

CONTRIGHT 1894 BY CASSELLPUBLISHING CO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

It was a silent, melancholy, anxious

rescuing my father—alas, that I should have today and always to call that man father!—I could not escape the fature before me. I had felt shame while he was

but a name to me. How could I endure to live, with his infamy always before my eyes? Petronilla, of whom I had been thinking so much since I returned to Eng-

land, whose knot of velvet had never left my breast nor her gentle face my heart— how could I go back to her now? I had

thought my father dead and his name and

fame old tales. But the years of foreign

"They are Spaniards, I fancy."

cient barrier between his past and myself

eign service I had fondly regarded as a

Master Bertie broke in on my reverie much as if he had followed its course.

"Understand one thing, lad," he said, lay-ing his hand on the withers of my horse.

deserted you when you were a child, and

Yes," I said. "I will go abroad. I

family. The duchess is rich enough," he added, with a smile, "to allow you a younger brother's portion."

I could not answer him as I desired, for we passed at that moment under the arch-

way and became instantly involved in the bustle going forward in the courtyard.

Near the principal door of the inn stood

eight or nine horses gayly exparisoned and in the charge of three foreign looking men, who, lounging in their saddles, were passing a jug from hand to hand. They

turned as we rode in and looked at us curiously, but not with any impertinence.

Apparently they were waiting for the rest

of their party, who were inside the house.

a low voice as he rode to the opposite door

Yet they certainly were Spanish, for I

overheard them speaking to one another

dismounted their leader-whom they re-

ceived with great respect, one of them

jumping down to hold his stirrup-came out with three or four more and got to

horse again. Turning his rein to lend the way out through the north gate, he passed

near us, and as he settled himself in his

saddle took a good look at us. The look

passed harmlessly over me, but reaching Master Bertie became concentrated. The

plumed cap and bowed low, covered him-

self again and rode on. His train all fel-lowed his example and saluted us as they

passed. Master Bertie's face, which had

grew pale again. He looked at me, when they had gone by, with startled eyes.

speaking like one who had received a blow

and did not yet know how much he was

recognized me. I met him often years ago.

but I did not think he would by any

"Are you sure," I asked in amazement,

Master Bertie shook his head. "I can-

their advice. We seem to be surrounded

At this moment the lame hostler came

We must join our friends and take

I knew him again as soon as he came out

"Do you know who that was!"

chance recognize me in this dress.'

'Quite sure," he answered.

'No." I said.

'that it was he?'

out against you.

gained the cellar.

by pitfalls.

flushed a fiery red under the other's gaze.

think both of us, a momentary alarm.

carry themselves like this."

self severed the ties between you."

will go back to Wilna."

kind of purification?

life which 'yesterday had :

CHAPTER XX.

I stood glaring at her.

"You were a blind bat, or you would have found it out for yourself," she continued scornfully. "A babe would have guessed it, knowing as much of your father as you did."

Does he know himself?" I muttered hearsely, looking anywhere but at her now. The shock had left medull and confused. I did not doubt her word, rather I wondered with her that I had not found this out for myself. But the possibility of meeting my father in that wide world into which I had plunged to escape from the knowledge of his existence had never occurred to me. Had I thought of it, it would have seemed too unlikely, and though I might have seen in Gardiner a link between us, and so have identified him, the greatness of the chancellor's transact tions, and certain things about Clarence which had seemed, or would have seemed had I ever taken the point into consideration, at variance with my ideas of my fa-ther, had prevented me getting upon the

"Does he know that you are his son, do you mean?" she said. "No; he does not." "You have not told him?"

No," she answered, with a slight shiver.
I understood. I comprehended that even

to her the eagerness with which, being fa-ther and son, we had sought one another's lives during those days on the Rhine had seemed so creadful that she had concealed the truth from him.
"When did you learn it?" I asked,

"I knew his right name before I ever saw you," she answered. "Yours I learned on the day I left you at Santon." Looking back, I remembered the strange horror, then inexplicable, which she had betrayed, and I understood it. So it was that knowledge which had driven her from us! "What will you do now!" she said. "You will save him? You must save him! He is your Save him? I shuddered at the thought

that I had destroyed him; that I, his son, had denounced him! Save him! The perspiration sprang out in beads on my fore-bead. If I could not save him, I should live pitied by my friends and loathed by my cnemies!
"If it be possible," I muttered, "I will

"You swear ft?" she cried. Before I could answer she seized my arm and dragged me up the dim aisle until we stood to gether before the figure and the cross. The chimes above us rang 11. A shaft of cold sunshine pierced a dusty window and, full of dancing motes, shot athwart the pillars. 'Swear," she repeated, with trembling

eagerness, turning her eyes on mine and raising her hand solemnly toward the figure. "Swear by the cross!"
"I swear," I said.

She dropped her hand. Her form seemed to shrink and grow less. Making a sign to me to go, she fell on her knees on the step and drew her hood over her face. I walked away on tiptoe down the aisle; but, glancing back from the door of the church, I saw the small, solitary figure still kneeling in prayer. The sunshine had died away. The dusty window was coloriess. Only the red lamp glowed dully above her head. I seemed to see what the end would be. Then I pushed aside the curtain and slipped out into the keen air.

It was hers to pray. It was mine to act.
I lost no time, but on my return I could not find Master Bertie either in the public room or in the inn yard, so I sought him in his bedroom, where I found him placidly reading a book, his patient waiting in striking contrast with the feverish anxiety which had taken hold of me. "What is it, lad?" he said, closing the volume and laying it down on my entrance. "You look disturbed."

"I have seen Mistress Anne," I answered. He whistled softly, staring at me without a word. "She knows all," I

"How much is all?" he asked after a

Our names-all our names-Penrud docke's, Kingston's, the others—our meet-ing place, and that we hold Clarence a prisoner. She was that old woman whom ve saw at the Gatchouse tavern last

He nodded, appearing neither greatly surprised nor greatly alarmed. "Does she intend to use her knowledge?" he said. "I Unless we let him go safe and unhurt

"They will never consent to it," he an-

swered, shaking his head. 'Then they will hang!" I cried.

He looked hard at me a moment, dis cerning something strange in the bitterness of my last words. "Come, lad," you have not told me all. What else have you learned?"

'How can I tell you!" I cried wildly waving him off and going to the lattice that my face might be hidden from him. "Heaven has cursed me!" I added, my voice breaki. g.

He came and laid his hand on my shoulder. "Heaven curses no one," he said. "Most of our curses we make for ourselves. Wt tis it, indiff

I covered my face with my hands, "He -he is my f ther," I muttered. "Do you understand? Do you see what I have done?

He is my facher!" Master Pertie uttered that one exclamation in intense astenishment. Then he said no more. But the pressure of his hand told me that he understood; that he felt .ich me; that he'would bely me. And that silent comprehension, that silent assurance, gave the sweetest com He must be allowed to go, then, for this time," he resumed gravely, after a pauce, in which I had had time to recover myself. "We will see to it. But there will be difficulties. You must be strong and brave. The truth must be It is the only way.

I saw that it was, though I shrank exceedingly from the ordeal before me. Muster Bertle advised, when I grew more cales, that we should be the first at the be, the first on the scene. I suppose a plainly that they would still do what percent that we should be the first at the be, the first on the scene. I suppose a plainly that they would still do what percent that we should be the first at the sense of the insecurity of our meeting haps I should have done in their place—

marked on the previous day had not been allayed by the discovery of Clarence's

Indeed it was clear that the distrust and despondency had today become a panie. Men glared at one another and at the door Men glared at one another and at the door and talked in whispers and started at the slightest sound. I glanced round. The one I sought for with eager yet shrinking eyes was not to be seen. I turned to Master Bertie, my face mutely calling on him to ask the question. "Where is the prisoner?" he said sharply.

A moment I hung in suspense. Then one of the men said: "He is in there. He to a door which seemed to lend to an inner

"Right," said Master Bertie, still standing. "I have two pieces of bad news for you nevertheless. Firstly, I have just been recognized by the Spanish embassador, whom I met in the courtyard above." Half the men rose to their feet. "What is he doing here?" they cried, one boldly, the others with the quaver very plain in their voices.

"I do not know, but he recognized me, Why he took no steps to detain or arrest me I cannot tell. He rode away by the

north road. They gazed at one another and we at into some faces grew stronger in theirs.
"What is your other had news?" said
Kingston, with an eath.
"A person outside, a friend of the pris-

oner, has a list of our names and knows our meeting place and our plans. She threatens to use the knowledge unless the an Clarence or Crewdson be set free."

There was a loud murmur of wrath and dismay, amid which Kingston alone pre-served his composure. "We might have been prepared for that," he said quietly. 'It is an old precaution of such folk. But now did you come to hear of it!" "My friend here saw the messenger and

heard the terms. The man must be set free by sunset."
"And what warranty have we that he will not go straight with his plans and his

list to the council?" Master Bertle could not answer that, neither could I. We had no surety, and if we set him free could take none save his word. His word! Could even I ask them to accept that? To stake the life of

the meanest of them on it?

I saw the difficulties of the position, and when Master Kingston pronounced coolly that this was a waste of time, and that the only wise course was to dispose of the principal witness, both in the interests of justice and our own safety, and then shift ourselves before the storm broke, I acknowledged in my heart the wisdom of the course and felt that yesterday it would "Yours must not be the hand to punish your father. But after today you will owe him no duty. You will part from him to-day, and he will be a stranger to you. He

have received my assent.

"The risk is about the same either way," Master Bertle said.

"Not at all," Kingston objected, a sparkle of malice in his eye. Last night we had thwarted him. Tonight it was his turn, and the dark, lowering looks of those round him showed that numbers were with him. "This fellow can hang us all. if you owe reverence to any one it is to your uncle and not to him. He has him-

His accomplice who escapes can know nothing save through him and could give only vague and uncertain evidence. No, no. Let us cast lots who shall do it, get it done quickly and be gone."
"We must wait at least," Bertie urged,

"If ill comes of our enterprise, as I lear ill will come, we will both go back, if we can," he answered. "If good by any chance should come of it, then you shall be my brother, our family shall be your family. The duchess is rich enough," he until Sir Thomas comes. retorted Kingston, with heat. "We are all equal here. Besides the man was condemned yesterday with the full assent of all. It only remains to carry out the sentence. Surely this gentleman," he continued, turning suddenly upon me, 'who was so ready to accuse him yester-

day, does not wish him spared today."
"I do wish it," I said in a low tone.
"Ho! ho!" he cried, folding his arms and throwing back his head, astonished at the success of his own question. may we ask for your reasons, sir? Last night you could not lay your tongue to words too bad for him. Tonight you wish to spare him and let him go.

Civilly disposed as they seemed, the fact that they were armed and wore rich liveries of black and gold caused me, and I upon me and that, Master Bertie excepted, not one there would feel sympathy "Who are they?" Master Bertie asked in with me in my humiliation. They were low voice as he rode to the opposite door driven to the wall. They had no time for fine feeling, for sympathy, for appreciation of the tragic, unless it touched them-"They are Spaniards, I fancy," I said, scanning them over the shoulders of my selves. What chance had I with them, horse as I, too, got off. "Old friends, so though I was a son pleading for a father? Nay, what argument had I save that I was his son, and that I had brought him to speak."
They seem wonderfully subdued for them," he answered, "and on their best to this? No argument. Only the appeal behavior. If half the tales we heard this to them that they would not make me a morning be true, they are not wont to parricide! And I felt that at this they would mock.

And so, in view of those stern, curious faces, a new temptation seized me—the temptation to be silent. Why should I in that language, and before we had well not stand by and let things take their course? Why should I not spare myself the shame which I already saw would be fruitless? When Master Kingston with a cynical bow, said, "Your reasons, sir," I tood mute and trembling. If I kept silence, if I refused to give my reasons, if I did not acknowledge the prisoner, but merely begged his life, he would die, and he connection between us would rider started and smiled faintly. He seemed to pause. Then he raised his known only to one or two. I should be freed from him and might go my own The sins of Ferdinand Ciudde were well nigh forgotten. Why take to myself the sins of Chrence, which would otherwise never stain my name, would never be associated with my father or myself?

Why, indeed? It was a great and sore temptation as I stood there before all se eyes. He had deserved death. I had given him up in perfect innocence. Had I any right to call on them to risk their lives that I might go harmless in concience, and he in person? Had I-

"It was the Count de Feria, the Span-ish embassador," he answered. "And he What! Was there, after all, some taint in my blood? Was I going to become like -to take to myself a shame of my own earning in the effort to escape from the orden of his ill fame? I remembered in time the eath I had sworn, and when Kingston repeated his question I answered him quickly. "I did not know yesterday who he was," I said. "I have discovered "But why did he not have you arrested or at least detained? The warrants are still since that he is my father. I ask nothing on his account. Were he only my father I would not plead for him. I plead for myself." I murmured. "If you show no pity, not tell," he said darkly. "He is a Span-iard. But come, we have the less time to

you make me a parricide." I had done them wrong. There was omething in my voice, I suppose, as I said the words which cost me so much which wrought with almost all of them in At this moment the lame hostler came a degree. They gazed at me with awed, up, and grumbling at us as if he had wondering faces and murmured, "His fanever seen us in his life before, and never ther!" in low tones. They were recalling wished to see us again, took our horses. the scene of last night, the moment when We went into the kitchen, and taking the I had denounced him, the curse he had first chance of slipping up stairs to No. 15 hurled at me, the half told story of which we were admitted with the same precauthat had seemed the climax. I had tions as before, and descending the shaft wronged them. They did see the tragedy

Here we were not, as we had looked to "Yes; they pitied me, but they showed calc), that we should be the first at the rendezvous, lest by some chance Penrud docke's orders should be anticipated, and accordingly, soon after 2 o'clock, we mounted and set forth. I remarked that my companion looked very carefully to his arms, and taking the hint I followed his example.

Sense of the insecurity of our meeting blase I should have done in their place—justice. "He knows too much!" said one, as to be gone early. Penruddocke indeed another, the first to become thoroughly himself again. "Why should we all die for him!" The wolfish glare came back distrust and suspicion which we had re-

weapons impatiently. They were longing to be away. At this moment, when I saw I had indeed made my confession in vain, Master Bertie struck in. "What," he

Master Bertie struck in. "What," he said, "if Master Carey and I take charge of him, and, escorting him to his agent without, be answereble for both of them?" "You would be only putting your necks into the noose!" said Kingston.

"We will risk that!" replied my friend, and what a friend and what a man he seemed amid that ignoble crew! -"I will myself promise you that if he refuse to remain with us until midnight or tries wherever we are to raise an alarm or communicate with any one I will run him wherever we are to raise an alarm or com-municate with any one I will run him through with my own hand. Will not that satisfy you?"

"No," Master Kingston retorted; "it will not! A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush!"

"But the woman outside?" said one

timidly. . "We must run that risk," quoth he. Come, the lot must be drawn. For this gentleman, let him stand aside."

gentleman, let him stand aside."

I leaned against the wall, dazed and horror stricken. Now that I had identified myself with him I felt a great longing to save him. I scarcely noticed the group drawing pieces of paper at the table. My every thought was taken up with the low door over there and the wretched man lying bound in the darkness behind it. What must be the horror, the black despair, the hate and defiance of his mine as he lay there, trapped at last like any beast of prey? It was horrible! horrible horrible!

I covered my face and could not restrain the cry of unutterable distress which rose to my lips. They looked round, two or three of them, from the table. But the impression my appeal had made upon them had faded away already, and they only shrugged their shoulders and turned again to their task. Master Bertle alone stood apart, his arms folded, his face grave and dark. He, too, had abandened hope.
There seemed no hope, when suddenly
there came a knocking at the door. The
papers were dropped, and while some stood as if stiffened into stone others turned and gazed at their neighbors. It was a knocking more basty and imperative than the usual summons, though given in the same fashion. At last a man found tongue. "It is Sir Thomas," he suggested, with a sigh of relief. "He is in a hurry and brings

news. I know his knock."
"Then open the door, fool," cried Kingston. "If you can see through a two inch plank, why do you stand there like a

Master Bertie anticipated the man and himself opened the door and admitted the knocker. Penruddocke it was. He came in, still drumming on the door with his fist, his eyes sparkling, his raddy cheeks aglow. He crossed the threshold with a swagger, and looking at us all burst into a stronge peal of laughter. "Yoicks! Gone to earth!" he shouted, waving his hand as if he had a whip in it. \*Gone to earth—gone forever! Did you think it was the lords of the council, my lads?"

He had left the door wide open behind

him, and we now saw in the doorway the nim, and we now saw in the doorway the scafaring man who usually guarded the room above. "What does this mean, Sir Thomas?" Kingston said sternly. He thought, I fancy, as many of us did, that the knight was drunk. "Have you given that man permission to leave his post?" "Post? There are no more posts," cried Sir Thomas with a strange indire. He

Sir Thomas, with a strange jollity. He sir Thomas, with a strange jollity. He certainly was drunk, but perhaps not with liquor. "Except good fat posts," he continued, smacking Master Bertie on the shoulder, "for loyal men who have done the state service and risked their lives in evil times! Posts? I shall get so drunk tonight that the stoutest post on Ludgate will not hold me up!"

"You seem to have gone far that way already," my friend said coldly. "So will you when you hear the news!" Penruddocke replied, more seberly. "Lads, the queen is dying!"

no feeling for the woman going before he against her feel for her, we who were for the most part homeless and prescribed through her?-but the silence of men in doubt, in doubt whether this might mean all that from Sir Thomas' aspect it seemed to mean.

"She cannot live a week!" Penruddocke continued. "The doctors have given up hope, and at the palace all is in confusion. She has named the Princess Elizabeth her successor, and even now Cecil is drawing up the proclamations. To show that the game is really up the Count de Feria, the Spanish embassador, has gone this very day to Hatfield to pay his respects to the coming queen.'

Then indeed the vaulted roof did ringring and ring again with shouts of "the coming queen!" Men over whom the wings of death had seemed a minute ago to be hovering darkening all things them, looked up and saw the sun.

coming queen!" they cried.
"You need fear nothing!" continued Penruddocke wildly. "No one will dare to execute the warrants. The bishops are shaking in their miters. Pole is said to be dying. Bonner is more likely to hang himself than burn others. Up and out and play the man! Away to your counties and get ready your tar barrels! Now we will give them a taste of the Cujus Regio

Ho, drawer, there! A cup of ale!"

He turned, and shouting a scrap of a soig swaggered back into the shaft and began to ascend. They all treoped after him, talking and laughing, a reckless, good natured crew, looking to a man as if they had never known fear or selfishness -as if distrust were a thing impossible to them. Master Kingston alone, whom his losses had soured and who still brooded over his revenge, went off moodily.

I was for stopping one of them, but

Master Bertie directed my eyes by a gesture of his hand to the door at the far end of the cellar, and I saw that the key was in the lock. He wrung my hand hard. "Tell him all," he muttered. "I will wait above.

(To be continued.)

There are a great many of the unfortunate ones in this world, greater in number than those who are blessed with good digestion. To some people the greatest misfortune is n be able to eat everything set before them. "I suffered for years with dyspepsia, and everything I ate disagreed with me. I was induced to try Simmons Liver Regulator and was cured. I now eat everything." -M. Bright, Madison Parish, La.

That Foley's Colle and Diarrhoea Cure gives quick and positive relief in all bowel complaints-25 cents and 50 cents at M. F. Bahusen's drug

## THE DAILY ARGUS

The

Leading Paper of the Tenth Congressional District.

All the News Local and Telegraph

SUBSCRIPTION 10° A WEEK.

Best Advertising