## THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1890.

TRANSFER ALL LONG



Momotry of the Adventures of Mr. Marvel, a Servent of His late bury King Charles I, in the pars 1049-8: written by himself.

TED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "0."

## CHAPTER IIL

FIED RYSELF IN A TAVERN BRAWL A wanted, maybe, a quarter to 7 that sing, when passing out at the college gate my way to All-Hallow' church, I saw der the lantern there a man loltering and ling with the porter. Twas Master An-my's inches; and as I came up he held out the for me.

on to the 'Crowne" at VI o'clock, I have a with Captain Bettle, who is on dowty home to-mitte, and must to Abendon by posts for you- Your unfaymed loving

arer has left my servise, and his me nott. Bo tik him if he tarris. his last advice I had no time to carry out This limit advice I had no time to carry out in any thoroughness; but being put in a st dread by this change of hour, pelted towards the Corn market as fast as legs and take me, which was the undoing of a seround citizen into whom I ran full tilt the corner of Balliol college; who, before could see his face in the darkness, was tip-ton his back in the gutter and using the disease disease. So I left him com-

i on his back in the guiter and using the instant expressions. So I left him, con-ring that my excuses would be unsatisfy-to his present demands and to his cooler means a superfluity. The windows of the "Crown" were cheer-by lit behind their red blinds. A few middling grooms and troopers talked and at in the brightness of the entrance, and

at in the brightness of the entrance, and indicities in the street was a servant leading up down a beautiful sorrel mare, ready and ad, that was marked on the near hind leg the a high white stocking. In the passage met the host of the "Crown," Master John wreant, and sure (I thought) in what add mere will the Muse pick up her favorites or this slow, hose checked vintner was no check other to Will Dermant out have this slow, loose checked vintner was no than father to Will Davenant, our laure-and had belike read no other verse in his ose at the bottom of his own pin

"Top of the stairs," says he, indicating my ay, "and open the door ahead of you, if are the young gentleman Master Killigrew are of."

I had my foot on the bottom step, the upsetting, with a noise of broken glass, also upsetting, with a noise of broken glass, also thrust back and a racket of outcries. moment the door was burst open, let out a flood of light and curses; and a flies a drawer, three steps at a time a red stain of wine trickling down hi

"Murder!" he gasped out; and sitting down a stair, fell to mopping his face, all sick

I was dashing past him, with the landlor my bosis, when three men came tumblin is at the door and down stairs. I squeeze against the wall to let them pass; but Davenant was pitched to the very the stairs. And then he picked him 100 and ran out into the Corn market rawer after him, and both shouting chi Watch!" at the top of their lungs atchi Watchi" at the top of their lungs; d so left the three fellows to push by the men already gathered in the passage, and in the street at their case. All this hap-and while a man could count twenty; and half a minute I heard the ring of steel and standing in the doorway. There was now no light within but what a shed by the fire and two tailow candles a multiple on the manteshelf. The re-

guttered on the mantelshelf. The re foor, amid broken glasses, bottles, scat a corner to my right cowered a pot boy, b tankard daugling in his hand, and the stants spilling into his shoes. His wide, rifled ey as were fixed on the far end of the where Anthony and the brute Settle with a shattered chair between them swords were crossed in tierce, ting togother as each sought occasion for tinge, which might have been fair enough for a dog faced trooper in a frowsy black tivig, who, as I entered, was gathering o initial of coins from under the fallen table,

ficro was Anthony that faced me, with his against the wairscoting, and, catching cryof alarm, he called out cheerfully over in's shoulder, but without lifting

"Tack of foois!" I cried, driven beyond en-durance, "The guilty ones have escaped these ten minutes. Now stop me who dares!" And, dashing my left fist on the nose of a watchman who would have selzed me, I cleared a space with Anthony's sword, made a run for the casement, and dropped out upon the heading of the selice of t

this trim!"

cleared a space with Anthony's sword, made a run for the casement, and dropped out upon the bowling green.
A pretty shout went up as I picked myself off the turf and rushed for the back door. Twas unbarred, and in a moment I found myself tearing down the passage and out into the Corn market, with a score or so tumbling down stairs at my beels, and yelling to stop me. Turning sharp to my right, I flew up Ship street, and through the Turl, and doubled back up the High street, sword in hand. The people I passed were too far taken aback, as I suppose, to interfere. But a many must have joined in the chase, for presently the street behind me was thick with the clatter of footsteps and cries of "A thiefd". At Quater Voies I turned again and sped down towards St. Aldate's, thence to the left by Wild Boar street and into St. Mary's lane. Yo Wild Boar street and into St. Mary's lane hor possibility to get past the city gates, which were well guarded at night. My hope reached no further than the chance of outwitting the pursuit for a while longer. In the end I was sure the pot boy's evidence with the rest of events and (prospectively) a mater for laughter. For the struggle at the "Crown" had unhinged my wita, as I must suppose and you must believe if you would understand my behavoir in the next half."

hour. A bright thought struck me; and taking a fresh wind I set off again round the corner of Oriel college and down Morton street to wards Master Timothy Carter's house, my mother's cousin. This gentleman-who was all present.

mother's cousin. This gestleman—who was town clerk to the mayor and corporation of Oxford—was also in a sense my guardian, holding in trust about £300 (which was all my inheritance), and spending the same jeal-ously on my education. He was a very small, precise lawyer, about 60 years old, shaped like a pear, with a prodigious, self importants manner that came of associating with great men; and all the knowledge I had of him was picked us on the same occasions (shout twice the jest also; and there we three sat shook, and roared unquenchably round Mas ter Carter, who, staring blankly from one to another, sat gaping, as though the last alarum were sounding in his cars. "Oh! oh! oh! Hit me on the back, Mau-

"Oht oht I cannot-'tis killing me-Master Carter, for pity's sake, look not so; but pay the lad his money."

men; and all the knowledge I had of him was picked up on the rare occasions (about twice a year) that I dined at his table. He had early married and lost an aged shrew, whose money had been the making of him, and had more respect for law and authority than any three men in Oxford. So that I reflected, with a kind of desperate hilarity, on the greeting he was like to give me. This kinsman of mine had a fine house at the east end of Merton street, as you turn into Logic lane; and I was ten yards from the front door and running my fastest, when

the front door and running my fastest, when suddenly I tripped and fell headlong. Before I could rise a hand was on my shouler and a voice speaking in my ear: "Pardon, comrade. We are two of a trade

'Twas a fellow that had been lurking at the corner of the lane and had thrust out a leg as I passed. He was pricking up his ears now to the cries of "Thief! thief!" that had already reached the head of the street and wer

"I am no thief," said L

"Quick!" He dragged me into the shadov of the lane. "Hast a crown in thy pocket !" "Whyf"

"Why, for a good turn. I'll fog these ge try for thee. Many thanks, comrade," as pulled out the last few shillings of my pocke money. "Now pitch thy sword over the wall here and set thy foot on my hand. "Tis a rich man's garden, t'other side, that I was meaning to explore myself; but another night

"Tis Master Carter's," said I; "and he is for him!" he cried.

possession for my use, of which i happen to-night to stand in immediate used. So you see"- I finished the soutence by toming off a gias. "This is rare stuff," I mid. "Blood and fury if" burst out Prince Ruperi, fumbling for his sword, and then gaing, drunk and balples. "Two hundred pound! Thou jackanapee" -becan Master Carter.

began Master Carter. "I'll let you off with fifty to-night," said I "Ten th

"Ten thousand"-"No, fifty. Indeed, nunky," I went on 'tis very simple. I was at the 'Crown 'tis very avern At a tavern!"

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"Thou shameless puppy! A man mur

dered !' dered!"
"Ay nunky; and the worst is they say is
was I that killed him."
"He's mad. The boy's stark raving mad!"
exclaimed my kinsman. "To come here in

"Why, truly, nunky, thou art a strang

one to talk of appearances. Ob, dear!" and I burst into a wild fit of laughing, for the wine had warmed ms up to play the comedy out. "To hear these sing "With a fa-la-tweedle-tweedle!"

and- Oh, nunky, that mediar on thy fac

so funny!" "In Heaven's name, stop!" broke in the Prince Maurice. "Am I mad, or only drunk! Rupert, if you love me, say I am no worse than drunk."

"Lord knows," answered his brother. for one was never this way before."

"Indeed, your highness be only drunk," said I, "and able at that to sign the order that I shall ask you for."

"An order!" "To pass the city gates to-night."

"No pass the city gauge to mgn." Oh, stop him somebody," groaned Prince Rupert; "my head is whirling." "With your leave," I explained, pouring out another glassful; "'tis the simplest mat-ter, and one that a child could understand. You see, this young man was killed, and the charged me with it; so away I ran, and th watch after me; and therefore I wish to pan the city gates. And as I may have far to 

Why, therefore I came for money," I wound up, sipping the wine, and nodding to

all present. "Twas at this moment that, catching my eye, the Prince Maurice slapped his leg, and, leaning back, broke into peal after peal of laughter. And in a moment his brother took

ricel

e lad his money." "Your bighness"

"Pay it, I say; pay it; 'tis fairly won." "Fifty pounds

"Every doit," said I; "I'm sick of school-

"Be hanged if I do!" snapped Master Carter "Then be hanged, sir, but all the town shal near to-morrow of the frog and the pool! No, ir: I am off to see the world-"Says he: "This is better than moping i school!"

"Your highness," pleaded the unhappy

man, "if, to please you, I sang that ideey which, for fifty years now, I had forgot "Exc'll'nt shong," says Prince Rupert,

waking up; "less have't again!" To be short, 10 o'clock was striking from St Mary's spire when, with a prince on either side of me and thirty guineas in my pocket (which was all the loose gold he had), I walked forth from Master Carter's door.

To make up the deficiency their highnesses had insisted on furnishing me with a suit made up from the simplest in their joint wardrobes—riding boots, breeches, buff coat sash, pistols, cloak and feathered hat, all of which fitted me excellently well. By the doors of Christ church, before we came to the south fate, Frince Rupert, who had been staggering in his walk, suddenly pulled up and leaned against the wall.

"Why, odd's my life, we've forgot a horse

trancs, i remember, was set a notice: "Dame Allayay, from Bartholomaw fair. Here are the best greese, and she does them as well as ever she did." I jostled my way along, keep-ing tight hold on my pockets, for fear of cut purses, when presently, about half way down the street, there are the noise of rhouting. The crowd made a rush towards it; and in a minute I was left alone, standing before a juggler who had a sword half way down his throat, and had to draw it out again before be could with an employed and before be be could with any sufficiency curso the de fection of his sudience; but offered to pul out a tooth for me if I wanted it.

out a tooth for me if I wanted it. I left him, and, running after the crowd, soon learned the cause of this tumult. If was a meager old rascal that some one had charged with picking pockets; and they were dragging him off to be ducked. Now in the heart of Wantage the little stream that runs through the town is widened into a cistern about ten feet square and five in depth, over which hung a ducking stool for scolding wives. And since the townspeople draw their water from this cistern, 'tis to be supposed they do not fear the infection. A long beam on a pivot hangs out over the pool, and to the end is a chair fastened, into which, despite his kicks and screams, they now strapped this poor wretch, whose gray locks might well have won mercy for him. now strapped this poor wretch, whose gray locks might well have won mercy for him. Sousel he was plunged; hauled up choking and dripping; then—just as he found tongue to shrick—sousel again. 'Twas a dismal punishment; and this time they kept him under for a full half minute. But as the beam was litted again, I heard a hullshop and a same

hullabaloo and a cry:

hullabaloo and a cry: "The bear! the bear!" And, turning, I saw a great brown form lumbering down the street behind, and driv-ing the people before it like chaff. The crowd at the brink of the pool scat-tered to right and left, yelling. Up flew the beam of the ducking stool, relieved of their weight, and down with a splash went the pickpocket at the far end. As well for my own skin's make as out of pity to see him drowning I jumped into the water. In two strokes I reached him, gained footing, and with Anthony's sword cut the straps away and pulled him up. And there we stood, up to our necks, coughing and spluttering, while on the deserted brink the bear sniffed at the water and regarded us.

water and regarded us. No doubt we appeared contemptible enough, for after a time he turned with a louder st for after a time he turned with a louder shift and went his way lazily up the street again. He had broken out from the pit wherein, for the best part of the day, they had baited him, yet seemed to bear little malfee. For he sauntered about the town for an hour or two, sauntered about the town for an hour or two, burting no man, but making a clean sweep of every sweet stall in his way, and was taken at last very easily, with his head in a treacle cask, by the bear ward and a few dogs. Meanwhile the pickpocket and I had

scrambled out by the further bank and wrung our clothes. He seemed to resent his treatment no more than did the bear.

"Ben cove-'tis a good world. My thanks! And with this scant gratitude he was gone, leaving me to make my way back to the sign of "The Boot," where the chambermaid led me upstairs and took away my clothes to dry by the fire, I determined to buy a horse of the morrow, and with my guineas and the king's letter under the pillow dropped off to

slumber again. My powers of sleep must have **bega**enoised abroad by the hostess, for next morning at the breakfast ordinary the dealers and drovers laid down knife and fork to stare as I entered. After a while one or two lounged out and brought in others to look, so that soon I was in a ring of stupid faces, all gaz-

ing like so many cows. For a while I affected to eat undisturbed out lost patience at last and addressed a red headed gazer: "If you take me for a show you ought to

"That's fair," said the fellow, and laid

"Tis a real pleasure," he added heartily, "to look on one so gifted." "If any of you." I said, "could sell me a

one breath for my custom. So, finishing my breakfast, I walked out with them to the tavern yard, where I had my pick among the sorriest looking dozen of nags in Eng-land, and finally bought from the red haired man, for five pounds, bridle, Laddle and a flea bitten gray that seemed more honestly raw boned than the rest. And the owner on the king's side), let him take a circuit from this place to the south, for the road bewept tears at parting with his beast, and thereby added a pang to the fraud he had tween Marlborough and Bristol is, they tell

entered Hungerford town I was advanced so far, and bestrode my old gray so easily, that in gratitude I offered him supper and bed at an inn, if he would but buy a new coat; to which be agreed, mying that the world was good.

my sword hift. So now 1 was certain twas Molly that I bestrode, and took occasion of the light to explore the holsters and middle

pine wood standing up against the moon like a fish fin, I was glad enough to note below it, and at some distance from the trees, a win-dow brightly lit, and pushed forward in hope

of entertainment. The building was an inn, though a sorry one. Nor, save for the lighted window, did it wear any grace of hospitality, but thrust out a bare shoulder upon the road, and a sign that creaked overhead and looked for all the

world like a gallows. Round this shoulder of the house and into the main yard (that turned churlishly towards the hillside), the wind howled like a beast in pain. I climbed off Molly, and, pressing my hat down on my head, struck a loud rat-tat on the door.

head, struck a loud rat-tat on the door. Curiously, it opened at once, and I saw a couple of men in the lighted passage. "Heard the mare's heels on the road, Cap-Hillol What in the flend's name is this?" Said I, "If you are he that keeps this house, I want two things of you-first, a civil tongue, and next a bed." "Ye'll get neither, then." "Your sign says that you keep an inn." "Ay--the 'Three Cups;' but we're full." "Your manner of speech proves that to be a lie."

I liked the fellow's voice so little that 'th

odds I would have remounted Molly and rid den away; but at this instant there floated

down the stairs and out through the drink smelling passage a sound that made me jump. 'Twas a girl's voice singing:

"Hey nonni-noni-no! Men are fools that wish to die!

Is't not fine to laugh and sing When the bells of death do ring."

There was no doubt upon it. The voice b

There was no doubt upon it. The voice be-longed to the young gentlewoman I had met at Hungerford. I turned sharply towards the landlord, and was met by another sur-prise. The second man, that till now had stood well back in the shadow, was peering forward, and devouring Molly with his gaze. Twas hard to read his features, but then and

there I would have wagered my life he was no other than Luke Settle's comrade, Black

My mind was made up. "I'll not ride a step farther to night," said I. "Then bide there and freeze," answered the

He was for slamming the door in my face,

when the other caught him by the arm, and, pulling him a little back, whispered a word

or two. I guessed what this meant, but re-solved not to draw back; and presently th

landlord's voice began again, betwixt surly

and polite: "Have ye too high a stomach to lie o

be kept for the mare's sake, but not admitted to the house;" and said aloud that I could put

up with a straw bed. "Because there's the stable loft at you

service. As ye hear" (and in fact the singing still went on, only now I heard a man's voice

joining in the catch), "our house is full of company. But straw is clean bedding, and

the mars I'll help to put in stall." "Agreed," I said, "on one condition—that you send out a maid to me with a cup of mulled sack; for this cold cats me alive."

To this he consented, and, stepping back into a side room with the other fellow, re-

turned in a minute alone and carrying a lan-tern, which, in spite of the moon, was need-

ed to guide a stranger across that ruinous yard. The flare, as we picked our way along,

fell for a moment on an open cart shed, and, within, on the gilt panels of a coach that I

recognized. In the stable that stood at the far end of

'Oho!" thought I to myself, "then I am to

Dick.

andlord

straw "

ence of a sates and stood in a dark, narro

citics of a latter and stood in a dark, narrow passage. The passage led to a smood door that opened on a wide, stone paved hitchen, lit by a cheerful fire, whereon a kottle himed and bubbled as the vapor lifted the cover. Close by the chimney corner was a nort of trap, or buttery hatch, for pushing the hot disher conveniently into the parlor on the other side of the wall. Besides this, for furniture, the room held a broad deal table, an oak dramer, the room held a broad deal table, an oak dramer, a linen press, a rack with hams and stringe of onions depending from it, a settle and a chair or two, with (for decoration) a domen or so of ballad sheets stuck among the dish covers along the wall.

or so of ballad sheets stuck among the diffi-covers along the wall. "Sit," whispered the girl, "and make no noise, while I brew a rack punch for the men-folk in the parlor." She jerked her thumb towards the buttery hatch, where I had al-ready caught the murmur of volces. I took up a chair softly, and set it down be-tween the hatch and the fireplace, so that while warming my knees I could catch any word spoken more than ordinary loud on the other side of the wall. The chambermald stirred the fire briskly, and moved about singing, as she fetched down bottles and glasses from the dresser:

ids an' darters

For constant Sarah Ann, Who hanged hersel' in her garters All for the love o' man, All for the '---

She was pausing, bottle in hand, to take the high note; but hushed suddenly at the sound of the voices main in the room up-stairs:

"Vivre en tout cas C'est le grand soulas Des honnetes gens !"

"All for the love of a soulger Whose christ'ning name was Jan." A volley of oaths sounded through the but-

tery hatch. "-And that's the true born Englishmen, as

"--And that's the true born Englishmen, as you may tell by their speech. This pretty company the master keeps these days." She was continuing her song when I held up a finger for silence. In fact, through the hatch my ear had caught a sentence that set me listening for more with a still heart. "Damn the captain!" the landlord's gruff

voice was saying; "I warned 'n agen this fancy business when sober, cool handed work

"Settle's way from his cradle," growled another; "and times enough Fve told 'n: "Cap'n, 'says I, 'there's no sense o' propor-tions about ye.' A master mind, sirs, but 'a "Il be hanged for a hen roost, so sure as my name's Bill Widdicomb." "Ugly words-what a creeping influence has that same mention o' hanging!" piped a

thinner voice. "Hold thy complaints, Old Mortification,"

"Hold thy complaints, Old Mortheaton," put in a speaker that I recognized for Black Dick; "sure the pretty maid upstairs is ten-der game. Hark how they sing!" And, indeed, the threatened folk upstairs were singing their catch very choicely, with

"Comment dit papa -- Margoton, ma mief"

thin voice again, as the chorus ceased; "thinks I to mysel", "They be but Papisters," an' my doubting mind is mightily reconciled

to manslaugter." "I don't like beginning 'ithout the cap'n." observed Black Dick; "though I doubtsome-thing has miscarried. Else, how did that young spark ride in upon the mare?"

"An' that's what thy question should ha' been, Dick, with a pistol to his skull."

"He'll keep till the morrow." "We'll give Settle half an hour more," said

the landlord. "Maryl" he pushed open the hatch, so that I had barely time to duck my

head out of view, "fetch in the punch, girl, How did'st thou leave the young man i' the

"Asleep, or nearly," answered Mary-

"Who hanged hersel' in her gar-ters, All for the love o' man-

"Anon, anon, moster: wait only till I get the kettle on the boil."

the lettle on the boil." The hatch was slipped to again. I stood up up and made a step towards the girl. "How many are they?" I asked, jerking a finger in the direction of the parlor.

"Then sing-go on singing for your life."

"Dear heart, they'll murder thee! Oh! fo

Let me try to describe that on which my

eyes rested as I pushed the door wide. 'Twas

a long room, wainscoted baif up the wall in some dark wood, and in daytime lit by one

window only, which now was hung with red curtains. By the fireplace, where a brisk

wood fire was crackling, leaned the young gentlewoman I had met at Hungerford, who,

as she now turned her eyes upon me, ceased fingering the guitar or mandolin that she

held against her waist, and raised her pretty

But 'twas on the table in the center of the

chamber that my gaze settled; and on two

men beside it, of whom I must speak more

The elder, who sat in a high backed chair

was a little, frail, deformed gentleman o

about fifty, dressed very richly in dark vel-

vet and furs, and wore on his head a velvet

skull cap, round which his white hair stuck

up like a ferret's. But the oddest thing about

him was a complexion that any maid of six-

teen would give her ears for-of a pink and

white so transparent that it seemed a soft

light must be glowing beneath his skin. On

either cheek bone this delicate coloring cen-tered in a deeper flush. This is as much as I

need say about his appearance, except that

his eves were very bright and sharp and his

The table before him was covered with

bottles and flasks, in the middle of which

stood a silver lamp burning, and over it a

silver saucepan that sent up a rare fragrance

as the liquid within it simmered and bubbled.

So eager was the old gentleman in watching

the progress of his mixture, that he merely

up a hand for silence, turned his eyes on the

The second man was the broad shouldered

lackey I had seen riding behind the coach,

and now stood over the saucepan with a

twisted flask in his band, from which he

poured a red sirup very gingerly, drop by drop, with the tail of his eye turned on his

master's face, that he might know when to

Now it may be that my entrance upset this

experiment in strong drinks. At any rate, I

had scarce come to a stand about three pace

inside the door, when the little old gentle-

chair, hurls the nearest bottles to right and

left, and sends the silver saucepan spinning

across the table to my very feet, where it

scalded me clean through the boot, and made

me hop for pain, "Spoiled-spoiled!" he screamed; "drench-

ed in flithy liquor, when it should have breathed but a taste!"

And to my amazement he sprang on the strapping servant like a wild cat and began

to beat, cuff and belabor him with all the

"Twas like a scene out of Bediam. Yet all the while the girl leaned quietly against the mantel shelf and softly touched the strings of her instrument, while the servant took the

rain of blows and slaps as though 'twere a

summer shower, grinning all over his face

old gentleman let go his non or the floor, began to hair, and, dropping on the floor, began to roll about in a fit of coughing, the like of which no man can imagine. 'Twas hideous, old gentleman let go his hold of the fellow's

He barked, and writhed, and barked again.

till the disorder seemed to search and rack

And in the intervals of coughing his small frame. And in the intervals of coughing his excla-mations were terrible to listen to. "He's dying!" I cried, and ran forward to

help. The servant picked up the chair, and to-gether we set him in it. By degrees the vio-lence of the cough abated, and he lay back, lence of the cough abated and his

livid in the face, with his eyes closed as

Then, as I stood dumb with perplexity, the

strength of his puny limbs.

and making no resistance at all.

man bounces up in a fury, kicks over

glanced up at my entrance and then, holdi

chin stuck out like a victous mule's,

head not without curiosity

particularly.

saucepan again.

"Where is the foreign guests' room?"

"Left hand, on the first landing."

'A dozen all but one."

"The staircase?" "Just outside the door."

'Sing!

"Heathen language, to be sure," said the

the girl's clear voice to lead them:

"Settle's way from his cradle," growled

ent ye ma

"That's the foreigners," said the maid, and went on with her ditty:

from the dresser:

was toward."

the light to explore the holsters and made fan. Poor Anthony's pistols were gone-filched, no doubt, by the captain; but yon may goess my matifaction when, on thrusting my hand deeper, I touched a heap of coins, and found them to be gold. Twas certainly a rare bargain I had driven with Capt. Settle. For the five or six gold pieces I scattered on the road, I had won close on thirty guiness, as I counted in the moonlight; not to speak of this incomparable Moly. And I began to whistle gleefully, and taste the joke over again and laugh to mynell, as we cantered along with the north wind at our backs. All the same, I had no relish for riding thus till morning. For the night was chill enough to search my very bones after the heat of the late gallop; and, moreover, I knew nothing of the road, which at this hour was quite descreted. So that, coming at length to a tall hill with a black ridge of pine wood standing up against the moon like good. By this the day was clouded over and the rain coming down space. Bo that as soon as my comrade was decently arrayed at the first alop shop we came to, 'twas high time to seek an inn. We found quarters at "The Horn," and sought the travelers' room, and a firs to dry ourselves. In this room, at the window, were two men

In this room, at the window, were two men who looked lazily up at our entrance. They were playing at a game, which was no other than to race two snails up a pane of glass and wager which should prove the faster. "A wet day!" said my counrade cheerfully. The pair regarded him. "I'll lay you a crown it clears within the hour!" said one. "And I another," put in the other; and with that they went back to their sport. Drawing near, I myself was soon as eager as they in watching the snails, when my companion drew my notice to a ploce of writ-ing on the window over which they were crawling. 'Twas a set of verses scribbled there, that must have been scratched with a diamond; and to my surprise—for I had not guessed him a scholar—he read them out for my benefit. Thus the writing ran, for I cop-ied it later: MASTER EFHRATH TUCKER, HIS DYING COUN-

MASTER EPHRAIN TUCKER, HIS DYING COUR CELL TO WAY PARDINGERS TO SEEK THE SPLENDED SPUR Not on the necks of prince or bound.

Not on the necks of prince or hound. Nor on a woman's finger twin'd, May gold from the deriding ground Keep sacred that we sacred bind: Only the heel Of splendid steel Shall stand secure on sliding fate, When golden navies weep their freight.

The scarlet hat, the laurel'd stave The scarlet bat, the laurel'd stave Are measures, not the springs, of worth; In a wife's lap, as in a grave, Man's airy notions mix with earth. Seek other spur Bravely to stir The dust in this loud world, and tread Alp high among the whisp'ring dead.

Trust in thyself—then spur amain: So shall Charybdis wear a grace, Grim Ætna laugh, the Lybian plain Take rows to her shrivel'd face. This orb—this round Of sight and sound— Count it the lists that God hath built

or haughty hearts to ride a till

Fixis-Master Tucker's Farewell.

"And a very pretty moral on four gentle men that pass their afternoon a setting snail to race!

At these words, spoken in a delicate, foreign voice, we all started round, and saw a vouns lady standing behind us. Now that she was the one who had pass

us in the coach I saw at once. But describ her, to be plain, I cannot, having tried many times. So let me say only that she was the prettiest creature on God's earth (which, I hope, will satisfy her); that she had chestnut curls and a mouth made for laughing; that she wore a kirtle and bodice of gray silk taffety, with a gold pomander box hun on a chain about her neck; and held out drinking glass towards us with a Frenchiffe

grace. "Gentlemen, my father is sick, and will taste no water but what is freshly drawn. I ask you not to brave Charybdis or Ætna, but step out into the rainy yard and draw me a glassful from the pump there; for our serv-ant is abroad in the town." To my deep disgust, before I could find a

word that villainous old pickpocket had caught the glass from her haud and reached

yard we stepped together, where I pumped while he held the glass to the spout, flinging

away the contents time after time, till th bubbles on the brim and the film on the out

side were to his liking. 'Twas he, too, that gained the thanks or

"Mistress," said he, with a bow, "my young friend is raw, but has a good will. Confess, now, for his edification-for he is

bound on a long journey westward, where they tell me, the maidens grow comeliest-

that looks avail naught with womankind be side a dashing manner." The young gentlewoman laughed, shaking

her curls. "I'll give him in that case three better

counsels yet: first (for by his habit I see he i

me, all held by the rebels; next, let him

the door. But I ran after; and out into

"Just in time, Jackt Take off the second t's a sweet boy!"

ow I carried no sword; but, seizing the d from the pot boy's hand, I hurled it the dog faced trooper. It struck him fair pain he spun round and came towards me, point ghttering in a way that turned me I gave back a pace, snatched up a my back against the door, waited his

the room, I saw the captain's sword ribe a small circle of light, and next mo-t, with a sharp cry, Anthony caught at

blade, and staggered against the wall med through the chest to the wainscoting "Out with the lights, Dick" bawled Settle at his point. "Quick, fool-the

Dick, with a back sweep of his hand, sent candles flying off the shelf, and, save for flicker of the hearth, we were in dark-, rather than saw, his rush towards leaped aside, and brought down my chair a crash on his skull. He went down like sepin, but scrambled up in a trice and running for the window. There was a ut below as the captain thrust the lattice a suother, and the two dark forms had red through the purple square of the at and dropped into the bowling green

By this I had made my way across the m, and found Anthony sunk against the all with his feet outstretched. There was sething he held out towards me, groping my hand, and at the same time whisperin a thick, choking voice:

"Hers, Jack, here; pocket it quick!" "Hers, Jack, here; pocket it quick!" Twas a letter, and as my fingers closed on they met a damp smear, the meaning of ich was but too plain. was but too plain. tton it-sharp -in thy breast; now feel

"First let me tend thy hurt, dear lad."

Nay-quickly, my sword! 'Tis pretty, i, to hear thee say 'dear lad.' A cheat to te this-could have laughed for years The dice were cogged—hast found it " ground beside him, found the hilt and d it up. "So—'tis thine, Jack; and my mare, Molly,

the letter to take. Say to Della- Hark! y are on the stairs. Say to"-

With a shout the door was flung wide the threshold stood the watch, their lan-res held high and shining in Anthony's the face and on the black stain where his et was thrown open.

at was thrown open. numbers they were six or eight, led by all, wry necked man that held a long and wore a gilt chain over his furred . Behind, in the doorway, were hudalf a dozen women peering, and Master

"Now, speak up, Master Short!" "Ay, that I will-that I will; but my head maidering of affairs," answered Master the of the wry neck. "One, two, "- He looked round the room, and ing but one capable of resisting (for the boy was by this time in a fit) cleared his at and rocks up.

a the king's name, I arrest you all—so me Godi Now, what's the matter?" furder," said I, looking up from my work saching Anthony's wound. Then forbear, and don't do it." Why, Master Short, they've been forbear-these ten minutes," a woman's voice put

lush, and hear Master Short; he kno

y, ay; he says forbear in the king's s, which is to say, that other forbearing the law nor grace. Now then, Master

exhorted, the man of law continued charge ye as ho test men to disperse!" Ade truth, Master Short, why you've hald them under arrest!" "m-true; then let them stay so-in the a name-and have done with it."

thort in fact. was growing testy:

"The devil!-but never mind, up with theel Now mark a pretty piece of play "Tis pity thou shouldst be across the wall and unable

He gave a great hoist; catching at the cop-ing of the wall, I pulled myself up and sat astride of it.

"Good turf below-ta-ta, comrade!"

By now the crowd was almost at the cor-ner. Dropping about eight feet on to good turf, as the fellow had said, I picked myself up and listened. 'Which way went he?" called one, as they

came near. "Down the street!" "No; up the lane!" "Hush!" "Up the lane, I'll be sworn." "Here, hand the lantern!" etc., etc. While they debated, my friend stood close

on the other side of the wall; but now I heard bim dash suddenly out, and up the lane for his life. "There he goes!" "Stop him!" the cries broke out afresh. "Stop him, in the king's name!" The whole pack went pelting by chemical dimension

by shouting, stumbing wavaring. For two minutes or more the stragglers continued to hurry past by ones and twos. As soon as their shouts died away, I drew freer breath and looked around.

I was in a small turfed garden, well stocked with evergreen shrubs, at the back of a tall house that I know for Master Carter's. But what puzzled me was a window in the first floor, very brightly lit, and certain soun issuing therefrom that had no correspond-ence with my kinsman's reputation.

"It was a frog leaped into a pool-Fol-de-riddle, went souse in the middle! Says he. This is better than moping in school, What a"---

"Your royal highness, have some pity! What hideous folly! Ob, dear, dear"-

"With a fa-la-tweedlo-tweedle, Tiddifol-iddifol-ido!" "Your royal highness, I cannot sing the dreadful stuff! Think of my gray hairs!"

"Tush! Master Carter - nonsense; 'tis choicely well sung. Come, brother, the chorus! "With a fa-la"-

And the chorus was roared forth, with shouts of laughter and clinking of glasses. Then came an interval of mournful and my kinsman's voice was again lifted: "He scattered the tadpoles, and set 'em agog, Hey! nod-noddy-all head and no body!

O mammy, O nunky !"---"Oh, mercy, mercy! it makes me sweat for

shame. Now meantime I had been searching about the garden, and was lucky enough to find a tool shed, and inside of this a ladder hanging,

which now I carried across and planted be-neath the window. I had a shrewd notion of what I should flud at the top, remembering now to have heard that the Princes Rupert and Maurice were lodging with Master Ca ter; but the truth beat all my fancies.

For climbing softly up and looking in 1 beheld my poor kinsman perched on his chair a-top of the table, in the midst of glasses, de canters and desserts; his wig askew; his face white, save where, between the eyes, a medlar had hit and broken, and his glance shifting wildly between the two princes, who in easy postures, loose and tipsy, lounged on side of him and beat with their glasse

on the board. "Bravissimo! More, Master Carter-more!" "O mammy, O nunky, here's consin Jack Frog-With a fa-ia" -----

I lifted my knuckles and tapped on the pane; whereon Prince Maurice starts up with an oath, and coming to the window, flings it

open "Pardon, your highness," said I, and pulled

myself past him into the room, as cool as you 'Twas worth while to see their surprise.

Prince Maurice ran back to the table for his sword; his brother (being more thoroughly drunk) dropped a decanter on the floor, and lay back staring in his chair. While as for my kinsman, he sat with mouth wide and eyes starting, as though I were a very ghost In the which embarrassment I took occasio

to say, very politely: "Good evening, nunky?" "Who the devil is this?" gasps Prince Ru-

pert. "Why, the fact is, your highness," au-swared I, stepping up and laying my sword on the table, while I poured out a glass, "Master Timothy Carter here is my guardian, and has the annil sum of £300

my luck holds the same I shall find one by the road." (How true this turned out you shall presently hear.)

There was no difficulty at the gate, where the sentry recognized the two princes, and opened the wicket at once. Long after it had closed behind me, and 1 stood looking back at Oxford towers, all bathed in the winter moonlight, I heard the two voices roaring away up the street: "It was a frog leaped into a pool!"

At length they died into silence; and, hugging the king's letter in my breast, I stepped briskly forward on my travels.

> CHAPTER IV. I TAKE THE ROAD.

So puffed up was I by the condescension of the two princes and my head so busy with big thoughts that not till I was over the bridges an 1 climbing the high ground beyond South Hincksey, with a shrewd northeast wind at my back, could 1 spare time for a second backward look. By this the city lay spread at my feet, very delicate and beauti ful in a silver network, with a black clump or two to southward, where the line of Bag-ley trees ran below the hill. I pulled out the

letter that Anthony had given me. In the moonlight the brown smear of his blood was plain to see, running across the superscrip "To our trusty and well beloved Sir Ralfth Hopton, at our Army in Cornwall-these."

'Twas no more than I looked for; yet the ight of it and the king's red seal quickened my step as I set off again. And I cared not a straw for Dr. Kettle's wrath on the mor Having no desire to fall in with any of the royal outposts that lay around Abingdon, I

fetched well away to the west, meaning to shape my course for Faringdon, and so into the great Bath road. 'Tis not my purpose to describe at any length my itinerary, but rather to reserve my pen for those more moving events that overtook me later. Only in the uncertain light I must have taken a wrong turn to the left (I think near Besselsleigh) that led me round to the south; for, coming about daybreak to a considerable town, I found it to be, not Faringdon, but

Wantage. There was no help for it, so I set about inquiring for a bed. The town was foll, and already astir with preparations for for cattle fair; and neither at the "Bear" nor the "Three Nuns" was there a bed to be had, But at length at the "Boot" tavern-a small house-I found one just vacated by a couple of drovers, and having cozened the chambe maid to allow me a clean pair of sheets, went

up stairs very drowsily, and in five minute was sleeping sound. I awoke amid a clatter of voices, and be held the room full of womankind. "He's waking," said one.

"Tis a pity, too, to be afflicted thus-and he such a pretty young man!" This came from the landlady, who stood close, her hand shaking my shoulder roughly. 'What's amiss?' I asked, rubbing my eyes "Why, 'tis three of the afternoon. "Then I'll get up, as soon as you retire." "Lud! we've been trying to wake thee this

hour past; but 'twas sleep-sleep!" "I'll get up, I tell you. "Thought thee'd ha' slept through the bed and right through to the floor," said the

chambermaid by the door, tittering. "Unless you pack and go I'll step out amongst you all!"

Whereat they fled with mock squeals, calling out that the very thought made them blush, and left me to dress.

Down stairs I found a giant's breakfast spread for me, and ate the whole, and felt the better for it, and thereupon paid my scot, resisting the landlady's endeavor to charge me double for the bed, and walked out to see the town.

"Take care o' thysel'," the chambermaid bawled after me; "nor flourish thy attain ments abroad, lest they put thee in a show!" Dark was coming on fast; and to my cha-grin (for 1 had intended purchasing a horse) the buying and selling of the tair were over, the cattle pens broken up, and the dealers gathered round the fiddlers, ballad singers

and gingerbrend stalls. There were gaming booths, too, driving a brisk trade at shovel board, all fours and costly colors; and an eating tent, whence issued a thick rock of cooking and a ratile of plates. Over the en-

already put upon me. And I rode from th tavern door suspecting laughter in the eyes of every passer by. The day ('twas drawing near noon as I

started) was cold and clear, with a coating of rime over the fields; and my horse's feet rang cheerfully on the frozen road. His pace was of the soberest; but, as I was no skillful rider, this suited me rather than not. Only it wa galling to be told so, as happened before l

had gone three miles. 'Twas my friend the pickpocket; and he sat before a fire of dry sticks a little way back from the road. His scanty hair, stiff as a badger's, now stood upright around his battered cap, and he looked at me over the bushes, with his booked nose thrust forward like a bird's beak.

"Bien lightmans, comrade-good day! 'Tis a good world; so stop and dine."

I pulled up my gray. "Glad you find it so," I answered; "you had a nigh chance to compare it with the next last night."

"Sha'n't do so well i' the next, I fear," he said, with a twinkle; "but I owe thee some-thing, and here's a hedgehog that in five min-utes 'll be baked to a turn. 'Tis a good world, and the better that no man can count on it. Last night my dripping duds helped me to a cant tale, and got me a silver penny from a man of religion. Good's in the worst; and life's like hunting the squirrel-a man gets much good exercise thereat, but seldom what he hunts for."

"That's as good morality as Aristotle's,"

waid I. "Tis better for me, because 'tis mine." While I tethered my horse he blew at the embers, wherein lay a good sized ball of clay baking. After a while he looked up with red cheeks. "They were so fast set on drowning me," he continued, with a wink, "they couldn't spare time to look i' my pocket-the ruffin cly them?"

"He pulled the clay ball out of the fire, cracked it, and lo! inside was a hedgehog cooked, the spikes sticking in the clay, and coming away with it. So he divided the flesh with his knife, and upon a slice of bread from his wallet it made delicate eating; though I doubt if I enjoyed it as much as did my com rade, who swore over and over that the world was good, and as the wintry sun broke out, and the hot ashes warm'd his knees, began to

chatter at a great pace. "Why, sir, but for the pretty uncertainty of things I'd as lief die here as I sit"— He broke off at the sound of wheels, and a coach with two postilions spun past us on the road.

I had just time to catch a glimpse of a figure huddled in the corner, and a sweet, pret-ty girl, with chestnut curls seated beside it, behind the glass. After the coach came a heavy broad shouldered servant riding on a stout gray, who flung us a sharp glance as he went by, and at twenty yards' distance turned again to look.

"That's luck," observed the pickpocket, as the travelers disappeared down the high way; "to-morrow, with a slice of it, might be riding in such a coast as that, a have the hydropsy, to boot, Good lack! when I was ta'en prisoner by the Turks a sailin' i' the Mary of London, and sold for a slave at Algiers, I escaped, after two months, with Eli Sprat, a Gravesend man, in a small open boat. Well, we sailed three days and nights, and all the time there was a small seabird following, flying round and round us, and calling two notes that sounded for all the world like 'Wind'ard!' Wind'ard!' So at last says Eli, "'I'is Heaven's voice bid-ding us to ply to wind'ard.' And so we did, and on the fourth day made Marseilles; and who should be first to meet Eli on the quay but a Frenchwoman he had married years before, and left. And the jade had him clapped in the pillory, alongside of a cheating fishmonger with a collar of stinking smelts, that turned poor Eli's stomach completely. Now, there's somewhat to set against the story of Whittington next time 'tis told you."

I was now for bidding the rascal good-by, But he offered to go with me as far as Hun-gerford, where we should turn into the Bath road. At first I was shy of accepting, by reason of his coat, wherein patches of blue, orange tawny and flame color quite overlaid the parent black; but closed with him upon his promise to teach me the horsemanship that I so sadly lacked. And by the time we

w lin biot omen, even though they ask but an innocent cup of water; and, lastly, let him shun thee, unless thy face lie more than thy tongue. Shall I say more?"

"Why, no-perhaps better not," replied the old rogue hastily, but laughing all the same "That's a clever lass," he added, as the doc shut behind ber.

And, indeed, I was fain next morning agree to this. For, awaking, I found in friend (who had shared a room with me) a ready up and gone, and discovered the reas in a sheet of writing pinned to my clothes:

Young Sin-I convict myself of ingratitude; habit is hard to break. So I have made off with the half of thy guineas and thy horse. The redue and the letter thou bearest I leave. 'Tis good world, and experience should be boug early. This golden lesson I leave in return for the guineas. Believe me, 'tis of more worth. Res over those verses on the window pane befor starting, digest them, and trust me, thy obliged press are interest. PETER THE JACKMAN Raise not thy hand so often to thy breast;

sure index of hidden valuables.

Bo sure I was wroth enough; nor did the calm interest of the two snail owners appeas me when at breakfast I told them a part of the story. But I thought I read sympathy in the low price at which one of them offered me his horse. 'Twas a tall, black brute, very strong in the loins, and I bought him at o out of my shrunken stock of guineas. At 10 o'clock I set out, not along the Bath road, but bearing to the south, as the young gen-tlewoman had counseled. I began to hold a high opinion of her advice.

By 12 o'clock I was back at the inn doe clamoring to see the man that sold me the horse, which had gone dead lame after the second mile.

"Dear heart!" cried the landlord, "they are gone, the both, this hour and a half. But they are coming again within the fortnight, and I am expressly to report if you returned,

as they had a wager about it." I turned away, pondering. Two days on the read had put me sadiy out of concelt with myself. For mile after mile I trudged dragging the horse after me by the bridle till my arms felt as if coming out from their sockets. I would have turned the brute loose and thought myself well guit of him. had it not been for the saddle and bridle h carried.

Twas about 5 in the evening, and I still laboring along, when, over the low hedge to the right, a man on a sorrel mare leaped easily as a swallow and alighted some ten paces or less in front of me, where he dismounted and stood barring my path. The muzzle of his pistol was in my face before I could lay hand to my own.

"Good evening !" said I.

"You have money about you, doubtless growled the man curtly, and in a voice that made me start. For by his voice and figure in the dusk I knew him for Capt. Settle; and in the sorrel with the high white stocking recognized the mare Molly, that poor An thony Killigrew had given me almost with his last breath.

The bully did not know me, having but seen me for an instant at "The Crown," and then in a very different attire.

"I have but a few poor coins," I answered. "Then hand 'em over."

"Be shot if I do!" said I, in a passion; and pulling out a handful from my pocket, I dashed them down in the road.

For a moment the captain took his pistol from my face and stooped to clutch at the golden coins as they trickled and ran to right and left. The next, I had struck out with my right fist, and down he went staggering. His pistol dropped out of his hand and exploded between my feet. I rushed to Molly, caught her bridle, and leaped on her back. Twas a near thing, for the captain was rush-ing towards us. But at the call of my voice the mare gave a bound and turned; and down the road I was borne, light as a feather. A bullet whizzed past my ears; I heard the

captain's curse mingle with the report; and then was out of range and galloping through the dusk. CHAPTER V.

## MY ADVENTURE AT THE "THREE CUPS."

Secure of pursuit, and full of delight in the mare's easy motion, 1 must have traveled a good six miles before the moon rose. In the frosty sky her rays sparkled cheerfully, and by them I saw on the holsters the silver demibear that I knew to be the crest of the Killi-grows, having the fellow to it engraved on

he court 1 was surprised horses standing, ready saddled and munching their fill of oats. They were ungroomed, and one or two in a lather of sweat that on such

"Yon's your bed," he growled, and before

I could answer was picking his way down the

I looked about, and shivered. The eaves of

my bed chamber were scarce on speaking

crannies at least the wind poured and whis

tled, so that after shifting my truss of straw

a dozen times I found myself still the center

of a whirl of draught. The candle flame

too, was puffed this way and that inside the horn sheath. I was losing patience when I heard footsteps below; the indder creaked,

and the red hair and broad shoulders of

chambermaid rose into view. She carried a

steaming mug in her hand, and muttered all

the while in no very choice talk. The wench had a kind face, though, and a

pair of eyes that did imore credit than her

tongue. "And what's to b" my reward for this, I

want to know " she panted out, resting her

left palm on her hip. "Why, a groat or two," said I, "when it

comes to the reckoning." "Lud!" she cried, "what a dull young

"Av-to make me ask for a kiss in so many

words;" and with the back of her left hand

she wiped her mouth for it frankly, while

"Oh!" I said, "I beg your pardon, but my wits are frozen up, I think. There's two, for

interest, and another if you tell me whom

your master entertains to-night, that I must

She took the kisses with composure and

"Well, to begin, there's the gentlefolk that

came this afternoon with their own carriage

and heathenish French servant; a cranky

old grandee and a daughter with more air

than a peacock; Sir Something-or-other

For I had dropped the mug and spilled the hot sack all about the straw, where it trickled

away with a fragrance reproachfully deli-

"Now I beg your pardon a hundred times:

but the chill is in my bones worse than the ague;" and, huddling my shoulders up, I counterfeited a shivering fit with a truthful-

"-And 'tis first hot and then cold all down

"And goose flesh and flushes all over my

body." "Dear heart-and to pass the night in this

grave of a place?" "And by morning I shall be in a high fe-

ver; and oh! I feel I shall die of it!" "Don't; don't!" The honest girl's eyes were full of tears. "I wonder, now"- she

began; and I waited, eager for her next

lor and 'll be drunk by midnight. Shait

pass the night by the kitchen fire, if only

"But your mistress-what will she say !"

master's speaking distance forever. So blow

the ladder and through the stable into the

open. The wind by this time had brought

up some heavy clouds and massed them about

the moon; but 'twas freezing hard, neverthe

less. The girl took me by the hand to guide

me, for, save from one bright window in the

upper floor, there was no light at all in the

yard. Clearly, she was in dread of her mus-ter's anger, for we stole across like ghosts,

and once or twice she whispered a warning

when my too kicked against a loose cobble. But just as 1 seemed to be walking into a stone wall she put out her hand. I heard the

out the light and follow me gently."

"Is in heaven these two years, and out of

Still feigning to shiver, I followed her down

"Sure, master's at cards in the par-

-Lord bless the boy !"

she held out the mug in her right,

be content with this crib."

ness that surprised myself.

"Poor lad!

There, now !"

thou make no noise."

my spine."

terms with the walls, and through a

ladder again.

manf

"Dull!"

pity's sake, let go my wrist-"Lament, ye maids and darters!" a night was hard to account for. But I asked I stole to the door and peeped out. A lanno questions, and my companion vouchsafed no talk, though twice I caught him regarding me curiously as 1 unbridled the mare in the tern hung in the passage, and showed the staircase directly in front of me. I stayed for a moment to pull off my boots, and, holdonly vacant stall. Not a word passed as he took the lantern off the peg again and led the ng them in my left hand, crept up the stairs. In the kitchen, the girl was singing and clatway up a ramshackle ladder to the loft above tering the glasses together. Behind the door, He was a fat, lumbering fellow, and made the old timbers creak. At the top he sat at the head of the stairs. I heard voices talking. I slipped on my boots again and tapped down the light and pointed to a heap of straw on the panel. in the corner 'Come in!"