the black torside, and dug his grave there; the black cat following us to look. Five feet

deep we laid him, having dug down to solid rock; and, having covered him over, went silently back to the hovel. Joan had not shed a single tear,

I DO NO GOOD IN THE HOUSE OF GLEYS.

Very early next morning I awoke, and, bearing no sound in the loft above (whither,

since my coming, Joan had carried her bed), concluded her to be still asieep. But in this

I was mistaken, for, going to the well at the

was satisfied, and went, dripping, back to the

"Art early abroad," she said, as we sat to

gether over the meal.
"Yes, for I must ride to Gleys this morn-

ing."
"Sha'n't be sorry to miss thee for a while."

Makes me feel so shy—this cleanliness."
So, promising to be back by nightfall, I

went presently to saddle Molly; and, follow

ing Joan's directions and her warnings against quags and pitfalls, was soon riding

south across the moor, and well on my road

walls of the house I was bound for.

the waves bent on three sides the clif

Twas a gloomy, savage pile of granite, perched at the extremity of a narrow neck of

and, where every wind might sweep it, and

The tide was now at the full almost, and the

spray flying in my face, as we crossed the head of a small beach, forded a stream and

scrambled up the rough road to the entranc

chimney was all the sign of life in the build-ing; for the narrow lights of the upper story

were mostly shuttered, and the lower floor was hid from me by a high wall inclosing a

courtlage in front. One stunted ash, with boughs tortured and bent towards the main

land, stood by the gate, which was locked. A smaller door, also locked, was let into the

which I tugged sturdity.
On this, a cracked bell sounded, far in the

use, and seared a flock of starlings out of a

gulls wailing about the cliff at my feet. This

swored L

'Thy name?'

on business concerning the estate.

wicket door opened stealthily.

ing just now in his Bible,"

out half a glass only.

pistol against the grating, close to the fel-low's nose. Singular to say, the trick served

A bolt was slipped hastily back and the

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

Thereupon more grumbling followed, and

"Sure, you must be worth a deal," I said,

Before me stood a strange fellow-extraor

dinary old and bent, with a wizened face, on

eve only, and a chin that almost touched his

nose. He wore a dirty suit of livery, that

once had been canary yellow; and shook with

the palsy.
"Master Tingcomb will see the young man,

he squeaked, nodding his head; "but Is a-read

Molly-"if unseasonable. But why not have

He seemed to consider this for awhile, and

then said, abruptly:

"Have some pasty and some good cider?"

"Why, yes," I said, "with all my heart

He led the way across the court, well paved

but choked with weeds, towards the stable

I found it a spacious building, and counted

sixteen stalls there; but all were empty say

two, where stood the horses I had seen in Bod

min the day before. Having stabled Molly I loft the place (which was thick with col-

webs) and followed the old servant in the

He took me into a great stone kitchen, and

"Have a care, young man; 'tis a lusciou

thick, seductive drink," and he chuckled.
"Twould turn the edge of a knife," said I

tasting it and looking at him; but his one

bleared eye was inscrutable. The pasty also

"Hast a proud stomach that cometh of fa-

ing simptuously; the beef therein is our own killing," said he. "Young sir, art a man of

blood, I greatly fear, by thy long sword and

"Shall be presently," answered I, "if you

He scrambled up briskly and tottered ou

of the kitchen into a stone corridor, I after

him. Along this he burried, muttering all

the way, and halted before a door at the end. Without knocking be pushed it open, and, motioning me to enter, hastened back as he

"Come in," said a voice that seemed famil

Though, as you know, 'twas still high day,

in the room where now I found myself was

every appearance of night; the shutters be

ing closed and six lighted candles standing or

the table. Behind them sat the venerable

gentleman whom I had seen in the coach.

now wearing a plain suit of black and read

ing in a great book that lay open on the ta

ble. I guessed it to be the Bible; but noted

that the candles had shades about them, so

disposed as to throw the light, not on the

, but on the doorway where I stood.

Yet the old gentleman, having bid me en

ter, went on reading for a while as though

wholly unaware of me; which I found som

what nettling, so began:
"I speak, I believe, to Master Hannibal
Tingcomb, steward to Sir Deakin Killigrew."

He went on, as if ending his sentence

"And my darling from the power of th

dog." Here he paused with finger on the place and looked up. "Yes, young sir, that is my name—steward to the late Sir Deakin

"Surely I know that Sir Deakin is dead else should I be but an unworthy steward.

"Also his son Anthony, a headstrong boy,

I fear me; a consorter with vile characters. Alas! that I should say it."

"Do you mean, sir, that she, too, is dead?"
"Why, to be sure—but let us talk on les

"The later" cried I. Then you know

He opened his grave eyes as if in wonder.

"And his daughter, Mistress Deliar"

painful matters."
"In one moment, sir; but first tell
where did she die and when?"

"And his son, also?"

was moldy, and I soon laid it down.

bandiness with the firearms."

had come.

tar to me.

lead me not to Master Tingcomb."

brought out the pasty and cider, but poured

when I have stabled the sorrel here

A pretty habit," answered 1, leading in

a prodigious creaking of bolts and chains;

after which the big gate swung stiffly back,

"that shut yourselves in so careful."

n to get me my breakfast.

John Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Mervel, a Servant of His late Majesty King Charles I, in the years 16:9-3: written by himself.

DITED IN MODERN ENGLISH BY

CHAPTER XII OW JOAN SAVED THE ARMY OF THE WEST. But the pain of my hurt followed into my

Within the kitchen all was quiet. The old Within the kitchen all was quiet. The old avage was still stretched on the floor; the sat curied upon the hearth. The girl had not stirred; but, looking towards the window hole. I saw night outside, and a frosty star spariting far down in the west.

"Joan, what's the hour?"

"Bun's been down these four hours." She turned her face to look at me.

"Two no business lying here."

"Chose to come, lad; none axed thee, that I knows hr."

Eknows by."

I knows by."

Where's the mare! Must set me across at Where's the mare! Must set me across at Where's the mare! ber back, Joan, and let me ride on."
"Mare's in stable, wi' fetlocks swelled like puddens. Chose to come, lad; an' choose or no, must bide."

"Tis for the General Hopton, at Bodmin, I am bound, Joan; and wound or no, must win there this night."

"And that's seven mile away; wi' a bullet in thy skull, and a peat quag thy burial. For they went south, and thy road lieth more south than west."

"The troopers?"
"Ay, Jack; an' work I had this day wi those same bloody warriors; but take a sup at the keg, and bite this manchet of out-cake while I tell thee."

And so, having fed me, and set my bed

And so, having fed me, and set my bed straight, she sat on, the floor beside me (for the better hearing), and in her uncouth tongue told how I had been saved. I cannot write her language; but the tale, in sum, was this: When I dropped forward into her arms, Joan for a moment was taken aback, thinking me dead. But (to quote her) " 'no good, mid I, 'in cuddlin' a lad 'pon the hillside, for folks to see, though he have a-got curis like a weach; an' dead or live, no use to wait for others to make sure."

Bo she lifted and carried me to a spot hard

by that she called the "Jew's Kitchen;" and where that was, even with such bearings as I had, she defled me to discover. There was no time to tend me, whilst Molly stood near to show my whereabouts; so she let me lie and went to lead the sorrel down to stable.

Her hand was on the bridle when she heard a whoop! up the road, and there were half a dozen riders on the crest, and tearing down hill towards her. Joan had nothing left but

to feign coolness, and went on leading the mare down the slope.

In a while up comes the foremost trooper, draws rein, and pants out, "Where's he to?"

"Who!" asks Joan, making out to be sur-

"Mile an' half away by now."

"Freshly horsed," explains Joan, The troopers—they were all around her by this—swore 'twas a lie, but luckily, being down in the hellow, could not see over the next ridge. They began a string of questions all together, but at last a little tun bellied sergeant called "Silence!" and asked the girl, "did she loan the fellow a horse!"

Here I will quote her again:
"'Sir, to thee,' I answered, 'no loan at all,
but fair swap for our Gray Robin.'
"'That's a lie,' he says; 'an' I won't believe

"'Might so well,' says I; 'but go to the stable an' see for thysel'.' (Never had gray horse to my name, Jack; but, thinks I, that's

his'n lookout.)"

They went, did these simple troopers, to look at the stable, and, sure enough, there was no Gray Robin. Nevertheless, some amongst them had logic enough to take this as something less than proof convincing, and spent three hours and more ransacking the house and barn, and searching the tor and the moors below it. I learned, too, that Joan had come in for some rough talk—to which she put a stop, as she told me, by offering to fight any man Jack of them for the buttous on his buff coat. And at length, about sundown, they gave up the hunt, and rode away over the moors toward Warleggan, having (as the girl heard them say) to be at Brad-dock before night.

"Where is this Braddock!"

"Righ to Lord Mohun's house at Boconnoc;

or so from Bodmin, as a crow flies."
"Then go I must," eried I; and hereupon broke out with all the trouble that was on my mind, and the instant need to save these gallant gentlemen of Cornwall, ere two armies should combine against them. I told of the king's letter in my breast and how found the Lord Stamford's men at Laun ston; how that Ruthen with the vanguard of the rebels, was now at Liskeard, with but bare day's march between the two, and but I to carry the warning. And, "Oh, Joan!" I cried, "my comrade I left upon the road Brighter courage and truer heart never man proved, and yet left by me in the rebels hands. Alasi that I could neither save not belp, but must still ride on; and here is to lie struck down within ten mile o il-I, that have traveled two h and if the Cornishmen be not warned to give fight before Lord Stamford comes up, all's lost. Even now they be outnumbered. So lift me, Joan, and set me astride Molly, and I'll win to Bodmin yet."

"Reckon, Jack, thou'd best hand me thy

Now, I did-not at once catch the intent of rds, so simply spoken; but stared at her like an owl.

"There's horse in stall, lad," she went on "though no Gray Robin. Tearaway's the

name and strawberry the color."
"But, Joan, Joan, if you do this—feel in-side my coat here, to the left—you will save an army, girl; may be a throne! Here 'tis Joan, see-no, not that—here! Say the seal is that of the governor of Bristol, who stole it from me for a while; but the handwriting will be known for the king's, and no hand but yours must touch it before you stand be-fore Bir Ralph Hopton. The king shall thank

you, Joan, and God will bless you for't."

"Hope so, I'm sure. But larn me what to say, lad, for I be main thick witted."

Bo I told her the message over and over,

till she had it by heart.

"Sha'n't forgit now," she said at length;
"an' so hearken to me for a change. Bide
still, nor fret thysel'. Here's pasty an' oat
cake, an' a keg o' water that I'll stow beside thee. Pay no heed to feyther, an' if he wills toget drunk an' fight wi' Jan Tergagle—that's the cat-why, let'n. Drunk or sober, he's no

She hid the letter in her bosom and stepped the door. On the threshold she turned.
"Jack, forgot to ax; what be all this blood-

"For church and king, Joan." "H'm; same knowledge ha' I o' both—an that's nought. But I dearly loves fair play." She was gone. But I dearly loves fair play."

She was gone. In a minute or so I heard
the trampling of a horse; and then, with a
sourry of hoofs, Joan was off on the king's
errand, and riding into the darkness.

Little rest had I that night, but lay awake
on my bracken bed and watched the burning

turves turn to gray, and drop, flake b peat turves turn to gray, and drop, flake by flake, till only a glowing point remained. The door rattied now and then on the hinge out on the moor the light winds kept a noise ent as town dogs at midnight; and all persistent as town nogs as stabbing, and the the while my wound was stabbing, and the bracken pricking me till I groaned aloud.

began to break the old man picked If up, yawned and lounged out, return ing after a time with fresh turves for the hearth. He noticed me no more than a stone, but, when the fire was re-stacked, drew up his chair to the warmth and breakfasted on ont cake and a liberal deal of liquor. Observing him, the black cat uncoiled, stretches meelf, and climbing to his master's knees at ers purring and the best of friends. I also judged it time to breakfast; found my store; cook a bite or two and a pull at the keg and

lay back—this time to sleep.

When I woke 'twas high noon. The door ood open, and outside on the wall the winte hine was lying very bright and clear, sors, the old savage had been drinking dily, and still sat before the fire with the knee and his keg on the other cat on one knee and his keg on the other. I set up and strained my ears. Surely if Jone had not failed the royal generals would march out and give battle at once; and surely, if joer were fighting, not ten miles away, some

ound of it would reach may uput beyond the ourring of the cat I heard nothing.

I crawled to my feet, rested a moment to

stay the giddiness, and tottered across to the door, where I leaned, listening and gazing south. No strip of vapor lay on the moor that stretched—all bathed in the most won derful bright colors—to the lip of the horizon.

The air was like a sounding board. I heard
the bleat of an old wether a mile off upon the tors, and was turning away dejected, when, far down in the south, there ran a sound that et my heart leaping. Twas the crackling of muske

Twas the crackling of musketry.

There was no mistaking it. The noise ran like wildfire along the hills; before the ceho could overtake it a low rumbling followed, and then the brisker crackling again. I caught at the door post and cried, faint with the midden joy:

"Thou angel, Joan!—thou angel!"

And then, as asympthing took me, but the

"Thou angel, Joan!—thou angel!"
And then, as something took me by the throat—"Joan, Joan—to see what thou seest!"
A long time I leaned by the door post there, drinking in the sound that now was renewed at quicker intervals. Yet, for as far as I could see, 'twas the peacefulest scene, though dreary—quiet sunshine on the hills, and the sheep dotted here and there, cropping. But down yonder, over the edge of the moors, men were fighting and murdering each other, and I yearned to see how the day went. Being both weak and loath to miss a sound

Being both weak and loath to miss a sound of it, I sank down on the threshold, and there lay with my eyes turned southward through a gap in the stone fence. In a while the mus I could still at times mark a low sound as of men shouting, and this, as I learned after, was the true battle.

It must have been an hour or more before I saw a number of black specks coming over the ridge of hills and swarming down into the plain towards me, and then a denser body following. Twas a company of horse mov-following. Twas a company of horse mov-ing at a great pace, and I guessed that the battle was done and these were the first fugi-tives of the beaten army.

Twas, maybe, an hour after that a man

came in through the gap; a lean, hawk eyed man, with a pinched face and two ugly gashes—one across the brow from left eye to the roots of his hair; the other in his leg below he knee, that had sliced through boot and flesh like a scythe cut. His face was smeared with blood and he carried a musket. "Water!" he barked out as he came trailing

nto the yard. "Give me water-I'm a dead He was stepping over me to enter the kitchen, when he halted and said:

"Art a malignant, for certain!"
And before I had a chance to reply his musket was swung up, and I felt my time was

come to dia. But now the old savage, that had been sit ting all day before his fire, without so much as a sign to show if he noticed aught that was passing, jumped up with a yell and leaped to wards us. He and the cat were on the poor wretch together, tearing and clawing. I can hear their hellish outeries to this day; but at the moment they turned me faint. And the next thing I recall is being dragged inside by the old man, who shut the door after me and slipped the bolt, leaving the wounded troops on the other side. He bent against it for son time, sobbing piteously for water, and then I beard him groan at intervals till be died. At least, the grouns ceased, and the next day be was found with his back against the cottage

wall, stark and dead.

Having pulled me inside, Joan's father must have thought be had done enough, for on the floor I lay for hours and passed from eneswoon to another. He and the cat had gone back to the fire again, and long before evening both were sound asleep. So there I lay helpless, till, at nightfall,

there came the trampling of a horse outside, and then a rap on the door. The old man started up and opened it; and in rushed Joan, her eyes lit up, her breast heaving, and in her hand a naked sword.

"Church and King, Jack!" she cried and fung the blade with a clang on to the table Church and King! O brave day's work Ind-O bloody work this day!"

CHAPTER XIII.

MEET WITH MR. HANNIBAL TINGCOMB. There had, indeed, been brave work or Braddock Down that 19th of January. For Bir Ralph Hopton with the Cornish grander had made short business of Ruthen's armydriving it headlong back on Liskeard at the first charge, chasing it through that town, Bhilston Calmady), together with many colors, all the rebel ordnance and ammun tion, and most of their arms.

At Liskeard, after refreshing their men, and holding next day a solemn thanksgiving to God, they divided—the Lord Mobun with Bir Ralph Hopton and Col. Godolphin marching with the greater part of the army upon Saltash, whither Ruthen had fled and was intrenching himself; white Sir John Berkeley and Col. Ashburnham, with a small party of horse and dragoous and the tary regiments of Sir Bevill Grenville, Sir Nich. Slanning, and Col. Trevanion, turned to the northeast, toward Launceston and Tavistock, to see what account they might render of the Earl of Stamford's army; that, posted out of the county into Plymouth and

Twas on this expedition that two or three of the captains I have mentioned halted for an hour or more at Temple, as well to recognize Joan's extreme meritorious service, as to thank me for the part I had in bringing news of the Earl of Stamford's advance. For 'twas this, they owned, had saved them-the king's message being but an exhortation and an advertisement upon some lesser matters the most of which were already taken out o

human hands by the turn of events.

But though, as 1 learned, these gentlemer were full of compliments and professions of esteen. I neither saw nor heard them, being by this time delirious of a high fever that followed my wound. And not till three good weeks after was I recovered enough to leave my bod, nor, for many more, did my full strength return to me. No mother coul have made a tenderer nurse than was Joan throughout this time. "Its to her I owe it that I am alive to write these words; and if the tears scald my eyes as I do so, you will pardon them, I promise, before the end of my tale is reached.

In the first days of my recovery, news came to us (I forget how) that a solemn sacrament d been taken between the parties in Devon and Cornwall, and the country was at peace Little I cared, at the time; but was conten -now spring was come-to loiter about the tors, and, while watching John at her work, to think upon Delia. For, albeit I had little hope to see her again, my late pretty comrade held my thoughts the day long. I shared them with nobody; for though 'tis probable I had let some words fall in my delirium, Joan never hinted at this, and I never found out.

To Joan's company I was left; for her father, after saving my life that afternoon, took no further notice of me by word or deed; and the cat, Jan Tergagle mamed after a spirit that was said to baunt the moors here souts, was as indifferent. So with Joan passed the days idly, tending the sheep, or waiting on her as she plowed, or lying full length on the hillside and talking with her of var and battles. 'Twas the one topic on which she was curious (scoffing at me when I offered to teach her to read print), and for hours she would listen to stories of Alexander and Han-nibal, Casar and Joan of Arc, and other great

commanders whose history I remembered One evening-'twas early in May-we had climbed to the top of the gray tor above Temple, whence we could spy the white sails of the two channels moving, and, stretched upon the short turf there, I was telling my usual tale. Joan lay beside me, her chin propped on one earth stained hand, her great, solemn eyes wide open as she listened. Till that moment I had regarded her rather as a man comrade than a girl, but now some fem inine trick of gesture awoke me, perhaps, for my fancy began to contrast her with and I broke off my story and sighed.

"Art longing to be hence?" she asked.

I felt ashamed to be thus caught and was lient. She looked at me and went on:

"Speak out, lad." "Loath would I be to leave you, Joan." "And why?" "Why, we are good friends, I hope, and

am grateful." ay-wish thee'd learn to speak th truth, Jack. Art longing to be hence and

"Why, Joan, you would not have me dwell She made no answer for a while and the with a change of tone: "Shalt ride wi' me to Bodinin fair to-mor

row for a treat, an' see the great Turk and

rat comma and nocus-pocus. So ten me more bout Joan, the Frenchwoman."

On the morrow, about 9 in the morning, we set off—Joan on the strawberry, balanced easily on an old sack, which was all her saddle, and I on Molly, that now was sound again and chaing to be so idle. As we set out Joan's father for the first time. father for the first time took some notice o

father for the first time took some notice of me, standing at the door to see us off and shouting after us to bring home some account of the wrestling. Looking back at a quarter mile's distance, I saw him still framed in the doorway with the cat perched on his shoulder. Hodmin town is nought but a narrow street, near on a mile long, and widening towards the western end. It lies mainly along the south side of a steep vale, and this May morning, as Joan and I left the moors and rode down to it from northward, already we could hear trumpets blowing, the big drum sounding, and all the bawling voices and hubbub of the fair. Descending, we found the long street lined with booths and shows and nigh blocked with the crowd, for the revel began early and with the crowd, for the revel began early and was now in full swing. And the crew of gipsies, whiffers, mountebanks, fortune tell-ers, cut purses and quacks mixed up with honest country faces, beat even the rabble 1

era, cut purses and quacks mixed up with honest country faces, beat even the rabble I had seen at Wantage.

Now my own first business was with a tailor; for the clothes I were when I rode into Temple, four mouths back, had been so addy messed with blood, and afterwards cut, to free them from my wound, that now all the tunic I were was of sack cloth, contrived and stitched together by Joan. So I made at once for a decent shop, where luckily I found a suit to fit me, one taken (the tailor said) off a very promising young gentleman that had the misfortune to be killed on Braddock Down. Arrayed in this, I felt myself dock Down. Arrayed in this, I felt myself again, and offered to take Joan to see the fat

We saw her, and the Ethiop, and the rhinoceros (which put me in mind of poor An-thony Killigrew), and the pig faced baby, and the cudgel play, and presently halted be-fore a Cheap Jack that was crying his wares in a prodigious loud voice near the town wall.

'Twas a meager, sharp visaged fellow with a gray chin beard like a billygoat's; and (as

fortune would have it), spying our approach, he picked out a mirror from his stock, and, holding it aloft, addressed us straight: "What have we here," cries he, "but a pair o' lovers coming! and what i' my hand but a lover's hour glass! Sure the stars of heav'n must have a hand in this conjuncture—and

only thirteen pence, my pretty fellow, for a glass that will tell the weather i' your sweet eart's face, and help make it fin There were many country fellows with their maids in the crowd, that turned their heads at this address; and as usual the women

ogan.
"Tis Joan o' the Tor!" "Joan's picked up wi'a sweetheart—tee hee!—an' us reckoned her'd forsworn man-

"Who is he?" "Some furriner, sure, that likes garlick."

"He's bought her no ribbons yet."
"How should he, poor lad, that can find no carments upon her to fasten 'em to?" And so on, with a deal of spiteful laughter. Some of these sayings were half truths, no doubt; but the truthfulest word may be infelix. So, noting a dark flush on Joan's cheek, I thought to end the scene by taking

the Cheap Jack's mirror on the spot, to stop his tongue, and then drawing her away. But in this I was a moment too late, for just as I reached up my hand with the thirteen pence, and the grinning fellow on the platform bent forward with his mirror, neard a coarser jest, a rush in the crowd and two beads go crack! together like eggs by the hair and served so; and, dropping Jack's beard, as you might a bell rope, and wrenched him head foremost off his stand, my thirteen pence flying far and wide. Plump he fell into the crowd, that scattered on all hands as Joan pummeled him; and whack! whack! fell the blows on the poor

idiot's face, who screamed for mercy, as though Judgment Day were come. No one, for the minute, dared to step be-tween them; and presently Joan, looking up, with arm raised for another buffet, spied a poor astrologer close by, in a red and yellow gown, that had been reading fortunes in a tub of black water beside him, but was now broken off, dismayed at the hubbub. To this tub she dragged the Cheap Jack and sent him into it with a round souse. The black water splashed right and left over the crowd. Then her wrath sated, Joan faced the rest, with s on hirs, and wait

Not a word had she spoken, from first to last, but stood now with hot cheeks and bosom heaving. Then, finding none to take up her challenge, she strode out through the folk, and I after her, with the mirror in my hand; while the Cheap Jack picked himself out o the tub, whining, and the astrologer wiped his long white beard and soiled robe.

Outside the throng was a carriage, stopped for a minute by this tumult, and a servan at the horses' heads. By the look of it 'twas the coach of some person of quality; and glancing at it, I saw inside an old gentleman with a grave, venerable face, seated. For the moment it flashed on me I had seen him before somewhere, and cudgeled my wits to think where it had been. But a second and longer gaze assured me I was mistaken, and I went on down the street after Jean.

She was walking fast and angry; nor, when I caught her up and tried to soothe, would she answer me but in the shortest words. Woman's justice, as I had just learned, has this small defect-it goes straight enough, but mainly for the wrong object. Who now I proved in my own case.

"Where are you going, Joan?"
"To 'Fifteen Balis' stable, for my horse," "Art not leaving the fair yet, surely ! "That I be, though. Have had fairing

Nor for the great part of the way home vould she speak to me. But meeting, by Found Scawens in hamlet close to the road with some friends going to the fair, she stopped for a while to chat with them, whilst rode forward; and when she overtook me, her brow was clear again.

'Am a hot headed fool, Jack, and have spoiled thy day for thee," "Nay, that you have not," said I, heartily

glad to see her humble, for the first time in our acquaintance; "but if you have forgiven me that which I could not help, you shall take this that I bought for you, in proof.' And, pulling out the mirror, I leaned over and handed it to her,

"What i' the world be this?" she asked taking and looking at it doubtfully,

Why, a mirror." "What's that?"

"Be this my face?" She rode forward holding up the glass in front of her. what a handsome looking gal I be, to be sur Jack, art certain 'tis my very own facel' "To be sure," said I, amazed "Well!" There was silence for a full min-

ute, save for our horses' tread on the high road. And then: "Jack, I be powerful dirty!" This was true enough, and it made me

laugh. She looked up solemnly at my mirth (having no sense of a joke then or ever) and best forward to the glass again.
"By the way," said I, "did you mark a carriage just outside the crowd, by the Cheap Jack's booth, with a white haired gentlema

seated inside! Joan nodded, "Master Hannibal Tingcomb, steward o' Gleys,"
"What!" I jumped in my saddle, and with a pull at the bridie brought Molly to a standstill. "Of Gleys?" I cried. "Steward of Sir

Deakin Killigrew that was?" "Right, lad, except the last word. "That is,' shouldst rather say." Then you are wrong, Joan; for he's dead and buried these five months. Where is this house of Gieys) for to-morrow I must rid-

"Tis easy found, then; for it stands o the south coast, yonder, and no house near it; five mile from anywhere, and sixteen from Temple, due south. Shall want thee afore thou startest, Jack. Dear, now! who'd 'ha'

thought I was so dirty?" The cottage door stood open as we red into the yard, and from it a faint smoke came curing, with a smell of peat. Within I found the smeldering turves scattered about as on the day of my first arrival, and among them Joan's father stretched, flat ou his face; only this time the cat was curled up quietly and lying between the old man's ulder blades

"Drunk again," said Joan shortly. But, looking more narrowly, I marked a purplish stain on the ground by the old man' outh and turned him softly over. . "Joan," said I, "he's not drunk-he's

For my neart stood still, and I was fain to for my heart stood attil, and I was fain to clutch the table between us to keep me from falling. I think this did not escape him, for he gave me a sharp look, and then spoke very quiet and husbed. at the corpse, then at me, without speaking for a time; at last: "Then I recken he may as well be buried." "Girl," I called out, being shocked at this

She was cruelly killed by highwaymen at callousness, "'tis your father-and he is the 'Three Cups' inn, some miles out of Hun-gerford. The date given me is the \$1 of December last." "Why, that's so, lad. An be were alive, houldn't trouble thee to bury'n."

And so, before night, we carried him up to

December last."
With this a great joy came over me, and I blurted out, delighted:
"There, sir, you are wrong! Her father was killed on the night of which you speak—cruelly enough, as you say; but Mistress Delia Killigrew escaped, and, after the most

I was expecting him to start up with joy I was expecting him to start up with Joy at my announcement; but, instead of this, be gazed at me very sorrowfully and shook his head, which brought me to a stand.

"Sir," I said, changing my tone, "I speak but what I know; for twas I had the happy fortune to help her to escape, and, under God's hand, to bring her safe to Cornwall."

"Then where is the now!"

"Then, where is she now?"

Now, this was just what I could not tell.

So, standing before him, I gave him my name and a history of all my adventures in my dear comrade's company, from the hour when I saw her first in the inn at Hungerford, Still her face in the mirror.
"Luckily met, Jack," she said, when I was cleansed and freshly glowing. "Now fill another bucket and sarve me the same." "Cannot you wash yourself?" I asked, as I keeping his finger on the page, he heard me to the end attentively, but with a curling of "Lost the knack, I reckon. Stand thee so, the lips towards the close, such as I did not like. And when I had done, to my amaze he an' slush the water over me.
"But your clothes!" I cried out; "they'll be spoke out sharply, and as if to a whipped "Clothes won't be worse for a wash, neither.

schoolboy.
"Tis a cock and bull story, sir, of which I Therefore, standing at three paces' distance, I sent a bucketful over her, and then another and another. Six times I filled and emptied the bucket in all; and at the end sho could hope to make you ashamed. Six weeks in your company? and in boy's habit? Sure-ity 'twas enough the pure, unhappy maid should be dead—without such vile slander on should be dead—without such vile slander on her fame, and from you, that were known, sir, to have been at that inn, and on that night, with her murderera. Boy, I have evidence that, taken with your confossion, would weave you a halter; and am a justice of the peace. Be thankful, then, that I am a merciful man; yet be abashed."

Abashed, indeed, I was; or, at least, taken aback, to see his holy indignation and the flush on his waxen cheek. Like a fool I stood staggered, and wondered dimly where I had beard that thin yolce before. In the confu-

beard that thin voice before. In the confu sion of my senses I heard it say, solemnly:
"The sins of her fathers have overtaken
her, as the Book of Exodus proclaimed:
therefore is her inheritance wasted, and given

to the House of Gleys.

My way leading me by Braddock Down, I turned aside for a while to examine the to the satyr and the wild ass." ground of the late fight (though by now little as to be seen but a piece of earthwork left I cannot tell what forced this violent rude ness from me, for he seemed an honest, good man; but my heart was bolling that any unflaished by the rebels and the fresh mound where the dead were laid); and so 'twas high noon—and a dull, cheerless day—before the hills broke and let me have a sight of the sea. should put so iil a construction on my Delia. As for him, he had risen, and was moving with dignity to the door—to show me out, at I guess. When suddenly I, that had been Nor, till the noise of the surf was in my ears did I mark the chimneys and naked gray

staring stupidly, leaped upon him and hurled him back into his chair. For I had marked his left foot trailing, and by the token, knew him for the white haired man of the bowling green,
"Master Hannibal Tingcomb," I spoke in his

ear, "—dog and murderer! What did you in Oxford last November! And how of Capt. Lucius Higgs, otherwise Capt. Luke Settle, otherwise Mr. X.1 Speak, before I serve you as the dog was served that night!" dream yet, in my sick nights, of the

change that came over the vile, hypocritical knave at these words of mine. To see h pale, venerable face turn green and livid, h veball start, his hands clutch at air-i frightened me.
"Brandy!" he gasped. "Brandy! there-quick—for God's sake!"

And the next moment he had slipped from my grasp, and was wallowing in a fit on the gate, and in this again a shuttered iron grat-ing. Hard by dangled a rusty bell pull, at floor. I ran to the cupboard at which he had pointed, and, finding there a bottle of strong waters, forced some drops between his teeth disused chimney. Their cries died away presently and left no sound but that of the and hard work it was, he gnashing at me al the time and foaming at the mouth Presently he ceased to writhe and bite

was all the answer I won.
I rang again, and a third time; and now at and, lifting, I set him in his chair, where h lay, a mere limp bundle, staring and blinking. So I sat down facing him and waited last came the sound of footsteps shuffling his recovery.
"Dear young sir," he began at length across the court within. The shutter of the grating was slipped back and a voice, cracked as the bell, asked my business.
"Too see Master Hannibal Tingcomb," an

feebly, his fingers searching the Bible befor-him from force of habit. "Kind young si -I am an old, dying man, and my sins have found me out. Only yesterday the physician at Bodmin told me that my days are num "He shall hear it in time. Say that I come bered. This is the second attack, and the The voice muttered something, and the third will kill me." "If-if Mistress Delia be alive (as, indeed, I

heels there for twenty minutes or more when they returned, and the voice repeated the did not think) I will make restitution-I will confess-only tell me what to do, that I may Being by this time angered, I did a foolish Indeed, he looked pitiable, sitting there thing; which was to clap the muzzle of my

and stammering; but I hardened my heart to sny: must have a confession, then, written before I leave the room."

"But, dear young friend, you will not use ft if I give up all! You will not seek my life, that is already worthless, as you se "Why, 'tis what you deserve. But Delia shall say when I find her—as I shall go straight to seek her. If she be lost, I shall use it-never fear; if she is found it shall be hers to say what mercy she can discover in her heart; but I promise you I shall advise

The tears by this were coursing down his shrunken checks, but I observed him watch me narrowly, as though to find out how much I knew. So I pulled out my pistol, and setting pen and paper before him, ob-tained, at the end of an hour, a very pretty confession of his sins, which lies among my papers to this day. When 'twas written and signed, in a weak, rambling hand, I read it through, folded it, placed it inside my coa

and prepared to take my leave. the called out an order to the old serv ant to saddle my mare, and stood softly pray ing and beseeching me in the courtyard till the last moment. Nor when I was mounted would anything serve but he must follow a my stirrup to the gate. But when I had briefly taken leave, and the heavy doors had

ereaked behind me, I heard a voice calling after me down the road: "Dear young sir! Dear friend! I had for-

Returning, I found the gate fastened, and the iron shatter slipped back.

"Well?" I asked, leaning towards it. "Dear young friend, I pity thee, for thy paper is worthless. Today, by my advices the army of our most Christian parliament more than twenty thousand strong, under the Earl of Stamford, have overtaken thy friends, the malignant gentry, near Stratter Heath, in the northeast. They are more than two to one. By this bour to-morrow the Papists all will be running like conies to their grows, and little chance wilt thou have to seek Delia Killigrew, much less to find her And remember, I know enough of thy late services to hang thee; mercy then will lie in thy friends' hands; but be sure I shall advis

And with a mocking laugh he clapped to the grating in my face.

CHAPTER XV.

I LEAVE JOAN AND RIDE TO THE WARS. You may guess how I felt at being thus properly feeled. And the worst was I could see no way to mend it, for against the barri cado between us I might have beat mysel for hours, yet only hurt my fists; and the wall was so smoooth and high that, even by standing on Molly's back, I could not-by foot or more-reach the top to pull mysel over.

There was nothing for it but to turn hom wards down the hill, which I did, chewing the cud of my folly and finding it bitter as Joan was not in the kitchen when I ar

rived, nor about the buildings, nor yet could I spy her anywhere moving on the hills after calling to her once or twice, I stabled the mare and set off up the tor side to seek Now I must tell you that since the day of

my coming I had made many attempts to find the place where Joan had then hidden me, and always fruitlessly, though I knew well whereabouts it must be. Indeed, I thought at first I had only to walk straight to the hole, yet found after repeated trial but solid earth and bowiders for my pains. But today, as I climbed past the spot comething very bright flashed in my

and dazzied me; and rubbing them and look ing I saw a great hole in the hill-facing to the southwest-in the very place I had searched for it, and out of this a beam o light glancing. Creeping near on tip toe I found one hug

block of granite, that before had seemed bed ded among a dezen fellow bowlders agains the turf—the base resting on another well nigh as big—was now rolled back, having been fixed to work amost aly on a pivot, ye so like nature that my eye, but by chance could detect it. Now, who in the beginning designed this hiding place I leave you to consider, and whether it was the Jews or Phon

nicians—nations, I am told, that once worked the bills around for tin. But inside twee curiously paved and lined with slabs of gran-ite, the specks of ore in which, I noted, were the points of light that had once purified me. And here was Joan's bower and Joan herself inside it.

And here was Joan's bower and Joan herself inside it.

She was sitting with her back to me, in her loft hand bolding up the mirror, that caught the rays of the new sinking sun (and thus had dassled me), while with her right she tried to twist into some form of knot her tresses—black, and coarse as a horse's mane—that already she had roughly braided. A pall of water stood beside her, and around lay scattered a zeore or more of long thorms, cut to the shape of hairpins.

The probable that after a minute's watching I lot some languler escape me. At any rate, Joan turned, spied me, and scrambled up, with an angry red on her cheek. Then I saw that her bodice was nester laced than usual, and a bow of yellow ribbon (fished up heaven knows whence) stood in the bosom. But the strangest thing was to note the effect of this new tidiness upon her; for she took a stop for ward as if to ouff me by the ear—as, a day agone, she would have deqe—and then stopped, very shy and heattating.

"Why, Joan," said I, "don't be angered. It suits you choicely—it does indeed. Joan, art correlates a handarms after are really a few and are a him for the correlation and are a single after a handarms after are really a few and are a single after a series of the same a him for a suite of the same a

suits you choicely—it does indeed. Joan, art certainly a handsome girl; give me a kiss for

Instead of flying out, as I looked for, she faced round and answered me gravely:
"That I will not; not to any but my mas-"And who is that?"

"No man yet; nor shall be till one has beat me sore; him will I love an' follow like a dog if so be he whack me often enow "A strange way to love," laughed I. She looked at me straight, albeit with an

odd, gloomy light in her eyes.
"Think so, Jack! then I give thee leave to try."

I think there is always a brutality lurking in a man to leap out unawares. Yet why do I seek excuses, that have never yet found one? To be plain, I sprang flercely up and after Joan, who had already started, and

after Joan, who had already started, and was racing along the slope. Twice around the tor she led me; and, though I strained my best, not a yard could I gain upon her, for her bare feet carried her light and free. Indeed, I was losing ground, when, coming to the Jew's Kitchen a second e, she tried to slip inside and shut the

stone in my face,

Then should I have been prettily bemocked and I not, with a great effort, contrived to thrust my boot against the door just as it was closing. Wrenching it open, I laid hand on her shoulder; and in a moment she had gripped me and was wrestling like a wildcat.

Now, being Cumberland bred, I knew only the wrestling of my own county, and nother the wrestling of my own county. the wrestling of my own county, and noth ing of the Cornish style. For in the north one another's strength; whereas the Cornia is a brisker, lighter play, and—as I must cor fess-prettier to watch. So when Joan rushed in and closed with me I was within an ace o

being thrown, pat.

But, recovering, I got her at arm's length, and held her so, while my heart ached to see my fingers gripping her shoulders and sink ing into the flesh. I begged off; but she only fought and panted, and struggled to loci dreamed to find such flerce strength in a girl but at length my stubborn play wore he fainter; and in the end, still holding her off I turned her by the shoulders and let her drop quietly on the turf. No thought had I longer of kissing her, but stood bad heartily sick and ashamed of myself. For a while she lay, turned over on he

side, with hands guarding her head, as if ex-pecting me to strike her. Then, gathering herself up, she came and put her hand in mine very meekly.
"Had liked it better hadst thou stamped

the life out o' me, a'most. But there, ladam thine forever!"
"Twas like a buffet in the face to me.

"What!" I cried.
She looked up in my face—dear heaven, that I should have to write it!—with eyes brimful, sick with love; tried to speak, but

I was standing there with her hand in min and a burning remorse in my heart, when I heard the clear notes of a bugle blown, away on the road to Launceston. Looking that way I saw a great company

of horse coming down over the crest, the shining level on their arms and a green stand ard that they bore in their midst, Joan spied them the same instant and checked her sobs. Without a word we flung

ourselves down full length on the turf to They were more than a thousand, as I guessed, and came winding down the road very orderly, till, being full of them, it

seemed a long serpent writhing with shiny scales. The tramp of hoofs and jingling of bits were pretty to hear, "Rebels!" whispered L Joan nodded. There were three regiments in all, whereof the first (and biggest) was of dragoons. So clear was the air, I could almost read the legend on their standard, and the calls of

their captains were borne up to us extremely Turning my head as the last rider disap peared on the way to Bodmin, I spied a squat, oddly shaped man striding down the hill very briskly; yet he looked about him often an kept to the hollows of the ground, and wa crossing below us, as it appeared, straight for

Joan's cottage. Cried I: "There is but one man in the world with such a gait, and that's Billy Pot-

And, jumping to my feet (for he was come directly beneath us), I caught up a great stone and sent it bowling down the slope Bounce it went past him, missing his leg by a foot or less. The man turned, and catching sight of me as I stood waving, made his way up the hill. Twas indeed Capt Billy; and, coming up, the honest fellow al

"Was seeking thee, Jack," he bawled;
"learned from Sir Bevill where belike I might
find thee, Left his lodging at Launceston this mornin', and trudged ivery foot o' the way. A thirsty land, Jack; neither horse's at nor man's meat therein, nor a chair to sit down on; an' three women only have I kissed this day!" He broke off and looked at Joan. "Begging the lady's pardon for son manners and way o' speech." "Joan," said I, "this is Billy Pottery, a

good mariner and friend of mine, and deaf as a haddock." Billy made a leg, and as I pointed to the road where the cavalry had just disappeared,

went on with a nod:
"That's so. Old Sir George Chudleigh's troop o' horse sent off to Bodmin to seize the high sheriff and his posse there. Two hour agone I spied 'em, and ha' been ever since playin' spy."
"Then where be the king's forces?" I made

shift to inquire by signs,
"Marched out o' Launceston today, ladan' but a biscuit a man between 'em, poor dears—for Stratton Heath, i' the nor'east, where the rebels be encamped. Heard by scouts o' these gentry bein' sent to Bodmin, and were minded to fight the Earl o' Stamford whiles his dragooners was away. An here's the long an' short o't: thou'rt wanted, lad, to bear a hand wi' us up yonder—an' the good lady here can spare thee."

And here we both looked at Joan -I share

facedly enough, and Billy with a puzzled air, which he tried very delicately to hide. She put her hand in mine. "To fight, lad?"

I nodded my head.

"Then go," she said, without a shake in her voice; and, as I made no answer, went on: "Shall a woman hinder when there's fightin' toward? Only come back when thy wars be over, for I shall miss thee, Jack. And, dropping my hand, she led the way down to the cottage.

Now Billy, of course, had not heard a word

of this; but perhaps be gathered some import. Any way, he pulled up short midway on the ope, scratched his head and thundered:
"What a good lass!" Joan, some paces ahead, turned at this and

smiled; whereat, having no idea hold spoked above a whisper, Billy blushed red as any peony. Twas but a short half hour when,

mare being saddled and Billy fed, we took our leave of Joan. Billy walked beside one stirrup and the girl on the other side, to see us a few yards on our way. At length she

"No leave takin's, Jack, but 'Church and King!' Only do thy best and not disgrace

CHAPTER XVI THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD BEATS.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF STANFORD SEATE.

Night came, and found us but midway between Temple and Launceston; for though my comrade stepped briskly beside me, 'twest useless to put Molly beyond a walk; and, besides, the mare was new from her day's journey. This troubled me the less by reason of the moon (now almost at the full), and the extreme whiteness of the road underfoot, so that there was no fear of going astray. And Billy engaged that by sunrise we should be in sight of the king's troops.

"Nay, Jack," he said, when by signs I offered him to ride and tie; "never rode o' horseback but once, and that 'pon Parson Bpinks his red mare at Bideford. Parson I' those days was courtin' the widow Hambly, over to Torrington; an' I, that wanted to fare to Barastaple, spent that morain' as' better part o' th' afternoon clawin' off Torrington. And th' end was the larboard halyards broke, an' the mare jibed, an' to Torrington I went before the wind, wi' an unseemly bloody nose. 'Lud'! cries the widow, 'tis the wrong man 'pon the right horse!' Pardon, mistress,' says I, 'the man is well enow, but 'pon the wrong horse, for sura.'"

We had some trouble at Launceston gate, where wore a few burgers posted for sentries, and, as I could see, ready to take fright at their own shadows. But Billy gave the watchword ("One and all"), and presently they let us through. As we passed along the street we marked a light in every window almost, though 'twas near midnight; and the people moving about behind their curtains. There were groups, too, in the dark doorways, gathered there discussing, that eyed us as we went by, and answered Billy's "Good night, honest men!" very hoarse and doubtfully.

But when we were beyond the town, and

But when we were beyond the town, and between hedges again, I think I must have dozed off in my saddle. For, though this was a road full of sharp memories, being the last I had traveled with Delin, I have no remem-brance to have felt them; or, indeed, of not-ing aught but the fresh night air, and the constellation of the Bear blazing ahead, and Billy's voice resonant beside me.

And after this I can recall passing the tower

of Marham church, with the paling sky be-hind it and some birds chattering in the carved courses; and soon, it seemed, felt Billy's grip on my knee, and opened my eyes to see his finger pointing. We stood on a ridge above a hollow vale into which the sun, though now bright, did not yet pierce, but passing over to a high, conical hill beyond, smote level on line after

line of white tents-the prettiest sight! "Twas the enemy there encamped on the top and some way down the sides, the smoke of their trampled watch fires still curling among the gorse bushes. I heard their trumpets calling and drums beating to arms; for though, and drums beating to arms; for though, glancing back at the sun, I judged it to be hardly past 4 in the morning, yet already the slopes were moving like an ant hill-the regi ments gathering, arms flashing, horsemen galloping to and fro, and the captains shout ing their commands. In the distance this had a sweet and cheerful sound, no more disquieting than a plow boy calling to his team. Looking down into the valley at our feet

at first I saw no sign of our own troops-only the roofs of a little town, with overmuc smoke spread above it, like a morning mist But here also I heard the church bells clash ing and a drum beating, and presently spied a gleam of arms down among the trees, and then a regiment of foot moving westward along the base of the hill. "Twas evident the battle was at hand, and we quickened our ace down into the street.

It lay on the slope, and midway down we

passed some watch fires burned out; and then a soldier or two running and fastening their straps; and last a little child, that seemed wild with the joy of living amid great events, but led us pretty straight to the sign of "The Tree," which indeed was the only tavern. It stood some way back from the street, with a great elm before the porch, where by a table sat two men, with tankards beside

them, and a small company of grooms and soldiers standing round. Both men were more than ordinary tall and soldier like; only the bigger were a scarlet cloak, very richly laced, and was shouting orders to his mon, while the other, dressed in plain buff suit and jack boots, had a map spread before him, which he studied very attentively, writing therein with a quill pen.
"What a plague have we here!" cries the

big man as we drew up.
"Recruits, if it please you, sir," said 1, dismounting and pulling off my hat, though his

"S'lid! The boy speaks as if he were a regiment," growls he, half aloud. "Can'st "That, with your leave, sir, is what I ar come to try."
"And this rascal?" He turned on Billy.

Billy heard not a word, of course yet anwered readily: "Why, since your honor is so pleasantly minded—let it be cider," Now the first effect of this, delivered with all force of lung, was to make the big man sit bolt upright and staring; recovering speech,

however, he broke into a volley of blaspl nous curses.
All this while the man in buff had scarce lifted his eyes off the map. But now he looks up—and I saw at the first glance that the two

en hated each other.
"I think," said he, quietly, "my Lord Mohum has forgot to ask the gentleman's "My name is Marvel, sir-John Marvel."

answered him with a bow,
"Hey!"—and, dropping his pen, he starts
up and grasps my hand—"Then tis you I ive never thanked for his gracious majesty's letter. "The Gen. Hopton!" cried L. "Even so, sir. My lord," he went on, still holding my hand and turning to his companfou, "let me present to you the gentleman

that in January saved your house of Bocon noe from burning at the hands of the rebels whom God confound this day!" He lifted his hat, "Amen," said I, as his lordship bowed, exceeding sulky. But I did not value his rage, being not with joy to be so repressed by the first captain (as I yet hold) on the royal side Who now, not without a sly triumph, flung the price of Billy's cider on the table, and,

folding up his map, addressed me again:
"Master Marvel, the fight today will lie but little with the horse-or so I hope. You will do well, if your wish be to serve us best to leave your more behind. The troop which my Lord Mohun and I command below. But Sir Bevill Grenville, who has seen and is interested in you, has the first claim; and I would not deny you the delight to fight your first battle under so good a mas ter. His men are, with Sir John Berkeley's troop, a little to the westward; and if you are ready I will go some distance with you, and put you in the way to find him. My lord,

may we look for you presently?" The Lord Mohun nodded, surely enough; so, Billy's eider being now drunk and Molly given over to an ostler, we set out down the hill together, Billy shouldering a pike and waiking after with the groom that led St Ralph's horse. Be sure the general's courtly manner of speech set my blood tingling. seemed to grow a full two inches taller; and when, in the vale, we parted, he directed me to the left, where through a gap I could see Sir Bevill's troop forming at some five hun dred paces' distance, I feit a very desperate warrior indeed, and set off at a run, with Billy behind me. Twas an open space we had to cross, dot-

ted with gorse bushes, and the enemy's regiments, plain to see, drawn up in battalia on the slope above, which here was gentler than to the south and west. But hardly had we gone ten yards when I saw a puff of white smoke above, then another, and then the summit ringed with flame, and heard the noise of its roaring in the hills around. At the first sound I pulled up, and then began running again at full speed; for I saw our division already in motion and advancing up the hill at a quick pace. The curve of the slope hid all but the near-

est; but above them I saw a steep earthwork. and thereon three or four brass pieces of ordnance glittering whenever the smoke lifted. For here the artillery was plying the briskest, pouring down voiley on voiley; and four regiments at least stood massed behind, ready fall on the Cornishmen; who, answering with a small discharge of musketry, now ran forward more nimbly.

To catch up with them, I must now turn

my course obliquely up the hill, where run-ning was pretty tolisome. We were panting along when suddenly a shower of sand and earth was dashed in my face, spattering me all over. Half blinded, I looked and saw a great round shot had plowed a trench in the ground at my feet, and lay there buried.

At the same moment, Billy, who was ruu-ning at my shoulder, plumps down on his