolers," replied young D'Arey; "but let us hope that at least they will accede to the simple request you have made, to have some books to help you pass this time. Lord Angus sent for me three days ago, and said: "Owen the King has asked for some books." I don't think I want r some books. I don't think I ought to refuse him; nevertheless, as I have no time to read them before giving them to him, promise me that, in the event of my sending for them, you will look them through first, in case our enemies should have written anything on their pages.' I promised readily enough, Sire, and he almost told me he would send to Edinburgh for some.

"What precautions, Francis! and you blame my friends. How could they convey their sympathy or their advice to us through the threefold Douglas wall which surrounds us?' Let us hope, Sire, that perhaps

ome day Providence may take pity on us. Heavy steps and the ring of spur-"Silence, Sire!" said Francis.

ing his finger on his lips. ead has returned. Yes, he was really there, for a mo-nent later he asked of Francis per-

ment later he assessmines later he see the King. "What does he want?" inquired mes. "What can he want with me? Is it not enough to meet these Doug-lases at every turn when I go out, without being forced to receive private apartment ?"

I do not know, Sire," replied the page in a low tone; "but I think he is bringing our books, for he has a packet under his arm.' "Well, if that is so," rejoined the

King, 'let him come in; but it is the books we receive, not Sir Parkhead." Francis went out to the visitor, who

" Sire," he said, addressing the King in a respectful tone, which was, however, belied by his appearance, for his boots bore unmistakable traces of his visit to the stables, "here are the books which Angus, who is always de. sirous of giving you pleasure, has desired me to deliver to you."

"Thanks sir," replied the King with dignity. "I am all the more sensible of this attention on the Earl's part, as he usually shows very little me; but I regret that you have totally deprived this attention of its charm by coming to my room through the stables, so that I hardly know if it is Sir Parkhead, a gentleman of the House of Angus, who is here, or one of the earl's grooms.

" Sire," growled Parkhead, " I prefer to execute promptly orders given to me rather than delay them by spending time in putting on silk stockings and satin shoes."

"You are right, Sir Parkhead," answered James with the satire natural to his family. "Doubtless it would have taken you too long to attire your-self in that fashion, for I know you are very little accustomed to it will dispense you from it. But another time when you favor us with your presence we would request you to choose another way than the one you took this time, and which has so im-pregnated you with the smell of horses. Ower, open the window," piteously continued James, "and then we can thank Sir Parkhead! Our sojourn here does not greatly please us. now gives us a pleasure—that of inhaling the fresh air.'

"Sire," said Parkhead, deeply wounded, "I am only a plain soldier, who may, perhaps, not know how to adorn himself, but who knows how to overthrow an enemy."

" And tend a horse, Sir Parkhead." interrupted James, secretly delighted at the discomfiture of Angus's cousin. "Well, sir." he continued, "when we "Well, sir," he continued, "when we have a new horse we will beg you to go and see him at the stables will do, sir; you need not tell us you are at our service on such an occasion
—we know it," added the King, cutting short, Sir Parhkead, who was about to speak. "Be pleased to lay down there the books"—indicating with a gesture a table—"and convey my thanks to your cousin; but I advise you, sir, before you appear before him, to do for the Earl that which you did not do for me-change your shoe

Parkhead, crimson with anger, left the room without replying.
"Sire," said Francis as soon as
Parkhead's steps had died away in the distance, "you have made an irrecon-cilable enemy"

"What would you?" laughed James. "I could not resist telling him of his fault, and it still makes me laugh heartily to think of his confusion.'

"May it please God, Sire," replied Francis gravely, "that the confusion you put him to may not one day cost you dear." " Pshaw!" lightly said the young monarch, " one can't pay too dearly for a pleasure, especially one in my

position. Francis was not wrong in his surmise that the King had drawn upon himself the special entity of Sir Parkhead—a dangerous thing at this crisis. Hardly had Parkhead retired from the King's room than he cried out in a fury:

"Insolent monarch! Pray God you may never be at my mercy, for, by the soul of the House of Douglas, I would make you pay for your outrageous words !"

Meanwhile Francis had unpacked the parcel of books. The choice was good, and it appeared as if the selection had been made by someone endowed with a special intelligence. There was a hisory of Scotland from the time of St. Dunstan, in which the young could become acquainted with the great deeds of his ancestors; a copy of the Rosier des Guerres of Louis again appear in my presence. Theirs of the Rosier des Guerres of Louis is the first name I have learnt to hate. James could learn ment. A splendidly-illuminated Ritual and a Bible formed part of the judi-cious selection, and furnished food for the soul as well as for the mind. Evidently it was not Angus who had chosen them, for he certainly would never have put into his prisoner's hands such a book as the "Rosier des Guerres." James was looking at the illuminations in the Ritual, and Francis was engaged with the "History of Scotland," when all at once Francis. cried out :

" Well, this is odd !"

" What ?" asked James. " Two leaves so stuck together that cannot separate them," answered the age. "It looks too, as if it had been page. "It looks too, added to purposely."
"You think so? And why?"
"You think so? I must posi

" I cannot tell, but I must positively eparate them."

He ran for some water, damped the margin of the leaves, and, after waiting a little time, tried them again, and

found he could now open them.
"What do I see?" he cried.
"What sit?" asked the King, his curiosity aroused.
"Hush!" said Francis, pointing to the door. The poor boy could hardly contain himself for joy. He went to

side for a moment, and then quickly re-turned, saying: "No one is there, but, all the same, let us move farther

the door, lifted the tapestry, went out-

But what is it ?" asked James inpatiently.
"A paper!" whispered Francis in

the King's ear.
"A paper!" repeated James, much surprised. "And from whom?" That is what we are going to find out," said Francis, who opened the book anew, took out the paper, and read as follows, but in such a low voice, and with so many precautions, that the King could hardly hear him: "The King of Scotland has faithful and devoted subjects, who wish to resand devoted subjects, who wish to rescue him from his captivity. If he believes that he can place confidence in his page, let him send him as soon as possible to the mountains which separate

the Lothians from Roxburgh, to a place called the Black Gorge, and

God will confound th Scotland and James to "What does it n "That at last your are holding up their sire; I will start

Black Gorge, even if castle I have to thro vindow into the Twe "But suppose it is by Angus?" said the "I never thought Francis gravely.
that matter, Sir? I
will only endanger a
and out that I am de will punish me—per for fear that it may nce the chance liberty? Oh, no, will invent some leave of absence for please God, I shall

news for you, sire."

That very evening speak with Angus, a go to Edinburgh fo said he was weary o Angus, who saw trust him, and, who, messenger to carri acceded to the you and bade him be re following morning Francis Harry with him, w Moses, always att the Court.

TO BE CO THE DE Dr. Ogden Moor fficial chair and le rest critically upo

he clinical hou

day sweltering ho ctims for the m sistent sultriness a potent therapeutic ess in their dres ike streets to the where they had th His eye picked of chronics "—a lit officer of the Fr woman of not mo who gave her nam and who was reco suspicious case of little shop-girls, w cheerful faces; a and gold seeker and gold seeker tion; a poor but student with a ple derful eyes. The tor corrugated.

Personally, he elegant, a product aristocratic head might a crystal g thought flas crawled back, t and put in action remain." His vo whir of the fan

called a dozen na

ents trooped out. said " because ! and I wish to a my guests to mo There was an a "I should like to-morrow morni pier at the foot ments, and if an morrow is Sunda

There was a Frenchman, M. word with a bow will give me gr the invitation." Good," "How about the The astonish that time recov mous acceptanc That's first "I'll look for y ing. Mind you

The Japanese Harbor were b moon. In the still water the and guitar, mus voices, mellow space, from the Miss Gladys elbows on the long and tho moon whose

with danger. That is Moore, who shoulder. "Why?" around at him keeping with man can have be the cause saucily; "bu specialty was Then I been wasted.

Look at the quick — before She shivere cashmere sca and shoulders

replied : "th