

lain is dead, and you are with the most devoted of your servants."
"Yes, yes," she said, and pressed his arm and shivered. "Is he really dead?"
"He is dead. God have mercy upon him," said the bishop.
"And you killed him."
"I killed him. If it were a sin, pray God forgive me."

Up through the window still came the noise of voices and the stir of men.

noise of voices and the stir of men



"Ah! My Lord, Who Made a Bishop of You?

body of the count from the moat; yet neither Osra nor the bishop noticed any longer what was passing; he was intent lenger what was passing; he was intent on her, and she seemed hardly yet her-self; but suddenly, and before he could interpose, she threw herself off the couch and on to her knees in front of him, and, selzing hold of his hand, kissed first the episcopal ring that he wore and then his hand. For he was both bishop and a gallant gentleman, and a kiss she gave him for each; and and a kiss she gave him for each; and after she had kissed his hand he felt the tip of her eyelashes brush wet against his skin, as she bent her head over his hand. But he raised her hast-ily, crying to her not to kneel before him, and, throwing away his hat, he knelt before her, kissing her hand many times. She scemed now recovered from her bewilderment and terror; for, as she looked down on him kneeling, she was halfways between tears and smiles, and with curving lips but wet, shining

eyes she said very softly:

"Ah, my lord, who made a bishop of you?" And her cheeks grew in an instant from dead white into sudden red and her hand moved over his head as if she would fain have touched him with rt. And she bent ever so little towards him. Yet perhaps it was nothing, and any lady who had seen how he bore himself, and knew that it was in her cause, for her honor and life, might well have done the same.

The Bishop of Modenstein made no immediate answer; his head was still bowed over her hand and after a while he kissed her hand again: and he felt her hand press his. Then suddenly, as though in alarm, she drew her hand

[Copyr'ght, 1893, by A. H. Hawkins.] "Courage, madame," said the bishop, softly. "All danger is past. The villain is dead, and you are with the most devoted of your servants."

"Yes, yes," she said, and pressed his stood before her with bent head and eyes that sought the ground in becom fng humility.
"It is by God's infinite goodness and

divine permission that I hold my sacred office," said he. "I would that I were more worthy of it. But today I have taken pleasure in the killing of a man." taken pleasure in the killing of a man."
"And in the saving of a lady, sir,"
she added softly, "who will ever count
you among her dearest friends and the
most gallant of her defenders. Is God
angered at such a deed as that?"
"May He forgive all our sins," said
the bishop gravely; but what other sins
he had in his mind he did not say, nor
did the princess ask him.
Then he gave her his arm and they

Then he gave her his arm and they two walked together down the stairs into the hall; and the bishop having into the hall; and the bishop having forgotten altogether about his hat and his sword, was bareheaded and had no weapon in his hand. The count's men were all collected in the hall, being crowded around a table that stood by the wall; for on the table lay the body of Count Nickolas of Festenburg, and it was covered with a horse-cloth that one of the servants had thrown over it. But when the men saw the princess and the bishop, they made way for kolas of Festenburg that his shirt was stained with kis blood and with the blood of Nikolas of Festenburg that had spurted

ranks, taking great and ostentatious care not to touch one of them even with the hem of her gown. And they grew red and shuffled on their feet; and

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and thanked God their wives were not shrews, being indeed very much ashamed of themselves and very uneasy at thinking what these same wives of theirs would say to them when the thing came to be known. But Osra and the bishop passed over the bridge, and he set her on his horse. The summer morning had just dawned, clear and fair, so that the sun caught her ruddy hair as she mounted in her white gown. But the bishop himself took the bridle of the horse and led it at a foot's pace down the hill and into the town. Now by this time the news of what had chanced had run all through the town, and all the people were out in the streets, gossiping and guessing. And when they saw Princess Osra safe and sound and smilling, and the bishop in his shirt—for he had given his cloak to her—leading the horse, they broke into great cheering. The men cheered the princess, while the women thrust themselves in the front rank of the crowd, selves in the front rank of the crowd,



one of the servants had thrown over it.
But when the men saw the princess and the bishop, they made way for them and stood aside, bowing low as they passed.

But when the men saw the princess his blood and with the blood of Nikolas of Festenburg that had spurted upon it. But one thing the princess heard, which sent her cheeks red again; they have been a huxom girl glanced merrily at the second control of the servants had thrown over it. them and stood aside, bowing the passed.

"You bow now," said Osra. "But before, none of you would lift a finger for me. To my ford the bishop alone I owe my life; and he is a churchman, while you were free to fight for me. For my part, I do not envy your wives such husbands;" and with a most such husbands; "But husbands, "Bu

"Shall we go a little faster?" whis-pered Osra, bending down to the bishop. But the girl only thought that she whispered something else, and laughed the

more.

But at last they passed the town, and with a great crowd still following them came to the castle. At the gate of it the bishop stopped, and aided the princess to alight. Again he knelt and kissed her hand, saying only:

"Madame, farewell?"

"Farewell, my lord," said Osra, softly; and she went hastily into the castle, while the bishop returned to his inn in the town, and though the people stood round the inn the best part of the day, calling and watching for him, he would not show himself.

ot show himself.
In the evening of that day the king.

pulled down the castle of Festenburg and filled up the most that had run round its walls. Then he sent for the

Bishop of Modenstein, and thanked him, offering to him all the demesne of Count Nickolas; but the bishop would not accept it nor any mark of the king's favor, not even the order of the Red Rose. Therefore the king granted the ground in which the castle stood and all the lands belonging to it to Francis of Tarlenheim, brother to the wife of Frince Henry, who built the chateau which now stands there and belongs to the same family to this day.

But the Bishop of Modenstein, having been entertained by the king with great splendor for two days, would not stay longer, but set out to pursue his journey, clad now in his ecclesiastical garments. And Princess Osra sat by her window leaning her head on her hand and watching him till the trees of the forest hid him; and when once he was on the edge of the forest, he turned his face for an instant, and looked back at her where she sat watching in the window. Thus he went to Strelsau; and when he was come there, he sent immediately for his confessor, and the confersor, having heard him, laid upon him a severe penance, which he performed with great zeal, exactness and contrition. But whether the penance were for killing Count Nikolas of Fes-

contrition. But whether the penance were for killing Count Nikolas of Fes-tenburg (which in a layman at least would have seemed a venial sin) of what else, who shall say?

THE END. THERE WAS NO DANGER.

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stages of the disease.

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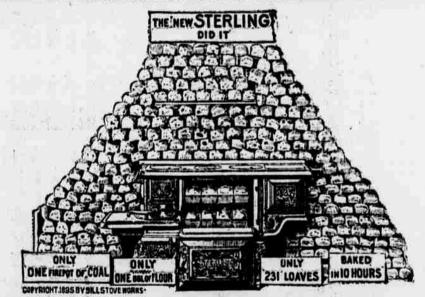
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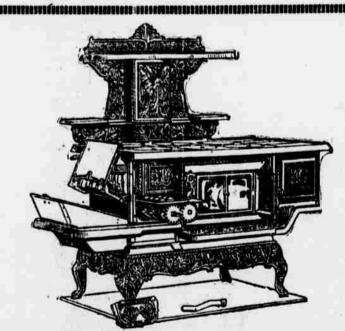
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