AND A TON OF A DAY AND A DESCRIPTION OF A DAY AND A DAY THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1890.



ing Momotro of the Adventures of M John Marvel, a Servant of Els into Majorty King Charles I, in the years 1963-3: written by himself. nos of Mr.

EDITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY "0."

CHAPTER VL

THE PLOET IN THE PINE WOOD By the sound of their steps I guessed ones two of these doesn rancals to be pretty far more in drink, and afterwards found this to be the case. I looked round. Bir Deakin and picked up the Jamp and was mixing his sowl of punch, humming to himself without he least concern:

And all the while the footsteps were com-ing up. There was a loud knock on the door. "Come in if called Sir Deakin. At this, Jacques, who stood ready for bat-tie by the entrance, wheeled round, shot a look at his master and, dropping his point, made a sign to me to do the same. The door was thrust rudely open, and Capt. Settle, his hat cocked over one eye and sham drunk-enses in bis gait, lurched into the room, with the whole villaloous crew behind him, huddled on the threshold. Jacques and I stepped quietly back, so as to cover the girl. "Would you mind waiting a moment?" in-quired Sir Deakn, without looking up, but synthet aying us, who looked back at him without saying a word. And this discom-posed him still further. There was a minute during which the two parties could hear each other's breathing. Sir Deakin set down the nutmeg, wiped his him white fingers on a napkin, and addressed unce captain sweetly: "Before asking your business, sir. I would

the captain sweetly: "Before asking your business, sir, I would beg you and your company to taste this liquor, which, in the court of France"-the liquor, which, in the court of France"-the old gentleman took a sip from the mixing iadie--"has had the extreme honor to be pro-nounced divine." He smacked his lips, and, rising to bis feet, let his right hand rest on the silver foot of the lamp as he bowed to the

the silver foot of the lamp as he bowed to the captain. Capt. Settle's bravado was plainly coning away before this polite audacity; and, seeing Deakin taste the punch, he pulled off his cap in a shamefaced manner and sat down by the table with a word of thanks. "Come in, sirs; come in," called the old gentleman, "and follow your friend's ex-ample. "I will be a compliment to make me mix another bowl when this is finished." He stepped around the table to welcome them, still resting his hand on the lamp, as if for steadiness. I saw his eye twinkle as they shuffled in and stood around the chair where the captain was seated. he captain was seated.

"Jacques, bring glasses from the cupboard yonder! And, Delia, fetch some chairs for

ur guests-no, sirs, pray do not movel" He had waved his hand lightly to the door as he turned to us; and in an instant the in-tention as well as the bright success of this comedy flashed upon me. There was now no one between us and the stairs, and as for Sir Deakin himself, he had already taken the step of putting the table's width between him and

is guests. I touched the girl's arm, and we made as if to fetch a couple of chairs that stood against the wainscot by the door. As we did so, Sir Deakin pushed the punchbowl forward under

Deakin pushed the punchbowl forward under the captain's nose. "Smell, sir," he cried, airly, "and report to your friends on the foretaste." Sottle's nose bung over the steaming com-pound. With a swift pass of the hand, the old gentieman caught up the hamp and had shaken a drop of burning oil into the bowl. A great blass leaped to the ceiling. There was a how has created on pains. There as a howl-a scream of pain; and as I ushed Mistress Delia through the doorway pushed Mistress Della through the door way and out to the head of the stairs, I caught a backward glimpse of Sir Deakin rushing

our spure crass so species as seen sy any one sincing into the field. Also, it grow evident that He Deakin's lais spillty was bet a short and sudden triamph of will over body; for his poor croabed legs began to trail and lag addy. So, turning sharp about, we struck for the hedge's shadow, and there palled him down in a dry ditch and lay with a band on his mouth to stiffe his ajsculations, while we care to stiffe his also and there palled him down in a dry ditch and lay with a band on he remains being on up the road, pausing for a moment by the gate. I heard it creak, and my two or three dark forms enter the field-the remainder tearing on up the road with a great clatter of boots. "Alsa, my poor Jacques!" mouned Sir Deakin; "and to be butchered so, that never in his days killed a man but as if he loved him?"

him?" "Sir," I whispered harshly, "if you keep this noise I must gag you." And with that be was silent for a while. There was a thick tangle of brambles in the ditch where we lay; and to this we own our lives. For one of the men, coming our way, passed within two yards of us, with the flat of his sword beating the growth over our heads.

heads. "Reu-ben! Reuben Gedges!" called a voice

erable chatter and impatience. The bad of it was mainly earth, with here and there a large stone or root to catch the toe; so that, as I stepped into the water and began to thread my way down between the banks of mow, 'twas necessary to look carefully to my steps. Here and there the crook fetched a leap down a sharper declivity, or shot over a hanging stone; but, awe for the weiting I took in these places, my progress was easy enough. I must have waded in this manner for half a mile, keeping the least possible noise, when at an angle abead I spied a clear-ing among the pines, and to the right of the stream, on the very verge, a hut of logs standing, with a woodrick behind it. Twas a low building, but somewhat long, and I guessed it to be, in summer time, a bab-itation for the wood cutters. But what sur-prised me was to hear a dull, moaning noise, very regular and disquisting, that sounded from the interior of the hut. I listened, and hit on the explication. Twas the sound of snoring.

"Reu-beni Rauben Gedgee!" called a voice by the gate. The follow turned; and, peeping between the bramble twigs, I mw the moonlight glit-tering on his black. A narrow, light halred man be was, with a weak chin; and since then I have paid him out for the fright he gave us. "What's the coll?" he shouted back. "The stable roof's ablass—for the Lord's mke come and mave the bosses!" He strode back, and in a minute the field wavare of two mournful facts: first, that the stable was indeed afire, as I perceived by standing on tiptoe and looking over the hedge; and, second, that my knee was hart by Black Dick's bullet. The muscles had stiffened while we were crouching, and now stiffened while we were crouching, and now pained me badly. Yet I kept it to myself as

we started off again to run. But at the stile that, at the top of the field, led into the woods I pulled up. "Sorry I am to say it, but you must go on

"Sorry I am to say it, but you must go on without me." "O-oh!" cried the girl. "'Tis for your safety. See, I leave a trail of blood behind me, so that when day rises they will track us easily." And, sure enough, even by the moon, 'twas easy to trace the dark spots on the grass and earth beside the stile. My left boot, too, was full of blood. She was silent for a while. Down in the valley we could hear the screams of the poor dow, and then very nearly set back into the brook for fright. For I had gased straight down into the up-turned faces of Capt. Bettle and his gang. How long I stood there, with the water rushing past my ankles, and my body turn-ing from cold to hot and back again, I can-not tell you. But 'twas until, hearing no pause in the sleepers' chorus, I found codrage for another peep; and that must have been some time. There were but six rascals besides the cap-tain (so that Jaccues must have died hard.

valley we could hear the screams of the poor horses. The light of the flames lit up the pine There were but six rascals besides the cap-tain (so that Jacques must have died hard, thought D, and such a raffie of arms and legs and swollen upturned faces as they made I defy you to picture. For they were packed close as herrings, and the hut was filled up with their horses, ready saddled and rubbing shoulder to koin, so narrow was the room. It needed the open window to give them air; and, even so, 'twas not over fresh inside. I had no mind to stay; but before leaving found myself in the way of playing these vil-

Valey Works and the second of the point of the point is a second of the second of the point is the point is the second of the point is the point is the point of the second of the second of the second of the point of the second of the second of the point of the second of the se

thick cover again. "Twas here that Sir Deakin's strength gave out. Almost without warning, he sank down between our hands, and in a second was taken with that hateful cough, that once al-ready this night had frightened me for his

"Ah, ah!" he groaned, between the sp "Ah, ab!" he gronned, between the spaams, "I'm not fit—I'm not fit for it!" and was taken again, and rolled about barking, so that I feared the sound would bring all Set-tle's gang on our heels. "I'm not fit for it!" he repeated, as the cough left him, and he lay back helpless among the pine needles. Now, I understood his words to bear on his

unfitness for death, and judged them very decent and properly spoken; and took occa-sion to hint this in my attempts to console

"Why, bless the boy !" he cried, sitting up and staring, "for what i'ye think I'm unsuited f" "Why, to die, sir-to be sure!"

and, even so, 'twas not over fresh inside. T had no mind to stay; but before leaving found myself in the way of playing these vil-lains a pretty trick. To right and left of the window, above their heads, extended two rude shelves that now were heaped with what I conjectured to be the spoils of the larder of the 'Three Cups.'' Holding my breath and thrusting my head and shoulders into the room, I ran my hand along and was quickly possessed of a bolied ham, two capons, a load, the half of a cold pie and a basket holding three dozen eggs. All these prizes I fliched one by one, with infinite caution. I was genity pulling the basket through the window hole, when I heard one of the crew yawn and strotch himself in his sleep. So, determining to risk no more, I quickly packed the basket, slung it on my right arm, and with the ham grasped by the knuckle in my loft, made my way up the stream. T was thus laden that I entered the dingle, and came on the sad sight therein. I set down the ham as a thing to be schamed of, and turning, all white and tragical, saw me. "My father is dead, sir." I stooped and piled a heap of fresh snow over the blood stains. There was no intent in this but to hide the pity that choked me. She had still to hear about her brother, An-thook lier hand. She looked into my eyes, and her own filled with tears. Twas the human touch that loosened their flow, I think; and sinking down again beside her father she wopt her fill. "Holy Mother!" He regarded me with sur-prise, contempt and pity, all together; "was ever such a dunderhead! If ever man were fit to die, I am he-and that's just my reasonable complaint. Heart alive! 'tis unfit to live I am, tied to this absurd body!" sinking down again beside her father she

I suppose my attitude expressed my lack of

to the good renowant that afterwards united up that from the first I could read her thoughts often without words, and for this reason, that her eyes were as candid as the CRAPTER VII 1 FRE A CONTAIN. But I must go back a little and tail you what befull in my expedition. Thad scarce tradged out of sight of my friends, down the hill, when it is struck mo that degree dangerous to them, and might and Bettle and his erew straight to the dis-gle. Here was a fix. I stood for some mis-state sconplused, when above the stillings of a finite wood (for the wind had dropped) a finite sound as of running water caught my ear, and helped me to an idea. The sound seemed to come from my left. It main addret two hundred paces or so came on a tiny brook, not two feet across, that yeabel down the slops with quite a consid-or mainly earth, with here and there a large toos or root to catch the too; so that, an I FIND & COMRADE

hit on the explication. Twas the sound of moring. Drawing nearer with caution, I noticed, in that end of the hut which stood over the stream, a gap, or window hole. The sound issued through this like the whirring of a dozen looms. "He must be an astonishing fellow," thought I, "that can more in this fashion. Fill have a pasp before I wake him." I waded down till I stood under the sill, put both hands upon it, and, pulling myself up quiet as a mouse, stuck my face in at the win-dow, and then very nearly set back into the brook for fright.

Boonday. Bo now I answared her aloud: "This afternoon we may venture down to the plain, where no doubt we shall find a chergyman to sell us a patch of holy ground." "Holy ground?" She looked at me awhile and shock her head. "I am not of your re-

"Holy ground?" She looked at me awain and shook her head. "I am not of your re-ligion," she said. "And your father?" "I think no man ever discovered my father's religion. Perhaps there was none to discover; but he was no bad father"-- She standied her voice and went on: "He would prefer the hilliside to your 'holy ground." Bo, an hour later, I delved his grave in the frosty earth, close by the spot where he lay. Bomshow, I shivered all the while, and had a cruel abcoting pain in my wound that was useded. But I managed to lower the body softly into the hole and to cover it reverently from sight, and afterwards stood isaning on my spade and feeling very light in the head, while the girl inset and prayed for her fa-ther's woul.

while the girl many distribution of the soul. And the picture of her as she knelt is the last I remember, till I opened my eyes, and was amaged to find myself on my back, and

was amazed to find myzelf on my back, and staring up at darkness. "What has happened!" "I think you are very ill," add a volce; "can you lean on me, and reach the hut!" "Why, yes-that is, I think so. Why is everything dark!" "The sun has been down for hours. You have been in a swoon first, and then talked--oh, such nonsense! Shame on me to let you catch this chill!" Bhe helped me to my feet and steadied me, and how we reached the hut I cannot tell you. It took more than one weary hour, as I now know; but at the time hours and min-utes were one to me.

I now know; but at the time hours and min-utes were one to me. In that, but I hay four nights and four days between ague it and fover, and that is all the account I can give of the time, save that on the second day the girl left me alone in the hut and descended to the plain, where, after ask-ing at many cottages for a physician, abe was forced to be content with an old woman re-puted to be amazingly well skilled in herbs and medicines, whom after a day's trial abe turned out of doors. On the fourth day, fearing for my life, abe made another descent, and, comout of doors. On the fourth day, fearing for my life, she made another descent, and, com-ing to a wayside tavern, purchased a pint of aqua vite, carried it back and mixed a po-tion that threw me into a profuse sweat. The same evening I sat up, a sound man. Indeed, so thoroughly was I recovered, that, waking early next morning and finding

my sweet nurse asleep from sheer weariness in a corner of the hut, I staggered up from my bed of dried bracken and out into the pure air. Rare it was to stand and drink it in like wine. A footstep aroused me. 'Twas Mis-tress Delia; and, turning, I held out my hand. "Now this is famous," said she; "a day or two will see you as good a man as ever."

two will see you as good a man as ever." "A day or two! To-morrow, at latest, I shall make trial to start." I noted a sudden change on her face, and added, "Indeed, you must bear my reasons before setting me down for an ingrate;" and told her of the king's letter that I carried. "I hoped that for a while our ways might lie together," said I; and broke off, for she was looking me carn-setly in the face.

and broke off, for she was looking me carn-estly in the face. "Sir, as you know, my brother Anthony was to have met me-nay, for pity's sake turn not your face away! I have guessed— the sword you carry—I marked it. Sir, be merciful, and tell me!" I led her a little aside to the foot of a tall pine; and there, though it wrung my heart, told her all, and left her to wrestle with this final sorrow. She was so tender a thing to be stricken thus that I, who had dealt the blow, erant back to the hut, covering my eves. In

stricken thus that I, who had dealt the blow, crept back to the hut, covering my eyes. In an hour's time I looked out. She was gone. At nightfall she returned, white with grief and faligue; yet I was glad to see her eyes red and swollen with weeping. Throughout our supper she kept silence; but when 'twas over she looked up and spoke in a steady tora: "Sir, I have a favor to ask, and must risk

back, to find Della suni

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spoke terribly to the heart. Now the town was Marlborough, and the

Now the town was Marlborough, and the attacking force a body of royal troops sent from Oxford to oust the garrison of the par-liament, which they did this same night, with great slaughter, driving the rebels out of the place and back on the road to Bristol. Had we guessed this, much ill luck had been spared us; but we knew naught of it, nor whether friends or foce were getting the bet-ter. So (Delia being by this time recovered a little) we determined to pass the night in the woods and on the morrow to give the place a wide berth.

the woods and on the morrow to give the place a wide berth. Retreating, then, to the hollow (that lay on the lee side of the ridge, away from the north wind), I gathered a pile of great stones and apread my cloak thereover for Delia. To sleep was impossible, even with the will for it. For the tumult and fighting went on and only died out about an hour before dawn; and once or twice we were troubled to hear the sound of people running on the ridge above. So we sat and talked in low voices till dawn, and grew more desperately hun-gered than ever. gered than ever. With the chill of daybreak we started,

With the chill of daybreak we started, meaning to get quit of the neighborhood be-fore any espiel us, and fetched a compass to the south without another look at Maribor-ough. At the end of two hours, turning morthwest again, we came to some water meadows beside a thy river (the Kennet, as I think), and saw, some way beyond, a high road that crossed to our side (only the bridge was now broken down), and, farther yet, a thick smoke curling up; but whence this

road that crossed to our side (only the bridge was now broken down), and, farther yet, a thick smoke curling up; but whence this came I could not see. Now we had been avoiding all roads this morning and hiding at every sound of footsteps. But hunger was making us hold. I bade Delia crouch down by the stream's bank, where many alders grew, and set off towards this column of smoke. By the spot where the road crossed I noted that many men and horses had lately passed hereby to westward, and, by their footmarks, at a great speed. A little farther and I came on a broken musket flung against the hedge, with a nauseous mess of blood and anny hairs about the stock of it; and just beyond was a dead horse, his left stirthing up like bent poles across the road. 'Twas here that my blood went cold on a sudden, to hear a dismal groan-ing not far ahead. I stood still, holding my breath, and ther ran forward again. The road took a twist that led me face to

seemed, a voice shrieked: "Run-run!-the king's men are on us!" and then, my foot alipping, down I went on to the shoulders of a thick set man, and well nigh broke his neck as he turned to look up at me. At first, the whole six were for running, I beliese. But meine only a bid strathed or

At first, the whole six were for running, I believe. But seeing only a lad stroiched on his face, and a second on the bedge, they thought better of it. Before I could scram-ble up, one pair of hands was screwed about my neck, another at my breis, and in a trice there we were pinioned. "Bearch the malignant!" cried one. "Ques-tion him!" called out another; and forthwith began a long interrogatory concerning the movements of his majesty's troops, from which, indeed, I learned much concerning the late encounter, but, of course, could an swer mought. Twas only natural they should interpret this silence for obstinacy. "March 'em off to Capt. Stubbs!" "March 'em off to Capt. Stubbs!" "Twas, alast the king's letter; and I bit my invite the king's letter; and I bit my intern's yellow glare upon the superscrip-tion.

We were marched down the road for a

We were marched down the road for a mile or more, till we heard a loud bawling, as of a man in much bodily pain, and soon came to a small village, where, under a tav-ern lamp, by the door, was a man perched up on a tub, and shouting forth portions of the Scripture to some twenty or more green coats assembled round. Our conductor pushed past these, and entered the tavern. At a door to the left in the passage he balted, and, knocking once, thrust us inside. The room was bare and lit very dimly by two tallow candles, set in bottles. Between these, on a deal table, lay a map outspread, and over it a man was bending, who looked up sharply at our entrance. He was thin, with a blue now, and wore a

up sharply at our entrance. He was thin, with a blue nose, and wore a green uniform like the rest; only his carriage proved him a man of authority. This Capt. Stubie listened, you may be sure, with a brightening eye to the sergeant's story; and at the close fixed an Inquisitive gase on the pair of us, turning the king's let-ter over and over in his hands. "How came this in your presention !" he "How came this in your possession ?" he

asked, at length. "That," said I, "I must decline to tell."

aked, at length. "That," said 1, "I must decline to tell." He hesitated a moment; then, rescaling himself, broke the seal, graad the letter upon the map, and read it slowly through. For the first time I began heartily to hope that the map and read it slowly through. For the paper contained nothing of moment. But the map and read it slowly through. For the paper contained nothing of moment. But the map and read it slowly through. For the paper contained nothing of moment. But the map and read it slowly through. For the paper contained nothing of moment. But the map and read it slowly through. For the paper contained nothing of moment. But the map and read it slowly through the network of the the morning we con-tinue our march. Meanwhile keep these fel-tows secure. I look to you for this." The sergeant saluted and we were led out. That slight we passed in a handcuffs, buddled with fifty soldiers in a hay loft of the inn and hearkening to their curious talk, that was half composed of Holy Writ and half of gibts at our expense. They were basten men, and, like all such, found comfort in deriding the greater misfortunes of others. More daylight the bugles began to sound, and we were led down to the green before the tavern door, where already were clow pon five hundred gathered, that had been billeted about the villags and were now form-ing in order of march—s solied, battered their novements. The sky began a cold drizale as we set out, and through this sad-and I being kept well apart, she with the vanding column, the dejected heads bobbing in front as they bent to the siming rain, the voiding column, the dejected heads bobbing in their more mean to stare as we passed; and hearing but the hoarse words of comcottagers that came out to stare as we passed; and hearing but the boarse words of com-mand, the low mutterings of the men, and always the monotonous tramp, tramp, through the slush and mire of the roads.

through the slush and mire of the roads. The like a bad dream to me, and I will not dwell on it. That night we passed at Chippen-ham, a small market town, and on the mor-row went transping again through worse weather, but always smid the same sights and sounds. Daylight was failing when the towars of Division of the back when the towars of

Daylight was failing when the towers of Bristol grew clear out of the leaden mist in front, and by 5 o'clock we halted outside the walls and beside the ditch of the castle, wait-ing for the drawbridge to be let down. Al-ready a great crowd had gathered about us, of those who had come out to learn the news of the defeat, which, the day before, some fugitives had carried to Bristol. To their constions as to all else. I listened like a man questions, as to all else, I listened like a man was shivering out in the rain and soon after now the style for him, with a triple co-carde at the left side. Get Minnie a Tartan plaid and make it on the bias, and trim it with a row of was standing beside Delia, under guard of a dozen soldiers, and shaking with cold, be-neath a gateway that led between the two wards of the castle. And there, for an hou at least, we kicked our beels, until from the open castle or Hercules braid, with a sash of the same, and dress her doll with the scraps left over. Give studious Nel-lie a quiet little gown of dark blue fianinner ward Capt, Stubbs came striding and commanded us to follow. Across the court we went in the rain, through a vaulted passage, and, passing screen of carved oak, found ourselves sudden nel, neatly made with the front of surah, which was all the best part of big sister Mabel's last year's dress, and you will find your little ones well dressed and ly in a great hall, near forty yards long (as I reckon it), and raftered with oak. At the far end, around a great marble table, were some ten or more gentlemen seated, who all with one accord turned their eyes upon us as very economically dressed, too. Ginghams are as strong as iron and fadeless as the sky; therefore ginghams are good for boys and girls to wear for with one accord turned their eyes upon us as the captain brought us forward. The table before them was littered with maps, warrants and papers, and some of the gentlemen had pens in their hands. But the one on whom my eyes fastened was a tall, fair soldier that sat in the center, and held his majesty's letter, open, in his hand; who rose and bowed to me as I came near. spring and summer, where laundry work does not count. Where it does, light woolens are better and quite as cool, though not quite so summery looking. But nothing suits a boy so well as a sailor suit, with gilt braid, an embroid-ered anchor and "real sailor buttons" "Sir." he said, "the fortune of war having given you into our hands, you will not re-fuse. I hope, to answer our questions." r "Sir I have nought to tell," answered I, with a foul anchor on them. I am sorry bowing in return. With a delicate white hand he waved my to keep the pretty and picturesque Faunte leroy suits on their boys, these latter words aside. He had a handsome, irresolute mouth, and was, I could tell, of very differ-ent degree from the merchants and lawyers beside him. "You act under orders from the-the" turn up their noses and mutter nuts" scornfully. "Anti-Christ," put in a snappish little felow on his right. 'I do nothing of the sort," said I. "Well, then, sir, from King Charles." "Tush!" exclaimed the snappish man, and then, straightening himself up, "That boy with you-that fellow disguised as a country man-look at his boots!-he's a Papist spy ! "There, sir, you are wrong!" "I saw him-I'll be sworn to his face-I naw him, a year back, at Doual, helping at the mass! I never forget faces."

FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN

ONCE THEY NEVER WORE ANY THING OF DARK COLOR.

Now the Elaborately Biltched and Hemmed and Hand Embroidered White Garments of the Past Are Almost tirely Abandoned.

[Special Correspondences.] NEW YORK, May 1.-It is not so very many years ago that children wore no dark colors at all. No color or tint was too delicate for them, and the mother who put a dark frock or cloak upon her who put a dark frock or cloak upon her child was considered far more har hearted than Pharaoh and more econom-ical than loving, but she was bound down to backache and sideache from the exter labor entailed on keeping her little gir always sweet and clean in the delication downey. It was not uncommon to proalways sweet and clean in the delicate dresses. It was not uncommon to use a little child dressed for ordinary con-sions in a white cashners which had been laboriously embroidered by hand, and if it was hard on the mother it was no less hard on the child, for no freedom could be allowed a child for nat healthy play.



IRIS DRESS AND HUBBARD CLOAD But now all that is changed, and there is no color that mothers wear that is not fit for the little girls, and fashionable

The benefit of this system is that there is not so much work to keep the children clean, and the children are happier and healthier, because they can play without restraint, and it is far more economical

restraint, and it is far more economical in several ways. Of course there will always be con-sions for a white dress made as dainti-ly as mother love can devise and moth-er's tireless patience can accomplian. Such an one is the pretty little Iris dress made of soft white mull, elbroideres deeply around the bottom and worn over a pink wash silk slip, with a tiny plaiting around the bottom, just show-ing under the edge of the mull. A such of the same silk crosses the wast and is tied in an enormous bow st and is tied in an enormous how a the back. The sleeves are puffed over silk and with deep cuffs and bretslin of embroidery. Blue corn color, old gold or Eiffel red can all be used for the dig

preferred. And the dear little coaring And the dear little coaring drive She is going out with grandma in a little Hubbard cloak of brown and fave striped cheviot and a big poke bonnet all of seal brown straw and plumes. The lit-tle coat has for its only trimming a row of tucks surmounted by a herring bone in saddler's silk. Not at all gay or elabor-ate, but oh, how quaint and sweet the little maiden looks in it! "A quiver full" of dear little children is to be desired, but it has its drawbacks, particularly when Bobby is always need-

is to be desired, but it has its drawing particularly when Bobby is always ne ing shoes and Minnie and Nellie sto ings, hats, etc. The best way to dr them is to give Bobby a pretty little I suit of serge or cheviot or heavy b flannel, made with a blouse, and so and stout boots. A toreador hat is jus

to relate that while mothers would like

A QUIVER FULL OF THEM.

Little girls, of course, wouldn't do such a thing, but they are all in favor of the shorter skirts, as they, too, are a little tired of the Empire and Sara Crewe

style. The waists to the summer ging-

hams, chambreys and lawns, as well as

muslins, are all made very tastefully and

with much ornamentation, while the skirts are very plain. Sashes are fastened

with heavy and enormous buckles in

Hats are in all sorts, kinds and colors of straw, and trimmed as you please. Shirred hats of gingham for quite little

ones are as pretty as a picture over the sweet little faces. The strings are of the same material. OLIVE HARPER.

Good News About Albert Edward.

In Jersey City there is an association known as the Boys' Progressive society.

The members endeavor to contribute a

much as they can to a missionary fund.

Some time ago each was given a bright new penny with directions to increase

his small capital in any honorable way

for the benefit of the cause. In various ways all the lads, save one, did well, and

several of the cents brought in dollars

of profit by judicious investment. The

unlucky member of the society was a youth who sent his coin to the Prince of Wales with an explanatory note. He got the copper back the other day and

with it came the following letter: "MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, PALL MALL.

"Sin--I am desired by the Prince of Wales to thank you for the accompany-ing penny, and to inform you in reply that his royal highness does not require the property of the second second second second second the second second second second second second second the second sec

The statement of Sir Fi the Postoffen.

rent report that the heir

crown is head over he

coodingly hard up

it. Your obedient servant, "FRANCIS F QUEEN ST.

shell, steel or oxidized silver.

bers at his heels.

"Down stairs, for your life!" I whispered to the girl, and, turning, as her father tumbled past me, let his pursuer run on my sword, as on a spit. At the same instant, another blade passed through the fellow trans-versely, and Jacques stood beside me, with his back to the lintel. As we pulled our swords out and the man

dropped, I had a brief view into the room, where now the blazing liquid ran off the table in a stream. Settle, stamping with agony, had his pains pressed against his scorched cyclids. The fat landlord, in trying to beat out the flames, had increased them by up-setting two bottles of aqua vitze, and was dancing about with three fingers in his mouth. The rest stood for the most part dum founded; but Black Dick had his pistol lifted Jacques and I sprang out for the landing and round the doorway. Between the flash and the report I felt a sudden scrape, as of red bot wire, across my loft thigh and just above the knee. "Tenez, camarade," said Jacques' voice in

my ear; "a mol la porte-a vous le maitre, la-bas;" and h8 pointed down the staircase, where, by the glare of the confingration that beat past us, I saw the figures of Sir Deakin and his daughter standing.

"But how can you keep the door against a dozenf The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders with

a smile---"Mais-comme cal"

For at this moment came a rush of footsteps within the room. I saw a fait paunch the landlord was wallowing on his face across the landlord was wallowing on his face across the threshold. Jacques' teeth snapped to-gether as he stood ready for another victim; ad as the fellows within the room tumbles back he motioned me to leave him.

I sprang from his side, and, catching the rail of the staircase, reached the foot in a

couple of bounds. "Hurry!" I cried, and caught the old bar-onet by the hand. His daughter took the other, and between us we hurried him across the passage for the kitchen door.

Within, the chambermaid was on her knees by the settle, her face and apron of the same bue. I saw she was incapable of helping, and hastened across the stone floor and out to-

wards the back entrance. A stream of icy wind blew in our faces as stepped over the threshold. The girl and we stepped over the threshold. And get the I bent our heads to it, and, stumbling, trip-ring and panting, pulled Sir Deakin with us out into the cold air.

The yard was no longer dark. In the room above some one had pushed the casement open, letting in the wind; and by this 'twas very evident the room was on fire. Indeed, the curtains had caught, and, as we ran, pennon of flame shot out over our heads, licking the thatch. In the glare of it the outbuildings and the yard gate stood clearly out from the night. I heard the trampling of feet, the sound of Settle's voice should an order, and then a dismal yell and clash o

steel as we flung open the gate. "Jacques!" screamed the old gentleman; "my poor Jacques! Those dogs will mangle him with their cut and thrust'

'Twas very sigular and sad, but, as if in an-swer to Sir Deakin's cry, we heard the brave fellow's voice; and a famous shout it must have been to reach us over the roaring of the

"Mon maitre-mon maitre !" he called twice, and then "Sauve toi!" in a fainter voice, yet clear. And after that only a racket of she and outcries r ached us. Without doubt the villains had overpowered and slain this brave servant. In spite of our peril (for they would be after us at once), 'twas all we could do to drag the old man from the gate and up the road; and as he went he wept like a child. and as he went he wept like a ch

After about fifty yards we turned in at after about any yars we turned in at a gate and began to cut across a field, for I hoped thus not only to baffle pursuit for a while, but also to gain the wood that we saw dimly ahead. It reached to the top of the hill and I knew not how far beyond; and, as I was reflecting that there lay our chance of safety, I heard the inn door below burst open loud cries and the sound of footsteps with

Moreover, to complete our fix, the clouds that had been scurrying across the moon's face now for a minute left a clear interval of sky about her; so that right in our course thery lay a great patch brilliantly lit, wherean

comprehension, for he lifted a went on:

"Tell me-can you eat beef and drink beer and enjoy them!

"Wby, yes." "And fight-hey? and kiss a pretty girl, and be glad you've done it? Dear, dear, how I do hate a fool and a fool's pity! Lift me up and carry me a step. This night's work has killed me; I feel it in my lungs. "Tis a pity, too, for I was just beginning to enjoy it."

I lifted him as I would a babe, and off we set again, my teeth shutting tight on the pain of my hurt. And presently, coming to a little dingle about half a mile down the hillside, well hid with dead bracken and blackberry bushes, I consulted with the girl, The place was well sheltered from the wind that rocked the treetops, and I feared to go that rocked the treetops, and I feared to go much farther, for we might come on open country at any moment and so double our peri It seemed best, therefore, to lay the old gentleman snugly in the bottom of this dingle and wait for day. And with my buff coat, and a heap of dried leaves. I made him fairly easy, reserving my cloak to wrap about Mistress Delia's fair neck and shoul-ders. But against this at first she protested. "For how are you to manage?" she asked.

ders. But against this at first she protested. "For how are you to manage?" she asked. "I shall tramp up and down, and keep watch," answered I, strewing a couch for her beside her father; "and 'tis but fair exchange for the kerchief you gave me from your ow throat."

At last I persuaded her, and she crept close to her father, and under the edge of the buff coat for warmth. There was abundance of dry bracken in the dingle, and with this and some handfuls of pine needles I covered them over and left them to find what sleep they

might. For two hours and more after this I hobbled to and fro near them as well as my wound would allow, looking up at the sky through the pine tops, and listening to the sobbing of the wind. Now and then I would swing my arms for warmth, and breathe on my finger that were sorely benumbed; and all the while kept my cars on the alert, but heard nothing. 'Twas, as I said, something over two hours after, that I felt a soft, cold touch, and then another, like kisses on my forehead. I put up my hand and looked up again at the sky. As I did so the girl gave a long sigh and awoke

from her doze. "Sure I must have dropped asleep," she said, opening her eyes and spying my shadow above her; "has aught happened!"

"Ay," replied I, "something is happening that will wipe out our traces and my bloody

track "And what is that ?"

"Snow1 See, 'tis failing fast." She bent over and listened to her father's

"Twill kill him," she said, simply. I pulled some more fronds of the bracken to cover them both. She thanked me and of-fered to relieve me in my watch, which I re-

fored to relieve me in my watch, which i for fused. And indeed by lying down I should have caught my death rery likely. The big flakes drifted down between the pines, till, as the moon paled, the ground about me was carpeted all in white, with the foliage black as ink above it. Time after time as 1 transmit to and for 1 recently for the second

time, as I tramped to and fro, I paused to brush the fresh forming heap from the sleep-ers' coveriet and shake it gently from the tresses of the giri's hair. The old man's face was covered completely by the buff coat, but his breathing was calm and regular as any child's. dawned, Awaking Mistress Delia, I

Day dawned. Awaking Mistress Delia, I asked her to keep watch for a time, while I went off to explore. She crept out from her bed with a little shiver of disgust. "Run about," I advised, "and keep the

blood stirring." She nodded; and, looking back, as I strode

down the hill, I saw her moving about quick-ly, swinging her arms, and only pausing to wave a hand to me for good speed. "Twas an hour before I returned, and plenty

I had to tell. Only at the entrance to the dingle the words failed from off my tongua. The old gentleman lay as he had lain through out the night. But the bracken had been d aside, and the girl was kneeling over him. I drew near, my step not arousing her. Sir Deakin's face was pale and calm; but on the mow that had gathered by his head lay a red streak of blood. 'Twas from his lungs,

and he was quite dead.

her fi "Mistress Killigrew," I said, as soon as the first violence of her tears was abated, "I have still some news that is ill hearing. Your enemies are encamped in the woods, about a half mile below this"-and with that I told

my story. "They have done their worst, sir." "No. She looked at me with a question on her

Said I. "You must believe me yet a short

while without questioning." Considering for a moment, she nodded, "You have a right, sir, to be trusted, though I know not so much as your name. Then we must stay close in hiding?" she added, very sensibly, though with the last word her voice trailed off, and she began again to weep. But in time, having covered the dead baro-net's body with sprays of the withered brack en, I drew her to a little distance and pre-vailed on her to nibble a crust of the loaf. Now, all this while, it must be remembered I was in my shirt sleeves and the weather bitter cold. Which at length her sorrow allowed her to notice. "Why, you are shivering sore!" she said.

and, running, drew my buff coat from her father's body, and held it out to me. "Indeed," I answered, "I was thinking

another expedition to warm my blood." And promising to be back in half an hour I fol-lowed down my former tracks towards the stream. Within twenty minutes I was back, run

ning and well nigh shouting with joy. "Come!" I cried to her, "come and see for yourself!"

What had happened was this: Wading cautiously down the brook, I had cause su denly to prick up my ears and come to a balt. Twas the muffled tramp of hoofs that 1 heard, and, creeping a bit farther, I caught a glimpse, beyond the hut, of a horse and rider disappearing down the woods. He was the last of the party, as I guessed from the sound of voices and jingling of bits farther down the slope. Advancing on the hut with more boldness, I found it deserted. I scrambled up on the bank and round to the entrance. The w before it was trampled and sullied by the footmarks of men and horses; and as I noted this, came Settle's voice calling up the slope: "Jerry-Jerry Toy!"

"Where's Reuben?" "Coming, captain-close behind!" "Curse him for a loitering idiot! We've

wasted time enough, as 'tis," called back the captain. "How in thunder is a man to find the road out of this cursed wood?" "Straight on, cap'n-you can't miss it," shouted another voice, not two gunshots be-

A volcano of oaths poured up from Settle, I did not wait for the end of them, but ran

back for Mistress Delia. Together we descended to the hut. By this time the voices had faded away in distance. Yet to make sure that the rascals had really departed, we followed their tracks for som

way, beside the stream; and suddenly came halt with cries of joyful surprise The brook had led us to a point where, over a stony fall veiled with brown bracken, it plunged into a narrow ravine. Standing on the lip, where the water took a smooth glide before leaping, we saw the line of the ravine marked by a rift in the pines, and through this a slice of the country that lay below. Twas a level plain, well watered and dotted here and there with nouses. A range of wooded hills closed the view, and towards them a broad road wound

gently, till the eye lost it at their base. All this was plain enough, in spite of the snow that covered the landscape. For the sun had burst out above, and the few flakes that still feil looked black against his brilliance and the dazzling country below. But what caused our joy was to see, along

the road, a small cavaicade moving away from us, with many bright glances of light and color, as their steel caps and sashes took the sunshine—a pretty sight, and the prettier because it meant our deliverance.

because it meant our deliverance. The girl beside me gave a cry of delight, then sighed; and after a minute began to walk back towards the hut, where I left her, and ran up hill for the basket and harn. On my return I found her examining a heap of rusty tools that, it seemed, she had found on a shelf of the building. Twee no light help

The road took a twist that led me day they are gone." I would have spoken, but she held up her

are both bound for Cornwall-you on

will the miles pass with you for comrade. And so I say-Mistress Killigrew, take me

She dropped me a mock courtesy. "And now, Jack, be a good boy, and hitch me this quilt across the hut. I bought it yesterday,

blush imaginable; and so, having fixed her

screen, we shook hands on our comradeship

CHAPTER VIII.

I LOSE THE KING'S LETTER.

coat of rime spread over all things. Down

you would have said we had never a care The road wont stretching away to the north

passing the ridge and when daylight to fail us that I became alarmed.

just then came the low mutter of cannot

ing the earth. We began to run forward,

and wished each other good night.

her hands, her eyes were twinkling

for your servant."

we use these long titles."

aughter.

face with a small whitewashed cottage, ameared with black stains of burning. For scenared with black stains of burning. For scenaringly it had been fired in one or two places, only the flames had died out; and from the back, where some outbuildings yet smoldered, rose the smoke that I spied. But what brought me to a stand was to see the doorway all cracked and charred, and across hand. "Now when you spoke of Anthony-s "Now when you spoke of Anthony – a dear lad!—I lay for some time dazed with grief. By little and little, as the truth grew plainer, the pain grew also past bearing. I stood up and staggered into the woods to escape it. I doorway all cracked and charrow, and across it a soldier stretched—a green coated robel— and quite dead. His face lay among the burned ruins of the door, that had wofully singed his beard and hair. A stain of blood went fast and straight, heeding nothing, for at first my senses were all confused; but in a while the walking cleared my wits, and I could think, and thinking I could weep; and having wept, could fortify my beart. Here is the upshot, sir-though 'tis held immodest for a maid to ask even far less of a man. We

singed his beard and hair. A stain of blood ran across the doorstone and into the road. I was gazing upon him and shuddering when again I hoard the groans. They issued from the upper chamber of the cottage. I stepped over the dead soldier and mounted the ladder that isd upstairs. honorable mission, I for my father's estate of

Gleys, wherefrom (as your tale proves) some unseen hands are thrusting me. Alike we carry our lives in our hands. You must go the ladder that led upstairs. The upper room was but a loft. In it were two beds, whereof one was empty. On the edge of the other sat up a bay 16 or there-abouts, stark naked and meaning miserably. With one hand he seemed trying to cover a big wound that gaped in his chest; the other, as my head rose over the ladder, he stretched out with all the fingers spread. And this was his fast effort. As I stumbled up, his fingers closed in a scann of upin; his hands forward; I may not go back. For from a forward; I may not go back. For from a king who cannot right his own affairs there is little hope; and in Cornwall I have surer friends than he. Therefore take me, sirtake me for a comrade! Am I sad! Do you fear a weary journey! I will smile-laugh-sing-put sorrow behind me. I will contrive a thousand ways to cheat the milestones. At was his last effort. As I stumbled up, his fingers closed in a spasm of pain; his hands dropped, and the body tumbled back on the bed, where it lay with the legs dangling. the first hint of tears, discard me, and go your way with no prick of conscience. Only

The poor lad must have been stabbed as he lay asleep. For by the bedside I found his try me-oh, the shame of speaking thus!" Her voice had grown more rapid toward lay asleep. For by the Distance I found ma clothes neatly folded and without a speck of blood. They were clean, though coarse; so thinking they would serve for Delia, I took them, albeit with some scruples at robthe close; and now, breaking off, she put both hands to cover her face, that was hot with blushes. I went over and took them in mine "You have made me the blithest man alive," said I. She drew back a pace with a frightened bing the dead, and, covering the body with a sheet, made my way downstairs. Here, on a high shelf at the foot of the ladlook, and would have pulled her bands away. "Because," I went on quickly, "you have paid mo this high compliment, to trust ma. Proud was I to listen to you; and merrily

der, I discovered a couple of loaves and some milk, and also, lying hard by, a pair of shepherd's shears, which I took also, having a purpose for them. By this time, being sid enough of the place, I was glad to make all speed back to Delia. To my extreme discomposure, as I dropped

She was still waiting among the leafless alders, and clapped her hands to see the two "Dear now; I see a dull prospect ahead if

loaves under my arm. Said I, flinging down the clothes, and munching at my share of the bread: "Here is the boy's suit that you wished for."

"Oh, dear! 'tis not a very choice one." Her

face fell. "All the better for escaping notice." "But—but I like to be noticed!"

Nevertheless, when breakfast was done, she consented to try on the clothes. I left her eying them doubtfully, and strolled away by the river's bank. In a while her voice called pist"

"Why, 'tis admirable!" said I, returning and scanning her. Now this was a lie; but she took me more than ever, so pretty and comical she looked in the dress.

to me:

"And I cannot walk a bit in them!" she pouted, strutting up and down. "Swing your arms more, and let them hang

beautiful hair."

here the pines gave way to bare elms and poplars, thickly dotted, and among them the twisted smoke of farmstead and cottage here "It must come off," said I, pulling the

and there, and the morning stir of kitchen and stable, very musical in the crisp air. Delia stepped along beside me, humming an air or breaking off to chatter. Meeting us,

west and the hills against the sky there; whither beyond we neither knew nor (being both young and one, by this time, pretty deep in love) did greatly care; but the con-duct of those we met, their gruff refusals of food, their smiles and winks, caused Delia to

insist that at the first opportunity I should get her a suit of boy's clothes. On the far side of the valley we entered a wood, thinking by this to shorten our way, for the road here took a long bend to east-ward. Now, at first this wood seemed of no every by path that seemed to lead westward considerable size, but thickened and spread as we advanced. 'Twas only, however, after wood grew denser, with a tangle of paths crisscrossing amid the undergrowth. And

We jumped over a hedge, plump into an outpost of rebels, as they sat munching their

supper. They were six in all, and must have been tripping in the gloom over brambles and stumbling into holes. For a mile or so this lasted, and then, withsitting like mice, for all I know of it is this I had climbed the balge first and was help-ing Delia over, when out of the ground, as it out warning. I heard a sound behind me and

"Why, what nonseuse!" cried I, and burst out laughing.

"Don't mock at me, sir!" he thundered bringing down his fist on the table. you the boy is a Papist!" He pointed furi-ously at Delia, who, now laughing also, an-

"What is meant by that I" asks the tall sol-

She faced the company with a rosy blush, "What say you to this?" asked Col. Essex

-for 'twas he-turning round on the little

"Say! What do I say! That the fellow is

a Papist, too. I knew it from the first, and

Continued next Saturday

Helen Dauyray-Ward.

The separation of Helen Dawray-Ward. The separation of Helen Dawray-Ward from her husband, the famous baseball player, has been accepted by their friends with as good a grace as possible. The strange part of it is that most people ad-mire them both, and so are unable to de-cide on which one to blame for the unfort-

unate affair. Mrs. Ward will star during

the coming season in a play which is being written for her, and Johnny will not go to

Toole's Popularity.

Toole's Popularity. The number of farewell dinners given to Toole, the very popular English comedian, in London, was remarkable. The actresses, being denied admission to the dinner given him by his professional brothers, organized one for themselves, and carried it out with great magnificence, Mr. Toole being the only man present. Ellen Terry presided.

Europe, as has been stated.

swered him very demurely: "Indeed, sir'

"I saw you, I say."

am so very, very sorry;

this proves it !"

these hateful clothes much longer."

'You are bold to make so certain of a Pa-"I saw you!" "That cannot even tell maid from

"Oh, Jack-they do not fit at all!" mant

dier, opening his eyes. "Why, simply this, sir: I am no boy at all, but a girl!"

There was a minute during which the little man went purple in the face, and the rest stared at Delia in blank astonishment. "Oh, Jack," she whispered in my ear, "I

the first ray of cold subshine found us step-ping from the woods into the plain, where now the snow was vanished looser. "And my hair. Oh, Jack, I have such

shears out of my pocket. "And look at these huge boots!"

Indeed, this was the main trouble, for I knew they would hurt her in walking; yet she made more fuss over her hair, and only gave in when I scolded her roundly. So I took the shears and clipped the chestaut curls, one by one, while she cried for vexation; and took occasion of her tears to smuggle the longest lock inside my doublet.

But an hour after she was laughing again, and had learned to cock the poor country lad's cap rakishly over one eye; and by evening was walking with a swagger and longing (I know) to meet with folks. For, to spare I know) to meet with folks. For, to spare her the sight of the ruined cottage, I had taken her round through the fields and by Twas safer to journey thus; and all the way she practiced a man's carriage and airs, and how to wink and whistle and swing a stick. And once, when she left one of her shoes in a wet ditch, she said "Damn!" as natural as