cated at the Military Academy at West Point, and was said to be a splendid officer. He turned against the Government the advantages of the education he had received at its expense. He was carried away by the idea that the right of the State was paramount to the right of the Nation, and this is the end of States rights for him—killed in battle at Pea Ridge.

"But if the battlefield was horrible, the scene at Elkhorn was worse. Dead and wounded men were lying all about, the house was filled with wounded, and every few minutes a corpse was brought out to make room for a man whom the Surgeons hoped to save. Blood was everywhere, and the sight was a sickening one. All the medical men were busy as they could be, and with the hardest work they were not able to give much attention to each individual case.

"The next morning the General sent me to Elkhorn with a message to one of the Surgeons. Outside of the building was a row of corpses of officers and men mingled indiscriminately, most of them having died during the night from the effect of their wounds or after amputation of limbs. Several legs and arms that had been cut off were lying on the ground, some of the legs having the stocking and perhaps a portion of the pantaloons still in place.

"The attendants were busy removing the corpses and carrying them to a place of burial. Each was covered with a blanket, and officers and men were moving among them, raising the blanket coverings one after the other, in order to find some missing individual. 'That's Capt. ——,' said one of the officers, as he turned down a blanket and revealed a face and the double-barred shoulder-straps that indicated the rank of the wearer. 'That's private ——, of Co. B,' or 'that's Serg't ——, of —— regiment,' were the remarks of the attendants as they went steadily on with their work. Here sat a soldier who was crying bitterly, as he had just discovered the body of his brother among the dead. The Surgeons and their aids gave him no attention; in fact, they were quite regardless of anything except the wounded whom they were trying to save.

"Details were sent out to look carefully over the ground where the battle was fought, in order to bring in the wounded and bury the dead. The work of humanity was rapidly performed, and before night all the dead had been laid to their rest, and all the wounded, except a few who were not discovered until afterwards, were relieved as far as possible. The dead, where they lay thickly, were buried in trenches containing 10 and in some cases 12 or 15 corpses, but in most cases they were buried singly or by two's and three's. Most of those who fell at Pea Ridge found their graves where they lay, and there they will sleep undisturbed through all the rest of this war that is convulsing the country and threatening the existence of a Nation which was founded as the home of universal liberty.

"From the hospital I carried a message to Col. Bussey, of the 3d Iowa Cav., who had returned from pursuing the rebels as far as Bentonville, and was just then in that part of the field where his regiment made a charge upon the combined white and Indian troops of Gen. Pike, and was repulsed with the loss of several men. It afterward, as I have said elsewhere, rallied and defeated the rebels, recapturing three guns of a battery which had been temporarily lost.

"The rebels may deny as much as they please that the Indians scalped their fallen foes, but here was the evidence that they did it. Eight men of Gen. Bussey's cavalry were killed in the charge, and the Indians occupied the ground immediately and took off the scalps of those eight men and otherwise mutilated their bodies. Some of the bodies indicated that the men were only wounded and not dead when the Indians came into possession of them by the repulse of the cavalry, but the scoundrels quickly dispatched them with the tomahawk. Marks of the tomahawk, or some weapon like it, were plainly visible on several bodies, and the Surgeons who examined the gunshot wounds on some of the bodies declared that they were not sufficient to cause death.

"Col. Bussey and several of his officers and men have made oath to the evidences of the use of the tomahawk and scalping-knife by the Indian allies of the rebels, and the documents will be placed on record. It is probable that more than this number were scalped, as several bodies were buried before an investigation was thought of, but about these eight there can be no mistake. We hope the rebels are proud of these murderous savages, who may yet turn upon them in their frenzy when least expected to do so. A few of the Indians were captured, and if our men had not been restrained by their officers they would have hanged or shot the rascals. Gen. Curtis has allowed all the rebel Surgeons to come and go freely under parole, with the exception of the Surgeon of an Indian regiment; him the General is keeping a close prisoner, and will send under guard to St. Louis."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MORE ABOUT THE INDIANS—JACK FINDS A FRIEND.

Before we go on with our narrative let us dispose of the Indians who figured at Pea Ridge.

It has already been seen how they were brought into the war by Albert Pike and the Southern agents who were among them. At the very outset they refused to march out of the Indian Territory unless they were paid all the money due them; the payment caused a delay of several days, and then other difficulties arose, that disgusted many of the men who had expected so much of them. Beyond repulsing the charge of the 3d Iowa Cav. and aiding the white troops in capturing the battery mentioned heretofore, they did nothing beyond killing the wounded, scalping the dead, and committing other barbarities. The 3d Iowa Cav. had 37 men killed and eight wounded at Pea Ridge. The great excess of killed over wounded tells the story of the conduct of the Indians, even if no other proof were at hand.

The rebel officers were thoroughly convinced by the conduct of the Indians at Pea Ridge that they could never be of any use in regular operations in the field. It was evident that Redmen did not like civilized forms of warfare, but preferred the style of hostilities for which they have been famous since the first encounter between whites and Indians three centuries ago. They were quite regardless of discipline, and their officers could not keep them in anything like order. After the capture of the guns and the repulse of the Iowa cavalry, they broke loose from all restraint, and during their performances at murder and scalping they fell to quarreling over the booty they had secured. The return of the cavalry broke them up completely, and Gen. Pike was unable to get them together, even though he swore himself hoarse and his officers did likewise.

Hundreds of them straggled from the field and made the best of their way homewards, without waiting to report to anybody. Those that remained were a disorganized mob, and during the retreat of the army over Boston Mountains the straggling continued, so that not more than half the number of Indians that had marched from Van Buren got back again to the same place.

One of them told an officer afterwards that they didn't like the Yankee fighting at all. "We tried a war-whoop," said he, "but your big guns and your little guns made such a noise that nobody could hear us; then the tops of the trees kept falling all around us, and that we didn't like, and we didn't like to have the great shot and shell out of the cannon come plowing right along where we were. We got behind the trees, where we thought we were safe from the shooting, but the big cannon-balls went right through the trees and wouldn't stop."

The Indians that remained together after Pea Ridge were sent back to the Indian Territory, where they were ordered to defend the country against invasion. Van Dorn's army was ordered to join the forces then at Corinth, Miss., expecting to meet the armies of Grant and Buell, that were moving in the direction of Corinth. Van Dorn declared emphatically that he wanted no more Indians under his command, and declined to take them along. His orders to transfer his army east of the Mississippi reached him on the night of the 7th of March, and some of his officers say that they were the cause of his giving up the battle and ordering a retirement at the time he did.

But this is an excuse rather than a reason. Probably he was confident of winning the battle down to within an hour of the time when the Union troops were in possession of Elkhorn Tavern and his batteries had been driven from the hill, which they had hoped would command the field, as it was certainly the key of the position. The fact was he brought his whole force to bear in the battle of the 7th, and had concentrated it almost wholly on Carr's Division. Carr's Division suffered fearfully and was barely able to hold out through the day, as we have seen. But it did hold out, and so on the evening of the 7th the sun went down on the entire rebel army more or less used up by having been all day in battle, while fully a third of the Union forces had scarcely fired a shot.

The concentration of the Union army during the night brought these fresh troops to bear against the wearied Confederates, and thus gave an advantage to the National cause. There is no doubt that the rebel ammunition was exhausted at the time of the retirement; several of the rebel batteries had not a single shot remaining, all having been expended in the prolonged contest. Ammunition for the small-arms had also run short, and with the scarcity of ammunition the troops lost courage and showed a disposition to break and flee from the field. On the other hand, the Union troops were still firing rapidly with their cannon and delivering steady volleys with their small-arms when Van Dorn gave the order to retire. The fact was, the Union ammunition had already shown signs of giving out, and probably another two hours of fighting would have exhausted it completely. But the old adage says a miss is as good as a mile, and the army that has just a single round of cartridges left when its enemy's supply is entirely gone, practically holds the key of the situation as well as if it had a shipload of powder with bullets in proportion.

Gen. Curtis's entire loss was 1,351, of whom 701—more than half—were of Gen. Carr's Division. The rebel losses were never given, but they can hardly have been less, and were probably more. On the Union side no general officers were killed and only one officer above the rank of Captain, that one being Col. Hendricks, of the 22d Ind. Several field officers were wounded, and one, Lieut.-Col. Herron, of the 9th Iowa, was captured after being wounded.

On the rebel side Gens. McCulloch and McIntosh were killed, Gens. Price and Slack wounded (the latter mortally), and several Colonels and Majors killed or wounded. One of their commanders ascribed the losses among their officers to the cowardice of the men, which compelled the officers to expose themselves. Rebel officers who survived the battle say their best fighting was done by the Missouri troops; the Indians, as already set forth, were of little use, and some of the Arkansas regiments were not much better than the Redskins. One Arkansas regiment (Col. Rector's) disbanded during the retreat and went home, the men piling their arms in a ravine, where they were found a few days later by an expedition sent out by Gen. Curtis in consequence of information brought in by a countryman.

The rebels disappeared so suddenly from the battlefield that the Union commanders could not make out where they had gone. Gen. Sigel went after them in one direction and Col. Bussey in another, but could not overtake them, and the pursuit was soon given up. It seems they turned off through several hollows and ravines, taking obscure roads, and finally reuniting in the neighborhood of Bentonville, where they camped for the night. A good many of them continued along the road without halting, determined to get a safe distance between themselves and the terrible Yankees. The officers had, previous to the battle, spread the most startling stories about Northern atrocities to prisoners, with the object of nerving the men up to a high pitch of courage.

On this subject let us listen to Jack, whom we left in the hands of the enemy, and who was carried away by them in their retreat.

"The night after they captured the Colonel, and took me along with him," said Jack, "we had a hard old time of it. We had very little to eat, and nothing but our clothes to sleep in. We were no worse off than the officers and men around us, as there were a good many of them that hadn't any blankets, and nearly all were ragged and fearfully out at the elbows. Each man had for his rations a piece of cornbread as dry as a stone and nearly as hard, and some of them had nothing more than an ear or two of corn, that they chewed on as though they were horses. One of the doctors dressed Col. Herron's wounded leg. He couldn't stand on it, and when he wanted to move around I helped him on one side and one of the hospital attendants on the other. They put him in an ambulance along with one of their own wounded officers, and started us off on the road to Bentonville, and there we staid through the night. Probably they would have sent us further if they'd known how the next day's battle was coming out.

"They were going to send me off with the soldiers, but Col. Herron asked to be permitted to keep me as a personal attendant. He offered to give his parole and become responsible that I would not escape, the same as he had done when we were first captured, and this they accepted after a little palaver. At one time I thought they wouldn't do it, and began to think I'd have to trudge along the road with the soldiers. And I think I owe my good fortune to an old friend; at least I'll call him so, as he acted like a friend, though he had no reason to remember me kindly.

"You remember the Captain we helped to capture near Rolla when we went on our scouting expedition on foot?"

"Certainly," replied Harry; "I remember him well."

"He was the man that befriended me," said Jack, "and he did it just at the right time, too. He was one of the officers that was debating whether to do as the Colonel wanted, and let me go with him, and while they were talking a little way off from us he kept eyeing me all over. After a while he came up to me and said:

"'Are you one of the boys that was out one day on the road from Rolla to Pilot Knob, and found out where a Captain had a recruiting camp?'

"I turned all sorts of colors, I know, and while I was trying to stammer out something to convince him I wasn't the boy he was looking for he nodded his head in a satisfied sort of way.

"I thought my case was done for and he'd have me shot sure, but he only laughed and said I was made of good stuff and had 'got the sand,' whatever that was. Then he went back and talked with the others, and after a few minutes he came to me and said he would be responsible for me.

"My heart went down in my boots at this, but he didn't let it stay there long. 'You're all right,' said he, 'and you may go with your Colonel. But, first, you must give me your solemn word of honor that you won't try to escape as long as you are allowed to be with him.'

"I gave my word of honor and signed a parole which he wrote out, and then he said he thought he could trust me. 'You caught me once,' said he, 'but you weren't under any parole, and I had no business to talk with you as I did. You boys did a smart thing, and just the kind of thing I believe in, and as long as you're in my hands I'll look out for you. And I'll look out for you, too,' he added, dropping his voice, 'if you try any Yankee tricks on me now that you under parole.'

"I repeated my promise, and felt relieved at the way he acted toward me. Then he hurried a man off and got something for us to eat. It wasn't much, only a slice of cornbread and a piece of bacon for me, and a tin cupful of tea and some more bacon and bread for the Colonel. He told me to stay by the ambulance, where the Colonel was, and said I could ride with the driver, except when they were going up hill, where I must get off and walk."

[To be continued.]

A Careful Thief.

Honor among thieves received a new illustration a day or two ago. One of them, who was arrested after breaking into a house in the Second Ward, admitted to the officer who arrested him that he had committed the deed, and added: "After I came away I remembered that I had left the back door and gate open, and I had a good notion to go back and close them for fear somebody would get in. It worried me a good deal!"

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

UNCLE JOHN.

A Little Chat with His Nephews on Some Every-Day Matters.

Boys, I notice that most if not all of you, in speaking of the great State of which St. Louis is the principal city, and of the river which is one of the longest on the globe, pronounce the name "Mizzoora." I am afraid that your teachers are responsible for this. Certainly they do not correct you as they should. That pronunciation is regarded by most people as that of the ignorant whites who, before the war, formed a large portion of the population of Missouri, and were generally supposed to be most numerous in Pike County, and are called throughout the West, Pikes. The proper pronunciation is with both s's soft. You will find this pronunciation given in Lippincott's Gazatteer. The first part of the word comes from a generic Indian term variously spelled *miche*, *mishe* and *miche*, meaning big or great. Hence we have Mississippi, from *miche* and *sepe*, big or great water; Michigan, from *miche*, big or great, and *sawgyegan*, lake; *Mishe-makwa*, great bear, and *Mishe-nahma*, great sturgeon. There is a host of other words of the same sort; as Michilmackinac, Missisquoi, Mississinawa, Michipicoten. In all of these names you will see the first syllable has the soft, sibilant sound. Now, mind and be careful about your pronunciation.

All of you who have been fishing in the Northern lakes and rivers during the past Summer have had much to say about that best of all fish found there—the muskallonge. Did you ever try to spell it? If so, you will be much confused by the disagreements of the recognized authorities. For example, the American Encylopedia, in describing this variety of the pike, spells it muscallonge or maskinonge, and also admits a spelling of masquallonge, deriving it from the French words *masque*—face, and *allonge*—elongated, which it says was the descriptive epithet applied to it by the French Canadians on account of its long jaws. Webster spells it muskallonge or muskelunjeh, with a preference for the former. Worcester gives only one spelling—maskinonge. There is a County spelled in this way in Quebec. Other authorities use a, o, u, c, k and q, according to taste, in writing the word. My personal preference is for the simplest spelling that will keep the pronunciation and derivation in view, which would be muskallonge.

One can get a great deal of information from common things by cultivating the habit of observation. For example, the other day while coming past where a new building was being erected, I noticed a man who was mixing mortar throw a lot of brick into the bed. I could not understand what he meant by it, and so inquired. "Why," said he, "I got too much water in the mortar and I am putting the brick in to take it out. These fresh-burnt bricks, you see, are like sponges, and absorb a great deal of water." I watched him while he prepared the mortar, and found that what he said was true. Of course his reason appears good upon a moment's thought, but I am sure that all of you would have worried over the mortar, and not one have thought to reduce the quantity of water in this way.

NATIONAL VALHALLA.

Some Practical Suggestions in Regard to Preserving the Memory of Our Illustrious Dead.

BY B. PRINCESS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Undoubtedly in the near future a monument will be erected in this city to the much-lamented Gen. Logan. Strange to say, on all such occasions the question which gives the most concern is not so much the collection of funds, as the one, "In what shall this tribute to the memory of the great departed consist?" The principal cause of such an anomaly is, that we are getting tired of ornamenting our squares and public parks with equestrian statues in bronze. Time has sufficiently shown that marble, particularly fine statuary marble, does not resist any considerable length of time to the influence of this climate. Iconic statues, which naturally have to be highly finished to show all the delicate lines of each individual face, are easily ruined or destroyed in the open air. To remedy all this there is only one thing to be done, and that is to erect a building for the purpose of receiving and sheltering those statues which need protection from our severe weather.

The Capitol was certainly not intended as a glypothek, and I do not see why the Old Hall of Representatives (now Statuary Hall) should also be used like our Congressional Library, simply as a stow-away place for the intellectual productions of our country's genius. Our great men of the past, whose graves lie scattered all over the world, have by their achievements contributed largely to the fame and glory we can can boast to have acquired in only a century of National life. If our law-makers do not care, or have no power to gather their ashes, they ought at least do something, that their memory may not be forgotten. It is well known what a powerful impulse it is in other countries to create in the dormant genius of youth those noble aspirations, to be one day, if not worthy of a memorial in such a temple of fame, at least talented enough to contribute with chisel, brush or pen, to the apotheosy of their land.

The site where this temple dedicated to the "Triumphs of Genius" should be erected here at the Capital, could not be better chosen than in that beautiful and elevated spot selected by Gen. Logan for his home, where he expected to pass the rest of his busy life, and where, to the great sorrow of all his friends and admirers, he was called so unexpectedly to eternal rest.

This very spot, hallowed by these memories, ought to be chosen as the site for his memorial monument, to be sheltered by the roof of this National Valhalla, where a cycle of statues, mausolei, sarcophagi, busts, relievos, etc., would soon be formed and become a worthy rival of Westminster Abbey, of Santa Croce, of Florence, of the Pantheon of Paris, and of the Valhallas of Ratisbon and Munich, and of all the "Halls of Victory" of Germany.

I do not intend to enter into details as to what the plan or arrangement of this building should be. My purpose here is only to appeal to you, Mr. Editor, who has done so much already to perpetuate the glorious deeds of our soldiers, and to request you to publish my suggestions. Although we shall not have the mortal remains of Gen. Logan here in our midst, we will at least have a monument worthy to perpetuate his memory, and there is certainly no better location than the immediate neighborhood of the Garfield Hospital. Mrs. Logan will perhaps not be willing to dispose of her homestead; but still, as it would be transformed into a temple in memory of her illustrious husband, she may not consider it so very great a sacrifice.

Your good will to head this enterprise would be a powerful lever toward success. THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE reaches the fireside of most every soldier of the land, and if you undertake it you will do far better than the New York *World*, whose cherished pride and ambition will ever be to have erected the pedestal to the statue of Liberty. You will build, through the voice of your valuable paper, the mausoleum to Gen. Logan, and erect over it on Calumet Place this National Valhalla, not only in honor of our military leader, but for all those who will be deemed worthy to have a place in its halls.

Many of the most sumptuous temples have been built by the contributions, the mites of the poor, and even the needy. The generous and enthusiastic spirit of the soldier will answer your call, and the shouts on their new road to a more glorious victory may wake up from their lethargy our over-economic legislators and the greedy rich.

I submit, therefore, my proposition through the columns of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE to the good will of the United States volunteer soldier.

The Meaning of the Victory.

[*Comrade Warner Miller's speech in Boston.*]

It means that the money will be used to pay those pensions of which Gen. Alger spoke. It means that we shall have a man in the chair at the White House whose heart beats and throbs in sympathy for every soldier and widow and orphan. It means that the American people, who have grown to be the richest Nation in the world since the war closed, will pay its just debts to the soldiers of that war [loud cheers and cries of "Good!"] before it consents to any reduction of the revenue.

Write to J. P. Van Nest, Wooster, Ohio, for a circular of his Burlesque Rituals. Just the thing for G.A.R. Posts and S. of V. Camps.

THE BOY DUKE.

(Continued from 1st page.)

of his age, and give his attention to affairs more suited to an older head and a spirit not so mirthful.

It may be imagined that he took much comfort in the companionship of his Esquire, who, notwithstanding the few years' difference in their ages, was almost as much a boy as himself.

CHAPTER II.

THE CASTLE OF CENTOVILLE.

Though Osmond, the young heir of Centoville, had thanked the Flemish strangers in such a courteous manner for the service they had rendered his boy Lord, and though the youthful Duke himself appeared sincerely grateful, yet his Norman huntsmen, who had come up with Osmond, were evidently far enough from pleased to see that he owed his preservation from the serious peril in which he had been placed to men who wore the garb and spoke the language of a fiercely-hated race.

It was noticeable, also, that Master Herman, since the burgher called himself by that name, seemed to regard the Boy Duke with not a little trepidation. There was an expression of anxiety upon his countenance which almost amounted to dread; and Osmond, who, in spite of his somewhat careless bearing, had a habit of close observation and a rather old head on his young shoulders, took note of the burgher's uneasy manner, and decided that the business which brought him to Normandy must be indeed of the greatest importance to him.

There was every reason why a Fleming should expect but little kindness from a Norman, and least of any from the son of the murdered William Longsword; and though this particular Fleming had established a claim to his gratitude, Osmond perceived that he was doubtful as to whether such a claim would have weight enough to win him the favor that he came to seek, whatever it might be.

The Boy Duke, however, appeared to be thinking chiefly of his contribution to the approaching banquet, and did not notice what an anxious gaze the burgher bent upon him.

"I am afraid I cannot claim the boar as my game; but surely," said he, with boyish eagerness, "I can say that I had a hand in killing him."

"Since he came so near killing you, my Lord," said Osmond, seriously, "it is a pity if you may not share the credit of his capture; and, indeed," he added, stooping to examine the slaughtered animal, "I think you might fairly claim him as your own—for here is your spearhead sticking in his side."

"It did not take him as I meant it should," said Richard, discontentedly. "I did not aim low enough; I ought to have made allowance for being on the ground, instead of Gascon's back. I would not have shared my honors with any one, if I had only had my good hunter here to help me."

OFF FOR THE CASTLE.

The huntsmen had brought up his horse, and he leaped into the saddle as he spoke.

"But come," he added, "let us be moving, or it will be midnight before the boar is roasted."

It was, in fact, so late that the shadows were already growing dark in the forest; and though, as Osmond informed the Flemings, it was no great distance to the Castle of Centoville, yet the supper-hour would be near at hand by the time they arrived there.

Under Osmond's direction the boar was taken up and thrown across the back of a horse, and the whole company started for the castle, the young Duke taking the lead, with his Esquire and the Flemish burgher, while the rest of the party followed, a few paces behind.

They rode between the trees for a mile or two, when the woodland path began to widen, and they presently emerged from the forest at the brow of a gently-sloping hill. Below, a small stream wound sparkling through the midst of a pleasant, cultivated valley, where the peasants were harvesting great loads of apples and fields of golden grain, with here and there a cluster of laborers' huts or the stone-walled inclosure of a cow-herd or swine-herd, to indicate the abode of peace and pastoral industry; so fair and prosperous was the Norman country, after the rule of Rollo and William Longsword.

On the other side of the valley, crowning the highest eminence of a steep and lofty hill, stood the Castle of Centoville. Its Norman towers and massive walls looked down upon the valley with a stern but yet protecting aspect, much as the grim old Dane, its founder, the grandfather of Osmond, may have looked upon the common people toiling in the shadow of his towers. But the castle at this moment was brightened into something like a warrior's cheerfulness; for the setting sun threw a mellow light upon its leaden roof, and lighted up the gay folds of the lordly banner which floated above its topmost battlements—the banner of the Duke.

Some little distance to the north could be seen the town of Bayeux, which even then was a populous place, its houses being thickly clustered around another castle—that of Bothon, the Count of Bayeux—not quite so lofty and imposing as the stronghold of Centoville.

Osmond said to the Fleming, with an accent of pride:

"Yonder is my father's castle, Master Herman. Its gates are open and its cheer is free to all friends of our Lord the Duke."

"It is a noble structure, and looks well fitted not only to entertain the friends of your Lord, but also to defy his foes, if need be," said the burgher; "though I trust he has not many of the latter."

"As to that," Osmond answered, proudly, "we could guard him from his foes if he dwelt in a house of straw instead of yonder castle. If there were no stone walls for his defense, there would be still a bulwark of Norman hearts around him. He has foes enough, I fear, but they are all outside of Normandy."

Master Herman gazed in a thoughtful way at the fine form and pleasant face of the Boy Duke, who was riding a little in advance, and remarked:

"He bears himself like a noble young Lord, well worthy to be the ruler of a noble people. I doubt not his Normans love him well."

"They do, indeed," said Osmond. "He is a true son of William Longsword, whose memory we cherish. I remember well how kind and gentle Duke William was to every one around him; how fair and just with rich and poor alike; and Richard is the same. Moreover, I think he will prove to us, when the time comes to show it, that he inherits the warlike spirit of his grandsire, the brave old Sea-King, Rollo. Sir Rolfe, my father, says there is a great future for the Norman people if Richard lives to manhood."

"God grant," said the burgher, in a tone of sincerity, "that no misfortune may cut short a life so promising."

Osmond rejoined, impetuously:

"At least, if there is power enough among his people to protect him, he shall not die as his noble father died! We will never give another false-hearted Fleming the chance to do another such a deed!"

The burgher's face turned pale, and he dropped his eyes, not venturing to make a reply; but the young Duke, who had checked his horse a little and turned his head as if to address some remark to those behind him, heard his Esquire's vehement speech and saw its effect upon the Fleming, and he said, reprovingly:

ILL-SPOKEN WORDS TO A GUEST.

"Osmond, those are ill-spoken words to a stranger and a guest who has rendered me so great a service. I am sorry that he should think we Normans have so little courtesy."

"Nay, my Lord, I meant no offense to him," said Osmond, turning to the burgher, as he added, in apology: "I did not bear in mind that you were Flemish, Master Herman, or I would not have spoken so."

The burgher answered, sighing:

"It is not for me to blame you, Sieur de Centoville, even though the speech had been intended as a taunt. I hope you do not believe that every Fleming is traitorous and false-hearted, because our Count has gained so bad a name; yet I know too well we must expect all Normans to regard us with distrust and hatred for Arnulf's evil deed."

This was indeed so much to be expected that Osmond secretly wondered how the burgher and his companions in their Flemish attire had managed to make their way unmolested among a people who looked on them as bitter enemies. In fact, their journey had been thus accomplished only by the care which they had taken to conceal themselves as much as possible from the sight of Norman eyes.

In reply to Master Herman's words, the Squire said, earnestly:

"My loyalty to Richard, and the gratitude I feel for the timely help you gave him, will not allow me to regard you, Master Herman, as a traitor or foe, whatever I may think of other Flemings."

Richard himself said nothing further, for this reference to the cruel tragedy of his father's death had reawakened in his mind the sorrow which was still deep enough to sadden his young heart, though it was four years since the murderous deed of Count Arnulf had made him an orphan. With a drooping head and a slack hold upon his bridle-rein he rode on slowly and in silence across the valley and up the winding path which led to the castle gate.

Osmond also grew sad and silent, in sympathy with the grief of his idolized young Lord; and more than once he saw the Flemish burgher lifting his bent head to cast a glance at Richard, and put up his hand and touch his eyes as if to brush away a tear.

But Osmond of Centoville was too light of heart to be long under the influence of such feelings. He soon roused himself, and seemed to shake off his sorrowful reflections. Putting his bugle-horn to his lips, he sounded a clear, musical trill, something like a bar of "Bonnie Dundee," which he repeated several times as they rode up the hill.

Every Lord in those days had his own peculiar note of warning by which his coming was made known as he drew near the castle or the camp, and this was Richard's note.

In response to the well-known summons half a score of grooms and pages came forth to meet the young Duke as he rode in beneath the arched stone gateway; for, as it was a time of peace, the gates were standing open, though the warders were ever on the watch, ready to close them in a moment's notice in case of an enemy's approach.

A JOYOUS CLAMOR FILLED THE COURTYARD.

A joyous clamor and confusion filled the courtyard of the castle when Richard and his train appeared with the trophies of the hunt. The din of shouts and laughter, the clashing of the horses' hoofs, and the merry music of the hunting-horns, made noise enough to drown the usual tones of conversation; and the Flemish burgher therefore could not feel slighted because no one spoke to him until the bustle of arrival had subsided. He watched the scene with an interest which was deepened by his painful eagerness to note some circumstance, however trifling, that might encourage him to hope for the success of his mission to Centoville.

A bright, spirited-looking boy, about 10 years old, with brown hair falling to his shoulders, and dressed in a scarlet tunic enriched with silk embroidery, came bounding to the young Duke's side, and held the stirrup while he dismounted from his saddle. Richard smiled upon him, and spoke to him so kindly that the anxious burgher murmured to himself:

"He has a gentle heart, this boy Duke, if only his guardians and advisers have not taught him to be harsh and pitiless to those whom he deems his enemies."

Osmond of Centoville called out to the boy in the good-natured, bantering tone of an elder brother:

"Alberic, my lad, don't you wish you were a hunter? Look here, and see the great boar that we have brought home for supper."

"Oh, what a big fellow!" cried the little boy, with wide eyes of awe and admiration. "Who killed him, Osmond?"

"My Lord," said Osmond, laughing.

"What—all alone, my Lord?"

"No, indeed; I wish I had," laughed Richard. "But I had my share in the butchering, and I will eat my share of him when he is roasted, I promise you."

"Did Osmond help to kill him?" queried Alberic, who, it will be observed, possessed a talent for asking inconvenient questions almost equal to that of the modern small boy.

Osmond looked rather uneasy, and Richard answered briefly:

"No, Osmond was not quite quick enough." And evading any further inquiries, he continued: "I see it is almost supper-time. Say, Alberic, has the Count arrived?"

"Not yet, my Lord."

"Oh, then we shall have time enough to make ready before he comes; and so much the better, for nobody wants to talk with Count Bernard when he is hungry!" said Richard, with the gaity of youth.

The cloud which but so lately had rested on his face had passed away, and he seemed no longer a sorrowing orphan or the grave young ruler of a noble realm, but simply a hearty boy in a hurry for supper-time.

But his laughing words appeared to strike the Flemish burgher most unpleasantly. He looked at Osmond, and as the Squire approached him with a courteous air of attention, he inquired:

"Is it the Count of Rouen who is expected, Sieur de Centoville?"

BERNARD THE DANE.

"Yes; he started in my father's company, but he was detained for a few hours on the way," the Squire made answer. "Doubtless he will be here before nightfall."

"Alas!" exclaimed the burgher, with a movement of despair. "Bernard the Dane will have no mercy on a Fleming!"

"Oh, have no fear, Master Herman," said Osmond, in reassuring accents. "You will not be likely to receive any hostile treatment at the hands of Count Bernard, or any one else, while you are under Richard's protection."

"It is not for myself that I am afraid," said Master Herman. "I am here to plead the cause of another, as innocent as he is unfortunate; but he is Flemish, and Bernard will hate him for that."

"I thought you intended making your plea to the Duke," said Osmond, somewhat curtly. "It is true that Bernard has no love for anything Flemish—but Bernard is not Duke of Normandy."

"They think he is in Flanders," was the reply that rose to Master Herman's lips; but he kept it back, for he perceived that Osmond was inclined to resent the implied suspicion that his young Lord might not wield the full measure of a Duke's authority.

Bernard de Harcourt, Count of Rouen—"Bernard the Dane," as he was called, being one of those who came to Normandy with Harold, King of Denmark—had been the trusted friend of William Longsword for many years, and after William's death had been appointed guardian of his son. He had ruled the Normans in their young Duke's name—and ruled them well and wisely—until Richard came of age, according to the custom in such cases, at 14.

To an outsider, knowing Count Bernard's warlike spirit, his ability as a ruler, and the iron force and hardness of his character, it was natural enough to fancy that he still kept the Boy Duke under his control, and still directed the affairs of Normandy with a sway as undisputed as when Richard was a minor; but if this was the burgher's idea, he was destined shortly to discover his mistake.

Instead of the remark which had first occurred to him, he said, in answer to Osmond's utterance:

"Doubtless, however, Count Bernard has great influence with the Duke."

Osmond rejoined:

"He is a sage adviser, and the Duke depends upon his counsel, as he well might if he were many years older, for so his father did; but you will not remain here very long, Master Herman, without learning that Richard has a mind and a will of his own."

[To be continued.]

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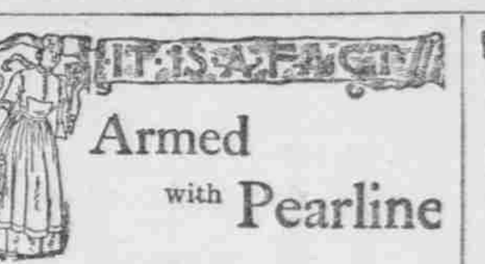

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