hope to see her again, my late pretty comheld my thoughts the day long. shared them with nobody; for though 'tis probable I had let some words fall in my beliefum. Josa never hinted at this, and I

To Joseph company I was left; for her father, after saving my life that afternoon, ook on further notice of me by word or deed; and the ear, Jan Tergagie mamed after a spirit that was said to haint the moors here about a was as indifferent. So with Joan I prosed the days idly, tending the sheep, o waiting on her as she plowed, or lying full length on the hillside and talking with her of our and battles. Twas the one topic on which she was currous ocodling at me when I offered to terms her to read print), and for hours she would usten to stories of Alexander and Hanmiled. Creser and Joan of Arc, and other great communities whose history I remembered.

One evening - twas early in May-we had climbed to the top of the gray tor above Temple, whence we could spy the white sails of the two channels moving, and, stretched upon the short turf there, I was telling my usual tale. Joan lay beside me, ber chin propped on one cartic stained hand, her great, lemn eyes wide open as she listened. that moment I had regarded her rather as a man comrade than a girl, but now some feminine trick of gesture awoke me, perhaps, for my fancy began to contrast her with Delia. and I broke off my story and sighed. Art longing to be hence?" she asked,

I feit reliamed to be thus caught and was She looked at me and went on:

"Spenk out, Ind.

"Leath would I be to leave you, Joan."

'And why!' Why, we are good friends, I hope, and I

"On ay -wish thee'd learn to speak the truth, Jack. Art longing to be hence and Why, Jean, you would not have me dwell

She made no answer for a while and then

with a change of tone: "Shalt rule we me to Bodmin fair to-mor-row for a treat, an see the great Turk and

far 'coman and hocus poens. So tell me more bout Joan, the Frenchwoman." On the morrow, about 9 in the morning,

we set off-Joan on the strawberry, balanced sasily on an old sack, which was all her saddle, and I on Molly, that now was sound again and chating to be so lidle. As we set out Joan's father for the first time took some notice of me, standing at the door to see us off and shouting after us to bring home some account of the wrestling. Looking back at a quarter mile's distance, I saw him still framed in the doorway with the entrerched on his shoulder.

Bodmin town is nought but a narrow street, near on a mile long, and widening towards the western end. It lies mainly along the south side of a steep vale, and this May morning, as Joan and I left the moors, and role down to it from northward already we could hear trumpels blowing, the big drum sounding, and all the becomes yours and hubbub of the fair. Descending, we found the long street lined with booths and shows and nigh blocked with the crowd, for the revel began early and And the crew of was now in full swing. And the crew of gipsies, whifflers, mount banks, fortune tellers, out purses and quarks mixed up honest country faces, beat even the rabble I and seen at Wantage

Now my own first business was with tailor; for the clothes I wore when I rode into Temple, four months back, had been so sadly messed with blood, and afterwards cut to free them from my wound, that now all the tunic I wore was of sack clota, contrive I and stitched together by Joan. So I made at once for a decent shop, where luckily found a suit to fit me, one taken the tailor said) off a very promising young gentleman that had the misfortune to be killed on Brad dock Bown. Arrayed in this, I belt mys-lf again, and offered to take Joan to see the fat

We saw her, and the Ethiop, and the rhinoteres (which put mean mand of poor Anthony Killigrew), and the pag faced buby, and the endgel play, and precently halted be-fore a Cheap-Back that was crying his ways in a prodigious lond voice near the town wall

Twas a meager, sharp visaged fellow with a gray chin beard like a billy goat's, and tas fortune would have it, soving our noncoach, he picked out a mirror from his stock, and holding it aloft, addressed us straight

What have we here," cries he, "but a pair o' lovers coming! and what i' my hand but a lover's hour giass? Sure the stars of heaving must have a hand in this conjunctureonly thirteen pence, my pretty fellow, for a glass that will tell the weather i'your sweetheart's face, and help make it fine.

There were many country fellows with their maids in the crowd, that turned their heads at this address; and as usual the women began.
"'Tis Joan o' the Tor!"

"Joan's picked up wi'a sweetheart-tee-bee!-an' us reckened her'd forsworn man-

Who is holy

Some furriner, sure, that likes garlick."

"He's bought her no ribbons yet. "How should be, poor lad, that can find no garments upon her to fasten 'em to?"

And so on, with a deal of spiteful laughter. Some of these sayings were half truths, no doubt; but the truthfulest word may be in felix. So, noting a dark flush on Joan's check, I thought to end the scene by taking folix. the Cheap Jack's mirror on the spot, to stop his tengue, and then drawing her away.

But in this I was a moment too late fust as I reached up my hand with the thiren pence, and the grimning fellow on the platform bent forward with his mirror ! beard a courser jest, a rush in the crowd and two heads go crack! together like eggs.
"Twas two of Joan's tormenters she had taken hair and served so; and, dropping them the next instant, had caught the Cheat Jack's board, as you might a bell rope, and wrenched him head foremost off his stand. my thirteen pence flying far and wide. Plump he fell into the crowd, that scattered on all hands as Josu pummeled him; and whack! whack! fell the blows on the poor Idiot's face, who screamed for mercy, as though Judgment Day were come.

No one, for the mirute, dared to step between them; and presently Joan, looking up, with arm raised for another buffet, spied a poor astrologer close by, in a red and vellow gown, that had been reading fortunes in a tub of black water beside him, but was now broken off, dismayed at the hubbab. To this tub she dragged the Cheap Jack and sent him into it with a round souse. The black water splashed right and left over the crowd. Then, her wrath sated, Joan faced the rest, with hands on hips, and waited for them to

come on. Not a word had she spoken, from first to last; but stood now with hot obeeks and bosom heaving. Then, finding none to take up her challenge, she strode out shrough the folk, and I after her, with the mirror to my hand; while the Cheap Jack picked himself out o the tub, whining, and the astrologer wiped his long white beard and soiled robe.

Outside the throng was a carriage, stopped for a minute by this tumult, and a servant at the horses' heads. By the look of it the coach of some person of quality; and, glancing at it, I saw inside an old gentleman, with a grave, venerable face, sected. For the moment it financed on my I had seen him before somewhere, and cudgeled my wits to think where it had been. But a second and ser gare assured me I was mistaken, and

I went on down the street after Joan

She was walking fast and angry ; nor, wher eaught her up and tried to soothe, would she answer me but in the shortest words Woman's Justice, as I had just learned, has this small defect-it goes straight enough but mainly for the wrong object. Which w I proved in my own case

"Where are you going. Joan?"
"To Fifteen Bails' stable, for my horse." "Art not leaving the fair yet, surely?

"That I be, though. Have had fairing enow-wi' a man!"

Nor for the great part of the way home would she speak to me. But meeting, by Found Schwens (a hamber close to the road), some friends going to the fair, stopped for a while to chat with them, whilst rode forward; and when she overtook me, her brow was clear again.
"Am a hot headest fool, Jack, and have

spoiled thy day for thee."

Nay, that you have not," said I, heartily glad to see her humble, for the first time in our acquaintance; "but if you have forgiver me that which I could not help, you shall take this that I bought for you, in proof. And, pulling out the mirror, I leaned over

and handed it to her,
"What i' the world be this?" she asked, taking and looking at it doubtfully.

Why, a mirror. "What's that?"

"A glass to see your face in," I explained. Be this my face?" She rode forward. holding up the glass in front of ber. what a handsome looking gal I be, to be sure Jack, art certain 'tis my very own facer'

To be sure," said I, armized. There was silence for a full minute, save for our horses' tread on the high

And then: Jack, I be powerful dirry!" This was true enough, and it made me laugh. She looked up solemnly at my mirth

laving no sense of a joke then or ever) and ent forward to the glass again. "By the way," said 1, "did you mark a arriage just outside the growd, by the Cheap Jack's booth, with a white haired gentleman

souted insider Joan nodded, "Master Hannibal Ting-

stoward o' Gleys." What

I jumped in my saddle, and with a pull at the bridle brought Molly to a standstill.
"Of Gleys?" I crici. "Steward of Sir

Denkin Killigrow that was!" Right, Ind. except the last word. 'That

shouldst rather say. Then you are wrong, Jonn; for he's dead i buried these five months. Where is this on of Gleys! for to-morrow I must ride

The easy found, then; for it stands on the south coast, vonder, and no house near it; five mile from anywhere, and sixteen from Temple, due south. Shall want thee afore thou startest, Jack. Dear, new! who'd 'ha' thought I was so dirty?

The cottage door stood open as we rode into the yard, and from it a faint smoke came curling, with a smell of peat. Within I found the smaldering turves scattered shout as on the day of my first arrival, and among them Joan's father stretched, flat on his face, only this time the cat was curled acquistly and lying between the old man's houlder bindes.

"Drunk again," said Joan shortly But, looking more narrowly, I marked a million stain on the ground by the old man's ath and turned bird softly over.

She stood above us and looked down, first the corpse, then at me, without speaking or a time; no lasts

Then I resion be may as well be buried." "Girl," I called out, being shocked at this libersness, "His your father—and he is

Why that's so, lad. A he were alive, bin't trouble thee to lary'n Not so, before night, we carried him up to e bledf tondde, and dug his grave there; en wa had bim; having dag down to solid. gand, having covered him over, went ellently lends to the bovel. Joan had not aloud

## CHAPTER NIV.

shed a single tear.

DO NO GOOD IN THE HOUSE OF GLEVE Very early next morning I awoke, and, bearing no sound in the loft above (whither since my coming, Joan had carried her bed concluded her to be still askeep. But in this I was mistaken, for, going to the well at the back to wash, I found her there, studying

her face in the mirror.

"Luckily met, Jack," she said, when I was cleansed and freshly glowing. "Now ful another bucket and sarve me the same." 'Cannot you wash yourself?' I asked, as I

Lost the knack, I reckon. Stand thee so,

an' siush the water over me "But your clothes!" I cried out; "they'll be

sonking wet!" 'Clothes won't be worse for a wash, neither, So slush away."

Therefore, standing at three paces' dis-tance, I sent a bucketful over her, and then another and another. Six times I filled and emptied the bucket in ail; and at the end she was satisfied, and went, dripping, back to the kitchen to get me my breakfast

"Art early abroad," she said, as we sat together over the meal. "Yes, for I must ride to Gleys this morn-

ing. Sha'n't be sorry to miss thee for a while.

Makes me feel so shy-this cleanliness. So, promising to be back by nightfall, 1 went presently to saddle Molly; and, following Joan's directions and her warnings against quage and pitfalls, was seen riding outh across the moor, and well on my road to the House of Glevs.

My way leading me by Braddock Down, I turned aside for a while to examine the ground of the late fight (though by now little was to be seen but a plece of earthwork left unfinished by the rebels and the fresh mounds where the dead were laid); and so Twas high noon-and a duli, cheerless day-before the hills broke and let me have a sight of the sea. Nor, till the noise of the surf was in my ears did I mark the chimneys and naked gray walls of the house I was bound for.

Twas a gloomy, savage pile of granite, perched at the extremity o. a narrow neck of land, where every wind might sweep it, and the waves beat on three sides the cliff below. The tide was now at the full almost, and the spray flying in my face, as we crossed the head of a small beach, forded a stream and scrambled up the rough road to the entrance

A thin line of smoke blown level from on chimney was all the sign of life in the building; for the narrow lights of the upper story were mostly shuttered, and the lower floor was hid from me by a high wall inclosing a courtiage in front. One stunted ash, with boughs tortured and bent toward, the main-land, stood by the gate, which was locked. A smaller door, also locked, was let into the gate, and in this again a shuttered iron grat ing. Hard by dangled a rusty boll pull, at

which I tugged sturdily. On this, a cracked bell sounded, for in the bouse, and scared a flock of starlings out of a disused chimney. Their cries died away presently and left no sound but that of the guils waiting about the cliff at my feet. This

was all the answer I won.

I rang again, and a third time; and now at ast came the sound of lootstees shuffling cross the court within. The slutter of the railing was slipped back and a voice, cracked

the bell, asked my business "Two see Master Hannibal Tingcomb," an-

Thy name?" "He shall hear it in time. Say tint I come

a business concerning the estate."

The voice muttered something, and the outsteps went back. I had been kicking my esis there for twenty minutes or more when returned, and the voice repeated the Thy name?"

Desog by this time angered, I did a foolish hing; which was to clap the muzde of my istol against the grating, close to the felow's nose. Singular to say, the trick served A bolt was slipped hastily back and the wicket door rewnest steethily.

"I want," said I "room, for my horse to

Thereupon more grumbling follow d. and producious creaking of boits and chains; ofter which the big gate swing stiffly back, "Sure, you must be worth a deal," I said, "that shut yourselves in so careful."

Before me stood a strange fellow-extraorlinary old and bent, with a wizened face, one ye only, and a chin that almost touched his mose. He wors a dirty suit of livery, that once had been canary yellow; and shook with

Master Tingcomb will swthe voung man. e squeaked, nodding his head; "but is a-read-

ng just now in his Bible," A pretty habit," answered 1, leading in Molly "if unsensonable. But why not have He seemed to consider this for awhile, and

then said, abruptly. "thave some pasty and some good eider?"
"Way, yes." I said, "with all my heart,
when I have stabled the sorrel here."

He led the way across the court, well paved but choked with weeds, towards, the stable I found it a spacious building, and counted exteen stalls there; but all were empty save two, where stood the horses I had seen in Bodain the day before. Having stabled Molly, left the place (which was thick with colwebs and followed the old servant in the to say:

He took me into a great stone kitchen, and brought out the pasty and cider, but poured out half a glass only.

Have a care, young man; 'tis a luscious, thick, seductive drink," and he chucked. "I'would turn the edge of a knife," said I, tisting it and looking at him; but his one bicared eye was inscrutable. The pasty also moldy, and I soon haid it down

'Hast a proud stomach that cometh of farag sumptuously; the beef therein is our own none, killing, said he "Young ar, art a man of The tears by this were coursing down his blood, I greatly fear, by thy long sword and shrunken checks, but I of served him watch andiness with the firearns.

Shall be presently," answered I, "if you lead me not to Master Tingcomb,

of the kitchen into a stone corridor, Infter im. Along this he hurried, muttering all. way, and halted before a door at the end. Without knocking he pushed it open, and, motioning me to enter, hastened back as he Come in," said a voice that seemed famil-

Though, as you know, 'twas still high day, the room where now I found myself was ery appearance of night; the shutters beclosed and six lighted candles standing on John," said I, "he's not drunk-he's table. Behind them sat the venerable entieman whom I had seen in the coach, w wearing a plain suit of black and readng m a great book that lay open on the ta-I guessed it to be the Bible: but noted that the candles had shades about them, so the iron shatter slipped back, disposed as to throw the light, not on the "Well," I asked, learning towards it page, but on the doorway where I stood.

Yet the old gentleman, having but me enter went on reading for a while as though wholly masware of me; which I found somewhat nettling, so began:

'I speak, I believe, to Master Hannibal Tingoumb, steward to Sir Deakin Killigrew, He went on, as if ending his sentence,

s my name steward to the late Sir Denkin

The latef cried L. Then you know? Surely I know that Sir. Deakin is dead, else should I be but an unworthy steward. He opened his grave eves as if in wonder,

And his son, also ! "Also his son Anthony, a headstrong boy, fear me; a conserter with vile characters, Alas! that I should say it."

'And his daughter, Mistress Deliam Alas!" and he fetched a deep sigh.

"Do you mean, sir, that she, too, is dead?"
"Why, to be sure—but let us talk on less painful matters, 'In one moment, sir; but first tell me-

where did she die and when?" For my heart stood still, and I was fain to clutch the table between us to keep me from falling. I think this did not escape him, for he gave me a sharp look, and then spoke very

She was cruelly killed by highwaymen at the 'Three Cups' inn, some miles out of Hungerford. The date given me is the 3d of December last."

With this a great joy came over me, and I blurted out, delighted:
"There, sir, you are wrong! Her father

was killed on the night of which you speakcruelly enough, as you say; but Mistress Delia Killigrew escaped, and, after the most incredible adventures"-

I was expecting him to start up with joy at my announcement; but, instead of this, he gazed at me very sorrowfully and shock his ad, which brought me to a stand.

"Sir," I said, changing my tone, "I speak but what I know; for 'twas I had the happy fortune to help her to escape, and, und God's hand, to bring her safe to Cornwall," "Then, where is she now!" Now, this was just what I could not tell

, standing before him, I gave him my name and a history of all my adventures in my dear comrade's company, from the hour when I saw her first in the inn at Hungerford, Still keeping his finger on the page, he heard me the lips towards the close, such as I did not like. And when I had done, to my amaze be spoke out sharply, and as if to a whipped schoolbey. "Tis a cock and bull story, sir, of which I

could hope to make you ashamed. Six weeks in your company? and in boy's habit? Surely twas enough the pure, unhappy maid should be dead—without such vile slander on her fame, and from you, that were known, sir, to have been at that inn, and on that night, with her murderers. Boy, I have ovi dence that, taken with your confession, would weave you a halter; and am a justice of the

peace. Be thankful, then, that I am a merciful man; yet be abashed."

Abashed, indeed, I was; or, at least, taken aback, to see his holy indignation and the flush on his waxen cheek. Like a fool I stood staggered, and wondered dimly where I had that thin voice before. In the confusion of my senses I heard it say, solemnly:
"The sins of her fathers have overtakes

er, as the Book of Exodus proclaimed therefore is her inheritance wasted, and given

the satyr and the wild ass." "And which of the twain be you, sir!"

ess from me, for he seemed an honest, good man; but my beart was boiling that any hould put so ill a construction on my Delia. As for Jilm, he had reen, and was movemen eith dignity to the door-to show me out, as guess. When suddenly I that had been taring stupidly, leaped upon him and hurled him back into his chair.

For I had marked his left foot trailing and, by the token, knew him for the white harred man of the bowling green.

"Master Hannibal Tingcomb," I spoke in his ear, "-dog and murderer! What did you in Oxford last November! And how of Capt. Lucius Higgs, otherwise Capr. Luke Settle, otherwise Mr. X.! Speak, before I serve you as the dog was served that night?"

I dream yet, in my sick nights, of the change that came over the vile, hypocritical knave at these words of mine. To see his pale, venerable face turn green and fixed, his try evoball start, his hands clutch at air-it frightened me.

"Brandy!" he gasped, "Brandy! there-

quick-for God's sake! And the next moment he had slipped from not group, and was wallowing in a fit on the I ran to the supposed at which he had pointed, and, finding there a battle of strong waters, force I some drops between his teetic; and hard work it was, he geneating at me all the time and fearing at the mouth.

Presently be coased to writtee and bite; and, lifting, I set him in his chair, where he lay, a more lump bundle, staring and blink So I sat down facing him and waited

feelily, his imports searching the Bible before on her shoulder; and in a moment size had him from force of halo. Kind young are gripped one and was wrestling like a wildest. I am an old, dying man, and my sins have nd me out. Only yesterday the physician at Bullium told me that my days are num-This is the second attack, and the com that they bears

Well Passil I. did not think) I will move restitution-I will confess—only tell me what to do, that I may

indeed, he looked pitisble, sitting there and stammering; but I hardened my heart

must have a confession, then, written before I leave the room. "But, dear young friend, you will not use it if I give up all! You will not seek my

, that is already worthless, as you see "Why, 'tis what you deserve. But Delia shall say when I find her as I shall go straight to seek her. If she be lost, I use it never four: if she is found it shall be hers to say what mercy she can discover in her leart; but I promise you I shall mivise

me narrowly, as though to find out how "Shall be presently," answered I, "if you much I know. So I pulled out my pistol, actime not to Master Tingcomb," and setting pen and paper before him, obline scrambled up briskly and tottered out tained, at the end of an hour, a very pretty confession of his sins, which has among my papers to this day. When Twas written and agued, in a weak, rambling hand, I read it through, folded it, piaced it inside my cont and prepared to take my leave.

But he called out an order to the old servant to saidle my mare, and stood softly pray ing and beseeding me in the courtyard till the last moment. Nor when I was mounted would anything serve but he must follow at my stirrup to the gate. But when I had briefly taken leave, and the beavy doors had creaked behind me, I heard a voice calling after medown the road:

"Dear | toget | Dear friend! I had for-Returning, I found the gate fastened, and

"Dear young friend, I pity thee, for thy paper is worthless. Today, by my advices, the army of our most Christian parhament, more than twenty thousand strong, under he Earl of Stamford, have overtaken francis, the malignant gentry, near Stratton scales. The tramp of he Heath, in the northeast. They are more than bits were pretty to bear. two to one. By this hour to-morrow the Papists all will be running like comes to their "And my darling from the power of the barrows, and little chance will thou have to dog." Here he paused with finger on the sees Delia Killigraw, much less to find her, the first and largest was of dragoons. So the southern sun, place and looked up. "Yes, young sir, that And remember, I know enough of thy late clear was the air. I could almost read the The late David services to hang thee; mercy then will lie in thy friends hands; but be sure I shall adviso

And with a mocking laugh he chapsed to the grating in my face.

# CHAPTER XV.

I LEAVE JOAN AND BIDE TO THE WARS. You may guess how I felt at being thus properly fooled. And the worst was I could see no way to mend it, for against the barracado between us I neight have beat myself hours, yet only hurt my fists; and the wall was so smoooth and high that, even by standing on Molly's back, I could not by a foot or more-reach the top to pull myself

There was nothing for it but to turn home wards down the bill, which I did, chewing the cud of my folly and tinding it bitter as

Joan was not in the kitchen when I arrived, nor about the buildings, nor yet could I spy her anywhere moving on the bills. So, after calling to her once or twice, I stabled the mare and set off up the tor side to seek

Now I must tell you that since the day of my coming I had made many attempts to find the place where Joan had then hidden me, and always fruitlessly, though I knew well whereabouts it must be. Indeed I had thought at first I had only to walk straight to the hole, yet found after repeated trials but solid earth and bowlders for my pains.

But today, as I climbed past the spot, something very bright flashed in my eyes and dazzled me; and rubbing them and looking I saw a great hole in the hill-taking to the southwest-in the very place I had searched for it, and out of this a beam of

light glancing. Creeping near on tip toe I found one huge block of granite, that before had seemed bedded among a dozen fellow bowlders against the biri-the base resting on another well nigh as big-was now rolled back, having been fixed to work smoothly on a pivot, ye so like nature that no eye, but by chance, Now, who in the beginning designed this hiding place I leave you to con sider, and whether it was the Jews or Pace nicians-nations, I am told, that once worked the hills around for tin. But inside 'twas curiously paved and lined with slabs of granite, the specks of ore in which, I noted, were the points of light that had once puzzled me. And here was Joan's bower and Joan berself

inside it. She was sitting with her back to me, in her left hand holding up the mirror, that caught the rays of the now sinking sun fand had dazzled me), while with her right she tried to twist into some form of knot her reses black, and course as a borse's mane that already she had roughly braided. pail of water stood beside her, and around lay scattered a score or more of long thorns,

cut to the shape of hairpins. "Tis probable that after a minute's watchng I let some laughter escape me. At any ate, Joan turned, spied me, and scrambled ifp, with an angry red on her check. Then I saw that her bodice was neater laced than usual, and a bow of vellow ribbon (fished up heaven knows whence stood in the bosom. | peony,

I cannot tell what forced this violent rade. But the strangest thing was to note the offer of this new tuliness upon hor; for she tong step forward as if to cutf the by the eara day agene, she would have done and that

"Why, John," said I, "don't be augered. It is you emigory - it does in lead. Jown, a

Instead of flying out, as I looked for, suc faced round and answered me gravely.

"Timt I will not; not to any but my mas 'And who is that?"

of so be in whack me often enow."
"A strange way to love," hughed L

She looked at me stealght, albeit with an odd, gloony light in her eye. Think so, Jacks then I give thee leave to:

I think there is always a brutality lurking. n a man to leap out unawares. Yet why do mer To be plain, I spraing flereely spanish after Joan, who had already started, and

Twice around the tor she led me and gain upon low, for her bare feet carried her light and free. Indiest, I was losing ground, hen, coming to the Jew's Kitchen a sec time, the tried to slip inside and shut the 'at Harrow school, Unrian

Then should I have been prettily beneeled. had I not, with a great effort, contrived to "Bear young sir," he began at length, was closing. Wrenching it open I and hand ow, Ising Comperland treet: I knew only the wrestling of my own county, and noth ing of the Cornstastyle. For in the north they stand well apart, and try to wear deone another's strength; whereas the Cornbais a brisker, lighter play, and—as I must con-"H-if Mistress Delia be alive as, indeed, I fess-prettier to watch, So when Joan rushed one of stenator Everts' sentences in his

> ning thrown, pat. But, recovering, I got her at armic length, and beld her so, while my heart achel to my fingers grapping her shoulders and sinu-ing into the flesh. I begged off; but she only sught and panted, and struggled to lock to by the unkles again. I could not have amed to find such flerce strength in a girl ce or twice one nearly overma-tered meat at length my stubb en play were ner t. Her breath came sport and fast, then later; and in the end, still holding nor off, turned her by the should re and let her rop quietly on the turf. No thought had I ly longer of kissing her, but stood back, sartily sick and ashamed of myself.

For a world she lay, turned over on her le, with hands guarding ber head, as if excting me to strike her. Then, gathering rolf up, she came and put her hand in dine vers meckly Mad liked it better hadst them stamped

art of me, a most. But there, lada thine forever! Twas like a buffet in the face to me. White ?" I arrived looked up in my face-dear heaven out I should have to wents it!—with ever conful, sick with love; tried to speak, but

I was standing there with her hand in mine, of a burning remorse in my beart, when I and the clear notes of a bugie blown, away the road to Launceston. Looking that was I saw a great company

aid only and, and broke into a wild rit of

some coming down over the crest, the sun ning level on their arms and a green standd that they bore in their midst, Jun spied them the same instant and award her sales. Without a word we fluid

iracives down full length on the turf to They were more than a thousand as I guessed, and came winding down the road very orderly, till, being full of them, it seemed a long serpent writing with shiny The tramp of hoofs and jingling of

Joan no-ided. end on their standard, and the calls of N. Y., was 36 years of age and underbredly is captains were home up to us extremely—the oldest Freemason in the United States. ir captains were borne up to us extremely

Turning my head as the last rider disappeared on the way to Bodmin, I spied a squat, oddly shaped man striding down the bid very briefly; yet be looked about him often and kent to the hollows of the ground, and was crossing below us, as it appeared, straight for

ottage.

I. There is but one man in the world with such a gait, and that's Billy Pot-

And, jumping to my feet (for he was come directly beneath us, I caught up a great stone and sent it bowling down the slope. Bounce it went past him, missing his legs by a foot or less. The man turned, and, catching sight of me as I stood waving, made

his way up the hill. Twas indeed Capt, Billy, and, coming up, the honest follow al-Billy; and, coming the most hugged me for joy.

most hugged me for joy.

Jack," he bawled; "Was seeking thee, Jack," he bawled; "learned from Sir Bevill where belike I might find thee. Left his lodging at Launce this mornin', and trudged ivery foot of the way. A thirsty land, Jack: neither horse's meat nor man's most therein, nor a chair to sit down on, an three women only have l kissed this day!" He broke off and looked at

Joan. "Begging the lady's pardon for sea-manners and way o speech." "Joan," said I, "this is Billy Pottery, a good mariner and friend of mine, and as

eaf as a haddock Billy made a leg, and as I pointed to the oud where the cavairy had just disappeared, went on with a nod:

"That's so. Old Sir George Chudleigh's troop o' horse sent off to Bedmin to swize the high sheriff and his posse there. Two hour agone I spied 'em, and ha' been ever since playin' spy."

Then where be the king's forces?' I made

shift to inquire by signs.
"Marched out o' Launceston today, ladan' but a biscuit a man between 'em, poor dears-for Stratton Heath, i' the nor'east, where the rebeis be encamped. Heard by scouts o' these gentry bein' sent to Bedmin and were minded to fight the Earl o' Stamford whiles his dragoeners was away. Au here's the long an' short o't; thou'rt wanted

lad, to bear a hand wi' as up yonder-an' the good lady here can spare this facelly enough, and Billy with a puzzies air, which he tried very delivately to hide.

She put her hand in mine. To fight, lad!"

down to the coftage.

I nedded my head. Then go," she said, without a shake in her voice; and, as I made no answer, went on: 'Shall a woman hinder when there's figutin toward! Only come back when thy wars be over, for I shall miss thee, Jack. And, dropping my hand, she led the way

Now Billy, of course, had not heard a word

of this; but perhaps he gathered some import

Any way, he pulled up short midway on the slope, scratched his head and thundered: "What a good hea!" Joan, some paces ahead, turned at this am smiled; whereat, having no idea he'd spoken above a whisper, Billy blushed red as any

Trough that is snort that hour while mare being endited and Billy felt as cold our leave of John Billy walled by it is carrup and the gurl on the other atww yards on our way. At longth son

No leave taking Jack, but Charen and certainly a handsome girll give me a sector | King? Unly do the best and too insgrace

dlo be continued in August Supplement.

### PERSONAL GOSSIFF

"No man yet; nor shall be till one hus beat me sare; but will I love an follow like a dog fession of John Howells, the son of the novelist, where now is endow at Harvard. Honey M. Stendey, although he has bong States, was are named and most May 15,

> Heath of the No. 1th scouters, a part and Jones, are forel of tolation as I be it liking for a cigar is prest r execution tien Serutitive.

Allen and Hutchieson, the strokes rene metric along the slope. Spectively of the Yele and the Harvard Twice around the ter she led me, and, eights, were equation of rival effects yours cough I strained my lest, not a varieoula I ago in St. Pent. when Cardinal Manning by the conflict physical

cambition for a men in his servent. In his your a lio was an entit constructivitier Hubert Beckemer, the distinguished British netter wher is alread equally fa-

time an Ohi - bee Edward Hunlan, the parsman, is inconsoluble over the loss, in Torono, or a massive gold medal, i.e. sant 1 to tun to Lord Dufferin in honor of his victory even burns

neg at Luchine in 1-78 Senutor Jones' specifica the silver quesin and closed with me I was within an acc of speech on the same question contains 100 words be netual count

> Dr. Nussbaum, the famous Margall proc fessor of surgery, has resigned. In from which he suffered soverely, letnimost blind and partly povalyzed. A eral pension has been granted to him. The line Jordan B. Noble was known throughout the source as "The Drummer Boy of Chalmatte," He was been in 1799

of sia e pare, is, and served as a drammer under Jack on at the buttle of New Orleans. Hoberts, Pemberton, known as the group est gombler that Kentucky ever produced recently died at Louisville at the age of 71 Once on a steamboat trip from years. ulcville to New Orleans he won \$15,000

Cur Joe Leffel, who has been elected to the city control of Springfield, O., is a Thursh and fourteen pounds lighter. He is 50 years of lage, weighs 60 pounds and is dwinches high Oliver Wond it Holmes lives in a brown

at draw poker.

stone house on Beston street, Hoston. The r or windows of the house overlook the Charles river and it is here that the poet has his study, entirely removed from city significand sounds. The late J. J. McEllone stenographer of the national house of representatives, could report equally well with other hand, and in taking a long speech in the house be would frequently shift the pencil from one

hand to the other without intercepting his ADDITE. Mr. C. A. Eastman, the young Sioux chief, who was graduated at the Boston University College of Medicine recently, was a very valuable man in the football and cane rushes of his college, into which he entered with all the fire and courage of

Robert Louis Stovenson is so charmed with his becariful Samoan home, with its alk waterfalls, that whom he reaches England he will sell his household effects, wind up his affairs in Scotland, and return to There were three regiments in all, whereof complete the span of his existence under

The late David J. Baker, of Dryden,

He was initiated as a master muson by the Sylvan lodge of Moravia, March 12, 1816. Baker and his wife had lived together for fifty years in the house in which be died. Dr. Heinrich Schliemann is a member of the Green's company of London. Defore he uncarthed ancient Troy and dug up Agamemann's tomb at Mycane the tree-

pressible excavator sold herrings and but-ter potatoes and milk for over five years in a little shop in Furstenberg, where he was Isaac Murphy, who rode Salvator, the winning horse in the recent suburban, is a young colored man who was raised in the household of Mrs. Hunt Reynolds, in Laxington, Ky, where he lives with his wife, and owns about \$30,000 worth of realestate, His salary as a rider for J. B. Haggin, Sal-

# Beauty of Person.

vator's owner, is stated at \$15,000 a year.

Some excellent people take serious exeption to Grant Alien's remark that, eing a man, he took it for granted that the first business of a girl was to be presty. Now, it may be that Mr. Allen is not so far out of the way after all. It is cortainly the duty of every woman, and man, too, to be as good looking as possible, because bounty gives pleasure to other people. Beauty of person is the expression of something corresponding to it in the mind and soul, and is to be prized accordingly. True beauty comes rom the cultivation of the higher graces. of the mind and soul, as well as the care f the body, and cannot exist without this. A cried up old professor who mows forty languages, and yet is weak eved, lank haired, stoop shouldered and dyspeptic, is as far from being a percetly developed man as the prize lighter. Of the two the prize lighter is far the nore agreeable object to look at. The Treeks were nearer right than we think when they gave physical culture so high place. So, girls and women of all gres, be as beautiful as you can courselves handsome by physical exerse, by intellectual work and by culivating a sweet temper and generous, kindly spirit to all mankind.

# A. D. White and Corducation.

insinstically in favor of cooducation and flictic exercises. Coeducation makes comen more womanly and men more nanty, he says. And sunshine, fresh ir and vigorous physical exercises are nore important for girls than for boys ven, because "co-ed." girl students in heir real for study are ant to neglect heir bodies. In his judgment ne girl dould be permitted to take a college course unless she also took a proper sys-tem of regular exercise in a gyumasium

Ex-President White, of Cornell, is en-