Over the Border

By ... ROBERT BARR.

Author of "Jennie Baxter, Journalist," Etc.

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"You are lying to me," she gasped.

"Far from it, my little lady. How could I imagine you did not know? You are surely the only person in London who is ignorant of it. Why is everything so quiet near Whitehall, where the generous citizens have been so solicitous about us of late? Merely because the center of interest has changed to the other end of the town, and a rare show was put on the stage for all good people to see, free of cost to themselves, unless they have the brains to know of what they are bereft by Strafford's death, which is most unlikely."

As he spoke he had been edging toward her, catlike, but she paid no heed to him. Then with a spring he caught her wrists, but she did not move or make any effort to free herself. She looked dully at him, as if wondering why he acted so.

"You will be pleased to withdraw yourself, sir, and let me go. My heart is broken."

She spoke with forced calmness, but there was a tremor in her tone that cast doubt on her former assertion regarding the tears.

"Your heart is not broken, and if it was I'd mend it for you. Absurd! Why, you knew the man for scarce a day, and that time is full short for the growth of any large affection."

"I shall never love any as I have loved him."

"Tush! How little you know of yourself. You are a very goddess of love, and I will"—

He released one wrist and endeavored to slip his disengaged arm about her waist. This seemed to rouse the girl from her stupor, for she suddenly thrust him back and, taking him unaware, sent him sprawling; then she sprang for the door. But he was as nimble as she, for, quickly recovering himself, he held her tight before she could turn the key.

"Sir, you forget who I am. Release me at once and molest me no further."

"Divinest of the fair, I swear to you"—

She whisked herself free of him, and, darting to the other side of the room, whipped down a thin rapier from the wall.

"You will be well advised to put an end to this fooling. I am now in no humor for it, and with you—never. If you have not the gift to see it, I would have you know that I detest you and despise you, and have done so since first I saw you."

"Ah, my little Lady Termagant, you say as much now, but when the world knows you paid a thousand pounds for a lover there will be many envious persons who wish to be despised as much."

"You ruffian and thief! Well did Vollins estimate your honesty. But stand aside from that door or your stealing will profit you little."

"Indeed!" cried De Courcy, with a laugh, as he possessed himself of a similar weapon to that which threatened him. "'Tis already squandered, and I am in sore need of a further installment. Are you for a duel, then?"

"If you are coward enough to lift blade to a woman."

"I meet kiss with kiss and steel with steel, always ready for either. Guard yourself, madam."

His pretended antagonism was but a feint to throw her off the guard he advised her to maintain, for, being one of the best swordsmen of his time, he knew by her holding of the blade that she was ignorant of its practice. He brushed her sword aside, dropped his own and sprang in upon her, grasping again her helpless wrists, her arms pinioned thus transversely across her body, her right hand still clinging to the useless hilt, with the blade extending past her shoulder and behind her. His sneering, grinning face so close to hers that his breath fanned her cheek, he pressed her back and back against the wall, the sword bending and bending behind her until the blade snapped off some six inches from the hilt and fell ringing to the floor.

"There, sweetest of amazons, you are stingless now, and naught but the honey is to be gathered."

The very ease with which he had overcome her hoodwinked him to his danger. The proud, dominant blood of the Wentworths flushed her face with an anger that steeled every nerve in her lithe body. As, with a victorious laugh, he released her wrists and slipped his arms around her she struck him twice with lightning swiftness, first across the brow, then down the face. Nothing could well be more terrible than the weapon she had used, for the jagged iron tore his flesh like the stroke of a tiger's claw. The red cross showed for a brief moment, then was obliterated in a crimson flood.

"Cowardly poltroon, wear the brand of Cain!"

He had warned her not to scream, but now his own cries filled the room as he staggered back, his hands to his face. Yet, grievously wounded as he was, he seemed resolved she should not escape him and, after the first shock, groped blindly for her. She flung the broken weapon to the farther side of the room, and the noise of its fall turned him thither, striking against the table and then against a chair. She tiptoed cautiously to the door, turned the key and threw it open before he could recover himself, for he had lost all sense of direction and could see nothing. She took the immediate risk of drawing the key from the door to ward off the greater danger of pursuit, and calmly locked him in. If screams were as ineffectual as he had insisted, he would take little good from his battering of the door for some time to come. Frances now threaded her way through the maze of passages, meeting no one, for the gloom of death pervaded the palace, at least in the direction she had taken.

She dared not hurry in spite of the urging of her quickly beating heart, but must proceed leisurely, as if she had a perfect right to be where she was, should any inquisitive servant encounter her. At last, with a deep breath, she emerged upon the great courtyard and so came to the gate. The officer bowed to her, and she paused for a moment to thank him for his kindness to her in the earlier part of the day.

"Is it true—that—that Lord Strafford"— She could get no further.

"Yes, my lady, and grieved we all are that it should be so. This morning on Tower hill. The lords refused a reprieve even until Saturday."

Frances bent her head and struggled with herself to repress undue emotion, but finding that impossible turned abruptly and walked fast down Whitehall.

"Her bright eyes, bless her," said the officer to a comrade, "are not the only ones dimmed with tears for this morning's work."

On reaching the inn Frances thought of waiting for the faithful Vollins, but she had not the heart to meet him nor the inclination to rest another night in the city now so hateful to her. She wrote a letter which was forwarded to him by a messenger, but said nothing of her visit to Whitehall, telling him his estimate of De Courcy had been correct, promising to send the thousand pounds to be replaced in her father's treasury as soon as she reached her home in the north, and asking pardon that his counsel had been declined.

Two hours later Frances was on her way to the north. She paused on Highgate hill and looked back on the babel she had left, vast and dim in the rising mist of the mild spring evening. "Oh, cruel city! Oh, faithless man! The bloodthirst of London may be whetted and not quenched, perjured king of England!" She bowed her head to her horse's mane and wept helplessly.

CHAPTER IX.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG rode his splendid black steed like one more accustomed to the polishing of saddle leather than to the wearing out of the same material in the form of boots. Horse and man were so subtly suited, each to each, that such another pair might well have given to some early artist the first idea of a centaur. Armstrong was evidently familiar with the district he traversed, for he evinced no surprise when, coming to the crown of a height, he saw in the valley below him a one storied stone building, whose outhouses and general surroundings proclaimed it a solitary inn, but the horse, less self contained and doubtless more fatigued, thrust forward his ears and gave utterance to a faint whinny of pleasure at the near prospect of rest and refreshment. The hand of the rider affectionately stroked and patted the long black mane, as if in silent corroboration of the animal's eager anticipations.

The young man was as fair as his mount was dark. A mass of yellow hair flowed out from under his Scot's bonnet and over his broad shoulders. A heavy blond must he gave him a semimilitary air, a look of the cavalier, as if he were a remnant of that stricken band across the border which was fighting for King Charles against daily increasing odds; but something of jaunty self confidence in Armstrong's manner betokened that the civil war raging in England was no concern of his, or that, if he took any interest in it, his sympathies inclined toward the winning side, as indeed was the case with many of his countrymen. His erect bearing, body straight as one of his native pines, enhanced the soldierlike appearance of the horseman, and it needed but a glance at his clear skinned but resolute face and powerful frame to be convinced that he would prove a dangerous antagonist to meet in combat, while the radiant good nature of his frank countenance indicated a merciful conqueror should victory fall to him, as seemed likely unless the odds were overwhelming.

Both prowess and geniality were on the instant of being put to the test as he approached the inn, where a wayfarer is usually certain of a welcome if he has but money in his pouch. A lanceman, his tall weapon held upright, stepped out into the road from the front of the closed door before which he had been standing, when he saw that the traveler was about to halt and dismount.

(To Be Continued.)

Pleasant and Most Effective.

T. J. Chambers, Ed. Vindicator, Liberty, Texas, writes Dec. 25, 1902: "With pleasure and unsolicited by you, I bear testimony to the curative power of Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I have used it in my family and can cheerfully affirm it is the most effective and pleasant remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used." 25c 50c and $1.00. Sold by DuBois, Kolb & Co.

NAGGING PAINS

Newport News, Va., July 22, 1903. Last summer while recovering from illness of fever, I had a severe attack of Inflammatory Rheumatism in the knees, from which I was unable to leave my room for several months. I was treated by two doctors and also tried different kinds of linaments and medicines which seemed to relieve me from pain for awhile, but at the same time I was not any nearer getting well. One day while reading a paper I saw an advertisement of S. S. S. for Rheumatism. I decided to give it a trial, which I did at once. After I had taken three bottles I felt a great deal better, and I still continued to take it regularly until I was entirely cured. I now feel better than for years, and I cheerfully recommend S. S. S. to any one suffering from Rheumatism.
613 32d St. CHAS. E. GILDERSLEEVE.

Rheumatism is caused by uric acid or some other acid poison in the blood, which when deposited in the muscles and joints, produce the sharp, cutting pains and the stiffness and soreness peculiar to this disease. S. S. S. goes directly into the circulation, all irritating substances are neutralized and filtered out of the system, the blood is made pure and the general health is built up under the purifying and tonic effects of the vegetable remedy. Write for our special book on Rheumatism which is sent free. Our physicians will advise without charge all who will write us about their case.

SSS

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

A Living Monument.

If we were to assemble all those who have been cured of heart disease by Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and who would to-day be in their graves had not Dr. Miles' been successful in perfecting this wonderful heart specific, they would populate a large city.

What a remarkable record—a breathing, thinking, moving monument, composed of human lives,—that for which every other earthly possession is sacrificed.

The Miles Medical Co. receive thousands of letters from these people like the following:

"I feel indebted to the Dr. Miles' Heart Cure for my life. I desire to call the attention of others suffering as I did to this remarkable remedy for the heart. For a long time I had suffered from shortness of breath after any little exertion, palpitation of the heart; and at times terrible pain in the region of the heart, so serious that I feared that I would some time drop dead upon the street. One day I read one of your circulars, and immediately went to my druggist and purchased two bottles of the Heart Cure, and took it according to directions, with the result that I am entirely cured. Since then I never miss an opportunity to recommend this remedy to my friends who have heart trouble; in fact I am a traveling advertisment, for I am widely known in this locality."
J. H. BOWMAN,
Manager of Lebanon Democrat, Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money.

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CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles $2.75. Circular sent on request.

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Don't suffer when the remedy is so near at hand.

R. & G. PILLS eliminate and remove all noxious matter that tends to disarrange the functions of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and their use insures a perfect, regular and healthy condition of the system.

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Bishop Presented With Ring.

Bishop Charles Edward Woodcock was presented with the Episcopal seal ring by the clergy of the Episcopal diocese of Mishigan at the time of his consecration as bishop of Kentucky. The stone is an amethyst, lozenge-shaped. The cuting shows the traditional miter, crozier or shepherd's crook, the keys, together with the name of the diocese and the initials C. E. W..

The men of the parish, of which he was the pastor, presented to Bishop Woodcock the Episcopal cross, or agnus dei. It is ten inches long, of gold, ornamented with amethysts at the four ends, and containing in the center a gold medallion on which, in bas-relief, is the symbolic Lamb of God.

It is expected that Bishop Woodcock will arrive in Louisville on February 2, and on the Sunday following will celebrate his first service in Kentucky at Christ Church Cathedral. He will bring his family with him, and until the Episcopal residence is ready for occupancy will be the guests of Wm. A .. Robinson, on Fourth avenue.

The new bishop will be given a reception at the Galt House the evening of February 7. Next Sunday Bishop Woodcock will hold his first confirmation service in St. John's church, Detroit, at which one of his daughters will be confirmed.

Rev. Carlisle P. B. Martin, L. L. D., of Waverly, Texas, writes: "Of a morning, when first arising, I often find a troublesome collection of phlegm, which produces a cough and is very hard to dislodge; but a small quantity of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will at once dislodge it, and the trouble is over. I know of no medicine that is equal to it, and it is so pleasant to take. I can most cordially recommend it to all persons needing a medicine for throat or lung trouble." 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by DuBois, Kolb & Co.

Biggest Diamond Ever.

Johannesburg, Transvaal, Jan. 30.—The largest diamond ever discovered has been found near Pretoria. The stone weighs 3,032 carats, and is said to be a pure white diamond of good quality. It is locally valued at $3,500,000 to $4,000,000. The famaus Kohinoor, which is valued at $600,000, weighs 123 carats, though it is said to have weighed 900 carats before it was cut. There is immense excitement here and at Pretoria as a result of the discovery.

Cured Lumbago.

A. B. Canman, Chicago, writes March, 4, 1903: "Having been troubled with Lumbago at different times and tried one physician after another; then different ointments and linaments, gave it up altogether. So I tried once more, and got a bottle of Ballard's Snow Linament, which gave me almost instant relief. I can cheerfully recommend it, and will add my name to your list of former sufferers." 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by DuBois, Kolb & Co.

Kentucky Girl Sues.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 30.—Cynthia Ferguson, of Jefferson county, Ky., has commenced suit in the federal court here against W. H. Kennedy, of Elliott, Ia., for $25,000 damages for breach of promise to marry. She says they became engaged in 1900, that he postponed the wedding two years, then one year, and that now after she has bought her trousseau and sold her business preparatory to becoming his wife he refuses to wed.

License Notice.

All city license must be paid by February 1 1905 or will be subject to 10 per cent additional penalty. Take warning before it is too late and pay the city treasurer.

ED CLARK, Inspector.

In a flirtation a woman is never in earnest till the man thinks it is time for it to be over.

NEW TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

List of new subscribers added by the East Tennessee Telephone company today:

1658—Katterjohn, H. W., Residence, Tenth and Jones.

1032—Riddle, Charlie, Residence 1101 S. Third.

1096—Reed, R. I., Residence, 612 S. Third.

1396—Skillian, May, Residence, 1361 S. Sixth.

1181—Orr, Will, Residence, 719 S. Ninth.

1398—Roof, Linus, Residence, 907 Jones.

Remember we give free country service, complete, long distance connections, and a list of over 2100 subscribers for the same price our competitors charge for less than half the local service.

CORRECTED DAILY.

Hayes' Beechwood Emulso-Hypo With Iron

Makes Fat, Strength, Blood, Bone and Muscle.

If you are tired, broken down, despondent, worn out, pale, losing flesh, have no energy, do not feel like rising in the morning for the day's work, you need a bottle of this wonderful medicine. Do you want good rich red blood? Do you want the bloom to come back to the cheek? Are you convalesing after having fever, pneumonia or measles? Then you ought to take a bottle of EMULSO-HYPO. Its a medicinal food that reaches every tissue in the body and builds you up. Taken in a little wine its as pleasant as cough syrup.

Read what the editor of the Meridian Star of Mississippi, A. G. Davis, writes under date of April 8:

"My mother took the Emulso-Hypo and has been greatly benefited. She is in better health than she has been in years."

J. W. Russell, county court clerk of Hickman county, Tenn, writes:

"My wife has used several bottles of Emulso-Hypo with Iron and has been wonderfully improved. I can conscientially recommend it for all lung trouble."

Rev. G. T. Sullivan, presiding elder of the Memphis district, writes under date of Dec. 1, 1903:

"My daughter, whose system was very much run down, has been taking your Beechwood Emulso-Hypo with Iron, and has improved so much with one bottle I have no doubt by continuance she will be fully restored in her nerve forces. I am delighted with the results and shall continue her on it. Wishing you prosperity, I am, yours truly, G. T. SULLIVAN.

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