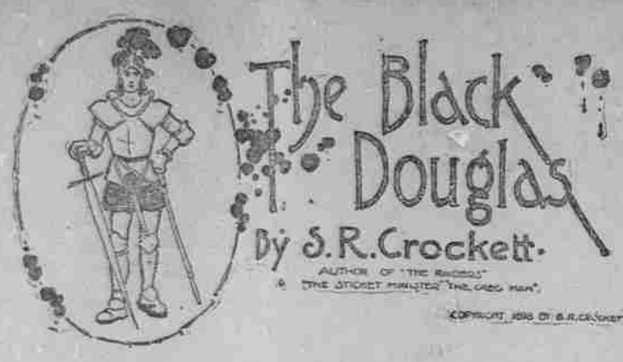

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

William, sixth Earl of Douglas, in crossing his estates, chances upon a beautiful lady, one of the retinue of the French ambassador, who is on his way to Edinburgh. The young earl loses his heart to the fair lady, and, on the point of promising to go with her to the court of the Scottish king, he is forcibly carried away, under cover of a heavy storm, by Malise McKim, the Douglas armorer, and Abbott William Douglas, who think the lady a witch.

On the following day, at the great review of 10,000 Douglas retainers, the earl again meets the Lady Sybilla, and at once makes her the Queen of Beauty. Sholto McKim, son of the armorer, distinguishes himself in archery, and is made captain of the castle guard. Sholto falls in love with Maud Lindesay, maid of honor to the earl's sister, and, on the first night of his stewardship, proves his valor by wounding a huge animal which has frightened the young ladies. The next day the French ambassador is suspiciously ill, but Lady Sybilla, accompanied by the three Douglas cousins, rides away to witness the second day's tourney in the precincts of the castle of Thrieve, winning on the way the coveted promise from William to accompany her to Edinburgh. Sholto's archer guards protect the castle halls, wound a servant of the French ambassador and keep Maud Lindesay and her charge imprisoned by mistake all day. On the third day the Douglas cousins enter the lists, as also the French ambassador, who foully casts his spear at the young Earl of Douglas and wounds him. In the combat that follows Sholto shows such bravery that he is knighted. On the return to the castle Maud Lindesay playfully bids farewell to the Sholto of old and only appeases his subsequent wrath by assuming a loving penitence.

James, earl of Avondale; Sir Alexander Livingston, the guardian of the king's person; Sir William Crichton, chancellor of the realm, and Marshal de Retz, the ambassador of France, begin to plot against the earl of Douglas. Through the aid of Lady Sybilla, the niece of De Retz, William, with a small following, including Sholto, is induced to visit the Castle Crichton, where enemies entertain him royally.

The young earl falls deeper into love with Sybilla, and she, in turn, overcome by his sincerity and complete confidence in her, confesses her love for him, and then urges him to return home with all speed. Marshall de Retz takes Sybilla to Edinburgh and William accepts the invitation of the young king of Scotland to visit the court, in the hope of meeting his lady love. The king and the two Douglas brothers become great friends, but even the king cannot ward off the calamity about to fall on the Douglas. At a banquet a huge boar's head is brought in, a sign of treachery, and in spite of the brave attempts of Sholto to protect his master, the earl and his brother, charged with treason, are arrested and put in dungeons.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BETRAYED WITH A KISS.

The earl and his brother were incarcerated in the lower chamber of the high keep, called David's tower, which rose next in order eastward from the banqueting hall, following the line of the battlements.

Beneath, the rock on which the castle was built fell away toward the Nor' Loch, in a precipice so steep that no descent was to be thought of; and this, indeed, was the chief defense, for the window of the chamber was large and opened easily, according to the French fashion.

"I pray that you permit my young knight, Sir Sholto MacKim, to accompany me," said the earl to the officer who conducted them to their prison house.

"I have no orders concerning him," said the man, gruffly, but, nevertheless, permitted Sholto to enter after the earl and his brother.

The chamber was bare, save for a priedieu in the angle of the wall, at which the Douglas looked with a strange smile upon his face.

"Right apropos," said he; "they had need of religion in this house of traitors."

David Douglas went to the window seat of low stone, and bent his head in his hands. He was but a boy, and life was sweet to him, for he had just begun to taste the apple, and to dream of the forbidden fruit. He held his head down, and was silent a space. Then suddenly he sobbed aloud, with a quick, gasping noise, startling enough in that still place.

"For God's dear sake, David, laddie," said his brother, going over to him, and placing his hand upon his shoulder, "be silent. They will think that we are afraid."

The boy stilled himself instantly at the word, and looked up at his brother with a pale sort of smile.

"No, William, I am not afraid, and if, indeed, we must die, I will not disgrace you. Be never afraid of that. Yet I thought on our mother's loneliness. She will miss me sore, for she fleeched and plead with me not to come, yet I would not listen to her."

Sholto stood by the door erect, as if on duty at Thrieve.

"Come and sit with us," said the Earl William kindly to him, "we are no more master and servant, earl and squire. We are but three youths that are to die together, and the ax's edge levels all. You, Sholto, are in some good chance to live the longest of the three by some half-score minutes. I am glad I made you a knight on the field of honor, Sir Sholto, for then they cannot hang you to a bough, like a variet caught stealing the king's venison."

Sholto slowly came over to the window-seat and stood there respectfully as before, with his arms straight at his sides, feeling more than anything else the lack of his sword hilt to set his right upon.

"Nay, but do as I bid you," said the earl, looking up at him, "sit down, Sholto."

And Sholto sat down on the window-seat and looked out upon the lights leaping out one after the other down among the crowded gables of the town as this and that burgher lit his lantern at the nearing of the hour of supper.

Far away over the shorelands the narrow strip of the Forth showed amethyst and mysterious, and farther out still the coast of Fife lay in a sort of opaline haze.

"I wonder," said William Douglas, after a long pause, "what they have done with our hundred good lads. Had they been taken or perished, we had surely heard more noise, I warrant. Two score lads of Galloway would not give up their arms without a tulzie for it."

"They might induce them to leave them behind when they went out to take their pleasures among the maids of the Lawnmarket," said Sholto.

"Not their swords," said the earl, "it needed all your lord's commands to make yours quit your side. I warrant these thirty will give an excellent account of themselves."

Presently the night fell darker, and a smurr of rain drifted over from the edges of Pentland, which mistly passed high above, but whose lower fringes dragged, as it were, on the Castle Rock and the hill of Calton.

The three young men were still silently looking out, when suddenly from the darkness undearneath there came a low voice.

"Ware window," it said, "stand back there above."

To Sholto the words sounded curiously familiar, and almost without thinking what he did he seized the earl and his brother and dragged them away from the open space of the lattice, which opened into the summer's night.

"Ware window," came again the cautious voice from far below. Sholto heard the whistle and spat of an arrow against the wall without. It must have fallen again, for the voice came a third time: "Ware window."

And on this occasion the archer was successful, guided doubtless by the faint illumination of the lantern the guard had hung on a nail in the wall, and whose flicker would outline the lattice against the darkness of the wall.

An arrow entered with a soft hiss. It was a common archer's arrow. A cord was fastened about it and a note stuck in the slit along with the feather.

"It is my brother Laurence," whispered Sholto. "I warrant he is beneath with a rope and a posse of stout fellows. We shall escape them yet."

But even as he raised the letter to read it by the faint blue flicker of the lantern, there came a cry of pain from within the castle. It was a woman's voice that cried, and at the sound of pleading speech in some chamber above them, William Douglas started to his feet.

The words were clear enough, but in a language not understood by Sholto MacKim. They seemed intelligible enough, however, to the earl.

"I knew it," he cried, "the false hounds have imprisoned her also. It is Sybilla's voice. God in heaven! they are torturing her!"

He ran to the door and shook it vehemently.

"Ho, without there!" he cried imperiously, as in his own castle of Thrieve.

But no one paid any attention to his shouts, and presently the woman's voice died down to a slow sobbing, which was quite audible in the room beneath, where the three young men listened.

"What did you say?" asked David presently of his brother, who still stood listening with his ear to the door.

The earl first made a gesture commanding silence, and then hearing nothing more, he came slowly over to the window. "It is the Lady Sybilla," he said, in a voice which revealed his deep emotion. "She said in the French language: 'You shall not do it. You shall not! He trusted me, and he shall not die!'"

Meanwhile Sholto, knowing that there was no time to lose, had been drawing in the cord, which presently thickened into a rope thick enough to support the weight of a light and active youth, such as any of the three young men imprisoned in David's tower.

But the sound of the woman's tears had thrown the earl into an excitement so great that he hammered on the great bolt-studded door with his bare clenched hands, and cried aloud to the chancellor and Livingston, commanding them to open to him. His calmness seemed wholly broken up.

Meanwhile Sholto, his whole soul bent upon the cord which gave them a chance of saving the life of their master, had drawn thirty yards of stout rope into the room. He fixed it by a double knot first to a stout ring, which was let into the wall, and afterwards to the massive handle of the door itself.

"Now, my lord," he whispered, as he finished, "be pleased to go first. Our lads are beneath and in the shaking of a cow's tail we shall be in the midst of them."

The earl held up his hand, with the quick, imperative motion he used to command silence. The sound of the woman's voice came again from above, now quick and high, like one that makes an agonized petition, and now in tones lower, that seemed broken with sobs and lamentations.

At first William Douglas did not appear to comprehend the meaning of Sholto's words, being so bent on his listening. But when the young captain of the guard again reminded him that the time of their chances of relief was quickly passing, and that the soldiers of the chancellor might come at any moment to lead them to their doom, the earl broke out upon him in sudden anger.

"For what crowling thing to you take me, Sholto MacKim?" he cried. "I will not leave this place till I know what they have done with her. She trusted me, and shall I prove a recreant? I would have you know that I am William, Earl of Douglas, and fear not the face of any Crichton that ever breathed. Ho, there, without!" And he shook the door in ineffectual anger.

His only answer was the sound of that beseeching woman's voice and the measured tread of the sentry, whose partisan they could see flashing in the lamplight through the narrow barred wicket, as he turned in front of their door.

And it was all in vain that Sholto pled with his master. To every argument Lord Douglas replied, "I cannot go—it consorts not with mine honor to leave this castle so long as the Lady Sybilla is in their hands."

Sholto told him how that they could now escape, and in a week would raise the whole of the south, returning to the siege of the castle and the destruction of the traitors Crichton and Livingston. But even to this the earl had his answer.

"What—flee like a coward and leave this girl, who has trusted me, defenseless in their hands! You have heard her weeping. I tell you I cannot go—I will not go. Let David and you escape. My place is here, and neither snivelling Crichton nor that backstairs lapdog Livingston shall say that they took the earl of Douglas and that he fled from them under cloud of night."

David Douglas had been standing by hopefully while Sholto tied the rope to the rings. At his brother's words he sat down again. William of Douglas turned about upon him.

"Go, David; I bid you. Escape, and if aught happen to me, fail not to make the traitors pay dearly for it!"

But David Douglas sat still and answered not. Then Sholto, desperate of success with his master, approached David and with gentle force would have compelled him to the window. But at the first touch of his hand, the boy thrust him away, striking him fiercely upon the shoulder.

"Hands off!" he cried; "I also am a Douglas. I will abide by my brother to the end."

"No, my David," said the earl, turning for a moment from the door where he had been again listening, "you shall not stay! You are the hope of our house. My mother would fret to death if aught happened to you. This is not a matter which concerns you. Go, I bid you. On me it lies, and if I must pay the reckoning, why, at least I only drank the wine!"

"I will not," he said, "I will bide where my brother bides and his fate shall be mine."

Then Sholto, well-nigh frantic with apprehension and disappointment, went to the window and leaned out, gripping the sill.

"They will not leave the castle," he whispered as loud as he dared, "the earl will not escape while the Lady Sybilla remains a prisoner within."

"God in heaven!" cried a stern voice from below, which made Sholto start, "we shall be broken first and last upon that woman. Would to God I had slain her at the first. Tell the earl that if he will not come to those that wait for him underneath the tower, I, Malise MacKim, will come and fetch him like a child in my arms, even as I did from under the pine trees at Loch Roan."

And as he spoke the strain of the rope and its swaying over the window-sill proclaimed that the mighty form of the master-armorer was even then on its way upward toward the dungeon of his chief.

The earl went to the window and looked down. He could just discern Malise darkly beneath him, setting his feet into the rock crevices and pulling upon the rope.

"Go back, I command you, Malise MacKim!" he said; "go back instantly! I have made up my mind. I will not escape from the castle of Edinburgh this night."

But Malise answered not a word, only pulled more desperately on the rope, till the sound of his laboring breath and grasping palms could be heard from side to side of the chamber.

The earl leaned out.

"Malise," he said, calm and clear, "you see this knife. I would not have your blood on my hands. You have been a good and faithful servant to our house. But, by the oath of a Douglas, if you come one foot further, I will cut the rope, and you shall be dashed in pieces beneath."

The master-armorer stopped—not with fear of death upon him, but lest a stroke of his master's dirk should destroy their well-arranged mode of escape.

"O, William, my lord, hear me!" he said, in a gasping voice, still hanging perilously between earth and heaven. "If I have indeed been a faithful servant, I beseech you come with me, for the sake of the house of Douglas and of your mother, a widow and alone."

"Go down, Malise MacKim," said the earl, more gently, "and I will speak with you at the rope's foot."

So, very unwillingly, Malise went back.

"Now," said the earl, "harken—this will I do, and no other. I will abide here and abide that which shall befall me, as is the will of God. I am bound by a tie that I cannot break. What life is to another, honor and his word must be to a Douglas. But I send your son Sholto to you. I bid him ride fast to Galloway and bring all that are faithful there to meet with speed here in Edinburgh. Do you go into Douglasdale and tell my cousin, William of Avondale—and if he is too late to save, I know well he will avenge me."

"Oh, William Douglas, if, indeed, ye will neither fleech, nor drive, I pray you for the sake of theg reat house, to send your brother David, that the Douglases of the black be not cut off root and branch. Remember, your mother is sore set on the lad."

"I will not go," cried David, as he heard this; "by the saints, I will stand by my brother's shoulders, though I be but a boy. I will not go so much as a step, and if ye stir me I will cry out for the guard."

By this time young David was leaning half out of the window, and almost crying his words down to the unseen Douglases beneath.

"Go, Sholto," said the earl, setting his hand on his squire's shoulder. "You alone can ride to Galloway without drawing rein. Go swiftly and bring back every true lad that can whang a bow or gar sword-iron whistle. The Douglas must drive the Douglas' weird. I would have made you a great man, Sir Sholto, but if you get a new master, he will surely do that which I had not time to perform.

"Come, Sholto," said his father, "there is a horse at he outer port. I fear the Crichton's men are warned. As it is, we will have to fight for it."

Sholto still hestitated, between obedience and grief.

"Sholto MacKim," said the earl, "if indeed, you owe me aught of love or service, go and do that thing which I have laid upon you. Bear a courteous greeting from me to your sweetheart, Maud, and a kiss to our sweet maid, Margaret. And now haste you and begone!"

Sholto bent a moment on his knee and kissed the hand of his young master. His voice was choked with sobs. The earl patted him on the shoulder. "Dinna greet, laddie," he said in the kindly country speech which comes so meltingly to all Galloway folk in times of distress, gentle and simple alike, "dinna greet. If one Douglas fall in the breach, there stands a better behind him."

"But never one like you, my lord!" said Sholto.

The earl raised him gently, led him to the window and himself steadied the rope by which his squire was to descend.

"Go," he said; "honor keeps the Douglas here, and his brother bides with him—since not otherwise it may be. But the honor of obedience sends Sholto MacKim to the work that is given him!"

Then after the captain of his guard had gone out into the dark and disappeared down the rope, the earl only waited till the tension slackened before stooping and cutting the cord at the point of juncture with the iron ring.

"And now, Davie, lad," he said, setting an arm about his brother's neck, "there are but you and me for it, and I think a bit prayer would not harm either of us."

So the two young lads about to die kneeled down together before the cross of him who was betrayed with a kiss.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE LION AT BAY.

The morning had broken broad and clear from the east when the door of the prison house was opened, and a seneschal appeared. He saluted the brothers and in a shaking voice summoned them to come forth and be tried for the offenses of treason and rebellion against the king and his ministers.

William of Douglas waved a hand to him, but answered nothing to the summons. He wasted no words upon one who merely did as he was bidden. All night the brothers had sat looking out on the city humming sleeplessly beneath them till the light slowly dawned over the Forth and away to the eastward Barwick Law stood clear. At first they had sat apart, but as the hours stole on, David came a little nearer and his hand sought that of his brother, clasped it, and abode as it had been contented. The elder brother returned the pleasure.

"David," he said, "if perish we must, at least you and I shall show them how Douglases can die."

So when they rose to follow the seneschal who summoned them, as they left the chamber of detention and the clanking guard fell in behind them, Earl William put his hand affectionately on his young brother's shoulder and kept it there. In this wise they came into the great hall wherein the banquet of treachery had been served. The dais had been removed to the upper end of the room, and upon it in the furred robes of judges of the realm, there sat on either side of the empty throne Crichton the chancellor and Sir Alexander Livingston. Behind were crowded groups of knights, pages, men-at-arms and all the hangers-on of a court. But of men of dignity and place only the Marshal de Retz, ambassador of the king of France, was present.

He sat alone on a high seat ranged crosswise upon the dias. The floor in the center of the hall was kept clear for the entrance of the brothers of Douglas.

Crichton and Livingston looked uneasily at each other as the feet of the guard conducting the prisoners were heard in the corridor without, and with a quick apprehensive wave of his hand Crichton motioned the armed men of his guards closer about him and gave their leader directions in a hushed voice behind his hand.

The seneschal who had summoned them strode in first, and then after a sufficient interval entered the young lords of Douglas, William and David his brother. The elder still kept his hand affectionately on the shoulder of the younger. His other was set as usual in the silken belt which he wore about his waist, and he walked carelessly with a high air and an easy step, like one that goes into a pleasant entertainment.

But as soon as the brothers perceived in whose presence they were an air of pride came over their faces and stiffened their figures into the sterner aspect of warriors who stand on the field of battle.

Some three paces before the steps of the dias on which sat the self-constituted judges was arranged a barrier of strong wooden posts tipped with iron, and two soldiers with drawn swords were on guard at either end.

The Douglases stood silent, haughtily awaiting the first words of accusation. And the face of young David was to the full as haughty and contemptuous as that of Earl William himself.

It was the chancellor who spoke first, in his high, rasping creak.

"William, earl of Douglas, and you David, master of Douglas," he began, "you are summoned hither by the king's authority to answer for many crimes of treason against his royal person. Of rebellion and the arming of forces also against his authority; of high speeches and studied contempt of those who represent his sovereign majesty in this realm, of treasonable alliances with rebel lords, and, above all, of swearing allegiance to another monarch, even to the king of France. What have you to say to these charges?"

The earl of Douglas swept his eyes across the dais from side to side, with a slow contempt, which made the chancellor writhe in his chair. Then, after a long pause, he deigned to reply, but rather like a king who grants a favor than like one accused before judges in whose hands is the power of life and death.

"I see," said he, "two knights before me on a high seat, one the king's tutor, the other his pursebearer. I have yet to learn who constituted them judges of any cause whatsoever, still less of aught that concerns William Douglas, duke of Touraine, earl of Douglas, hereditary lieutenant governor of the realm of Scotland."

And he kept his eyes upon them with a straight forth-looking glance, palpably embarrassing to the traitors on the dais.

"Earl Douglas," said the chancellor again, "remember that you are not now in castle Thrieve. Your 6,000 horsemen wait not in the courtyard out there. Learn to be more humble and answer to the things whereof you are accused. Do you desire that witnesses should be brought?"

"Of what need are witnesses. I owe no court or jurisdiction. I have heard no accusations!" said Earl William.

The chancellor motioned with his hand, whereupon Master Robert Berry, a procurator of the city, advanced and read a long parchment, which set forth in phrase and detail of legality twenty accusations against the earl, of treason, rebellion and manifest oppression.

When he had finished, the chancellor said: "And now, Earl Douglas, what answer have you to these things?"

"Does it matter at all what I answer?" asked the earl, succinctly.

"I do not bandy words with you," said the chancellor, "I order you to make your pleading, or stand within your danger."

"And yet," said William Douglas, gravely, "words are all that you dare bandy with me. Even if I had honored you by laying aside my dignities and consented to break a lance with you, you would refuse to afford me trial by battle, which is the right of every peer accused.

"WILLIAM DOUGLAS STOOD WITH HIS HAND ON HIS BROTHER'S SHOULDER."

"'Tis a barbarous custom," said the chancellor; "we will try your case upon its merit."

The earl laughed a little mocking laugh.

"It will be somewhat safer," said he; "but haste you and get the sham done with. I plead nothing. I do not even tell you that you lie. What doth one expect of a gutter-dog but that it should void the garbage it hath devoured? But I do ask you, Marshal de Retz, as a brave soldier and the representative of an honorable king, what have you done with the Lady Sybilla?"

The Marshal de Retz smiled—a smile so chill, cruel, hard, that the very soldiers on guard, seeing it, longed to slay him on the spot.

"May I ask my lord earl of Douglas and duke of Touraine, in return, what is that to him?" he said, with sneering emphasis upon the titles.

"It matters to me," replied William Douglas, boldly, "more than life, and almost as much as honor. The Lady Sybilla did me the honor to tell me that she loved me. And I, in turn, am bound to her in life and death."

The chancellor and the tutor broke into laughter, but the marshal continued to smile his terrible smile of determinate evil.

"Listen," he said, at last, "hear this, my lord of Touraine, ever since we came to this kingdom, and, indeed, long before we left the realm of France, the Lady Sybilla intended nothing else than your deception and destruction. Poor dupe, do you not yet understand? She it was that cozened you with fair words. She it was that advised you to come hither that we might hold you in our hands. For her sake you obeyed. She was the willing bait of the trap your foes set for you. What think you of the Lady Sybilla now?"

William of Douglas did not answer in words, but as the marshal ceased speaking he drew himself together like a lithe animal that sways this way and that before springing. His right hand dropped softly from his brother's shoulder upon the hilt of his dagger.

Then with one sudden bound he was over the barrier and upan the dais. Almost his blade was at the marshal's throat, and but for the crossed partizans of two guards who stood on either side of De Retz, he had died there and then by the dagger of William Douglas. As it was, the youth was brought to a stand with his breast pressed vainly against the steel points, and stood there crying out in fury: "Liar and toad! Come out from behind, that I may slay thee with my hand!"

A score of men-at-arms approached from behind and forced him back to his place.

"Bring in the Lady Sybilla," said the marshal, still smiling, while the judges sat silent and afraid at the anger of one man.

And even while the earl stood panting, after his outburst of furious anger, they opened the door at the back of the dais, and through it there entered the Lady Sybilla. Instantly the eyes of William Douglas fixed themselves upon her, but she did not raise hers nor look at him. She stood at the further side at the edge of the dais, her hands joined in front of her, and her golden hair streaming down her back and fell in waves over her white dress.

An angel of light coming through the open door of heaven could not have appeared more innocent and pure.

The Marshal de Retz turned towards his niece, and with his eyes fixed upon hers and with the same pitiless chill in them, he said in a low tone: "Look at me!"

The girl raised her eyes slowly, and as it had been, reluctantly, and in them, instead of the meek calm of an angel, there appeared the terror and dismay of a lost soul that listens to its doom.

"Sybilla," hissed rather than spoke De Retz, "is it true that ever since by the lakeside of Carlinwark you met the earl of Douglas you have deceived him and sought his doom?"

"I care not to hear the answer," said the young man, "even did I believe that which you may compel her to say. Unfaith in another is not unfaith in me. I am bound to her in love and honor—aye, even unto death, if that were her will!"

"I have, indeed, deceived him!" replied the girl, slowly, the words seeming to be forced from her one by one.

"You hear, William of Douglas!" said the marshal, turning upon the young man, who stood still and motionless, never taking his eyes off the slender figure in white.

The marshal continued his pitiless questioning.

"At castle Thrieve you persuaded him to follow you to Crichton and afterward to Edinburgh, knowing well that you brought him to his death."

"It is true!" said the girl, with a voice like one speaking out of the grave itself.

"You hear, William of Douglas?" said the marshal.

"And at castle Crichton you played the play to the end. With false, cozening words you deceived him. You led him on with love on your lips, and hate in your heart. You kissed him with the Judas kiss. You led his soul captive to death by the drawing of your eyes?"

In a voice that could hardly be heard the girl replied, her whole figure fixed and turned to stone by the intensity of her tormentor's gaze:

"I did these things! I am accursed!"

The ambassador turned with a fleeting triumph.

"You hear, William of Douglas," he said; "you hear what your true love says!"

Then it was that, with the calm air and steady voice of a great gentleman, William Douglas answered, "I hear, but I do not believe."

A spasm of joy passed over the countenance of the Lady Sybilla. She half sprang toward her lover, as if to clasp him in her arms.

But in the midst, between intent and act, she restrained herself.

"No; I am not worthy," she said. And again, like a lamentation, "I am not worthy!"

Then, while all watched eagerly, the marshal rose from his seat to his full height.

"Girl, look at me!" he cried in a loud and terrible voice. But Sybilla did not seem to hear him.

She was looking at the earl, and her eyes were great and gray and vague.

"Listen, my true lord; and then hate me if you will," she said; "listen, William of Douglas. Never before have I found in all the world one man true to the core. I did not believe that such an one lived. Hear this and then turn from me in loathing.

"For the sake of this man's life, forfeit ten times over" (she pointed as she spoke at the marshal), "to whom, by the powers of hell, my soul is bound, I came at the bidding of the king of France and of this man, my master, to compass the destruction of the earl of Douglas. The king's son desired his duchy, and promised to this man pardon for his evil deeds. I came to satisfy them both. On my guilty head be it. It is true that I deceived and led you on. It is true that at Castle Thrieve I deceived you, knowing well that which was before you. I knew to what you would follow me, and for the sake of the evil wrought by your fathers I was glad. But afterwards at Crichton, when in the woods by the waterside, I told you that I loved you I did not lie. I did love you then. And, by God's grace, I do love you now—yes, before all men I declare it. Once for a season of forgetting, all too brief, I was yours to love, now I am yours to hate and to despise. I tried to save you, but, though you had my warning, you would not go back nor forget me. Now it is too late!"

As she spoke, over the face of William Douglas there had come a glow—the red blood flooding up and routing the white, determined pallor of his cheek.

"My lady," he answered her gently, "be not grieved for the thing that is past. That you love me truly is enough. I ask for no more, least of all for pity. I have not lived long. I have not had time allotted me wherein to do great things, but at least for your sake I can die as well as any! You have given me of your love, and of the flower thereof. I am glad. That you loved me was my crown of life. Now it remains but to pay a little price for a joy exceeding great."

But the chancellor had had enough of this. He rose and, stretching forth his hand towards the barrier, he said: "William of Douglas, you and your brother are condemned to instant death as enemies of the king and his ministers. Soldiers, do your duty. Lead them instantly forth to the block!"

And with these words he left the dais, followed by Sir Alexander Livingston. The girl stood in the place whence she had spoken her last words. Then, as the men-at-arms went shamefacedly to take the earl by the arm, she suddenly threw herself across the dais, leaped lightly over the barrier, and fell into his arms.

"William, once I would have betrayed you," she said, "but now I love you. I will die with you—or, by the great God, I will live to avenge you!"

"Hush, sweetheart," said William Douglas, touching her brow gently with his lips, and putting her into the arms of an officer of the court whom her uncle had sent to remove her. "Fear not for me. Death is swift and easy. I expected nothing else. That you love me is enough. Dear love, fare thee well!"

But the girl heard him not. She had fainted in the arms that did her. Yet the marshal de Retz had still more for her to suffer. He stood beside her and dashed water upon her till she awoke, that she might see that which remained to be seen.

* * * * * * * * *

It was a scene dreary beyond all power of words to tell it, when into the courtyard of the castle of Edinburgh they brought the two noble young men forth to die. The sun had long risen, but the first flush of broad morning sunshine still lingered upon the low platform on which stood the block and beside it the headsman sullenly waiting to do his appointed work.

The young lords of Douglas came out looking brave and handsome as bridegrooms on a day of betrothing. William once more had his hand on David's shoulder, his other rested carelessly on his thigh, as his custom was. The brothers were bareheaded, and to the eyes of those who looked on they seemed to be conversing of light matters of love and ladies' favors.

High above, upon a balcony, hung like an iron cage upon the castle wall, appeared the chancellor and the tutor. The young king was with them, weeping and crying out: "Do nothing to my dear cousins—I command you—I am the king!"

But the tutor roughly bade him be still, telling him that he would never reign if these young men lived, and presently another came there and stood beside him. The Marshal de Retz it was, who, with a fiendish smile upon his sleek parchment face, conducted the Lady Sybilla to see the end. But it was a good end to see, and nobler by far than most lives that are lived.

The brothers embraced as they came to the block, kneeled down and said a short prayer, like Christians of a good house. So great was their enemies' haste that they were not even allowed a priest to shrive them, but they did what they could.

The executioner motioned first to David. An attendant brought him the heading cup of wine, which it was the custom to offer to those about to die upon the scaffold.

"Drink it not," said Earl William, "lest they say it was drugged."

And David Douglas bowed his head upon the block, being only in the 15th year of his age.

"Farewell, brother," he said, "be not long after me! It is a dark road to travel so young!"

"Fear not, Davie, lad," said William Douglas, tenderly. "I will overtake you ere you be through the first gate."

He turned a little aside, that he might not see his brother die, and even as he turned he saw the Lady Sybilla lean upon the balcony, paler than death.

Then, when it came his turn, they offered him also the heading cup, filled with the rich wine of Touraine, his own fair province that he was never to see.

He lifted the cup high in his right hand with a knightly and courtly gesture. Looking towards the balcony whereon stood the Lady Sybilla, he bowed to her.

"I drink to you, my lady and my love!" he cried, in a voice loud and clear.

Then, touching but the rim of the goblet with his lips, he poured out the red wine upon the ground.

* * * * * * * * * *

And thus died the gallantest gentleman and truest lover in whom God e'er put heart of grace to live courteously and die greatly, keeping his faith in his lady even against herself, and holding death itself sweet, because that in death she loved him.

(To be continued.)

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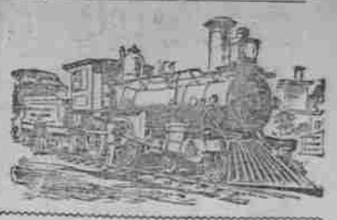

OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.

Trains arrive and depart at Salt Lake City daily as follows:

ARRIVE.
(In Effect July 17, 1898.)

From Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Park City and Ogden ..... 3:10 p.m.
From Helena, Butte, Portland, San Francisco, Ogden and intermediate points ..... 8:55 a.m.
From San Francisco, Cache Valley, Ogden and intermediate points ..... 7:15 p.m.
From Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver and Ogden ..... 3:10 a.m.
*From Frisco, Milford, Sanpete, Provo, Eureka, Mammoth, Silver City and intermediate points ..... 6:20 p.m.
**Mixed trains from Terminus, Tooele and Garfield Beach ..... 4:00 p.m.

DEPART.

For Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Ogden and Park City ..... 7:00 a.m.
For San Francisco, Ogden, Cache Valley and intermediate points ..... 8:00 a.m.
For Ogden, Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago and intermediate points ..... 6:25 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Helena, Portland and San Francisco ..... 8:45 p.m.
*For Mercur, Eureka, Silver City, Provo, Nephi, Sanpete, Milford, Frisco and intermediate points ..... 7:30 a.m.
*Mixed train for Garfield Beach, Tooele and Terminus ..... 7:45 a.m.
*Trains south of Juab run daily except Sunday.
**Daily except Sunday.

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SALT LAKE & OGDEN RAILWAY.

Daily Time Card, in Effect September 19, 1898.

Leave Salt Lake.	Arrive Farming-ton & Lagoon.	Leave Farming-ton & Lagoon.	Arrive Salt Lake.
7:00 a. m.	7:40 a. m.	7:50 a. m.	8:30 a. m.
9:20 a. m.	10:10 a. m.	10:20 a. m.	11:10 a. m.
2:20 p. m.	4:10 p. m.	4:20 p. m.	5:10 p. m.
5:30 p. m.	6:10 p. m.	6:20 p. m.	7:10 p. m.

Additional trains Sundays and Holidays:
Leave Salt Lake, 11:30 a. m.; 1:30 p. m.
Leave Lagoon, 12:30 p. m.; 2:30 p. m.
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Current Time Table.

LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east ..... 8:30 a.m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east ..... 7:40 p.m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Bellknap and intermediate points.. 8:00 a.m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and intermediate points ..... 5:00 p.m.
No. 3—For Ogden and west ..... 9:05 a.m.
No. 1—For Ogden and west ..... 12:30 p.m.
No. 42—For Park City ..... 8:25 a.m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the east ..... 12:20 p.m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east ..... 9:00 p.m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Bellknap, Manti and intermediate points ..... 5:35 p.m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the west. 8:20 a.m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the west. 7:30 p.m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and intermediate points.. 10:00 a.m.
No. 41—From Park City ..... 6:45 p.m.

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LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.

"The Overland Limited," for Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver.. 7:00 a.m.
"The Fast Mail," for Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver ..... 6:25 p.m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY.

"The Overland Limited," from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver ..... 3:10 p.m.
"The Fast Mail," from Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver ..... 3:10 a.m.

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