

The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,
Author of "In Love and Truth"

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"Prithce, forget his gloomy face," Margaret interrupted crossly; then, coming and sitting at Elisabeth's knee again, said coaxingly: "Let's talk of—Godfrey! Oh, Elisabeth, such bonny times, such happy hours as we will have together!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands and quick drawn breath. "Sweet Godfrey, to come so soon! He told me on the eve before I left—when we were both so sad; hath forgotten, stupid Elisabeth?—that he had business in London which would shortly bring him across the channel and that he would in probability visit me ere I were well settled on mine estate. Oh, Elisabeth, I could wring my hands with sorrow that the cruel storm rose and kept him from me six long days, and then again I could sing until I burst my heart for very joy that I shall see him today ere nightfall."

Rising suddenly, she went to the open window and, throwing out her arms, cried earnestly: "Oh, warm winds, whispering winds, bring me word that Godfrey now rideth safely upon the mountain road—my Godfrey, whom I love!"

For answer the rough breeze tossed her hair about and blew the white points of her kerchief over her face. "Ah," she murmured softly, "I need not thy sick confirmation, shifting winds! My heart, that is ever my best guide, doth give me assurance that he'll come tonight! What frock shall I wear, dull Elisabeth, with no thought above thy mending? Shall I do him honor and receive him as a stately Parisian lady in my silken gown of peachblow lace with feathers waving high above my head, or shall I let him take me to his heart as a simple mountain maiden with smooth hair, gray homespun frock and sober countenance? Whichever way, good Elisabeth, will Godfrey like me best?"

Elisabeth, enjoying the girl's happy mood, smiled indulgently. "An opinion were worth the giving in such a case," she replied, "methinks Sir Godfrey will see only the happy light in thy blue eyes and thy red lips when first he cometh."

"Elisabeth! Margaret shook her finger at her companion, laughing lightly. "Thou hast surely had a lover, although thou hast ever denied it, or else how knowest thou so well their ways? Come, I'll wear my peachblow silk, bedeck myself in the grandest fashion and receive my Godfrey in the withdrawing room with all the honors I would bestow upon the king were he to visit me. The king!" she exclaimed, with a disdainful toss of her head. "Forsooth, what is a king compared to Godfrey?"

The sight of the complete adoration of her charge for this man caused a feeling of pain to strike the elder woman's heart, and as she unfurled the lacing of Margaret's bodice she felt compelled to say: "Methinks 'twere not well, sweet, to fasten thy heart so entirely on a man not yet thy husband. An old woman with much experience of the world doth know that many men, especially worldly men of fashion as Sir Godfrey La Fabienne, woo a maid with mad hot love, then ride away, leaving her to cure a broken heart."

"Elisabeth!" exclaimed Margaret sharply. "Cease thine idle chatter and dare not cast thy vile insinuations against Sir Godfrey in my presence."

Her face flushed, tears filled her eyes, and she took the lacing out of Elisabeth's hands as though she no longer wished her aid, walking from her.

"Forgive me, sweet Margaret," Elisabeth followed her anxiously, regret at her words showing in her countenance. "Tis but my love for thee that gives me false anxiety, bonny, for thy happiness is my happiness, and thy sorrow more than my sorrow."

For a time Margaret was silent; then she said with great seriousness: "Elisabeth, never again express doubt of Sir Godfrey. Doubt that the sun riseth to light the earth; doubt that night falls upon the day; doubt thy love for me, but never cherish such thoughts as thou didst give voice to a moment since against Sir Godfrey La Fabienne—a man," she continued in a low, passionate voice, "so much to me, so deeply rooted in my affections, that I could die for very joy of loving him. Were the earth to divide us, Elisabeth, we are one—heart and one soul forever!"

Then, after a deep felt silence, she added in brighter tones, "But, prithce, come, the peachblow gown an' happy faces, for this is a joyful day, good Elisabeth!"

arm, came to the floor with a rattling noise that roused her. Then the remembrance of Hetty, who upon her arrival from her cousin's had been sent to the brook to fill the ewers, coming to her mind, she rose suddenly to look at the sun. Finding the hour to be later than she had at first supposed, her irritation and anger caused by her daughter's delay at the brook knew no bounds. She called the girl's name shrilly once, twice, muttering angrily as she got no response.

Just then Josiah rode in from his visit to the Mayland farm. "Cease thy shrewish screaming, mother," he commanded roughly. "Dost wish to rouse the village? Thy voice can be heard half a mile below."

The dame, angered at his rebuke, resumed her seat in sullen silence, and Josiah took his horse to the barn. In a short time he returned and, entering the kitchen, threw himself down heavily on a chair near his mother, who continued to spin busily without apparently heeding his presence.

At last he broke the silence by saying with affected carelessness: "Thou didst not tell me—if my memory serves me well on so slight a matter—of what appearance the cavalier was that rode by Hagcott's and mistook the Stern-dorf road. Was he an unbearded giant, fickle and changeable as the wind, one day mad in love with a pretty face and forgetting it the next, or was he old and gray haired, with an eye to finishing his days in comfort on the estate of his bride?"

His mother looked out through the doorway, reflectively maintaining for a moment or two a provoking silence. After what seemed to the impatient Josiah an interminable length of time she remarked with ill concealed eagerness: "Thou wert successful in thy wooing, Josiah, and ask now of thine enemy's appearance in order that thou mayst know the extent of thy triumph?"

"As to that matter, nothing is definitely settled," he replied impatiently. "I will explain our understanding later, mother, when the noon hour is not at hand and the animals to be fed. Canst not find words to answer my question?" he cried out in harsh tones. "Dost thou see this Frenchman plainly? Of what appearance was he?"

With quiet deliberation, which was in direct contrast to her son's excited manner, she commenced her narrative. "Josiah, I ha' told thee of the gallant's sudden appearance at good Brother Hagcott's door, of his loud knocking and of how from my place behind the lattice I observed him carefully."

"Aye, thou hast, but naught else," Josiah interposed with eagerness. "His age, mother? Of what age looked he?"

"Methought as I saw him that the knight was getting on to thirty summers, maybe one or two more," she said. "He was large of stature and finely built, with gray eyes and brown pointed beard worn in the French fashion. A round hat with sweeping feathers covered his hair, long leathern riding boots reached to his hips, and his doublet was of ruby velvet, with black satin slashes. Good son Josiah!" she laid her hand on his arm with an expression of feeling unusual with her—

"he presented such a dazzling picture to mine eyes that for the nonce—knowing that oft to silly women the sight of rich and tawdry dress doth weigh heavily against piety, honesty and worth of character—a feeling of insecurity, apprehension and alarm for thy prospects so filled my mind that I saw the man who would supplant thee ride bravely away in the wrong direction with exultation and a feeling of gratitude to God for his gracious protection of us, ever his righteous and faithful servants," she concluded in her most devout manner.

Springing to his feet, Taunston paced the room with nervous strides, occasionally pausing to look out of the window or to stand stern and gloomy before the chimney fire. Suddenly, as if unable to contain himself longer, he made a sharp exclamation and, going to his mother, who had resumed her spinning, cried desperately: "Mother, I ha' sworn that those lands shall be mine! An' the knowledge that there is an enemy approaching with intent to baffle my desire doth set me on the verge of frenzy!"

"Calmness," she replied in a voice of warning. "Cold calculation and a trust in God were ever better, my son, than hot words and hasty action. Already Abigail's misdirection hath sped thee six days on thy wooing and six days more before the Skollvent stream will be passable, not taking into consideration the knowledge of the pest of measles that spreads so thickly about the town of Sterndorf, where our travelers are resting safely there by now."

She laughed in grim enjoyment. "Happen, lad, we may ne'er hear of them again."

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Josiah paused in his restless walking and leaned against the casing of the door, with a gleam of hope in his eyes. "Ha, ha," his laughter rang out harsh and mirthless. "An our gallant courier doth fall a victim to the pest 'twill

be a long number of days before he can recover strength to ride down yon rocky mountain road. In that time, with perseverance and determination, much headway can be made!"

He opened his lips to continue, hesitated, then said: "Thou saidst I think that yon cavalier's face was not one of much attractiveness, good mother? Not one a woman would remember long?"

Still treasuring in her heart against him the harsh words he had spoken as he rode up to the door, his mother made reply: "Twere a sin to speak words without truth, Josiah," she said piously, "so I fain must say that to the worldly minded the gallant's face was one of much manly beauty."

Her son did not reply, but strode hastily out of the doorway, and as he walked bitter hatred filled his heart and blinded his eyes so that for once he did not see the green lands of Margaret Mayland's estate spreading out in all their spring beauty before him. His sister Hetty, dawdling at the brook in the sunshine, filling the ewers, spoke to him as he passed, but he did not

hear her or appear to know that she was there. Not so with round faced Simon Kempster, who came after him whistling merrily, a bunch of fagots on his shoulders and a happy light in his eyes as their gaze fell on Hetty, who, having filled the ewers, was now raising one to her shoulder preparatory to carrying it to the house.

Simon threw down his fagots. "A good morrow, Hetty. Shalt help thee with thy water carrying?"

"Nay, not so, good Simon, for mother, ever watchful from the doorway, would say that we did gossip in working hours," she replied soberly. "Once ere now this morning I ha' felt the severity of her displeasure."

"Then, by my faith, thy sweet face showeth no sign that thou didst take her rebuke to heart sorely, for thy countenance is as bright—as bright!"

Hetty raised her eyes in pleased anticipation. "As bright as a new brass kettle!" he cried, delighted in that he had found so apt a comparison.

The smile on his companion's face grew quickly into a frown as she turned stiffly to walk away.

"So I resemble a brass kettle this morning!" she said sarcastically. "Next time thou wilt appear to know that she was there."

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—"thou canst kiss the back of my hand if thou like," throwing it toward him indifferently. "There, lawk-a-mercy, man, do ha' done! I did not say my wrist an' arm, that I remember! Aye, mother," she cried hastily in answer to a shrill call from her mother in the doorway. "I'm on my way!"

CHAPTER VIII.
WITH the slanting rays of the afternoon sun falling full upon her, Margaret Mayland rode up the mountain path that led to the Mayland farm, making with her crimson riding habit and yellow hair a brilliant speck of color against the dark background of the green trees and foliage. Her horse stepped slowly, the rein falling loose on its neck, and Margaret, pale faced and dejected, rode along listlessly. A lark calling his mate sent strong, sweet notes across the forest; a busy squirrel, disturbed by the advent of horse and rider, ran chattering up the trunk of a tree, and the little spring brook bubbled across the mountain road and splashed and sparkled in the sunlight, but Margaret, lost in her sad reverie, rode on unheeding with bowed figure and drooping head.

Elisabeth, who for an hour past had been peering anxiously out of a window that overlooked the roadway, spying her young charge at the gates, threw open the door at her approach with a great show of cheerful activity.

"Enter, pretty, an' rest thyself," she cried as Margaret alighted from the horse and threw the reins to old Giles.

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It is the Most Patent of All Dangers That Threaten Seafarers. Of all the spectacles of the seas none is so tragic as the derelict, the errand of the trackless deep. Weir'd beyond description is the picture presented by some broken and battered hulk as she swings into view against the sky line, with the turgid green seas sweeping over her moss grown decks and a splintered fragment of mast pointing upward, as if in protest against her undoing. It is a sight also to arouse fear.

For the derelict is the most potent of all the dangers that threaten the seafarer. Silent, stealthy, invisible, it is the terror of the mariner. It is the arch hypocrite of the deep. Against it skill of seamanship, vigilance in watching, avail not. Lights and whistles, beams had buoys proclaim the proximity of land; the throbbing of engines, the noises of shipboard life tell of an approaching vessel; icebergs and flocs betray themselves by their ghostly radiance and surrounding frigidity of air, but the derelict gives no warning, makes no signal. The first sign of its existence is the crash, the sickening tremble and quaver of the ship suddenly wounded to death.—P. T. McGrath in McClure's.

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Travelers Guide.
CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.
Condensed Time Table effective Nov. 28, 1904.

READ DOWN	STATIONS	READ UP
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
7:10 p. m.	7:30 p. m.	7:50 p. m.
8:10 p. m.	8:30 p. m.	8:50 p. m.
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11:10 p. m.	11:30 p. m.	11:50 p. m.
12:10 a. m.	12:30 a. m.	12:50 a. m.
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