

hope to see her again, my late pretty comrade held my thoughts the day long. I shared them with nobody; for though I had had some words fall in my doirium, Joan never hinted at this, and I never found out.

To Joan's company I was left; for her father, after saving my life that afternoon, took me further and further by order of death; and the one, Jan Tergaglia (named after a spirit that was said to haunt the moors hereabouts), was as indifferent. So with Joan I passed the days idly, tending the sheep, or waiting on her as she plowed, or lying full length on the hillside and talking with her of war and battles. 'Twas the one topic on which she was curious, and for hours she would listen to stories of Alexander and Hannibal, Caesar and Joan of Arc, and other great commanders whose history I remembered.

One evening—'twas early in May—we had climbed to the top of the gray tower above Temple, where 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, her chin propped on one ornate stained hand, her great, solemn eyes wide open as she listened. Till that moment I had regarded her rather as a man comrade than a girl, but now some feminine traits of posture, and even, perhaps, for my fancy began to contrast her with Delia, and I broke off my story and sighed.

"Art longing to be home?" she asked. "I felt ashamed to be thus caught and was silent. She looked at me and went on: "Speak out, lad."

"I wish I were a bird," she said, "and I am grateful."

"Oh, ay—wilt thou learn to speak the truth, Jack? Art longing to be hence and shall—soon?"

"Why, Joan, you would not have me dwell here always?"

"She made no answer for a while and then with a change of tone: "Shalt thou go to see the great Turk and fat woman and leech-pouch. So tell me more about Joan, the Frenchwoman."

I went on down the street after Joan. She was walking fast and angry; nor, when I caught 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 now I proved in my own case.

"Where are you going, Joan?" "To Fifteen Bulls' stable, for my horse."

"Art not leaving the fair yet, surely?" "That I be, though. Have had fairing snow—wilt a man?"

"Nor for the great part of the way home would she speak to me. But meeting, by Fount Newens (a hamlet close to the road), with some friends going to the fair, she stopped for a while to chat with them, whilst I rode forward; and when she overtook me, her brow was clear again."

"Am a hot-headed 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 forgiven 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! the world be this?" she asked, taking and looking at it doubtfully.

I rang again, and a third time; and now at last came the sound of footsteps shuffling across the court within. The slutter of the craning was slipped back and a voice, cracked as the bell, asked my business.

"To see Master Hannibal Tingeomb," answered I.

"His name?" "He shall hear it in time. Say that I come on business concerning the estate."

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

"By this time angered, I did a foolish thing, which was to clap the muzzle of my pistol against the grating, close to the fellow's nose. Singular to say, the trick served me. A bolt was slipped lustily back and the wicket door opened stealthily."

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

"Thereupon some grumbling follow'd, and a prodigious creaking of bolts and chains; after which the big gate swung stiffly back, 'sure you must be worth a deal,'" said I, "I shant stir myself in so careful."

"I had a great strength that evening—extraordinary old and bent, with a wizened face, one eye only, and a chin that almost touched his nose. He wore a dirty suit of livery, that once had been canary yellow, and shook with the palsy."

I cannot tell what forced this evident rudeness on me, for he seemed an honest, good man; but my heart was boiling that any should put so ill a construction on my Delia. As for him, he had risen, and was moving with dignity to the door—to come out, as I guess. When suddenly I, that had been staring stupidly, leaped upon him and buried him back into his chair.

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

"Master Hannibal Tingeomb," I spoke in his ear,—"dog and murderer! What did you in Oxford last November? And how of Capt. Lucius Higgs, otherwise Capt. 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 vicar, hypocritical knave at these words of mine. To see his pale, venerable face turn green and livid, his eyeball 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 my grasp, and was wallowing in a fit on the floor. I ran to the cupboard at which he had pointed, and finding there a bottle of strong waters, I forced some drops between his teeth; and hard work it was, he gasping at me all the time and foaming at the mouth."

"Presumably he ceased to writhe and bite, and, lifting, I set him in his chair, where he lay a mere limp bundle, staring and blinking. So I sat down facing him and waited his recovery."

"Dear young sir," he began at length, feebly, his fingers searching the Bible before him from force of habit, "kind your eyes have been on a dying man, and my sins have been laid out. Only yesterday the physician at Bodmin told me that my days are numbered. This is the second attack, and the third will kill me."

But the strangest thing was to note the effect of this new tidings upon her; for she took a step forward as if to cuff me by the ear—was, a day ago, she would have done—and then stopped, very shy and hesitating.

"Why, Joan," said I, "don't be angered. It suits you exactly—it does not. Joan, my certainly a handsome girl; give me a kiss for the mirror."

"Instead of flying out, as I looked for, she faced round and answered me gravely: "That I will not; not to any but my master."

"And who is that?" "No man yet; nor shall he till one has beat me sore; but will I love an' follow like a dog—so to be he shall me often hear."

"A strange way to love," I laughed. "She looked at me straight, albeit with an odd, gloomy light in her eyes."

"Thank so, Jack, then I give thee leave to try."

"I think there is always a brutality lurking in a man to leap out unawares. Yet why do I seek excuses, that have never yet found one? To be plain, I spring fiercely upon and after Joan, who had already started, and was reeling along the slope."

"Twice around the hill she led me, and, though I strained my best, not a yard could I gain upon her; for her pace carried her light and free. Indeed, I was losing ground, when, coming to the Jew's Kitchen a second time, she tried to slip inside and shut the door in my face."

"Take but a short half-hour with the more better-shaded and Billy took me back out lower of Joan. Billy walked in his own strong and the girl on her other side, to see a few yards on our way. At length she halted."

"No leave taking, Jack, but 'Cherish and King'! Only do thy best and thy suggest me."

(To be continued in August Supplement.)

PERSONAL COLUMN.

Archibuteus is said to be the son of the professor of John Hawks, the son of the novelist, who is now a student at Harvard.

Hubert Harkness, the distinguished British artist who is almost equally famous as a composer of operas, an architect and a practical wood-carver, was at one time an Old Boy.

Edward Heman, the warmhearted, friendly soldier, who died in Toronto of a massive gold-mold, presented to the 100th Regt. Buffs in honor of his victory over Courcy at Lachine in 1878.

Senator Jones' speech on the silver question made a paragraph of 110 pages, and one of Senator Evans' sentences in his speech on the same question contains 100 words by actual count.

Dr. Nussbaum, two famous Munich professor of surgery, has resigned. The trip, from which he suffered severely, left him almost blind and partly paralyzed. A liberal pension has been granted to him.

CHAPTER XIV.

I DO NO GOOD IN THE HOUSE OF GLEYS.

CHAPTER XV.

I LEAVE JOAN AND RIDE TO THE WARS.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.