

Biblioteka
U. M. K.
Toruń

151470

SEPARATELY.

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 4322.

FIRE IN STUBBLE BY **BARONESS ORCZY.**

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. 2.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

PARIS: LIBRAIRIE HENRI GAULON, 39, RUE MADAME;
THE GALIGNANI LIBRARY, 224, RUE DE RIVOLI.

*The Copyright of this Collection
is purchased for Continental Circulation only, and the volumes may
therefore not be introduced into Great Britain or her Colonies.*

(See also pp. 3-6 of Large Catalogue.)

Latest Volumes. — March 1912.

The Song of Renny. By MAURICE HEWLETT. I vol. - 4295.

Of all the author's works this bears the closest affinity in style and matter to that remarkable and passionate romance, "The Forest Lovers." His mediæval figures are as brilliantly drawn, as chivalrous and as treacherous, and as full of life and action as ever.

Under Western Eyes. By JOSEPH CONRAD. I vol. - 4296.

A very clever study of an anarchist informer. The author, who is one of the foremost living writers, pictures so exactly the springs that move his hero's actions, that he and they earn the reader's understanding and sympathy. Withal a powerful story.

Ship's Company. By W. W. JACOBS. I vol. - 4297.

With Jerome K. Jerome, and F. Anstey, W. W. Jacobs stands among the foremost English humourists of the day. This new collection of seafaring anecdotes is as delightful as its predecessors, and the night-watchman and his 'long-shore *confères*' are as comical and characteristic as ever.

Dan Russel the Fox. By E. CE. SOMERVILLE & MARTIN ROSS. I vol. - 4298.

These well-known collaborators have now given us another witty and interesting picture of hunting life in Ireland. The characters are thoroughly and nationally typical and the heroine is drawn with much cleverness and insight into human nature.

The Case of Richard Mey- nell. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. 2 vols. - 4299/300.

The phenomenal success which attended the appearance of Mrs. Humphry Ward's first great novel, "Robert Els-

mere," will be repeated with the publication of this, her new novel. It treats of one of the burning social and religious questions of the day, one which is as important and as widely discussed on the Continent as it is in England.

Juggernaut. By E. F. BENSON. I vol. - 4301.

A powerful romance of modern married life. The reader's antipathy and sympathy are fired by the characters of the husband and the rejected lover, and they, with the attractive and patient wife, are among the very best of Mr. Benson's literary portraits. The story is extremely interesting and excellently written throughout.

Peter and Wendy. By J. M. BARRIE. I vol. - 4302.

There will be no more delightful book to give a child at Christmas time or the New Year than "Peter and Wendy." Mr. Barrie has put the adventures of the fairy boy "Peter Pan"—already the hero of pantomimes and children's picture-books—into a narrative form which will delight not only boys and girls, but their parents too. Mr. Barrie in his very best and his very kindest mood is a treat not to be missed by any story-lover.

The Fruitful Vine. By ROBERT HICHENS. 2 vols. - 4303/4.

Rome is the venue of Mr. Hichens' new and dramatically interesting novel, the characters in which are taken almost exclusively from the highest strata of Roman society. Some of the incidents of the story take place also in Sicily.

The Reason Why. By ELI- NOR GLYN. I vol. - 4305.

Like all Mrs. Glyn's works, "The Reason Why" is a thrilling love-story and palpitates with passion. The authoress of "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "Three Weeks" enjoys a phenomenal popularity, and the name of her readers is legion.

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 4322.

FIRE IN STUBBLE. BY BARONESS ORCZY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

COLLECTION

BRITISH AUTHORS

TABERNETTS EDITION

VOL. 1822

PRINTED IN STURBRIDGE BY HARRISON & CO.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

FIRE IN STUBBLE

BY

BARONESS ORCZY

AUTHOR OF

"PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT," "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," ETC.

COPYRIGHT EDITION

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1912.

PIRTE IN SPARBLE

WYDZIAŁ



157.470

I
II

FIRE IN STUBBLE.

PART III.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

“Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour
That ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.”

A Winter's Tale, v. 2.

It was about an hour later that a hired coach brought three English gentlemen to the small inn at Saint-Denis.

M. Blond was much perturbed. He was not accustomed to foreigners at any time, and he held the English theoretically in abhorrence, and now here were four of these milors actually under his roof at one and the same time.

The three who had last arrived in the coach from Paris carried matters off in a very high-handed fashion, and seemed ready to throw money about in a manner

which was highly satisfactory to the bedraggled and seedy married couple who—besides the landlord and his spouse—formed the sum-total of the personnel at the sign of “Three Archangels” in Saint-Denis.

Sir John Ayloffé had assumed the leadership of the small party. He gave his own name to the landlord, and added that he and his two friends had come to pay their respects to my Lord of Stowmaries, but lately arrived with his young bride.

Now, can you wonder at good M. Blond’s perturbation? The incidents which had crowded in at the sign of the “Three Archangels” in the past half-hour were enough to furnish food for gossip for many a long evening to come. In point of fact, M. and Mme. Blond had started talking the whole sequence of events over from the beginning, just when the coach arrived with the three English milors, nor had the worthy couple had any chance of comparing impressions on these same mysterious events.

Firstly, there had been the extraordinary arrival of the bride and bridegroom, who, of a truth, had been expected, since relays for the next day’s journey had been sent to the “Three Archangels” the day before; but they certainly had not been expected under such amazing circumstances: the English milor’s horse covered with lather and the bride in her wedding gown, all crumpled and soiled, clinging to her newly-wedded hus-

band in front of the saddle, and in a vastly uncomfortable position.

This astonishing arrival of a bride and bridegroom who were reputed to be passing wealthy had, of course, vastly upset mine good host and his amiable wife. But then, English milors were known to be eccentric; in fact, most folk who had travelled in the fog-ridden country vowed that all the people there were more or less mad. 'Twas but lately that they had cut off the head of their king and set up a low-born soldier to rule them. No wonder that King Louis—whom *le bon Dieu* preserve!—was greatly angered with these English, and only forgave them when they returned to their senses and once more acknowledged the authority of him who was their king by right divine.

Worthy M. Blond had explained all these matters to his buxom wife in an off-hand, yet comprehensive, manner, the while the latter made haste to hurry on the preparations for supper, for the pretty bride and the English milor—deeply in love with one another though they were, as anyone who looked could see—had shown a very sensible and laudable desire to have some of Mme. Blond's excellent *croûte-au-pot* to warm the cockles of their young hearts.

The second incident on this eventful evening was of minor importance, and tended greatly to minimise the eccentricity of that romantic arrival. The coach which

should have brought the bridal pair to the "Three Archangels" did come in due time—even whilst Mme. Blond was preparing her bit of fricandeau garnished with fresh winter cabbage, which was to be the second course at the bridal supper.

The thoughtful mother of the love-sick bride had had the good sense to send her daughter's effects along, and all recollection of the curious arrival on horseback was forgotten before the prosy advent of boxes and bundles of clothes.

Mme. Blond, moreover, became fully satisfied that everything was right as right could be, when she went upstairs to announce the arrival of the coach. The bride's pretty face was as pink as the eglantine in June and her eyes brighter than the full moon outside, whilst milor . . . ah, well! Mme. Blond had seen many a man in love in her day—Blond himself had not been backward when he was courting her—but never, never had she seen a man so gloating on the sight of his young wife as that eccentric, mad milor had done, the while the pretty dear was prosily asking for supper.

All, then, had been for the best at nine of the clock that evening; but, mark ye, what happened after that? Less than ten minutes later a rider—obviously half exhausted from a long and wearying journey—drew rein outside the "Three Archangels." M. Blond, who more than once had been in Paris, had no difficulty in re-

cognising in the belated traveller Master Legros, tailor-in-chief to His Majesty the King, and the father of the pretty bride upstairs.

Master Legros undoubtedly did not look like himself, though he did try to assume a jaunty air as he asked to be shown the room wherein his daughter and milor would presently be supping.

It seemed a fairly simple incident at the time, this late arrival here of the bride's father, though Mme. Blond, in thinking over the matter afterwards, distinctly remembered that the fact did strike her as odd. What should good M. Legros be doing at Saint-Denis at this tardy hour, when most good citizens should be in bed, and when he had given his paternal blessing to the young couple fully four hours ago?

"Milor's best suit of clothes had not been finished in time for the departure, and Maître Legros brought it along himself," suggested M. Blond placidly.

But he scratched his dark poll while he made this suggestion, knowing it to be nonsense.

Mme. Blond's premonitions proved to be correct. Half an hour elapsed, the while she and Blond took turns on the upstairs landing to try and hear something of what was going on inside that room, wherein awhile ago the turtle-doves had been cooing so prettily. The *croûte-au-pot* had been ready ages ago, but no one had asked for it. No sound penetrated through the heavy

oaken doors; only once had Mme. Blond heard a voice raised in what seemed most terrible anger. She then fled incontinently back to her kitchen.

A quarter of an hour later, M. Legros gave orders that the coach which had brought his daughter's effects an hour previously be got ready at once, and that those horses be put to it that had been sent down the day before with a view to the continuance of the journey to Havre. He gave no explanation, of course, nor answered any of the discreet questions put to him by Mme. Blond. He tried to swallow some hot soup, but gave up the attempt after the third spoonful. He looked as white as a sheet, and trembled like a poplar leaf in the breeze. Presently the young bride came down the stairs. She still wore her wedding gown under her thick dark cloak. Mme. Blond noticed how crumpled it looked, and that a great piece of the beautiful lace was torn off.

But she wore her hood closely wrapped round her head, so neither Monsieur nor Madame could see anything of her face; nor did she speak any words, save a short 'Thank you!' to Mme. Blond, and this she said in a curious husky voice, as if her throat were choked.

Maitre Legros paid lavishly for everything. The bride's boxes and bundles were once more stowed away in the boot of the coach; then she and her father stepped into the vehicle, the postilion cracked his whip, there was a scraping of iron hoofs on the rough paving-stones,

a clanking of chains, a shout or two, and the lumbering coach turned out toward the highroad and was quickly lost to sight in the gloom.

After that nothing!

Not a sound came from the room where the English milor had remained alone. Mme. Blond, at her wits' ends what to do or how to interpret the remarkable series of incidents which had occurred beneath her roof, had thought of knocking at milor's door and asking him if he would have some supper.

Her mind—which, as her good man was wont to say, was ever inclined to romance—had seen horrible visions of a bleeding corpse lying prone upon the parlour floor. Suicide must have followed this forcible abduction by an infuriated father of the ardently worshipped bride.

Great was her astonishment—perhaps also her disappointment—when, in answer to a peremptory 'Come in,' she went into the room and saw milor standing there by the open window looking out upon the moonlit landscape for all the world as if nothing had happened.

"There he was," she explained somewhat irately to her man—for she felt almost as if she had been cheated out of the most thrilling chapter of her romance—"dressed in his beautiful bridal clothes, with arms folded across his chest, and not a hair on his head the least bit ruffled. Ah, these English! they have no heart. I

thought to find him either with a sword thrust through his heart, else a man mad and raving with grief. Holy Virgin! had my father taken me away from thee, my Blond, on the very night of our wedding day, wouldst thou not have been crazy with rage, even if thou hadst not actually committed suicide? There's heart for thee! there's love! but not in these English! And wilt believe me that, when I said something to milor about supper, he did not even curse me, but said quite quietly that he had no hunger."

"Well, now! does not all that give furiously to think?"

Milor had no hunger, the bride had gone, and the supper was ready. What could Mme. Blond do better than to dish up the *croûte-au-pot* and the fricandeau with the winter cabbage and to serve it to her man?

M. Blond took off his heavy boots and donned a pair of cloth slippers; he covered his dark hair with a warmly fitting cap and drew the most comfortable chair to the table, preparatory to enjoying a supper fit for an English milor.

But he was not destined to enjoy more than a preliminary sniff at the succulent *croûte-au-pot*. Mme. Blond had been very talkative and the dishing-up process consequently slow, and at the very moment when good M. Blond was conveying the first spoonful of soup to his mouth there was a loud noise of wheels grating against the slipper, the cracking of a whip, and a good

deal of shouting—all of which were unmistakable signs that more mysterious travellers had chosen this eventful night for their arrival at the "Three Archangels."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"What whisperest thou? Nay, why
Name the dead hours? I mind them well:
Their ghosts in many darkened doorways dwell
With desolate eyes to know them by."

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

MICHAEL KESTYON had paid no heed to the noise of this last arrival. Indeed, he had heard nothing since that one awful noise—the departure of the coach which bore her away from him. How long ago that was he could not say. It might have been a moment or a cycle of years. Just before it he had had his last glimpse of her. She crossed the room in company with her father, who had come up to fetch her. She was wrapped from head to foot in cloak and hood; all that he could see of her was her torn wedding gown.

He made no movement as she walked past him, and though his whole soul called out her name, his lips uttered no sound. What were the use? If she did not hear the silent call of love, no words could move her.

"Even his memory hath faded from my ken."

Michael, vaguely remembering the sacred tale told

him in his childhood by his mother of how God had hurled his sinful angels from heaven down to hell, could not recall that in His anger He had used words that were quite so cruel.

Well! that page in life had been written; the book was closed. One brief glimpse at possible happiness, one tiny chink open in the gates of paradise, and then once more the weary tramp along the road which leads to misery on this earth, to perdition hereafter.

The gambler had staked his all upon one venture and had lost. But Michael Kestyon was not made of the mould which rots in a suicide's grave or harbours a brain which goes crazy with grief.

A weaker man would have felt regrets, a better man would have been racked with remorse. Michael, with her words ringing in his ears, thought only of redemption.

"My father and mother—who loved you as their son—will never again hold their heads high among their kind, for a dishonoured daughter is a lasting curse upon a house. That is your work, stranger. . . . It is writ on the front page in the book of the recording angel, and all the tears which you may shed, all the blood, and all the atonement, could not now wipe that front page clean."

The gambler in losing all had, it seems, involved others in his ruin: innocent people who had loved and trusted him. The debt which he had thus contracted

would have to be paid to them, not in the coin which Michael had tendered—since it had been dross in their sight—but in coin which would compensate them for all that they had lost.

And it was because of the future redemption of that great debt, because of all that there was yet to do, that Michael held such a tight rein over his reason, the while it almost tottered beneath the crushing blow; nor did he allow the thought of suicide to dwell in his mind. Yet madness and death—the twin phantoms born of cowardice—lurked within the dark shadows of the low-raftered room, after Rose Marie's last passage along the uneven floor, when her torn wedding gown swept over the boards with a sighing and swishing sound which would reverberate in Michael's heart throughout eternity.

From beneath the lintel of that oaken door which had clanged to behind her, the spectre of madness grinned into the deserted room and beckoned to the man who stood there in utter loneliness: and on the window sill whereat she had sat awhile ago, the gaunt shadow of suicide whispered the alluring words: Rest! Forgetfulness!

Michael did not flee from the twin demons. He called them to his side and looked fully and squarely at their hideous, alluring forms.

Madness and Death! Destruction of the mind or of the body. . . . Both would blot her image from his soul,

Madness enticed by drink would mean the bestial forgetfulness of heavy sleep and addled intellect. Death would mean infinite peace.

The struggle 'twixt devils and man was fierce and short. Anon the crouching spectres vanished into the night, and the man stood there in splendid isolation with the memory of a great crime and of a brief joy for sole companion of his loneliness. But the man was a man for all that; body and mind were still the slaves of his will—not for the carving of his own fortune now, not for the spinning of the web of fate, but bound and fettered under the heel of an iron determination to wipe out the writing on that front page in the book of the recording angel; not by tears, not by blood and cringing atonement, but by deeds and acts, dark if necessary, heroic always, by vanquishing the wrongs of the past with the triumphant redemption to come.

In this mood the good landlady of the "Three Archangels" found him and marvelled at British indifference in the face of a love tragedy, and he was still in this selfsame mood half an hour or so later, when my Lord of Stowmaries and his friends came upon the solitary watcher in the night.

Michael had not eaten, nor had he relinquished his place by the open window, for it seemed to his oversensitive mind as if the sound of those wheels which bore his snowdrop farther and farther away from him

echoed against the distant bank of storm-portending clouds; and though the heart-rending sound reverberated within him like unto the grinding of the rack which tears the limbs and martyrises the body, yet it still seemed something of her—the last memory, the final farewell.

It was past ten o'clock now, and of a surety Michael thought that he must have fallen asleep, dreaming by that open window, when the sudden noise of several familiar voices, a loud, if somewhat forced laugh, and the peremptory throwing open of the door brought the dreamer back to the exigencies of the moment.

The aspect of the room was almost weird, dark and gloomy, with only the slanting moonbeams to touch, with pale and capricious light, the tall solitary figure in the window embrasure.

For a moment the three men paused beneath the lintel, their volatile imagination strangely gripped by the picture before them: that dark silhouette against the moonlit landscape beyond, the total air of desolation and loneliness which seemed to hang like a pall even in the gloom.

Sir John Ayloffé was the first to shake himself free from this unwonted feeling of superstitious awe.

"Friend Michael, by the Mass!" he shouted with somewhat forced jocoseness, "still astir and, like the love-sick poet, contemplating the moon."



The loud words broke the spell of subtle and weird magic which seemed to pervade the place. Michael Kestyon gave a start and turned abruptly away from the window.

"Are we welcome, Michael?" added Lord Rochester pleasantly, "or do we intrude?"

Michael, whose surprise at seeing the three men had been quite momentary, now came forward with outstretched hands.

"Not in the least," he said cordially, "and ye are right welcome. I had thoughts of going to bed, and yet was longing for merry company, little guessing that it would thus unexpectedly fall from heaven. . . . And may I ask what procures Saint-Denis the honour of this tardy visit from so distinguished a company?"

"The desire to see you, cousin," here interposed Lord Stowmaries, "and, if you'll allow us, to sup with you, for we were not invited to your wedding feast, remember, and have not enjoyed the worthy tailor's good cheer."

"We have not tasted food since the middle of the day," added Ayloffé, "and that was none of the best."

"But mayhap Michael hath supped?" suggested Lord Rochester, who, contrary to his usual freedom of manner and speech, seemed unaccountably reticent for the nonce.

"Nay, nay! an if I had I could sup again in such

elegant company," rejoined Michael. "But I was dreaming indeed, since I was forgetting that we were still in the dark. Our amiable host must bring us light as well as food. It will give me much pleasure to see your amiable faces more clearly."

Even as he spoke he went to the door, and soon his calls to Mme. Blond for lights and supper echoed pleasantly through the house.

The three others were left staring at one another in blank surprise. They had not thought of putting questions to mine host on their arrival, but had merely, and somewhat peremptorily, ordered M. Blond to show them up to the room occupied by their friend, the English milor. They therefore knew nothing of what had happened; but all three of them vaguely felt—by a curious unexplainable instinct—that something was amiss, and knew that Michael's attitude of serene indifference was only an assumed rôle.

"Strike me dead, but there's something almost uncanny about the man," said Lord Rochester, forcing a laugh.

"Something has happened, of course," rejoined Ayloffé, "but nothing to concern us. Mayhap an early quarrel with the bride."

"Tis strange, forsooth, to find the bridegroom alone at this hour," added Stowmaries, whilst the refrain of a ribald song rose somewhat affectedly to his lips.

But Rochester quickly checked him, for Michael's footstep was heard on the landing. The latter now entered, closely followed by M. Blond, who carried a couple of candelabra of heavy metal and fitted with tallow-candles. These he soon lighted, and the yellow, flickering flames quickly dispersed the gloom which lingered in the corners of the room. They threw into full relief the faces of the four men, three of whom retained an expression of great bewilderment, whilst the fourth looked serene and placid, as if the entertaining of his friends was for the nonce the most momentous thing in his existence.

Michael went to the window, and with a quick, impatient gesture he pulled the curtains together, shutting out the moonlit landscape and the silhouette of the trees, whose soft sighs had been the accompaniment of the murmur of her voice: mayhap he had a thought of shutting out at the same time the very remembrance of the past.

Then he turned once more to the others, and his face now was a perfect mirror of jovial good-humour as he said gaily:

"I hope, gentlemen, that you are anhungered. As for me, I could devour a wilderness of frogs, so be it that it is the only food of which this remarkable country can boast. I pray you sit. Supper will not be long . . .

and in the meanwhile tell me, pray, the latest gossip in London."

The company settled itself around the table. Everyone was glad enough to be rid of the uncanny sensation of awhile ago. M. Blond in the meanwhile had bustled out of the room, but he soon reappeared, bearing platters and spoons, and, what was more to the purpose, pewter mugs and huge tankards of good red wine. Close behind him came his portly spouse, holding aloft, with massive outstretched arms, the monumental tureen, whence escaped the savoury fumes of her famous *croûte-aupot*.

Loud cheers greeted the arrival of the worthy pair. Mme. Blond quickly fell to, distributing the soup with no niggardly hand, the while her man made the round, filling the mugs with excellent wine.

Gossip became general. Rochester, as usual, was full of anecdotes—bits of scandal and gossip retailed with a free tongue and an inexhaustible fund of somewhat boisterous humour. The soup was beyond reproach and the wine more than drinkable.

"Gad's 'ounds," he cried presently, when Blond and his wife had retired, leaving the English company to itself, "this is a feast fit for the gods! Michael Kestyon, our amiable host, I raise my glass to thee! Gentlemen, our host!"

He raised his glass, Stowmaries following suit, but

Ayloffé checked them both with a peremptory lifting of his hand.

"Nay, nay!" he said, "my Lord Rochester, you do forget. . . . And you, too, gentlemen! Fie on you! Fie, I say! Not a drop shall pass your lips until you have pledged me as you should. 'Tis I will give you the first toast of the evening. . . . Gentlemen, the bride!"

There was loud clapping of mugs against the table, then lusty shouts of "The bride! the bride!" The three men raised their bumpers and drained them to the last drop, honouring the toast to the full. Sir John looked keenly at Michael, but even his sharp, observant eyes could not detect the slightest change in the calm and serene face. Michael, too, had raised his mug, but Ayloffé noted that he did not touch the wine with his lips.

Shrewd Sir John, ever alive to his own interests, fell to speculating as to what had gone amiss, and whether any event had been likely to occur which would affect his own prospects in any way. Mistress Peyton's twelve thousand pounds had not yet—remember!—been transferred to Cousin John's pocket, and no one was more profoundly aware of the truth of the old dictum that "There's many a slip . . ." than was Sir John Ayloffé himself. But there was naught to read on Michael Kestyon's placid face—only the vague suspicion of carefully concealed weariness; and in Ayloffé's practical mind

there was something distinctly unnatural in the serene calm of a man who was richer to-day by one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, not even to mention an excessively pretty and well-dowered bride.

Sir John, relying on his own powers of observation, had every intention of probing this matter to the bottom; but in the meanwhile he thought it best not to let the others see too clearly what he himself had only vaguely guessed, therefore it was he again who shouted more lustily even than before:

“Now the bridegroom, gentlemen! I give you the bridegroom! Long live! Long live, I say!”

He was on his feet, waving his mug with every lusty shout. Then he drained it once more to the last drop, Stowmaries and Rochester doing likewise, for time-honoured custom demanded that such toasts must be responded to right heartily. Michael, however, made no acknowledgment, as he should have done. He sat quite still, with slender, nervy fingers idly toying with the crumbs on the table.

“Respond, Michael, respond!” cried Lord Rochester, who seemed to have shaken off his former diffidence. “Man, are you in the clouds? . . . Of a surety,” he continued, with a knowing wink directed at his friends, “’twere no marvel on this eventful night, and with a pretty bride awaiting her lord not thirty paces away on the other side of that door. . . . We saw her in church,

Michael, and, by Gad, man, you are a lucky dog! . . . But we did drink to the bridegroom and . . .”

“And I, too, drink to him,” interposed Michael loudly, as he rose to his feet, bumper in hand, and turned directly to his cousin, Stowmaries. “To you, my lord and cousin, do I drink . . . the only bridegroom worthy of such a bride.”

To say the least of it, this speech was vastly astonishing. No one quite knew how to take it, and as Michael drained his cup Stowmaries broke into a forced laugh.

“You do flatter me, coz,” he said, feeling strangely uncomfortable under the other’s steady gaze, and realising that some sort of reply was expected of him; “but of a truth, the flattery is misplaced. . . . The bride is yours, and you have won her by fair means . . . and I in my turn will add something to my Lord Rochester’s toast . . . something which, an I mistake not, will be vastly acceptable to you—a draft for seventy thousand pounds on my banker, Master Vivish of Fleet Street—the final payment of my debt to you.”

And Stowmaries took a paper from the pocket of his surcoat and handed it to Michael, who made no movement to take it.

“Cousin,” he said, “when I accepted the bargain which you offered me, I was more deeply in my cups than I myself had any idea of. Let us admit that ’twas an ignoble bargain, shameful alike to me and to

you. Now I would pray you to return that draft to your pocket. 'Tis but little I have spent of that first fifty thousand pounds, the balance of what remains you shall have on my return to London; as for the rest—that which I have so foolishly spent—I pray you to grant me a few months delay and I will repay you to the full. Thus we two who made the bargain, and these two gentlemen who witnessed it, will cease to have aught but a dim recollection of the shameful doings of a mad and roisterous night.”

Silence greeted this strange speech. The beginning of it had at once awakened surprise, the end left the three men there present in a state of complete puzzlement. Stowmaries frankly gazed at Michael with wide-open eyes wherein good-humoured contempt fought with utter amazement.

Then, as no one spoke, Michael added quietly:

“I await your answer, cousin.”

“Tush, man, you are joking,” retorted Stowmaries, with a shrug of the shoulders.

“I never was more serious in my life,” rejoined the other, with deep earnestness, “and 'tis a serious answer that I ask of you.”

“But I know not to what your lengthy speech did tend; how can I give it answer?”

“I asked you to put that draft for money yet unpaid into your pocket. I propose to repay you in full every

penny of that which this folly hath already cost you; and you, on the other hand, can fulfil your obligations to the lady who of a truth is still legally your wife."

"Hold on, man, hold on!" cried Stowmaries, almost in dismay, for it seemed to him that his cousin was bereft of his senses. "Odd's fish! but you talk like a madman . . . and a dangerous one too, for you use words which, were I not your guest, I could not help but resent."

"There is naught to resent, cousin, in what I say, nor is it the act or speech of a madman to ask you to rescind a bargain which tended neither to your honour nor to mine own."

"But by the Mass, cousin, the bargain, good or bad, righteous or shameful, is no longer in the making. . . . Even were I so minded—which by our Lady I vow that I am not—I could not now release you of your pledged word to me. What is done, is done, and you have fulfilled your share of the bargain. . . . Now 'tis my turn as an honourable gentleman to acquit myself of my debt to you. . . . So I pray you take the money . . . it is justly yours . . . but do not prate any further nonsense."

"Aye! aye! friend Kestyon," added Ayloff, with his habitual bonhomie; through which, nevertheless, the cloven hoof of sarcasm was quite perceptible, "do not allow your over-sensitive conscience to persuade you into refusing what is justly your due."

"Odd's fish, man! you have won the bride and thereby rendered Stowmaries an incomparable service," quoth Lord Rochester decisively, "and . . ."

He was about to say more, but Michael interrupted him.

"I pray you, gentlemen," he said, "grant me patience for awhile. I fear me that my gentle cousin did not altogether grasp my meaning. Cousin," he added, turning once more fully to Stowmaries, "will you put your money back into your pocket, and, instead of fulfilling your engagements to me, fulfil them toward the lady who hath first claims on your loyalty?"

"Tush, man!" retorted Stowmaries, who was waxing wrathful, "cannot you cease that senseless talk? The thing is done, man, the thing is done. Gad! we none of us want it undone, nor could we an we would."

"My Lord of Stowmaries is right," concluded Lord Rochester decisively, "and you, Kestyon, do but run your head against a stone wall. . . . An you feel remorse, I for one am sorry for you . . . but what has been, has been . . . you no more can withdraw from your present position than you could erase from the Book of Life all that has passed to-day. So take your money, man, you have the right to it. Odd's fish! a hundred and twenty thousand pounds! . . . and you talk of flinging it as a sop to your perturbed conscience!"

"Who talked of conscience, my lord," rejoined Michael haughtily, "or yet of remorse? Surely not I . . . We have all been gambling on the issue . . . and I now offer my cousin of Stowmaries his own stakes back again, an he'll pay his just debt to his wife rather than to me."

"My wife, man? You are joking," retorted Stowmaries hotly. "After what has occurred, think you I would take for my Countess . . .?"

"The purest, most exquisite woman, cousin, that ever graced a man's ancestral home," interposed Michael earnestly. "To say less of her were blasphemy."

"Pshaw! . . ." ejaculated Stowmaries, with ill-concealed contempt.

"Cousin, I swear to you," reiterated Michael with solemn emphasis, "by all that men hold most sacred, by all that I hold most holy, that the lady is as pure to-day as when her baby hand was placed in yours eighteen years ago in token that she was to be your wife. She is as worthy to be the wife of a good man, the mother of loyal children, as I am unfit to tie the laces of her shoe. An you'll do your duty by her, you'll never regret it . . . all that you will regret will be the memory of that turbulent night when, in your madness, you thought of wronging her!"

"By God, man! I swear that you are crazy!" cried Stowmaries, whose impatience had been visibly growing

and who now gave full rein to his exasperation. "Are you a damned, canting Puritan that you talk to me like that? . . . Nay! an you wish to be rid of yon baggage, send her back to the tailor's back shop whence she came, throw her out into the streets, I care not what you do with her, but in G——d's name I tell you that you shall not palm off onto my mother's son a cast-off troll whom you no longer want."

But before the words had fully escaped the young man's lips, Michael had lifted his glass and thrown its full contents in the face of the blasphemer.

Sickened and blinded with his own fury and the pungent odour of the wine which poured down his face into his eyes and mouth, Stowmaries uttered a violent oath and the next instant had sprung upon his kinsman like an infuriated and raging beast, and had him by the throat even before Ayloff and Rochester, who had quickly jumped to their feet, were able to interfere.

The onslaught was vigorous and sudden, and Stowmaries's fury hot and uncontrolled. But Michael, who throughout the wordy warfare had kept his own temper in check, who had foreseen the attack even when he threw the wine in the younger man's face, had already grasped Stowmaries's wrists with a steel-like pressure of his own nery hands, causing the other to relax his grip and forcing an involuntary cry of pain to escape his throat.

"Nay, cousin," he said, still speaking quite quietly, but with a slight tone of contempt now, "in a hand to hand struggle you would fare worse than I. . . . Have I hurt your wrist? . . . then am I deeply grieved . . . but 'tis not broken, I assure you . . . and you know, dear coz, that since you are still my debtor, you could not in honour kill me until you had acquitted yourself of your debt to me. I have offered you a fair way of paying that debt, not to me, but to her to whom you really owe it. An you'll keep your money now and take back all you've given me, an you'll fulfil your sacred promise to take Rose Marie for wife, you'll be the happiest man on God's earth. . . . This I swear to you, and also that I'll serve you humbly and devotedly as servant or as slave to the last day of my life and with the last drop of blood in my veins. After that, an you wish to kill me . . . why, my life is at your service. . . . Will you do it, cousin? God and His army of saints and of angels will give you rich reward."

But Stowmaries, who, with a sulky look on his face, was readjusting the lace ruffles at his wrist whilst glowering at the man whose physical strength he had just been made to feel, turned on him now with an evil sneer.

"You seem to be intimately acquainted with the heavenly hierarchy, cousin," he said; "but believe me, I have no intention of entering those celestial spheres

which are of your own imagining and of which you seem to be the self-constituted guardian."

"Sneer at me as much as you will, cousin, but give me answer," urged Michael, and for the first time his voice shook as he uttered this final, desperate appeal. "Twere best for you—this I entreat you to believe—best for you and right for her. . . . As for me, I no longer exist—the ignoble bargain has never been . . . wipe it out, cousin, even from your memory. . . . Take back your money, and with it your honour. . . . She is worthy of your love, of your faith, and of your trust. . . . Take her to your heart, cousin—take her, for she is as pure as the Madonna, and you will be richer by all that she can give, the priceless guerdon of her exquisite womanhood."

The other two men were silent. They had taken no part in the discussion and had listened to it each with vastly divers emotions. Rochester—a noble gentleman despite his many extravagances—could not help but admire the man who thus stood up boldly to right a wrong, fearless of consequences, fearless of ridicule. But Ayloffé merely hoped that Michael's rugged eloquence, his earnest, passionate appeal, would fail to reach the armour of selfishness and vanity which effectually enveloped Stowmaries's better nature.

Now, after this last appeal, there was a pause. The storm of turbulent passions was lulled to momentary

rest, the better to gather strength for the final conflict.

"Take her to your heart, cousin," Michael had urged, and no one there could guess the infinity of renunciation which lay in this appeal. Stowmaries was silent for awhile. His glowering eyes expressed nothing but unyielding obstinacy. Otherwise he was totally unmoved.

Then, keeping his gaze riveted on Michael, he pointed, with outstretched finger, to the paper which lay on the table—the draft for seventy thousand pounds on Master Vivish of Fleet Street.

"That is my answer, cousin," he said loudly and firmly. "You have rendered me a service; for this, now, I pay you to the full as agreed. Let there be no more of this crazy talk; for what is done is done, and you, above all, should be satisfied."

Once more there was silence in the low-raftered room. A gust of wind blew the thin curtains away from the open window, and caused the scrap of paper to stir with a soft sound of a spirit voice that murmured a warning "Hush!"

Michael had neither moved nor spoken; not a line of his face betrayed the conflict in his soul. But three pairs of eyes were fixed upon him. He did not seem to see them, for his own were fixed on the fluttering curtain which had whispered spectral words to him.

Between the gently-swaying folds there peeped cold gleams of moonbeam radiance, and from far away the sighing of the young acacia boughs which had mingled with her voice awhile ago.

Then he turned his gaze back to the paper which lay before him, still gently stirring under the soft breath of the evening air. Deliberately, and with a firm hand, he took it up, folded it across and across, and slipped it in the inner pocket of his coat.

"You know best, cousin," he said, in a quiet, unmodulated voice. "As you say, I have rendered you a service. You have paid me in full, according to our bond . . . we should both be satisfied. . . . And now, gentlemen, shall we proceed with supper?"

PART IV.

CHAPTER XXIX.

“And do you ask what game she plays?
With me 'tis lost or won;
With thee it is playing still; with him
It is not well begun;
But 'tis a game she plays with all
Beneath the sway o' the sun.”

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

MISTRESS JULIA PEYTON felt a trifle worried. Matters had not turned out exactly as she had anticipated; it is a way peculiar to matters over which we have no control.

She had been quite aware of the fact that my Lord of Stowmaries, with Sir John Ayloff and Lord Rochester, had made the journey over to Paris in order to be present at the marriage of Michael Kestyon with the tailor's daughter, and it had been with the intention of frustrating my lord's desire to pay his final debt of seventy thousand pounds to Michael that she had sent old Daniel Pye over in the gentlemen's company, armed with the letter writ in scholarly French by the exiled

Huguenot clerk and intended for good M. Legros's personal perusal.

Mistress Peyton had no special wish to save the susceptibilities of a tailor's wench, and cared little whether the fraud was discovered by her before she had left her father's home or afterwards; but—she had argued this out in her own mind over and over again—if the girl never actually left her father's house, my lord would not in honour be bound to pay Michael the additional seventy thousand pounds, since the latter would not have accomplished his own share of the bargain to the full. On the other hand, there would be quite enough public scandal and gossip round the girl, as it was, to enable my Lord of Stowmaries to justify his repudiation of the matrimonial bonds, contracted eighteen years ago, on the grounds that the future Countess of Stowmaries no longer bore a spotless reputation.

That had been Mistress Peyton's subtle argument, and on the basis of this unanswerable logic she had laid her plans. Caring nothing for the girl, she cared everything for the money, and, above all, for the power that so vast a sum would place in Michael's hand for the furtherance of his own case.

Daniel Pye had returned to England about a week after the wedding at St. Gervais. He was an unblushing liar, both by habit and by temperament. Therefore, when he presented himself before his mistress, he

assured her that he had handed her letter over to the master tailor even while the wedding festivities were in progress in the back shop, and long before the coach bore the bridal pair away.

When Mistress Peyton heard the circumstantial narrative of how her faithful henchman had fought his way into the tailor's house at peril of his life, and had given the letter into M. Legros's own hands, the while his poor shoulders were bruised and well-nigh broken with the blows dealt to him by cruel miscreants who strove to hinder him from performing his duty—when the fair Julia heard all this, I say, she was vastly pleased, and commended Master Pye very highly for his faithfulness, and, I believe, even rewarded him by giving him five shillings.

The wedding, it seems, had been the talk of Paris, ladies and gentlemen from the Court had been present thereat, and Madame de Montespan had loudly praised the handsome presence of the bridegroom. All this was passing satisfactory, and Mistress Julia was quite content to think that the tailor and his family would—after such an esclandre—be only too willing to hide their humble heads out of the ken of society wherein they had become a laughing-stock.

On legal grounds my Lord of Stowmaries could readily command the nullity of the child marriage now; as for the religious grounds which had been the chief

stumbling-block hitherto. . . . "Bah!" argued the fair Julia naïvely to herself, "His Holiness the Pope of Rome is a gentleman; he will not expect an English *grand seigneur* to acknowledge as his Countess the cast-off plaything of an adventurer."

The disappointment came some three or four days later, when Cousin John, in his turn, presented himself at the little house in Holborn Row. Of course he had known nothing of his fair cousin's treacherous little scheme, and although he had greatly wondered at Master Pye's presence in Paris at the time of the wedding, yet he had been far from suspecting the truth with regard to its purport. All that good Sir John knew was that the bridal pair did leave the house of M. Legros in a somewhat unconventional style, for this he had been told by the gaffers of the neighbourhood.

He had not seen the departure, but had heard glowing accounts of it all from one or two of the spectators whom he had closely questioned.

There was no doubt that it had been a fine departure—romantic and epoch-making. No fear now of the scandal being in any way hushed up. "Milor the Englishman," as that rascal Michael had been universally called in that quarter of Paris wherein his prowess had been witnessed, was a magnificent horseman—so the gossips declared with one accord. The way he had

jumped on his horse, using neither stirrup nor bridle, was a sight good for sore eyes; then two of his English serving-men had raised the bride to his saddle-bow, and, after a lusty shout of farewell, milor had ridden away with her, and soon his horse was heard galloping at maddening speed. Never had such a spectacle been witnessed in the streets of Paris before; the gaffers were still agape at the remembrance of it, and it had all seemed more like a vivid and exciting dream than like sober reality.

But no sooner had milor and the bride disappeared round the bend of the narrow street, than the first breath of gossip rose—apparently from nothingness—in their wake. Whence it originated nobody knew, but sure it is that within an hour the whole of the *quartier* was agog with the scandal. Cousin John prided himself on the fact that he had contributed more than his share in spreading the report from one end of Paris to the other, that the daughter of the mightily rich and highly respectable tailor-in-chief of His Majesty the King of France, had eloped with an adventurer, who was even kinsman to her own husband, my Lord of Stowmaries and Rivaulx.

“The scandal is quite immense, fair cousin,” quoth Cousin John lustily and with a merry guffaw, the while he sat sipping sack-posset in Mistress Peyton’s elegantly furnished boudoir. “Personally I see naught for the

tailor's wench but the inevitable nunnery, although Michael . . . but of this more anon. In the meanwhile, Madame de Montespan dotes on the adventure. Lord Rochester retailed it all to her outside the church porch, and you may well believe that it hath lost naught in the telling. She quite fell in love with Michael's handsome presence, and His Majesty the King of France vows that English gentlemen are the primest rogues on this earth . . . and even sober diplomatists aver that Michael's prowess and Michael's romantic personality have done more to cement international friendship than a whole host of secret treaties. . . . From the Court the scandal hath reached the lower classes of Paris, all thanks to your humble servant, so I flatter myself. The tailor and his family are the butt of every quip-maker in the city. . . . There is a rhyme that goes the round which . . . nay! your pardon, fair cousin, I could not repeat it for fear of offending your ears, but let me assure you that the heroine thereof is not like to petition Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris or His Holiness the Pope to assert her rights to be Countess of Stowmaries. . . . Countess of Stowmaries!" added Sir John, with another prolonged guffaw, "Countess of Stowmaries! . . . Odd's fish! in Paris they sing of her: '*Une vertu singulière . . .*' Your pardon . . . your pardon again, dear coz . . . I was forgetting . . ."

And good Cousin John had indeed to stop in his

narration, for he was choking for very laughter, and the tears were streaming down his ruddy cheeks.

Mistress Peyton had listened to the cheerful tale with but ill-repressed impatience, and had not Sir John been so absorbed in what was his favourite topic of conversation—the tearing to shreds of a woman’s reputation—he would not have failed to notice that his kinswoman was far from sharing his own hilarity.

Of a truth, the fair Julia’s impatience soon gave place to great anger, for it was by now quite clear to her that Daniel Pye had failed in his trust, that he had not only lied like a consummate rogue, but had actually, by his unforgivable delinquency, caused his mistress’s most cherished and carefully conceived counter-intrigue to come absolutely to naught.

Michael Kestyon had carried off the bride and Lord Stowmaries could not now, as a man of honour, refuse to pay him that final seventy thousand pounds—a fortune, forsooth, wherewith the adventurer, the wastrel, the haunter of brothels and booths, could now make good his claim to the title and peerage of Stowmaries and Riveaulx.

Given a dissolute, money-grabbing King on whose decision the claim for the peerage rested, given this adventure which rendered Michael interesting to those who had the ear of Charles Stuart, and what more likely than that the present Lord of Stowmaries should

find himself in the terrible position of having paid for his own undoing.

And all because a fool of a serving-man had failed in doing what he had been ordered to do, and this in despite of the most carefully thought-out plans, most ardent wishes, and most subtle schemes. We may take it that visions of a terrible retribution to be wreaked on that rascally Daniel Pye already found birth in his mistress's inventive brain; and whilst good Cousin John was wiping the tears of laughter which his own narrative had called to his bulgy eyes, his fair cousin was meditating on the best pretext she could employ for ordering Pye to be lawfully and publicly flogged.

At last Mistress Peyton's sullen silence brought Cousin John back from the pleasing realms of gossip and scandal. Looking into her face he saw anger where he had expected to witness a smile of triumph; he also saw two perfect lips closed tightly in obvious moodiness, the while he had looked forward to unstinted praise for his own share in the furtherance of her desires.

Cousin John, therefore, was vastly astonished. Puzzlement in its turn yielded to speculation. Mistress Julia was angered . . . why? . . . She had desired the scandal . . . now she seemed to resent it. . . . Something had gone amiss then . . . or had she veered round in her intentions?

Women were strange cattle in Sir John Ayloff's estimation. Had his ambitious cousin perchance nurtured some counter-scheme of her own, which had come to naught through the success of the original intrigue? It almost seemed like it from the wrathful expression of her face.

The presence of Daniel Pye in Paris came back to Sir John as a swift memory. . . . There had been a counter-intrigue then?

Of a truth, this would trouble him but little, provided that such intrigue did not affect the due payment to himself of the twelve thousand pounds promised by the capricious lady. But of this guerdon he felt fully assured—which is another proof of the truth of the ancient adage which says that there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, and also of the fact that women are far keener diviners of such untoward slips than are those who belong to the sterner and less intuitive sex.

Even while the prospect of those pleasing thousands was flitting—all unbeknown to him—further and further from his future grasp, Sir John, studying his cousin's unaccountable mood, tried to make some of his wonted cynical maxims anent the motives and emotions of the other sex fit the present situation.

Mistress Peyton was angered when she should have been pleased. . . . Had she, perchance, conceived an attachment for the romantic blackguard? . . . Such

things were possible . . . women's tastes ever erred on the queer side . . . and this would certainly account for Julia's impatient anger when she heard of Michael's interesting departure with the beautiful bride in his arms.

Nay, then! if this was the case, good Cousin John had still the cream of his narrative in reserve, and the final episode which he had to relate would, of a surety, satisfy the most rancorous feelings of revenge harboured against a hated rival by any fair monster that wore petticoat.

And at the moment that Mistress Peyton finally decided in her own mind that an accusation of theft preferred by herself against Daniel Pye would bring that elderly reprobate to the whipping-post and the stocks, Cousin John's mellifluous voice broke in upon these pleasant dreams.

"Odd's fish! fair coz," he said loudly and emphatically, for he desired his words to rouse her from her absorption, "imagine our surprise, nay, our consternation, when, on our arrival at Saint-Denis, we found one solitary turtle-dove mourning over the absence of the other. . . ."

The effect of these words was instantaneous. The fair Julia's thoughts suddenly flew from prospective vengeance to present interests, and though the frown did not disappear from her brow, her eyes flashed eagerness now rather than anger.

"What nonsense is this?" she queried, with a show of petulance. "I pray you, cousin, speak with less imagery. The matter is of serious portent to me, as you know . . . and also to yourself," she added significantly; "and I fear me that my poor wits are too dull to follow the circumlocutions of your flowery speech."

Sir John smiled complacently; he was quite satisfied that he once more held his cousin's undivided attention, and resumed his narrative with imperturbable good-humour.

"I crave your pardon, fair lady," he said, "but on my honour 'tis just as I have told you. My Lord of Stowmaries, Lord Rochester, and your humble servant did journey by coach to Saint-Denis, for we knew that thither was the bridal couple bound. We drove in the lumbering vehicle on God-forsaken roads all the way from Paris, and never in all my life did I experience such uncomfortable journeying. 'Milor the Englishman,' quoth Rochester, as soon as his feet had touched the ground, 'is he abed?' For you must know that it was then nigh on ten of the clock, and the hostelry of the 'Three Archangels' looked as dark as pitch from within and without. 'Milor is upstairs,' exclaimed mine host, who, of a surety, looked vastly bewildered at our arrival. He seemed like a man bursting with news and as if eager to explain something, but we were too impatient

to pay any heed to him at the time, and ran helter-skelter upstairs in the wake of Lord Rochester, who, as you know, is ever in the forefront in a spicy adventure, and who, moreover, was eager for another peep at the bride, whom he had greatly admired during the religious ceremony in the church. We none of us had any idea that anything could be amiss, and—as I have had the honour of assuring you—our consternation was great when, on entering the parlour we found Michael standing by the open window, staring moodily out into the dreary landscape, the room itself in total darkness, and—as we learnt afterwards—the bride gone back to Paris by coach in company with her father.”

“Impossible!” ejaculated Mistress Peyton, feigning surprise which, of a truth, she did not feel. What had been and still was a mystery to Sir John was clear enough to his fair cousin, and there was, it seems, some slight attenuation to Daniel Pye’s monstrous delinquency. The letter—by some idiotic blunder on the part of old Pye—had reached Master Legros just a trifle too late, but it had reached him at last, and the infuriated father had contrived to reach Saint-Denis in time to snatch his daughter away from the arms of the adventurer—who thus stood prematurely unmasked.

“Impossible!” she reiterated, the while Sir John, like a true raconteur, having succeeded in capturing her interest, made an effective pause in his narration.

He could not complain of her moodiness now, for she seemed all eagerness and agitation.

"True, nevertheless," he asserted quietly. "The bride was gone and Michael—left desolate—seemed inclined to act like a man bereft of his senses."

"How mean you that?" she asked.

"He had, it seems, fallen madly in love with the tailor's daughter—and had, no doubt, during his hours of loneliness, been assailed with remorse at what he chose to call a shameful bargain."

Again Cousin John paused, his large, prominent eyes were fixed once more upon his cousin. Clearly there was an undercurrent of intrigue going on here of which he did not as yet possess the entire secret, for he had distinctly noted that at his last words the deep frown which had still lingered on Julia's snow-white brow now vanished completely, giving place to an excited look of hope. Something of the inner workings of her mind began to dawn on him however—a vague, indefinable sense of what had gone before, what she had feared, and what she now hoped. Therefore he waited awhile, watching her eager, impatient face, the play of her delicate features, the nervous movements of her hands, ere he resumed with well-simulated carelessness:

"Aye! my dear coz, the more I think on it the more am I convinced that Michael in his love-sickness became bereft of reason, for you'll scarce believe it when

I tell you that when my Lord of Stowmaries desired to acquit himself, like an honourable gentleman, of his debt to his kinsman, and held out to him the draft for seventy thousand pounds, Michael refused to take it."

This time there was no mistaking the look of pleasure which lit up the fair Julia's face. A less acute observer than was Sir John would have realised at once that this last item of news was essentially pleasant to the hearer. Mistress Peyton, of a truth, found her anxieties vanishing away, and was at no pains to hide the pleasure which she felt. Hope was returning to her heart, also gratitude towards Fate, who, it seems, had been kind enough after all to play into her hands.

Psychologically the situation was interesting, and we may assume that Cousin John was no longer at sea now. He might not yet possess the key which opened the magic gate into his fair cousin's secret orchard, but he was essentially a gambler, an unscrupulous schemer himself . . . money—to him—was the all-powerful solution of many an obscure puzzle.

The mention of money had brought on the beautiful face before him the first smile of satisfaction since the beginning of his narrative. Ergo, argued Cousin John, the fair mistress entered into a private, villainous little scheme of her own of calling the tune without paying the piper. Women have no sense of honour where debts between gentlemen are concerned.

Once on a track, Sir John was quick enough to follow the puzzle to its satisfactory solution. But he was not pleased that his cousin—and partner in the whole enterprise—should thus have intrigued without his knowledge or counsel. Heavens above! if conspirators did not work together, every plot—however well laid—would speedily abort. Women were ever ready for these petty infamies; they seemed to revel in them, to plan and scheme them, even if—as in this case—they were wholly superfluous.

He was angry with his pretty cousin, and showed it by keeping her on tenter-hooks, dropping his narrative and ostentatiously draining a mug of posset to its last drop. He would force her, he thought, to disclose her treacherous little hand to the full.

And he succeeded, for as he did not speak she was quite unable to curb her impatience.

“Then . . . the money . . .” she asked with obviously affected indifference, “what became of it?”

“The money?” he asked blandly. “What money?”

“The seventy thousand pounds,” she said, “which Michael Kestyon was to receive, and which he refused to take.”

Cousin John looked at her over the top of his goblet; his round bulgy eyes told her quite plainly that he had read her through and through, and that he for one was not sorry that her little counter-scheme had

failed, since she had not thought fit to ask his advice. But he said quite lightly, as one who speaks of a trifle too mean to dwell in the memory:

"Oh, the seventy thousand pounds! They are where they should be, dear cousin. . . . In Michael Kestyon's pocket . . . the just reward for his services rendered to his kinsman, your future lord, fair coz!"

"But you said just now . . ." she stammered on the verge of tears, for the sudden sense of disappointment had been very bitter to bear.

"I said that Michael had been smitten with remorse, and had at first refused to take the money. . . . But Lord Stowmaries soon overcame his scruples, and . . ."

"Lord Stowmaries is a fool!" she interrupted hotly. Sir John feigned great astonishment.

"A fool . . . for acquitting himself of a debt of honour?" he asked, in tones of mild reproof.

"Aye! a fool, and thrice a fool," she reiterated with increased vehemence, for she was no gaby, and was not taken in now by Cousin John's blandness. He had divined her thoughts and guessed something of her aborted plans; there was no occasion, therefore, to subdue her annoyance any longer. "An Michael Kestyon was such a dotard as to refuse a fortune," she continued, "why should my Lord Stowmaries be the one to force it upon him? Nay! the whole bargain was iniquitous or worse. . . . Ridiculous it was, of a truth. . . . One

hundred and twenty thousand pounds to a man who would have done the trick for so many pence. I marvelled at you, cousin, for lending a hand to such wanton waste, and did my best to circumvent your folly; but, thanks to that dolt, Daniel Pye, and apparently to my Lord Stowmaries's idiocy, Michael Kestyon is now in possession of the means whereby he can divest the cousin who paid him so well not only of his title, but of all his wealth. . . . A blunder, cousin . . . an idiotic, silly blunder," she added, as she jumped to her feet, unable to sit still, tramping up and down the room like a raging wild-cat, lashing herself into worse fury by picturing all the evils which the unfortunate business would bring in its train, chief amongst these being my Lord Stowmaries's undoing, for which she really cared naught only in so far as it affected her own prospects. "The silly adventure is already the talk of the town. The King has asked to see Michael Kestyon. . . . Bah! . . . the man sold his kingdom, the liberty and dignity of England, for a sum not much larger than what Michael can now offer him for a favourable decision in a peerage claim. . . . Ye saints above, what fools men are—what blind, blundering, silly fools the moment they begin to prate of honour!"

Cousin John had allowed his fair cousin's vehement vituperations to pass unchallenged over his humbled head. That there was some truth in her argument he

himself could not deny, and it was a fact that fears very akin to her own in the matter of the money had more than once crossed his mind. Feeling, therefore, that the reproof, though exceptionally violent, was not undeserved, he dropped his bland, cynical manner, and when at last the fair Julia paused in her invectives—chiefly for lack of breath, and also because tears of anger were choking her voice—he spoke to her quite quietly and almost apologetically.

“Indeed, coz,” he said, “I would have you believe that I am deeply touched by your reproaches, which, alas! I may have merited to a certain extent. Zeal in your cause may have rendered me less far-seeing than I really should have been, considering what we both have at stake. But let me tell you also that I have not been quite such a dolt as you seem to think. You are quite wrong in supposing that Michael Kestyon would have acted the part which he did for a less sum than we have given him. Nothing but a real substantial fortune would have tempted Michael. Nothing,” reiterated Sir John emphatically, seeing that Julia made a contemptuous gesture of incredulity. “He is a curious mixture of the wastrel and the gentleman; if we could not satisfy his ambition we could not attack his sense of honour. Where we made the mistake was in thinking that a substantial sum would satisfy him in itself. No one guessed that his dormant claim to the peerage of

Stowmaries was still of such vital importance to him. He had ceased to move actively in the matter, partly through the lack of money, but also in part through the moral collapse which he has undergone in the past two years. I confess that I did think that when he was possessed of his newly acquired fortune he would continue the life of dissolute vagabondage which we all believed had become his second—nay! his only—nature. . . . It seems that we were all mistaken. . . .”

“What do you mean? . . . Has anything occurred already?” asked Julia, who found all her fears increased tenfold at Cousin John’s seriously spoken words.

“No, no, no!” he said reassuringly, “nothing at present, save that Michael Kestyon has made no attempt to return to his boon companions in the various brothels which were wont to be his haunts. Rumour hath it that he is oft seen in the company of my Lord Shaftesbury, and there is no doubt that the King was vastly amused by the adventure. Some say that royal smiles are the sure precursors to royal favours. But between entertaining Charles II. with tales of spicy adventures and obtaining actual decisions from him in important matters lie vast gulfs of kingly indifference and of kingly indolence. There is nothing that the King hates worse than the giving of a decision, and, believe me, that he will dillydally with Michael until that young reprobate will have spent every penny of his new fortune, and will have none

left to offer as a bribe to our Merry Monarch. It is not cheap, believe me, to be a temporary boon companion of Charles Stuart, and a great deal more than a hundred thousand pounds would have to pass through Michael's fingers in keeping up a certain gentlemanly state—in tailor's accounts, in bets, and in losses at hazard—before the King would think of rewarding him in the only manner which would compensate him for all the money expended in obtaining the royal smiles."

"You may be right, cousin," said Mistress Peyton, somewhat reassured; "at the same time, a great deal of anxiety would have been saved me if that old liar, Daniel Pye, had done as he was bid. . . . But he shall rue his defalcations, and bitterly too."

"You may wreak what vengeance you will, fair cousin, on the varlet who hath disobeyed you. But I entreat you to keep your favours for those who have tried to serve you to the best of their poor abilities. As for the rest, let me assure you now that Michael Kestyon refused the seventy thousand pounds, and even offered to repay the first instalment of fifty thousand on terms which were wholly unacceptable to Lord Stowmaries, the chief condition being that my lord should rescind the whole of the bargain and take the tailor's wench back into his heart and marital bosom. . . . You see, fair coz, how impossible it was to treat with Michael at all . . . and we certainly were not to blame. . . . My

Lord of Stowmaries is still the happiest man on earth—glad enough to have purchased his happiness for one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. . . . An I mistake not he is in Rome now, awaiting the Pope's decision . . . but that is a foregone conclusion. Monseigneur the Archbishop hath assured him of his co-operation. Soon my lord will receive that for which he craves—religious dispensation to avail himself of the civil law of England, which will readily grant him nullity of marriage, and the blessing of the Pope himself on his remarriage with the fairest beauty that e'er hath graced an ancestral home. Until then I entreat you, cousin," added Sir John with elaborate gallantry, "to smoothe away those frowns of anxiety which ill become the future Countess of Stowmaries. . . . Let me see you smile, dear coz, ere I take my leave, having, I trust, assured you that you have no truer servant than your faithful kinsman, the recipient of your past favours and, I trust, of many more in the not very distant future."

There was no resisting Cousin John's assurance and his smile of confident encouragement. Mistress Peyton did allow the wrinkles of anger to fade from her smooth brow. But complete peace of mind was not restored to her in full; she was almost glad that "the happiest man on earth" was away from her just now. She wanted to think matters over in absolute quietude, away from her good cousin's bland platitudes. It almost seemed as if

Fate had re-shuffled all the cards—hers and those of her partners in the great life-gamble. Lord Stowmaries, Sir John, and Michael Kestyon too, had had fresh hands dealt to them; they needed sorting, and the game, mayhap, reconsidering.

It was even doubtful at the present moment what was the chief trump card. Daniel Pye with his clumsy fingers had abstracted one out of his mistress's hand. At thought of that the frown returned, and the "fairest beauty that e'er graced an ancestral home" looked not unlike a vengeful termagant gloating over the petty revenge which—in a small measure—would compensate her for all anxieties, past, present, and to come.

CHAPTER XXX.

"How! old thief, thy wits are lame;
To clip such it is no shame;
I rede you in the devil's name,
Ye come not here to make men game."

SWINBURNE.

DANIEL PYE, having arrived at that corner-stone in Holborn Row which afforded him a full view of the house whence he had just been ignominiously dismissed, turned and shook a menacing fist in its direction. His body ached, he was smarting in every limb, and he had a grievance which clamoured loudly for revenge.

In Paris he had endured—whilst executing his duty—the buffetings and blows of a crowd of rowdy apprentices; this he had done not from any deep-rooted attachment to a capricious and exacting mistress, nor from any very exalted notions of abstract duty, but chiefly for the sake of the commendations and the rewards which the due fulfilment of Mistress Peyton's commands would naturally bring in its train.

The fact that, in order to allay the futile anxieties of a pretty woman, good Daniel Pye subsequently went in for a somewhat highly coloured tale of his adventures was, after all, a venial sin, and surely the minor transgression which he had committed, in delivering the letter half an hour later than he should have done, did not call for such malignant and cruel treatment as his ungrateful mistress had thought fit to impose upon him. Under a paltry accusation of theft, which the lady herself must have known was totally unfounded, she had handed him over to the magistrate for punishment. Convicted of the charge on the most flimsy evidence, he had been made to stand in the pillory two hours, and been publicly flogged like some recalcitrant prentice or immoral wench.

Nay, worse! for Mistress Peyton herself, accompanied by Sir John Ayloffé, had gone down to Bridewell to see her serving-man whipped, under the pretence that she wished to see justice properly tempered with mercy,

since she only desired merited chastisement for him and not wanton cruelty.

And yet when he, Daniel Pye, was howling at the whipping-post like one possessed, the while a crowd of young jackanapes—among whom were some of Pye's fellow-servants—stood hooting and jeering, Sir John Ayloffé, at Mistress Peyton's special command, had ordered that an additional ten strokes with the lash be dealt him with no lenient hand, and when Daniel anon stood in the pillory, bruised, sore, every limb in his body aching with the heavy blows, Sir John had caused baskets full of rotten eggs and scraps of tainted fish and meat and decayed vegetable, to be distributed among the spectators, so that the ribald youngsters might throw this evil-smelling refuse at the unfortunate man whose sole crime had been a tiny lie, spoken in order to reassure an ungrateful mistress.

Finally, Pye was dismissed from Mistress Peyton's service, despite his abject entreaties. He was kicked out of the street-door by a young lacquey whom he himself had oft flogged for impertinence, and who now had already assumed the comfortable shoes of office which Daniel had worn for so long.

To the last the mistress had persisted in her unfounded and cruel accusations. To the last she coldly asserted that Daniel had robbed her of seventy thousand pounds.

Seventy thousand pounds! By Heaven! Daniel was not aware that such a vast sum existed in the world, nor, if he had stolen it—which, of course, he had not—would he have known what to do with all that money.

No wonder, therefore, that the man felt mentally as well as bodily sore—nay! that he swore to be revenged on the cruel lady who had so wantonly wronged him. What form his revenge would take he could not at first determine, but these were days when it was not over-difficult for a man to make his petty spite be very uncomfortably felt, provided he had nothing more to lose and possessed neither conscience nor fear of ulterior punishment.

Now Daniel Pye, we know, had no overwhelming regard for truth; as to punishment . . . by the Lord! he had had all the punishment that any menial could possibly receive. He could sink no lower in the hierarchy of respectable domesticity; he had nothing more to lose, nothing more to gain. A serving-man who had been publicly flogged for theft was an outcast as far as gentlemen's houses were concerned. All the service that a branded thief might obtain in future would be in mean taverns or places of doubtful reputation, where the master could not afford to be over-particular in the choice of his henchmen.

Pye had indeed shaken a menacing fist at the house in Holborn Row. Though he had not thought out the

exact form which his revenge might take, he knew by instinct in what quarter to seek for guidance in this desire.

His steps led him almost mechanically in the direction of Whitefriars. When he himself was still a respectable lacquey, he would have scorned to set foot in this unhallowed spot, where cheats, liars, and other reprobates rubbed shoulders with the wastrels of aristocratic descent who had sought sanctuary here against their creditors.

In a corner of the narrow street, and in what had once been the refectory of white-robed monks, there now stood a tavern of evil fame—one or two low-raftered rooms, wherein light and air penetrated in such minute particles that these had not the power to drive away the heavy fumes of alcohol, of rank tobacco, of vice, and of licentiousness which filled every corner of this dark and squalid spot.

Here the informer, the perjurer, the cheat held his court unmolested: here the debtor was free from pursuit and the highway robber safe from the arm of the law.

Whitefriars was sanctuary! Oh, the mockery of the word! for it was the brawlers and the bullies, the termagants and hags that inhabited these once holy and consecrated precincts, who enforced this self-ordained law of sanctuary. Neither town-guard nor soldiery would

dare to enter the unhallowed neighbourhood save in great numerical strength, and even then the flails of the lawless fraternity, the bludgeons of the men and stew-pans and spits of the women, oft gained a victory over the musketeers.

To this spot now Daniel Pye unhesitatingly turned his footsteps. The servant kicked out of house for theft, the henchman who had been flogged and had stood in the pillory naturally drifted towards those who, like himself, were at war with law and order, who had quarrelled with justice or were nursing a grievance.

It was then late in the afternoon. Outside the beautiful May sun was trying to smile on the grimy city, on all that man had put up in order to pollute God's pure earth: the evil-smelling, narrow streets, the pavements oozing with slimy, slippery mud, the rickety, tumble-down houses covered with dirt and stains. All this the sun had kissed and touched gently with warmth and promise of spring, but into that corner of Whitefriars where Daniel Pye now stood it had not attempted to penetrate.

Overhead the protruding gables right and left of the street almost met, obscuring all save a very narrow strip of sky. Underfoot the slimy mud, fed by innumerable overflowing gutters, hardly gave a foothold to the passer-by.

But the door of the brothel stood invitingly open.

Daniel Pye walked in unchallenged; scarce a head was turned or a glance raised to appraise the new-comer. He looked sulky and unkempt, his clothes were soiled and tattered after the painful halt in the pillory; in fact, he looked what he was—a rebel against society like unto themselves.

Men sat in groups, conversing in whispers and drinking deeply out of pewter mugs. One of these groups, more compact than the others, occupied the centre of the room. In the midst of it a man with thin, long yellow hair straggling round a high forehead, his thin shanks encased in undarned worsted stockings, his stooping shoulders covered by a surcoat of sad-coloured program, seemed to hold a kind of court.

Daniel slouched toward that group. The man in the sad-coloured coat raised a pair of pale, watery eyes to him, and no doubt recognised, by that subtle instinct peculiar to the great army of blackguards, that here was a kindred spirit; he made way for the stranger, so that the latter might sit on the bench beside him.

After a very little while Pye found himself quite at home in that low-raftered room, wherein the air, surfeited with evil-smelling fumes, was less foul than the sentiments, the lies, the blasphemies that were freely emitted here.

The group of whom Mistress Peyton's ex-henchman had now become a unit, and over which presided the

lanky-haired, pale-eyed youth, consisted of men who had neither the enthusiasm of their own villainy nor the courage of their own crimes; they were the spies that worked in the dark, the informers who struck unseen. False oaths, perjured information, lying accusations were their special trade. It did not take Daniel Pye very long to learn its secrets.

The man with the yellow hair was called Oates. He had once been a priest; now he was a renegade, a sacrilegious liar, and maker of false oaths. Close to him sat another man, outwardly very different to look at, for he was stout and florid, and his eyes were bleary, but the perversion of the soul within was equal in these two men. Oates and Tongue! What a world of infamy do their very names evoke! They were the leaders of this band of false informers who lived and throve by this infamous trade. Oates soon made a fortune by those very schemes which he propounded to his henchmen on this memorable day when Daniel Pye drifted into their midst.

The East Anglian peasant, torn from his primitive home amongst the wheatfields of Norfolk, transplanted into the vitiated atmosphere of the great city, there to learn the abject lessons which the service of a capricious woman and the bribes of her courtiers do so readily teach to a grasping nature, now fell a ready slave to the insidious suggestions of these perjurers. Pye at first

had listened with half an ear. His thoughts were still centred on vengeance and on his own aches and pains, and the denunciations against Papists, which was the chief subject of discussion between Oates and his audience, seemed to him of puerile significance.

But the eye of the other—of him with the florid complexion—was constantly fixed on Daniel Pye. Gradually he drew the latter into conversation. A vague question here, a suggestion there, and the whole history of that day's bitter wrongs was soon poured into over-willing ears: the accusation of theft, the whipping-post, the pillory.

Pye felt no shame in retailing these humiliating woes to a stranger. Ever since he had been kicked out of the house by that insolent subordinate he had longed to tell the tale to someone. Truly he would have gone raving mad with compressed rage if he had had to go silently to bed. The stranger was a sympathetic listener.

"Strike me! but 'tis a damnable tale," he said—"misdeeds that cry loudly for revenge. Cannot you, friend, be even with a woman who hath treated you so ill?"

"How can I?" growled Pye moodily. "A woman? . . . She is rich too . . . and hath many friends. . . ."

"Well favoured too, mayhap?" suggested the other. "Aye! she's counted pretty. . . ."

"And her friends are mostly gentlemen, I imagine?"

"Mostly," replied Daniel impatiently, for he liked not this digression from the all-absorbing topic of his own woes.

Tongue said nothing more for the present, but anon he called for mulled ale, and made Pye draw nearer to the table and partake largely of his lavishness.

The ale had been strengthened with raw alcohol and made heady with steaming and the admixture of spices. It had special properties—as all blackguards in search of victims or confederates well knew—of loosening tongues and addling feeble minds.

Daniel Pye had had no desire to be reticent. He was over-ready to talk. But the spirituous ale, which soon got into his head, killed that instinctive native suspicion in him which in more sober moments would have caused him to look askance at the easy familiarity of his newly found friend.

—Pye was quite unaware of the fact that Tongue was really questioning him very closely, and that he himself gave ready answer to every question. Within half an hour he had told the other all that there was to know about Mistress Peyton and her household, but still Master Tongue was disappointing in his offers of advice. Daniel was under the impression that the man with the florid face would help him to be revenged on his spite-

ful mistress, and yet time went on and Daniel had told his story over and over again in every detail, and nothing had been suggested that sounded satisfactory.

He wanted to dwell on his troubles—those final ten lashes specially ordered, the rotten eggs thrown at him, one by one, by that damnable little scullion whom he himself had so often thrashed. Yet Master Tongue would no longer dwell on these interesting facts, but always dragged the conversation back to Mistress Peyton's household, or to the gentlemen who formed her court.

"Surely, friend," he said somewhat impatiently at last, "you must have known some of these gentlemen quite intimately. If, as you say, your mistress was a noted beauty, she must have had many admirers—some more favoured than others; some of these must have been Papists. The Duke of Norfolk now—did he come to see your lady?"

"No," replied Daniel Pye sulkily. "But just as that rascally scullion hit me in the eye. . . ."

"Never mind about that now," interrupted the other. "Try and tell me the names of those gentlemen who most often visited this Mistress Julia Peyton."

"There was Sir John Ayloffé. . . ."

"He is no Papist. . . . Who else? . . ."

"Sir Anthony Wykeham. . . ."

"Oh!" said Tongue eagerly, "did he come often?"

"No; only once. But, as I was telling you, there was a youngster in that crowd . . ."

But the other again broke in impatiently:

"You only saw Sir Anthony Wykeham once? When was that?"

"He came with my Lord of Stowmaries."

"My Lord Stowmaries? . . . You know my Lord Stowmaries? . . . Did he come often? . . ."

"Every day nearly. . . . Mistress Peyton is like to marry him, now that he's rid of his first wife. . . ."

To Daniel Pye's utter astonishment this simple fact—which he himself considered of very minor interest in comparison with the story of his own troubles—seemed to delight his newly found friend.

Master Tongue jumped up with every sign of eager excitement.

"You knew my Lord Stowmaries?" he reiterated insistently. "You knew him well?"

Then as Pye, somewhat bewildered, assented, he ejaculated:

"By G——d! the best man we could ever have hit upon, under the circumstances."

He now slipped his hand confidentially under Pye's arm, forcing him to rise; then he dragged him away from the group and into a distant corner of the room.

"Friend," he whispered eagerly, "let me tell you that you are in luck to-day. You want your revenge; you

shall have it, and much more yet to boot, and your spiteful mistress will yet have cause to rue the day when she turned you out of doors. Listen to me, man. . . . Are you desirous of securing a good competence as well as of being even with her who had you whipped and pilloried?"

"Aye!" replied Daniel Pye, with a fervour which was too deep for a longer flow of words.

"Then do you go out of here now and find means to kill time in some other tavern close by. But at ten of the clock this night return here. You will find me and my friend Oates, and one or two more of these gentlemen, who have a vast scheme in hand for our own good fortune, wherein we will ask you to participate. Nay, ask me no more now!" added the man with the bleary eyes; "it were too long to explain, and there are several pairs of ears present in this room at this moment which are not meant to hear all that I say. But I tell you, friend, that if you be willing my friend Oates will help you to your revenge, and, in addition, there will be at least thirty pounds in your pocket and the chance of earning more. Well, what say you?"

"That I'll come," said Daniel Pye simply.

CHAPTER XXXI.

“Love’s wings are over fleet,
And like the panther’s feet
The feet of Love.”

SWINBURNE.

WHEN Mistress Peyton had finally dismissed Daniel Pye from her service, after having seen him flogged and pilloried, she felt somewhat more at ease.

She did not see his gesture of menace, nor would it have perturbed her much if she had. Her spite against the man had been cruel and petty—she knew that well enough, yet did not strive to curb it. Daniel Pye’s howls at the whipping-post had momentarily served to alleviate the anxieties which, as day succeeded day, grew in intensity.

The recollection of what she had made the man suffer was a solace, even now when the awful truth had begun to dawn upon her that, in striving to gain too much, she had very likely lost all.

Rumour was over busy with Michael Kestyon; his popularity with the King, my Lord Shaftesbury’s interest in the long-forgotten peerage claim, Michael’s long con-

ferences with Sir William Jones, the Attorney-General, who was said to know more about peerages, genealogies, and legitimacies than did His Majesty's heralds and *poursuivants* themselves.

On Sir William's report would the King ultimately base his decision as to Michael Kestyon's claim to the title and estates of Stowmaries and Riveaulx. The matter would not be referred to the Lords' House of Parliament. It was absolutely one for the Crown to decide, nor were the noble lords like to go against the King's mandate.

Already gossips averred that Michael had paid the Attorney-General one hundred thousand pounds for the report which was ready to be submitted to the King, and which, needless to say, was entirely in favour of the claim. It was also said that my Lord Stowmaries—financially somewhat straitened for the moment, through a recent highly interesting adventure, was unable to cap his cousin's munificent gift to Sir William Jones by one more munificent still.

All these rumours were quite sufficient forsooth to cause the fair Julia many an anxious hour and many a sleepless night. Small wonder that when she thought of Daniel Pye and of that hundred thousand pounds paid to the Attorney-General—which could not have been forthcoming if the miserable reprobate had delivered his mistress's letter to M. Legros in good time—no

wonder then, I say, that her small teeth, sharp as those of a wild-cat, set against each other in an agony of impotent rage. She would have liked to have got hold of her serving-man again, to have had him flogged again and again, aye, and to have had him deprived of his right hand for his disobedience and his lies.

The "might-have-beens" were becoming positive torture to the beautiful Julia, and my Lord Stowmaries had not yet come home. He had gone to Rome for the dispensation which he told her, in an ardent and passionate missive, he had at last obtained. Julia laughed, a cruel, callous, bitter laugh, when she read that letter. Of a truth the man must be mad who could for a moment think that she would wed him in poverty and obscurity, just as readily as she would in riches.

Cousin John did his best to console her. He vowed that rumour lied, that Michael was spending his money in a vain endeavour to retain his popularity with the King, in which he was rapidly failing, and that no sensible-minded person did believe that His Majesty would uphold the preposterous claims of a sworn adventurer, wastrel, and soldier of fortune, against so elegant a gentleman as was my Lord of Stowmaries.

After one of these visits from Cousin John, Mistress Julia always felt temporarily relieved of her anxiety. She had thought it best for the moment to keep aloof from the society of London; she was nowhere to be seen in

public, not even at the playhouses where she had once been the cynosure of all eyes. She wanted to see her future fully assured before she again encountered the admiring glances of the men, or the oft ill-natured comments of the women.

When at last Lord Stowmaries, back from his journey to Rome, was once more at her feet, glowing with loving ardour, triumphant in his success, Mistress Peyton remained cold and unresponsive. He did not notice this, for he was full of projects and happy that the path which led him to her arms had at last been made quite clear.

“Madly as I longed for your sweet presence, my best beloved,” he said, whilst he covered her little hands with kisses, “I would not return until I knew that I was free—quite free to place mine all, my name, my fortune, at your feet. I journeyed to Rome, dear heart, immediately after the esclandre in Paris. I paid Michael his due, then flew to His Holiness. When I returned homewards I was eager to know how the scandal had spread. Nay! there is no fear now that the tailor will strive to interfere with me. There are various rumours current about the wench, one of them being that she will to a nunnery, the other—which gains far more credence—being that King Louis, vastly interested in her adventure, hath cast eyes of admiration on her, and that Madame de Montespan is deadly jealous. . . . Be that as it may, Monseigneur

the Archbishop of Paris is now wholly on my side. He gave me letters to His Holiness, whom I saw in Rome."

"And what said His Holiness the Pope?" queried Julia, feigning eagerness which she was far from feeling.

"He has granted me religious dispensation to contract a fresh marriage, provided the Courts of England do dissolve my present bonds, which is a foregone conclusion," said the young man triumphantly. "My man of law tells me that it will be but a matter of a few weeks, and that the case will be decided as soon as heard, provided the tailor's wench doth not defend it, which, under the circumstances, she is not like to do. I am free, dear heart, free to marry you, as soon as you will consent."

Then, as she did not reply, he added reproachfully:

"You are silent, my Julia; will you not tell me that you are glad?"

She made no effort to smile.

"Indeed, my lord, I am glad," she said calmly, "but I would not have you hasten matters too much."

"Why not? To me, every day, every hour that separates me from you, seem like weary cycles of dull and deadly years. Methinks that if you would but allow me to proclaim you to the whole world as my future countess, I could wait more patiently then."

"Not yet, my lord, not yet," she said, with a slight show of petulance.

"Why not?" he urged.

"The times are troublous for your co-religionists, my lord," she said vaguely.

"Bah! the troubles will not last, and they do not affect me."

"Are you quite sure of that, my lord? One by one the Papists in the kingdom fall under the ban of public hatred."

"We are much maligned, but the King is on our side . . ." interposed Stowmaries with an indifferent shrug of the shoulders.

"Mayhap, mayhap," she rejoined impatiently. "But, nevertheless, the Papists are in bad odour. There is talk that the Duke of York will soon be sent abroad. The outcry in London is loud against what is called a Papist intrigue to sell England to France, and to place her people under the yoke of Rome."

"What hath all that to do with our love, dear heart?"

"Everything," she said, angry with him for being so obtuse, not liking yet to show him her hand, the cruel hand which would dismiss him without compunction were his fortunes on the wane. "You forget that, by disgracing the tailor's wench, you have made Michael Kestyon, the claimant to your title, passing rich."

"Bah! he hath spent half that substance already, so 'tis said. The King soon tires of his friends, and his affections are an expensive luxury to keep."

“Rumour goes on to say that Michael Kestyon hath paid the Attorney-General one hundred thousand pounds that he may send a favourable report of his case to the King,” asserted Mistress Peyton relentlessly, almost spitefully.

Lord Stowmaries made no direct reply. Truth to tell he thought his fair Julia’s anxieties futile, but at the same time—with unvarying optimism and self-sufficiency—he had attributed these anxieties on his behalf to her great love for him. Everything so far had gone well with him. For years now, his every wish in life had been gratified; even the child-marriage, that great obstacle to the desires of his heart, had been swept away from before his path, leaving it clear and broad, to lead him straight to gratification and to happiness.

With characteristic vanity he would not see that Julia, who had been all eagerness and ardour awhile ago, had suddenly become cold and well-nigh hostile. In every word which she uttered, in every inflection of her voice—even when it became petulant and spiteful—he heard but the echo of the overmastering emotions of a tender heart, whose sole object—himself—was in imaginary peril.

He loved her all the better for her fears, though he felt none himself. He knew quite well that a wave of fanatical hatred against the Roman Catholics was passing

over Puritan England—that the nation, tired of a King's treachery, had turned in deadly bitterness against those whom it held responsible for the constitutional faithlessness of a Stuart.

But Titus Oates had not yet come forward with his lies, and Lord Stowmaries and his co-religionists were the last to foresee that the abject terror and malignant intolerance of the whole nation were already being directed against them, and that these would anon culminate in those shameful accusations, mock trials, and scandalous verdicts which have remained to this day a dark and ineradicable blot on England's integrity and on her sense of justice.

We must not suppose for a moment that Mistress Peyton foresaw the ugly black cloud which was looming on the not-very-distant horizon. Her intuition in political matters only went so far as these affected her own prospects. But no one who lived in London in this year of grace could help but see that Papists were held in abhorrence and in fear. The terms of the Treaty of Dover had, despite strenuous efforts on the part of my Lords Clifford and Arlington, become public property. England, with eyes rendered unseeing by abject fear, saw herself the minion of France, the slave of the Papacy. It only needed the tiny spark to kindle these smouldering ashes into raging flames.

Mistress Peyton—keenly alive to her own interests—

did not wish to tie her future irrevocably to a man who, within the next few months, might find himself divested of title and wealth, and, mayhap, in the dock for treason. Therefore all Stowmaries's ardent entreaties received but little response.

"There is time and to spare," was all the hope which the fair beauty chose to give to her adorer. "As you say, this wave of anti-Romanism will pass away. . . . Michael Kestyon will dissipate his newly-acquired wealth in riotous living . . . then you, my lord, will be free to think once more of marriage. . . . I' faith, the bonds are scarce broken yet . . . your nullity suit, my lord, hath not even been tried . . . the tailor may prove more obstinate than you think, and give you trouble yet. . . . On my soul, 'twill be better to wait . . . till all anxiety is removed from you . . . until Michael Kestyon is sunk back in obscurity, and the tailor's baggage hid in a nunnery. Then, my lord, you may claim my promise, . . . but not before."

My Lord of Stowmaries had perforce to be satisfied, though he chafed under this further period of incertitude. But the fair Julia would grant him no more for the present, although, after her cold declaration that she herself would not be tied by a promise, she did exact from him a holy and solemn pledge that he considered himself bound to her irrevocably and, whatever might betide, so help him God.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"They said that Love would die when Hope was gone,
And Love mourned long, and sorrowed after Hope;
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod
The same old paths where Love had walked with Hope,
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears."

TENNYSON.

M. LEGROS walked out backwards from the august presence of Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris, with head reverently bent to receive the benediction not altogether ungraciously given.

Through the close ranks of gorgeously-attired, liveried servants he passed, then across the courtyard, and through the gilded gates out into the street.

Then only would his sense of what was due to Monseigneur allow him to give vent to his feelings. He sighed and shook his head and muttered vague words of despondency.

Of a truth how different had been this interview today to that other one a brief while ago, when, with light, elastic step, good M. Legros had left Monseigneur's presence with his heart full of elation, of triumph, and of hope.

It had been November then, the kindly tailor remembered how cold had been the night, with that penetrating drizzle which sought out the very marrow of the unfortunate pedestrian who happened to be abroad. But M. Legros had not heeded the cold or the wet then, his heart had been warm with the joyful news which he was about to bring into his home. Now the warm glow of a late September sun was in the air; not far away, in the gardens of the Queen Mother's palace, the last roses of summer were throwing their dying fragrance into the air even as far as the dismal streets which Legros traversed, oh! with such a heavy heart.

Indeed, he paid no heed to the scent of the flowers, the last, tender calls of thrush and blackbird, which came from the heavy bosquets of the Luxembourg, and he almost shivered despite the warmth of this late summer's afternoon. Monseigneur had not been encouraging; and even the tailor's philosophical temperament had shown signs of inward rebellion at the cold manner in which the Archbishop had received his just plaint. Wherein had he sinned, either he or his wife? They had been deceived, nothing more. Would not anyone else have been deceived in just the same way by the soft words and grand manner of that splendid blackguard?

And Rose Marie, the innocent lamb? Was it not a

sin in itself even to suggest that she had been to blame? Yet Monseigneur would not listen, despite good M. Legros's entreaties. "You should have guarded your daughter's honour more carefully," His Greatness had said very severely.

Prayers for help had been of no avail.

"I cannot help you now," Monseigneur had reiterated with marked impatience; "the matter rests with your daughter's husband. My Lord of Stowmaries is the gravely injured husband; he may choose to forgive and forget, he may take his erring wife back to his heart and home, but I cannot interfere, the Holy Church would not enforce her decree under such circumstances. It would be cruel and unjust. If the law of England will grant the suit of nullity, the Holy Father will not—nay—he cannot, object. My Lord of Stowmaries hath the right to his freedom now an he choose."

"But my child is as pure and as innocent as the holy Virgin herself," M. Legros had protested, with all the strength of his poor, broken heart. "Will not the Church protect the innocent rather than the guilty? My Lord of Stowmaries himself was a party to the infamous trick which . . ."

"Into this discussion I cannot enter with you, sirrah!" His Greatness had interrupted with overwhelming severity. "The matter is one which doth not concern the Church. What doth concern her is that my Lord of Stowmaries,

who is a devout Catholic, hath asked for leave to appeal to the civil courts of his country for a dissolution of his marriage with a woman who no longer bears a spotless reputation. This leave, under the unfortunate circumstances and the undoubted publicity of the scandal around your daughter's fame, the Holy Father hath decided to grant. I can do nothing in the matter."

"Your Greatness, knowing the real facts of the case . . ." hazarded the timid man, rendered bold by the excess of his sorrow.

"I only know the facts of the case such as I see them," interrupted the Archbishop haughtily; "but since you are so sure of your daughter's innocence, go and persuade my Lord of Stowmaries to view it in the same light as you do. Transcendent virtue," added Monseigneur, with a scarce perceptible curl of his thin lips, "is sure to triumph over base calumny. I promise you that I will do nothing to fan the flames of my lord's wrath. My attitude will be strictly neutral. Go, seek out Lord Stowmaries. Let your daughter make a personal appeal. My blessing go with you."

M. Legros was dismissed. It had been worse than useless now to try and force a prolongation of the interview. Monseigneur's indifference might turn at any moment to active opposition. The tailor had made discreet, if lavish, offers of money, alms, or endowments—he would have given his entire fortune to see Rose Marie

righted. But either my Lord of Stowmaries had forestalled him, or the matter had become one of graver moment beyond the powers of bribery; certain it is that Monseigneur had paid no heed to vague suggestions, and had severely repressed any more decided offers.

No wonder, therefore, that despair lay like a heavy weight on the worthy tailor's heart as he made his way slowly along the muddy bank of the river, crossed the Pont Neuf, and finally turned in the direction of the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie.

Now, as then, a girlish hand opened the door for him in response to his knock; now, as then, a pair of confiding arms were thrown around his neck. But it was a sigh which escaped his throat, and to the sigh there was no response from those girlish lips turned grave in sorrow.

Maman, with unvarying optimism, insisted on hearing a full account of the interview with Monseigneur. She weighed every sentence, which was faithfully reported to her, queried indefatigably, and commented with somewhat forced cheerfulness on what she heard.

Rose Marie sat—silent and absorbed—at her father's knee. She had never harboured any hopes from this long-projected audience; the result, therefore, in no way disappointed her.

Not even maman knew what went on in the girl's thoughts, nor how complete and sudden had been the

transformation from the child into the woman. Rose Marie, when she returned home with her father on that never-to-be-forgotten night in April, had gone to bed tired and submissive. When she rose the next morning at her accustomed hour, she took up the threads of her former uneventful life just as if they had never been snapped by that strong and treacherous hand.

She studied her music, and delved deeply into her books, she read aloud to her father out of holy books, and oft sang to him whilst playing on the harpsichord. M. and Mme. Legros oft wondered exactly how much she felt, for they loved her far too dearly to be deceived by those attempts at indifference.

Something of Rose Marie's girlishness had gone from her, never again to return, something of the bird-like quality of her voice, something of the deer-like spring of her step. The blue eyes were as clear as ever, the mouth as perfectly curved, but across the brow lay—all unseen save to doting eyes—the ineradicable impress of a bitter sorrow.

But the child never spoke of those three weeks that were past, nor was Michael's name ever mentioned within the walls of the old house in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. "Milor" had come and stolen the girl's heart and happiness, wrecked the brightness of a home, and sown disgrace and shame. And yet, to all these three people who should so ardently have hated him, his

name seemed to have become, through the intensity of that grief which he had caused, almost sacred in the magnitude of his sin.

It was as when to a fanatic the name of Lucifer becomes as unspeakable as that of God.

The news that the real Lord of Stowmaries had appealed to His Holiness for leave to contract a fresh marriage had not been long in reaching the tailor's house. For the past five months now M. Legros had exhausted every means of persuasion and of bribery to obtain an audience of Monseigneur.

The Archbishop had been over busy with grave affairs of state, so the wretched man was invariably told whenever he tried—most respectfully—to press his claim for an early audience. It was only after the terrible news which came direct from Rome that at last Monseigneur consented to see the stricken father.

Now that interview was over, on which so many feeble hopes had of a truth been built. His Greatness had been haughty and severe, and the only consolation which he had deigned to offer was advice which was indeed very hard to follow.

At the first suggestion, somewhat hesitatingly put forward by papa Legros to his daughter, she rose up in revolt.

“Make appeal to my Lord Stowmaries?” she said indignantly. “Never. How could Monseigneur suggest such a course?”

Papa was silent, and even maman sighed and shook her head. Rose Marie had gone to the window, and her cheeks aflame now she was staring out into the street.

“Are we beggars,” she murmured, proudly defiant, “that we should be bidden to sue for grace?”

From where she sat, could her vision but have pierced through the forest of houses and thence through the sunlit distance, she might have beheld the forest of Cluny and that silent pool whereon the water-lilies reared their stately heads. Here she had sat, just by this same window, when, with bitter words—cruel in that irresistible appeal which they made to her heart—he had told her about that pool, the lilies stained with mud, the slimy weeds that spread and girt the graceful stems, the ineradicable smirch of contact with the infamies of this world.

Even now his captivating voice seemed to ring in her ears. The blaze of wrath fled from her cheeks, and the terrible, awful pain gripped her heart which she knew would never find solace whilst she lived.

At the other end of the room her parents were conversing on the ever-present topic.

Maman's hitherto indomitable optimism was at last giving way. She had held up bravely throughout these five weary months of waiting, hoping—almost against hope sometimes—that everything would come right in one audience with Monseigneur.

With unvarying confidence she waited for the summons for papa Legros to appear before His Greatness; once the Archbishop heard the truth he would soon put the matter to rights, and His Holiness himself would see that the child was righted in the end.

But now the long-looked-for audience had taken place, and it was no longer any use to disguise the fact that the last glimmer of hope had flickered out behind the gilded gates of Monseigneur's palace.

Maman, too, had felt indignant when first she heard the Archbishop's callous advice to papa Legros. Her mother's heart rebelled at the very thought of seeing her child a suppliant; she would not add fuel to the flames of outraged pride by showing what she thought on the matter, but when Rose Marie rose in revolt with the indignant outcry of, "Are we beggars?" she, the mother, quietly went up to her stew-pot and kept her own counsels to herself, the while she stirred the soup.

Anon, when the first wave of angry rebellion had subsided, when Rose Marie sat quiescent by the open window, maman Legros put down her wooden spoon and went up to her husband, putting her heavy, rough hand on his shoulder with a motherly gesture of supreme consolation.

"Perhaps Monseigneur is right, Armand," she said, with her own indomitable philosophy. "Why not make

appeal to Lord Stowmaries; he may not be a bad man after all?"

"You have heard what the child said, Mélanie," replied M. Legros sadly: "'Are we beggars that we should be bidden to sue?'"

A great sob rose in Rose Marie's throat. It was the sorrow, the humiliation of these two dearly loved folk that was so terrible to bear. They had been stricken in what they held most dear, in their integrity, and in their child. Self-reproach too played no small part in their grief, and they had not even a memory on which to dwell.

She—Rose Marie—had had her glorious three weeks of perfect happiness, before she had known that the man she loved was a liar and a cheat.

For the sake of those few brief days of unalloyed joy, because of the memory of that unclouded happiness, she had endured such an intensity of pain that at times she felt—nay—hoped, that death or madness would end the agony. But she had been happy. Remembrance brought an overwhelming shame—but she had been happy.

Sometimes she thought that her whole soul must have become perverted, her sense of virtue warped, for, bitter as was the pain of it all, she dwelt oft and oft in her mind on those three exquisite weeks of perfect happiness.

Her heart, starved and aching, now lived on that memory. Her ears seemed to catch again the timbre of his voice vibrating with passion; her eyes, rendered dull and heavy with all the unshed tears, seemed in closing to see him there, standing near her with his arms held ready to enfold her, and that burning ardent look in his dark eyes which had shown her visions of an earthly heaven such as she had never dreamed before.

Was it wicked to dwell on it all? Sinful, mayhap—and surely not chaste, for he had lied to her when he said . . .

And then an insidious spirit voice would interrupt this train of thought and whisper in her ear: "No, he did not lie when he said that he loved thee, Rose Marie!" and the girl—just a suffering woman now—would, in response, feel such an agonising sense of pain that she cried to God—to the Blessed suffering Lord—to take her away out of this unbearable misery.

But they—the dear old folk—had no such bitter-sweet memories on which to dwell, nothing but blank, dull sorrow, with no longer now any hope of seeing the load lifted. It would grow heavier and heavier as the years went by. Rose Marie had noticed that the streaks of grey on maman's smooth hair had become more marked of late, and papa Legros seldom rose from a chair now without leaning heavily on his stick with one hand and on the arm of the chair with the other.

Yet maman still strove to be cheerful; even now she said, with that new touch of philosophy in her which seemed to have taken the place of her former optimism:

“Ah well, Armand! if the child will not go we cannot force her, poor lamb! But 'tis not saying that we are beggars, and I cannot help thinking that Monseigneur may be right in his advice after all.”

Then as papa Legros sighed and shook his head, staring in mute depression straight out before him, Rose Marie rose from the window-seat and came close to where her parents sat. Kneeling beside the kind father whose every sigh cut into her heart, looking up at those streaks of grey in her mother's smooth hair, she said simply:

“We are beggars, father, mother dear! beggared of happiness, of joy, of pride. Father, we'll to England when you will. We'll seek out my Lord of Stowmaries and make appeal to him, that he may restore to us that which in wantonness he hath taken away.”

“The child is right, Armand,” said maman, and, like a true phoenix from out the flames, her optimism rose triumphant:

“I do verily believe,” she said cheerfully, the while she surreptitiously wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, “I do verily believe that the young man, when he sees our Rose Marie, will repent him of his folly and will be joyful to take her to his heart.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“Brute worshippers or wielders of the rod,
Most murderous even of all that call thee God!
Most treacherous even of all that called thee Lord!”

SWINBURNE.

No one—not even her parents—knew what the proposed journey cost the girl in bitter sense of shame. She had, in order to consent to this pilgrimage of humiliation, to put aside all thoughts of her own feelings in the matter. She, as a sentient, thinking, suffering woman, must for awhile cease to be; her individuality must sink into nothingness; her pride, alas! must be broken on the wheel of her filial affection, crushed out of all desire for rebellion.

If the dear folk thought that a personal appeal to Lord Stowmaries was a possible loophole out of the present abyss of sorrow and disgrace, then she—Rose Marie—would lend herself to that appeal, and that not as a martyr, a saint going to the rack, but as readily, as cheerfully as if the meeting with the man who had despised and discarded her, who had sold her to another

man, as if seeing him face to face was at least a matter of indifference to her.

Once having made up her mind to the sacrifice, Rose Marie would not allow herself to think of it. She set to her little preparations for the journey with well-feigned eagerness. Even maman was at times deceived, for the child would sing whilst she put a few stitches to the clothes which she was to take away.

Only when she was quite alone, or lying awake in the narrow little bed in the wall, would that sinful and rebellious pride rise up in arms, and Rose Marie would almost have to cling to the woodwork of her bed lest she found herself jumping up and rushing to her parents with a frantic cry of revolt: "I cannot go! I cannot do it!"

One word of protest from her even at this eleventh hour, and the journey would have been abandoned. But she made no protest, and the day for the voyage was fixed.

It was some two or three days before the projected departure that M. Legros, going down at his accustomed hour to see the last of his prentices and cutters ere they left the workshop, found that two strangers were waiting to speak with him.

One of them was not altogether a stranger, for papa Legros, looking—with the keen eyes of a successful business man—on the unkempt and slouchy figure that

stood expectantly in the doorway, soon made up his mind that he had seen the face before. A second look decided the point and brought back with a sharp pang the bitter memory of that gay wedding festivity which the advent of this same stranger, then the bearer of a fateful letter, had so rudely interrupted.

Daniel Pye and his companion, a meek-faced young man, who looked like a scholar very much out at elbows, were kept humbly standing in the doorway, the while the prentices filed out past them on the close of the working-day. We may assume that these rowdy youngsters did not make the two men's halt there any too pleasant for them. But Pye had learnt patience in the past two months—ever since he had ceased to be the dreaded major-domo in a pretty woman's household. He did not understand the gibes aimed at him by the impertinent crowd, and the pin-pricks, covert pinches, and other physical inconveniences to which he was subjected left him passably indifferent.

As for the young student who accompanied him, he certainly looked well accustomed to buffetings, from whatever quarter these might descend upon him.

The two men stood stolidly still, twirling their soft felt hats in their hands, never moving from the spot where they had been told to wait until such time as Maître Legros might condescend to speak with them. Maître Legros for the nonce was engaged in counting

out his prentices as they filed past him and then out by the door, lest one of them, bent on nocturnal mischief, remained behind in safe concealment until time was ripe for pranks. After the prentices, the cutters and fitters filed out—more soberly, for they were older men, but every man as he passed threw a curious look at the visitors, more especially at the shaggy, grimy face of Daniel Pye.

When the last of the crowd of workers had passed out into the street, papa Legros turned to his foreman cutter, who had introduced the strangers into the shop.

“What do these men want?” he asked. “Have they told you their business, Master Duval?”

“No, Monsieur,” replied the foreman; “one of them does not understand French, the other one only seems to be here as interpreter. The one with the shaggy beard is the principal; he asked for M. Legros with great insistence, and as he has been here before . . .”

“Ah!—you do recognise him, then?”

“I have seen his face before, Monsieur—I’d take my oath on that—though when that was I could not say.”

“Bien, my good Duval, I’ll speak to the stranger anon,” rejoined M. Legros. “I shall not require you any more to-day. You may go now. I’ll lock the back doors.”

Whilst Duval obeyed Legros studied the face of his visitor very attentively. He had no doubt in his mind

that this was the same man who had brought him that fateful letter on Rose Marie's wedding day, just an hour after the child had gone away with that cruel and treacherous blackguard. Undoubtedly the face was very much altered; it had been trim and clean-shaved before, now an unkempt beard hid the mouth and jaw. The eyes, too, looked more sunken, the nose and forehead more pinched, and a shifty, furtive expression replaced the former obsequious manner peculiar to the well-drilled lacquey.

Obviously this man was the principal in this new affair, and at a curt word from M. Legros he came forward into the room with a certain air of sulky defiance, the while his companion followed meekly in the rear.

Papa Legros would not have owned to it for worlds, but as a matter of fact his heart was throbbing with anxiety. Instinctively he looked on the shaggy figure of Daniel Pye as on a bird of ill-omen. It was through the agency of those same grimy hands that the first terrible blow of a crushing misfortune had fallen on the tailor and his family. What other misery would this unwelcome visitor bring in his train?

"You have business with me, my masters?" asked M. Legros at last. He settled himself down resolutely in the high-backed chair which he always used when talking to his inferiors, but he left the two men standing before him: there were no other chairs in the room.

Daniel Pye had grunted a surly assent.

"And of what nature is that business?" continued M. Legros, keeping up an air of haughty indifference.

"It is of a private nature, master," here interposed the younger of the two men. He was evidently impressed by the great tailor's august condescension, and spoke timidly, with a slight impediment in his speech.

"Then you may speak of it freely here," said M. Legros. "No one can overhear you. All my men have gone. So I pray you be brief. My time is much occupied, and I have none to waste."

The young student no doubt would have hemmed and hawed very hesitatingly for some little while to come, but Daniel Pye, moody and impatient, gave him a vigorous nudge in the ribs.

"Go it, master clerk," he said gruffly in English. "By G——d, man, I am not paying you to toady to this old fool, but to state my business clearly before him. Let me tell you that that business will be highly welcomed in this house, so there is no cause for this damnable shaking of your body, as if you were afraid."

"What does your friend say to you, sirrah?" asked the tailor peremptorily, for he did not like this conversation carried on in a language which he did not understand.

"He says, my master," replied the clerk, "that I must speak up boldly, for his business will be pleasing

to your graciousness. I am but the poor, ill-paid interpreter who . . .”

“Then I pray you interpret both boldly and briefly,” interposed M. Legros impatiently. “What is your friend’s business? Out with it, quick, before I have you both kicked out of this door.”

The clerk did not think it necessary to translate the tailor’s last words into English.

“The business concerns my lord the Earl of Stowmaries and Riveaulx,” he began.

“Then ’tis none of mine,” retorted the tailor coldly.

“Aye! but of a truth it is, good master,” rejoined the other more boldly, “and my friend here, Master Daniel Pye by name, a worthy and independent Englishman, hath journeyed all the way from London to speak with you on this business. The noble Earl of Stowmaries hath greatly wronged you, sir, and your family. You have suffered great humiliation at his hands. Your daughter, through his neglect, is neither wife nor maid . . .”

“And you, sirrah, will be neither alive nor dead, but near to both estates an you do not hold your tongue,” said M. Legros, bringing an angry fist crashing down on the arm of his chair. “Out of my house this instant! . . . How dare you speak my daughter’s name without my leave, you dirty paper-scraper, you bundle of quill-feathers, you . . .”

Good M. Legros was choking with wrath, but he did fully intend to put his threat into execution and to kick these two impertinent rascals out of his house. Ere he could recover himself, however, the clerk, forcibly egged on by Daniel Pye, had interposed quietly but firmly:

“Nevertheless, sir, it is my duty to be the mouth-piece of my friend, who hath come all this way to tell you that God Himself hath taken up your cause against the great and noble Earl of Stowmaries, whose pride will soon be laid in the dust, who will become an abject, cringing creature, dependent, mayhap, on your bounty for subsistence, dispossessed, disinherited—nay, worse—tried for treason, and hanged, sir, hanged as a traitor! Is not that a glorious revenge, sir, for the wrongs which he has done to you?”

“Nay! and by the Mass, sirrah,” said M. Legros, who had recovered sufficiently from his blind wrath to be justly indignant at this mealy-mouthed harangue, “if you do value your shoulders, and if your friend cares for his skin, you can have thirty seconds wherein to reach that door, after which the toe of my boot and the stout stick in yonder corner shall accelerate your footsteps.”

“Sir,” protested the clerk, prompted thereto by Daniel Pye, “my friend here desires to remind you that he was driven away by blows from your doors in this like

manner just five months ago. Had you given him more ready access to your august person, the letter which he bore, and which was written by my hand at a kind lady's bidding, would have been delivered into your hands one hour the earlier, and thus would have averted a misery which you yourself would now give your life's blood to undo."

The words were well chosen. The Huguenot clerk had interpreted Daniel Pye's promptings in a manner which could not fail to bear impress on Master Legros's mind. The shaft had been well aimed. It had struck a vital nerve-centre. The tailor, feeling the justice of the reproof, curbed his wrath. He was silent for a moment or two, while the two men watched and waited.

Suddenly the touch of a hand which he loved roused Master Legros from his moody incertitude, and a girl's voice said with firm decision:

"These men are right in what they say, father. There is no harm in hearing what they have to say. If they bring lying news or empty scandal, 'twill be ample time then to turn them out of doors."

"You have not heard all their impertinent, canting harangues, my jewel!"

"I heard enough to understand that these men have come here to tell you of some evil which is about to descend on my Lord of Stowmaries, my husband before God. That is so, is it not?"

And she turned great enquiring eyes on Daniel Pye and on the clerk.

"That is so, Mademoiselle."

"My mother and I heard my father's voice raised in anger against you. She bade me come down to see what was amiss. The matter which concerns my Lord of Stowmaries also concerns me, so I pray you tell my father all about it in my presence, and have no fear of his wrath, for he will listen to you for my sake."

"Then, sirrah, an my daughter desires it, I pray you tell your story," rejoined Legros; "but do so briefly. I'll patiently hear of the evil which hath befallen my Lord Stowmaries, but will not listen to any impertinent comments on his actions past or in the present."

"Tell them the whole tale just as you did write it out," whispered Daniel Pye to his interpreter. "Damn you, sir, how much longer will you be about it!"

"Then hear me, master tailor, for it began this wise," now said the clerk, with a great effort at composure. "My Lord of Stowmaries hath a kinsman, one named Michael Kestyon, whom you know, and on whose conduct I am not permitted to make comment. Michael hath for years held—on grounds which it would take too long now to explain—that he and not his cousin should own the titles and estates of Stowmaries and Riveaulx. But hitherto he hath had no money wherewith to press his claim. The law, as administered in

England, is a vastly expensive affair, my master, and Michael Kestyon was a poor man—poorer even than I; he was a wastrel, and many called him a dissolute reprobate.”

“Enough of Michael Kestyon,” interrupted Legros gruffly. “Have I not told you to be brief?”

“Michael Kestyon’s affairs form part of my tale, master. You must know that he is now passing rich. Many and varied are the rumours as to the provenance of his wealth, and many the comments as to the change in the man himself. Armed with money, Michael Kestyon hath obtained the ear and attention of the high dignitaries of the Law and the favour of the King himself. The fact hath become of public knowledge that only His Majesty’s signature to a document is needed now to instate Michael Kestyon in the title and dignities which are declared to be legally his. My Lord of Stowmaries, therefore, is, as you see, no longer secure in his position and his wealth, and though you may not permit the humble clerk to make comment on the doings of his betters, yet Master Daniel Pye hath come all the way from England to bring you this news, which must be vastly gratifying to you, whom that same Lord of Stowmaries had so wantonly injured.”

Daniel Pye and his mouthpiece both looked at the tailor with marked assurance now. Of a truth they were quite confident that the Legros, thirsting for revenge,

would receive the news with every sign of exultation. But the master-tailer was silent and moody, and it was Mademoiselle who spoke.

"And is this the news which you, sir, came all the way from England to impart to my father?" she asked, addressing Daniel Pye in his mother tongue.

"No, not altogether all, mistress," he replied; "I have better news for you yet."

"Anent my Lord Stowmaries' troubles?"

"Aye! something you will be still more glad to hear."

"What is it?"

"My Lord of Stowmaries is a Papist . . . or . . . saving your presence, he is a Catholic, and Catholics are in bad odour in England just now. . . . They are said to be conspiring to murder the King, and to place the Duke of York on the throne . . . to sell England to France, and to place the English people under the yoke of the Pope of Rome."

"Hath my Lord of Stowmaries thus conspired?" she asked coldly.

"I think so," replied Daniel Pye.

"How do you mean? . . . That you think so is no proof that he hath done it."

"I can soon bring forward the proofs," said Pye, with a knowing leer directed at her from under his shaggy brows, "if you, mistress, will help me."

Rose Marie felt a shudder, which was almost one of

loathing, creeping up her spine at sight of the expression in the man's face.

It told such an infamous tale of base thoughts and desires, of cupidity and of triumphant revenge, that her every nerve rebelled against further parleyings with such a villain.

But there was something more than mere feminine curiosity in her wish to know something definite of what was really passing in the mind of Daniel Pye. That shrewd instinct and sound commonsense which is the inalienable birthright of the French bourgeoisie told her that the man would not have undertaken the arduous and costly journey from England to France unless he had some powerful motive to prompt him thereunto or—what was more likely still—some reward to gain.

The desire to learn the truth of this motive or of this hoped-for gain remained therefore paramount in her mind, and she did her best not to give outward expression to her sense of repulsion when Daniel Pye drew nearer to her in an attempt at confidential familiarity.

He was far from guessing that his last words had done aught but please this wench and her father, both of whom had as serious a grievance against Lord Stowmaries as he himself had against Mistress Peyton.

It had not taken the dismissed serving-man very long to learn the lesson of how he could best be

revenged on his past mistress. The easiest way to hit at the ambitious lady was undoubtedly—as Master Tongue had pointed out to him—by bringing the man she desired to marry to humiliation and ruin. Michael Kestyon's successful claim to the peerage of Stowmaries had paved the way for the more complete undoing of my lord, and Daniel Pye soon knew the lesson by heart which the informers of Whitefriars had taught him.

Oates was ready with his lies; he and his confederates had soon mustered up a goodly array of names of Papist gentlemen, against whom these lies could most easily be proved. The first spark had been set to the tinder which presently would set the whole of England ablaze with the hideous flame of persecution. But to make their villainous perjuries more startling, and at the same time to obtain better pay for uttering them, they wanted to add to their list a few more high-sounding names, which would have the additional advantage of proving the far-reaching dimensions of the supposed Popish Plot. Amongst these names that of Stowmaries would be of great moment. Daniel Pye, with his intimate acquaintance with my lord, became a valuable addition to the band.

Soon he was taught to concoct a plausible story: information against Papists was being richly rewarded already by the terrorised Ministry and Parliament. But Pye, grafting his own wits on to the lesson given, be-

thought himself of the rich tailor over in Paris who surely would not only help him actively in the telling of his lies, but also pay him passing well for bringing Lord Stowmaries to humiliation and disgrace . . . if not to the gallows.

Tongue, who had remained Daniel Pye's guide and leader in all his villainies, fully approved of the plan: we may take it that he intended to levy a percentage on what the more ignorant peasant would obtain from Master Legros.

It was felt among that vile band of informers that foreign witnesses—especially those of French nationality—would be a valuable help to the success of the accusations, and to all these men of low and debased mind it seemed quite natural that the tailor, whose daughter had been the heroine of a public scandal brought about by Lord Stowmaries's repudiation of her, would, out of vengeful malice, be only too ready to swear to any falsehood against the young man.

Thus Daniel Pye went over to France, accompanied by the good wishes of an infamous crowd. The few pounds which he had saved whilst he was in Mistress Peyton's service were rapidly dwindling away. The journey to Paris had been expensive too, and he had therefore much at stake in this interview with the tailor, and watched with greedy eyes the faces both of Legros and of his daughter, now that the latter was

silent, and that the old man resolutely took no part in the conversation.

Of a truth Legros had been listening moodily to what this uncouth stranger was saying, trying to comprehend the drift of all his talk. But the worthy tailor had only a very scanty knowledge of the English tongue—only so much, in fact, as enabled him in his business to make himself understood by the cloth manufacturers and button-makers of England with whom he came in contact. Therefore he had only made vague guesses as to what Pye was saying to Rose Marie. Once or twice he tried to interpose, but every time his daughter checked him with a gesture of firm entreaty, and then a whispered “Chéri, allow me to speak with him!”

Now, after that first instinctive movement of recoil, quickly suppressed, Rose Marie, keen to know what ugly schemes were being nurtured in the man’s brain—feeling, too, that to know might mean the power to avert or to help, turned with well-assumed cordiality once more to Daniel Pye.

“Meseems, sir,” she said, “that you have more to tell me. In what way can I help to prove that my Lord of Stowmaries hath conspired against the King of England?”

“You need not do much, mistress,” rejoined Pye confidentially. “I will do most of the work for you. But I am a poor man, and . . .”

"I understand. You want some money. You wish to be paid. For what?"

That sense of repulsion almost overmastered her again. Was she not lending herself—if only with words and with seeming acquiescence—to some abominable infamy? Swiftly her thoughts flew back to the pool of Cluny, the water-lilies smirched with the slime. How true had been those words he spoke: contact with what is depraved, what is mean and base soils and humiliates ineradicably very soon.

"You have come to my father to sell him some information against Lord Stowmaries. Is that it?" she reiterated impatiently, as Daniel Pye was somewhat slow in replying.

"I can bring Lord Stowmaries to the gallows by just saying the word," replied the man. "I thought Master Legros would wish me to say the word . . . that he would help a poor man who tried to do him service."

"My Lord of Stowmaries is not at the mercy of false accusers," she said almost involuntarily.

"Papists in England do conspire," retorted Pye phlegmatically, "and I and my friends know a vast deal of their doings. . . . Hark 'ee, mistress," he added, drawing nearer to her, "and you too my master, for methinks you understand something of what I say; it is all as simple and as clear as daylight. Papists are in

very bad odour in England, and the Ministry and Parliament are all in blue terror lest the country be sold to France or to Rome. Now my friend, Titus Oates, and some other equally honourable gentlemen bethought themselves of a splendid plan whereby we can all render our own country a great service by exposing these Papist conspiracies. We are being well paid already for any information we get, and information is quite easy to obtain. Look at Master Oates! he hath invented a splendid tale whereby the Duke of York himself and certainly his secretary—one Coleman—and a number of others do find themselves in dire trouble. . . . Lord Stowmaries is a Papist too. I know him well, you know him passing well, we can readily concoct a famous story between us which will vastly please the Privy Council and Parliament. Lord Stowmaries, I feel sure, would wish to see England Catholic like himself. He wishes to see the King put away and the Duke of York reigning in his stead. Well! all that we need do, good master and mistress, is to write out a statement wherein we all swear that we overheard my Lord of Stowmaries express a desire to that effect, and the man who did you both so great a wrong—the man, master, who first married your daughter and then cast her away from him, as if she were of evil fame—will dangle on the gallows to your satisfaction and to mine.”

Daniel Pye paused, viewing his two interlocutors

with a glance of triumph. He had absolutely no doubt in his mind that the rich tailor would within the next second or two—as soon, in fact, as he had recovered from the first shock of pleasant surprise—jump up from his chair and, with the impetuous fervour peculiar to Frenchmen, throw himself on the breast of his benefactor. The transference of a bag full of gold from the pocket of the grateful and rich tailor to that of good Master Pye would then be but a matter of time.

But no such manifestations of joyful excitement occurred, and the expression of triumph in the informer's face soon gave place to one of anxiety.

M. Legros had looked up at his daughter, who stood beside him, pale and thoughtful.

“I have not understood all that this man hath said, my jewel.”

“’Tis as well, father dear,” she replied, “for methinks you would have thrashed him to within an inch of his life. Nay!” she added coldly as the Huguenot clerk, suddenly realising that matters were taking a dangerous turn all unbeknown as yet to his companion, gripped the latter's arm and began to talk to him volubly in English, “you, sir, need not warn your friend. I will tell him myself all that he need know.”

“Miserable perjurer,” she continued, now speaking directly to Pye, “go out of my father's house forthwith, ere he understands more of your villainies and breaks

his stick across your back, as he would over that of a mad and vicious cur. I have listened to your lies, your evil projects, your schemes of villainies only because I wished to know the extent of your infamy and gauge the harm which your perjuries might cause. Now, with the help of God, I can yet warn him who, though he may have injured me, is nevertheless my husband in the sight of Heaven. Your perjuries will do you no good . . . they will mayhap lead you and your friends to the gallows. . . . If there is justice in England your lies will lead you thither. . . . Now you can go, ere I myself beg my father to lay his dog-whip across your back."

Daniel Pye's surprise was quite boundless. It had never for a moment entered his head that the tailor and his family would not join readily in any project for the undoing of my Lord Stowmaries. He blamed himself for having been too precipitate; he would have liked to argue and, mayhap, to persuade, but though he did not understand the French language, he guessed by the expression in the master tailor's eyes, as his daughter now spoke with cold decision to him, that the moment was not propitious for a prolonged stay in this inhospitable house.

The look of terror on his interpreter's face also warned him that a hasty retreat would be the most prudent course; already M. Legros was gripping his stick very ominously.

But by the time the old man had struggled to his feet Daniel Pye and his companion had incontinently fled. They had reached the door, torn it open, and were out in the street even before M. Legros had time to throw his stick after them.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

“A saint whose perfect soul,
With perfect love for goal,
Faith hardly might control,
Creeds might not harden.”

SWINBURNE.

WHEN Legros was alone once more with his daughter he asked for a fuller explanation.

“I wish, my jewel, that you had not interfered,” he said reproachfully, “when first I desired to kick these rascals out of doors. My first instinct was right, you see.”

“Nay but, father dear,” she said gently, “I am glad that you yielded to me in this. If we had not listened to what these men said we should know nothing of the villainies which they are concocting, and could not warn those whom they attack.

“Methinks that were no concern of ours,” retorted her father gruffly.

“They are proposing to bring false accusations of

treason against Lord Stowmaries," urged Rose Marie almost reproachfully.

"And what is that to us, my child?"

"Lord Stowmaries is my husband, father; to-morrow we set out on a journey in order to ask him to render me justice . . . and this we do on Monseigneur's advice."

"There is no obligation on our part to undertake the journey."

"There was none yesterday, father dear, but there is to-day."

"To-day? Why?"

"Because to-day we know that Lord Stowmaries—my husband—is in danger of his life, and that we can, mayhap, give him timely warning."

"Lord Stowmaries is so little thy husband, child, that even to-day, when thou thinkest of saving him from these perjurers, he goes about carrying in the pocket of his coat the dispensation to repudiate thee, which he hath obtained from His Holiness by a misrepresentation of facts."

Even as he spoke these harsh words—and he spoke them roughly too—the good tailor took his daughter's hand tenderly in his and stroked it, as if to mitigate by this loving touch the cruelty of the words. But the child who had been once so yielding and submissive was now an obstinate woman.

"All the more reason, father dear," she said, "for proving to my Lord Stowmaries that he hath deeply wronged me, and that I am worthy to be his wife."

He was wholly unaccustomed to this new phase in his daughter's character. She had always been of a meek, gentle disposition, still a child in her expressions of loving obedience, in her tender, clinging ways. Now, suddenly, she seemed to have a will of her own. She it was who had decreed that Monseigneur's advice should be followed, she it was now who refused to give up all thoughts of the journey.

Let us confess that worthy M. Legros was now for awaiting events. If the rascals spoke true, God Himself had provided a glorious vengeance against the dastardly young reprobate who had so ill-used Rose Marie. Papa Legros, of a truth, did not see that she—the injured wife—was called upon to move a finger in the cause of a man who had paid another to dishonour her. There are times and circumstances in life when the meekest of men become as ravenous tigers. The kindly tailor had a heart of gold, a simple mind, and an adoring fondness for his child. He would never have done the meanest man any hurt. Yet, in this case, and because of the terrible wrong done to his Rose Marie, he almost gloated on the thought of the troubles which were about to descend on Stowmaries. Vaguely the hope wormed itself into his heart that my lord would cease to exist

—painlessly, if possible—still, that he would cease to be, and then Rose Marie would be free . . . a child-widow who might yet find happiness in the arms of a good man.

But not one thought of Michael in all this. Legros himself would not let his mind dwell on that reprobate whom he had loved as a son. And Rose Marie? did she, perchance, when thinking of her journey to England, feel a vague thrill of hope that she might see him there?

Who shall pry into the secret orchard, the key of which lies hid in a young girl's heart. Those who knew Rose Marie both before and after the tragic episode of the mock marriage, declared that she had a great desire to see Michael Kestyon again—

If only to tell him that she had not forgiven him . . . that she would never forgive . . . and never, never forget.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Steep and deep and sterile, under fields no plough can tame.
Dip the cliffs full-fledged with poppies red as love or shame."

SWINBURNE.

AND it was in consequence of Monseigneur the Archbishop's advice, and of maman's desire that this advice be acted upon, that anon we see Master Legros, tailor-in-chief to His Majesty the King of France, journeying with his daughter to England.

But this was chiefly too because of what Daniel Pye, the informer, had gone over to Paris to say. Nothing would take it out of Rose Marie's head that it was her duty now, if ever, to be loyal to the man who was still her husband in the sight of God. He could repudiate her—if His Holiness gave him leave—but two great wrongs could never make one simple right.

She, Rose Marie, had no dispensation to break the marriage vows of eighteen years ago. She had done no wrong to justify a dissolution of that marriage. Her husband was her husband; he was in danger of losing his honour and his life. She could, at least, give him timely warning.

If she failed in this her duty, then, indeed, would she deserve the scorn of the world, the repudiation, and the disgrace which pertains to the unfaithful wife.

On a beautiful, sunny day early in October, Master Legros and his daughter first caught sight of the white cliffs of England gleaming beneath the kiss of the radiant sun. Rose Marie had sat silently, meditatively, in the prow of the boat; she had gazed during the past few hours into that distant horizon whereon trembled a heat-laden mist. The titanic band of gilded atoms had long hidden from her view the shores of that mysterious country wherein he dwelt.

England, to her, meant the land where Michael Kestyon lived, and with aching eyes and throbbing heart

she watched and watched, waiting for that first view when the mist would part and reveal to her the soil on which his foot was wont to tread. How starved was her heart that even that thought was a solace; the sensation of putting her foot down on the selfsame land whereon he dwelt was almost a consolation.

She gazed at the white cliffs like one an-hungered, and as the slowly-moving boat drew nearer to this new land of promise, the sun, slowly setting in the west, changed with a touch of the fairy wand the white cliffs into gold.

She thought England beautiful, both in the long twilight when mysterious veils of grey and mauve soften the outlines of the distant landscape, and in the glory of noon, when tiny clouds chase one another across a sky of tender, sapphire blue. She loved the early morning when every blade of grass on the crest of the cliffs at Dover was adorned by a tiny brilliant diamond, and she loved the midday sun which had drawn the breath of the dew until its soul had passed into delicate, golden vapours.

She loved the quaintly-arrayed army of fruit-trees in the orchards, the tender green of the lawns, the ruddy tints of early autumn which clothed the hillside with a brilliant mantle of gold. No! she could not believe that in this land of beauty, of peace, and of plenty, all men

were born traitors, all men were liars, and thieves of honour.

Some subtle change came over them no doubt, and their bravery, their loyalty passed away from them, revealing the devil which had taken possession of their soul. She would persist in thinking that Michael whom she had loved was a different man to the one who stood before her, accused and self-convicted—more shamed than she whom he had wronged.

Thus her thoughts kept her body alert, and she scarcely felt the fatigue of that long lumbering drive on the stage-coach between Dover and London. There was so much to see, and so much to think on and to plan. The very next day her father should seek out my Lord of Stowmaries and tell him all that was brewing against him. It was surely more than likely that my lord would be grateful, and, in his gratitude, strive to undo the mischief which his own wantonness had created.

What this would mean to Rose Marie she had not even dared to ask herself. A strong sense of right and of justice and an overwhelming love for her parents had prompted her to offer herself a willing sacrifice for their happiness. Her own poor heart was already so bruised, so battered, almost broken in its agony of sorrow, what mattered a little more humiliation, a few more tears, another pang?

Rose Marie sighed with regret when, in the gloaming,

the stage-coach finally left behind it the orchards and green pastures of Kent and rattled over the cobblestones of the big city. At seven o'clock, with much rattle of chains and billets, many shouts from driver and ostler, and much champing of bits, the big vehicle swung through the gates of the yard at Savage's "Bell Inn" near Lud Gate. Here the tailor and his daughter meant to put up, the hostelry having been warmly recommended to him by several business friends who travelled to and fro from London to Paris.

As Rose Marie climbed down from the top of the coach, it seemed to her that, despite the fast gathering gloom within the enclosed yard, she could recognise the face of Master Daniel Pye among the crowd who were assembled to witness the arrival of the coach.

The face disappeared in the crowd almost as soon as she had recognised it, but the brief vision left her with a great sense of satisfaction that obviously the journey had not been undertaken in vain. The man had taken the trouble to watch and to wait, obviously fearing that his nefarious plans might be frustrated by those whom he had hoped to enlist on his side.

Neither Rose Marie nor good M. Legros slept much that night; the fatigue of the journey, the sound of many voices jabbering in a tongue unfamiliar to their ear, chased sleep resolutely away. Only toward early morning

did father and daughter, each in their respective very uncomfortable beds, fall into troubled slumber.

Master Legros dreamt of the morrow's meeting with his lordly son-in-law, and Rose Marie fell asleep wondering in what quarter of the great city dwelt the man whose very image she would wish to blot out of her memory.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other, break some gallows' back."

II. Henry IV., iv. 3.

MASTER DANIEL PYE had certainly thought it wiser—after that precipitate exit from the master tailor's house—to watch and to await events. He had been wholly taken by surprise at M. Legros's reception of his news, and staggered at the thought that where he had sought a patron or at least an ally he had found an active enemy.

He soon learned that preparations were being actively pushed forward in the house of the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie for the journey of the master and his daughter to England. Pye and his interpreter, therefore, well disguised and travelling as the poorest of men in the wake of their betters, reached Dover by the same packet-boat that had brought the Legros' hither. While the latter took rest at a small hostelry in the town, awaiting

the day when a stage-coach would take them to London, Pye made his way straight to the great city, using what humble conveyance he contrived to hire for some portions of the road.

The yard of Savage's "Bell Inn" near Lud Gate was the halting-place of the stage-coach from Dover, and thither Pye repaired on those afternoons—three days in the week—when a complement of voyagers from France was expected. It was quite simple, and within forty-eight hours Pye found his patience rewarded and his worst fears justified. The good tailor had obviously come to London in order to warn Lord Stowmaries of the mischief that was brewing against him.

Fortunately, Pye had his false information against my lord ready, even before he had set out for Paris. His friend, the Huguenot clerk, had writ out the deposition in a good round hand, and Daniel Pye had sworn to it before a commissioner. All he had to do now was to lodge it with Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who had already received the sworn depositions of Titus Oates and of Tongue.

Lord Stowmaries's name also figured on the Oates indictment as one of those who were said to have been present at the famous 'consult' whereat the Duke of York was offered the crown of England by the Catholic peers of this realm at the express desire of the Pope of Rome.

Daniel Pye had incontinently sworn to everything that had been asked of him. He pretended a close intimacy with my Lord of Stowmaries, and was prepared to take all the solemn oaths that were required, to the effect that he had overheard my lord express loudly every kind of treasonable wish—notably, that of seeing the King duly poisoned by his physician.

But for all these false accusations Pye presently discovered that he could only get about twenty pounds as a reward, and that only if the indictment was proved on evidence. The commissioners had already told him that in order to bring his accusations home it were better that another witness came forward to swear to the same story. This is where the help of the French tailor or of the wench would have been so useful for—as luck and his own eagerness would have it—Pye had declared, in his original affidavit, that he had overheard my Lord Stowmaries's treasonable conversations at a hostelry in Paris.

Pye had thought thereby to give more verisimilitude to his story, and even Master Tongue had approved of this plan, when he heard the man declaring emphatically that the tailor's daughter would only be too ready to swear away the life of the man whom she must hate with all the bitter sense of an overwhelming wrong.

Thus, therefore, did the accusation stand: Master Daniel Pye had sworn that when he was at the hostelry

of the "Rat Mort" in Paris on 19th April of this same year of grace, he had overheard my Lord of Stowmaries talking with one of the ministers of the King of France of the terms of a treaty whereby the Papist peers of England would acclaim the Duke of York as King of England and vassal of the Pope, and receive a subsidy of five million livres from King Louis for their pains.

It was, indeed, a splendid story. No wonder that Master Pye was over-pleased with it; he had added the final touch of apparent truth to it by stating that M. Legros—a French subject—and his daughter—the reputed and repudiated wife of the accused—were also present at the "Rat Mort" on that occasion, and had also overheard this conversation, and would testify as to the verity thereof.

Imagine the disappointment, the vexation, nay, the grave fears now engendered in Master Pye's mind at thought that the tailor and his wench meant to frustrate his scheme completely, and not only to throw discredit on the elaborate accusation, but even, mayhap, to prejudice the payment of that meagre reward of twenty pounds.

When Master Legros, accompanied by his daughter, arrived at the "Bell Inn," Daniel Pye was at first seized with a mad desire to try and influence them yet once again in his own favour. Remember that Pye was little more than an uncouth peasant, with just as much know-

lege of other people's nature as he had gleaned through daily contact with his own underlings.

He could not get it into his head that the Legros' really meant to forego the happy sensation of a complete revenge, and half-thought that, mayhap, they had misunderstood the whole scheme during that stormy interview in the back shop. Then there was so much talk of stick and of dog-whip, and not nearly enough of just reward for a great service rendered.

At the last moment, however, when Legros had alighted from the coach and had somewhat impatiently ordered beds and board, Daniel's Pye's heart misgave him, and he felt afraid to encounter the irascible little tailor's wrath.

Once more he sought out his friend, the needy and out-at-elbows Huguenot clerk, and offered him a shilling to go the next morning to the "Bell Inn" and to watch the Legros's movements. Quite a goodly amount of Master Pye's savings were now dwindling away in this direction.

"Do you try and get speech with the tailor," he said to the young scribe, "and try by your great skill to make him believe that you would wish to serve him, seeing that you have quarrelled with me and are now penniless. These people must, of a truth, be friendless and lonely in London—who knows but that they may take you as their guide, in which case all you need do is to

try and prevent, by every means in your power, that they have speech with Lord Stowmaries for the next few days. Once my lord is duly arrested on our information, strangers will, of course, have no access to him; the trials, we know, are to be hurried through very quickly, and there would then be no fear of our losing our just rewards."

Well schooled in the part which he had to play, the Huguenot clerk duly installed himself just outside the gates of the yard of the "Bell Inn," on the following morning, and by ten o'clock he had the satisfaction of seeing Master Legros, obviously bent on obtaining information and, wandering for that purpose somewhat disconsolately about the yard, seeing that no one there was able to converse with him in his own tongue.

This was the clerk's opportunity. He slipped through the gate, and, doffing his soft cap, humbly accosted the foreign gentleman.

"Can I be of service, master?" he said in French. "I am an interpreter by trade."

"And, if I mistake not," replied the tailor suspiciously, "you are one of the two damned blackguards who came to my house in Paris with some lying tale of Papist conspiracy against my Lord Stowmaries, some few days ago."

"Hush, hush, good master, I entreat you," quoth the clerk with well-feigned alarm, and throwing quick, furtive

glances around him; "the subject is not one which must be discussed aloud just now."

"And why, sirrah, must it not be discussed aloud?"

"Because, to call yourself a Papist just now, my master, is synonymous to proclaiming yourself a traitor. Your very life would not be safe in this yard. A reign of terror hath set in in England. The peaceful citizens themselves go about the streets carrying flails hidden in the pocket of their breeches, to defend themselves against the Jesuits. Nay, master, an your business is not urgent, I entreat you to return to France ere you or your daughter come to any harm."

"My business with my Lord Stowmaries is urgent," said Legros, with characteristic hot-headed impulsiveness; "an you'll direct me to his house, there'll be a shilling or mayhap two for you."

"In the name of Heaven, good master," ejaculated the clerk in an agonised whisper, "do not speak that name aloud. My lord is in very bad odour. His arrest is imminent, and all his friends are like to fare as badly as himself."

"All the more reason why I should speak with him at once. So now, sirrah! wilt earn that shilling and direct me to his house, or wilt thou not?"

"Alas, kind sir, I am a poor man, a starving man, since that traitor Daniel Pye hath turned against me, seeing that I would not aid him in his conspiracies.

And I'll gladly earn a shilling, kind sir, and direct you to the house of my Lord Stowmaries an you will deign to place yourself under my protection."

Truly, Master Legros had no cause not to accept the clerk's offer. However villainous the man's conduct might or might not be, there could be no harm in accepting his escort in broad daylight as far as the house of my Lord of Stowmaries.

Legros was a complete stranger in the English city, which he thought overwhelmingly vast and terribly dirty. He had heard many tales of the plague in London, and though this had occurred thirteen years ago, he still thought the place infected, and mistrusted the hackney-coaches and carrying-chairs which were plying the streets for hire.

After hurried consultation with his daughter, he decided that no harm could come of being escorted by the clerk through the streets of London. The latter spoke French and would be vastly useful, and he could easily be dismissed, once my Lord Stowmaries's house had been reached.

Good M. Legros was suffering from an unusually severe attack of chronic fussiness. He could not have sat still another hour, and was for starting immediately for my lord's house. Rose Marie had no reason for wishing to put off that interview—the thought of which she abhorred more and more strongly as the time for its occurrence drew nigh.

She was conscious of a desire to get it over, to put finality between the inevitable and her own ever-rebellious hopes. For her parents' sake she wanted to see Lord Stowmaries grateful and yielding; for her own, she almost wished that he remained obdurate. She would gladly have purchased her freedom at the price of more bitter humiliation than she had yet endured, but she had set herself the task of purchasing the content and happiness of those she cared for at the price of her freedom and the most bitter of all humiliation.

These contradictory thoughts and wishes fretted her, and rendered her nervous and agitated. But at her father's bidding she was ready to make a start.

When Legros once more came down into the courtyard, dressed for the momentous visit, and with his daughter on his arm, the Huguenot clerk was nowhere to be seen. He soon re-appeared however, almost breathless from fast running, but seemingly ready to accompany the distinguished foreign visitors whithersoever they wished to go.

He had just had time in the interim to consult with Master Daniel Pye as to what had best be done.

"If I do not take that accursed tailor over to my Lord Stowmaries someone else will, for sure," he said disconsolately.

"Let me think for a moment," quoth Pye, with an anxious frown on his lowering brow. "I understand

that the arrest of my lord is imminent. . . . If only we can put off this meddlesome Frenchman for to-day I do verily believe that all will be well. For the nonce, you had best tell him that my Lord Stowmaries is from home, but is expected daily, hourly, to return. Thus we might gain twenty-four hours, for you could tell the same tale again in the afternoon . . . after that your wits should give you counsel. Am I not paying you that they should be of service to me?"

Thus it was that, when the clerk arrived breathless in the yard of the "Bell Inn," where Master Legros was impatiently awaiting him, he excused himself for his absence on the grounds that he had—surely with commendable forethought—taken the precaution to make enquiries as to whether my Lord of Stowmaries was at home.

"My lord's house is some distance from here," he explained, "and I thought to save you and the fair mistress a fruitless walk through the city."

"Then 'twas mightily officious of you, sirrah," quoth the irascible tailor, "to meddle with what doth not concern you."

"Zeal in your service prompted me, good master, and as my Lord of Stowmaries is from home, I have had the honour of saving you much fatigue."

"My lord is from home, did you say?" queried Legros, in a tone of obvious disappointment.

"Aye, good master! but his servants expect to see him back to-morrow."

"We will find out for ourselves, father dear, when my lord is expected home," here interposed Rose Marie, with her usual quiet air of decision. "No doubt there are others in London besides this same officious clerk who will guide us to his house."

We may imagine that at this point the pious young Huguenot formulated an inward but very emphatic "Damn!" cursing the interference of young damsels and their impatient ways.

Not having his principal to consult with, he was momentarily thrown on his own resources of wit and of readiness. This was certainly an occasion when the devil should aid those who serve him well. The clerk had only a very slight moment of hesitation, then a brilliant idea seemed to strike him, for his wizened face brightened up visibly.

"Fair mistress," he said, in tones of respectful reproach, "far be it from me to shirk my duty toward you. An you'll permit me I'll escort you to the house of my Lord of Stowmaries forthwith."

"Then why so much talking, sirrah," rejoined papa Legros. "March! and briskly too. I have a convenient stick which oft works wonders in making laggards walk briskly. Go ahead! my daughter and I will follow."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"I will hold your hand but as long as all may,
Or so very little longer."

BROWNING.

AFTER half an hour's continuous walking—for the roads out of London were over bad after the heavy rains during the past week—the Huguenot clerk, closely followed by Master Legros who had his daughter on his arm, turned into the new parish of Soho, where a number of fine houses had been recently erected, and a few more were even now in process of construction.

The clerk had at first seemed desirous of imparting various scraps of topographical information to his compatriots, but to his interesting conversation the tailor only responded in curt monosyllables; he still harboured a vague mistrust against his guide. The latter part of the walk through the ill-paved, muddy, and evil-smelling streets of London was therefore accomplished in silence. Rose Marie's nerves were tingling with excitement, and she shivered beneath her cloak and hood despite the warmth of this fine afternoon.

Soon the little party came to a halt before a newly-

built house fashioned of red brick, with a fine portico of stone richly carved, and tall arched windows set in flush with the outside walls and painted in creamy white.

"Here lives my Lord of Stowmaries," said the clerk, as, without waiting for further permission, he plied the brass knocker vigorously; "Shall I ask if he hath come home?"

The tailor nodded in assent. He, too, was now getting too excited to speak. The next moment a serving-man, dressed in clothes of sober grey, opened the front-door, and to the clerk's query whether my lord was at home, he replied in the affirmative.

Master Legros and Rose Marie were far too troubled in their minds to notice the furnishings and appointments of the house. Rose Marie threw the hood back from her face, and asked whether they could speak with my lord forthwith.

"Will you tell him, I pray you," she added, "that M. Legros from Paris desires speech with him?"

Legros dismissed the clerk—who was eager enough to get away—by bestowing a shilling upon him, and after that he and his daughter followed the serving-man through the hall into a small withdrawing-room where they were bidden to wait.

A few moments of suspense—terrible alike to the girl and to the father—then a firm tread on the flagged

floor outside, a step that to Rose Marie's supersensitive ear sounded strangely, almost weirdly, familiar.

The next moment Michael Kestyon had entered the room.

"You have come to speak with me, good M. Legros . . ." he said, even as he entered. Then he caught sight of Rose Marie and the words died on his lips.

They looked at one another—these two who once had been all in all one to the other—parted now by the shadow of that unforgettable wrong.

Instinctively—with eye fixed to eye—each asked the other the mute question: "Didst suffer as I did?" and in the heart of each—of the defiant adventurer and the unsophisticated girl—there rose the wild, mad thrill, the triumphant, exulting Hosanna, at sight of the lines of sorrow, so unmistakable, so eloquent, on the face so dearly loved.

Rose Marie saw at once how much Michael had altered—the tender, motherly instinct inseparable from perfect womanhood told her even more than that which the sunken eyes and the drawn look in the face so pathetically expressed.

Yet outwardly he had changed but little; the step—as he rapidly crossed the room—had been as firm, as elastic, as of old; he still carried his head high, and his manner—as of yore—was easy and gracious. When he had first entered there was even an eager, joyful ex-

pression in his face. He did not know, you see, that M. Legros's visit to him was the result of a mistake, the freak of a mischievous clerk. He really thought that the good tailor had come here to see him, Michael, and the news had brought almost joy to his heart and had accelerated his footsteps as he flew down to greet his visitor.

No, the change was in none of these outward signs; it was the spirit in him which had changed. The dark eyes, once so full of tenderness, had a cold, steely look in them now, which was apparent even through the first pleasurable greeting. The mouth too looked set in its lines, the lips, which ere this were ever wont to smile, were now tightly pressed, as if for ever controlling a sigh, or trying to suppress a cry of pain.

Michael—with the eyes of a man hungering for love—gazed on his snow-drop and saw the change which the past dark months had wrought on the former serenity of her face. And if he had suffered during that time the exquisite pangs of mad and hopeless longing, how much more acute did that pain seem now that he saw her looking pale and fragile, almost frightened too in his presence, and cold, as she had been ere that mad glad moment when he had held her—a living, loving woman—in his arms, with the hot blood rushing to her cheeks at his whispered words of passion, and the light of love kindled in her eyes.

Can brain of man or of torturing devils conceive aught so cruel as this living, breathing embodiment of the might-have-been? this tearing of every heart-string in the maddening desire for one more embrace, one last lingering kiss, one touch only of hand against hand, one final breath of life, after which death and peace?

As in a dream good Master Legros's diffident voice struck on Michael's ear:

"It was with my Lord of Stowmaries that we wished to speak!"

And directly after that Rose Marie's trembling tones, half choked with sobs resolutely suppressed:

"Let us go, father . . . we . . . we must not stay here . . . let us go. . . ."

She had drawn close to her father, and was twining her hands round his arm, trying to drag him away.

The sad pathos of this appeal—this clinging to another as if for protection and help, whilst he—Michael—stood by—nothing to her! less than nothing! a thing to fear, to hate mayhap, certainly to despise—struck him as with a whip-lash across his aching breast. But it woke him from his dream. It brought him back to earth, with senses bruised and temples throbbing, his pride of manhood brought down to the dust of a childish desire to keep her here in his presence, if only for a moment, a second, to hear her speak, to look on her, to endure her scorn if need be, only to have her there.

Therefore he turned to papa Legros, and almost humbly said:

"Will you at least tell me, good master, if I cannot serve you in any way?"

"No, sir, you cannot," replied papa Legros gruffly. "I would have you believe and know that we came here under a misapprehension. A miscreant interpreter brought us hither, though he was bidden to take us to the house of Lord Stowmaries. We did not know that this was your house, sir, or, believe me, we had never entered it."

"This is not my house," rejoined Michael gravely. "It is that of my mother, who hath left her Kentish village in order to dwell with me. For the rest, the misapprehension is most easy of explanation, nor is your interpreter so very much to blame."

He paused for the space of a second or two, then fixing steady eyes on the face of Rose Marie and throwing his head back with an air that was almost defiant in his pride, he said:

"You asked to speak with my Lord of Stowmaries . . . 'tis I who am the Lord of Stowmaries now."

Then, as Legros, somewhat bewildered, stared at him in blank surprise, he added more quietly:

"You did not know this, mayhap?"

"No . . . no . . . my lord," stammered the tailor,

who of a truth felt strangely perturbed; "we . . . that is, I and my daughter did not know that . . ."

"His Majesty gave his decision late last night . . ."

There was a moment's silence in the room. It seemed as if Michael was anticipating something, waiting for a word from Rose Marie. His very attitude was an expectant one: he was leaning forward, and his eyes had sought her lips, as if trying to guess what they would utter.

"Then the title which you borrowed from your cousin awhile ago, and to some purpose, you have now succeeded in filching from him altogether?" said the girl coldly.

An she had the desire to hurt him, she certainly did succeed. Michael did not move, but his cheeks, already pale, turned to ashy grey, the eyes sank still deeper within their sockets, and in a moment the face looked worn and haggard as that of a man with one foot in the grave.

Then he said slowly:

"Your pardon, mistress! I have filched naught which was not already mine, mine and my father's before me. That which I took was my right: it is also my mother's, who for years had been left to starve, whilst another filched from her that which was hers. For her sake did I claim that which was mine, because during all those years of starvation, misery, and degradation—her misery

and mine own degradation—she kept up her faith in me. And also for mine own sake did I claim my right, and in order to mend a wrong, which, it seems, I had committed. Good Master Legros," he added, turning to the vastly bewildered tailor, "as Lord of Stowmaries I entered your house, and methinks your heart; of this I am not ashamed. The wrong that I did you is past, the righting thereof will last my lifetime and yours. I was Lord Stowmaries then, by the word of God—I am that now, by the word of the King and Parliament. That which seemed a lie I have proved to be true. Will you give me back your daughter, whom the caprice of a wanton reprobate would have cast from him, and whom I have justly won, by my deeds, by my will, by my crime, if you call it so, but whom I have won rightfully, and whom I would wish to render happy, even at the cost of my life."

Gradually, as he spoke, the tone of defiance died out of his voice, and only pride remained expressed therein—pride and an infinity of tenderness. There was no attempt at mitigating the fault that was past, no desire to excuse or to palliate. The man and his sin were inseparable: obviously, had the sin to be again committed, Michael would have committed it again, with the same determination and the same defiance.

"I am a man, and what I do, I do. I won you by a trick, I fought for your love and won it; mine enemy

put a weapon in my hand—with it I conquered him, I conquered Fate and you. Had I been ashamed of the act, I had never committed it. I looked sin squarely in the face and took it by its grim hand, and allowed it to lead me to your feet. To you I never lied—you I do not cheat.”

These thoughts and more were fully expressed in his eyes as they rested on Rose Marie, and so subtle is the wave of sympathy that she understood every word which he did not utter, she understood them, even though she steeled her heart against the insidious whisperings of a drowsy conscience.

We may well imagine that, on the other hand, good M. Legros, though he did not altogether grasp the proud sophistries of such a splendid blackguard, nevertheless quickly ranged himself against the whole array of all the grim virtues. Would you blame him very much if you knew that within the innermost recesses of his kindly and simple heart he no longer greatly desired to speak with the man whom he had come all the way from Paris to supplicate and to warn?

Was it very wrong, think you? very self-interested on the part of this amiable little tailor, to be now cursing those very necessities engendered by an ultra-sensitive sense of loyalty which imposed on him the task of cleaving to that man who was now dispossessed, beg-

gared—a most undesirable husband for his beautiful daughter?

Truly the situation, from the point of view of conscience and of decency, was a very difficult one: is it a wonder that the doting father was quite unable to grapple with it?

Here was a man who was a terrible scoundrel, yet a mightily pleasing one for all that. He was now rich, of high consideration and power; he professed and undoubtedly felt a great and genuine love for Rose Marie. On the other hand, the other . . . his daughter's rightful lord . . . only too ready, nay! anxious to repudiate her . . . who, truly, was a far greater blackguard and not nearly such an attractive one . . . he was now poor and insignificant . . . always providing that Michael Kestyon's story was true and . . . and . . .

Good M. Legros's conscience was having such a tough fight inside him that he had to take out his vast coloured handkerchief and to mop his forehead well, for he was literally in a sweat of intense perturbation. He would not meet Michael's enquiring eyes, lest the latter should read in his own the ready assent which they proclaimed. The worst of the situation was that good M. Legros was bound to leave the ultimate decision to his daughter, and, alas! he knew quite well what that decision would be. And, God help them all! but he was bound to admit that that decision was the

only right one, in the sight of the Lord and of all His self-denying and uncomfortably rigid saints.

Even now Rose Marie's clear voice, which had lost all its childlike ring of old and all its light tones of joy, broke in on her father's meditation.

"Sir, or my lord," she said coldly, "for of a truth I know not which you are, meseems you do a cowardly thing by appealing to my father. He would only have my earthly welfare in view, and even in this he might be mistaken if he thought that my earthly welfare could lie there, where there is disloyalty and shameless betrayal. For all your pride, good sir, and for all your defiance, you cannot e'en persuade yourself that what you do is right. As for me, I am a wife—not yours, my lord—despite the trick wherewith you drew from me an oath at the altar. I swore no love, no allegiance to any man save to him whom you have now wholly despoiled and beggared. . . . Nay," she added, with a look of pride at least as great as his own, "I need no reminder, sir, that I stand here, a cast-out wife, repudiated for no fault of mine own, but through an infamy in which *you* bore the leading hand. But, nevertheless, I am a wife, and as such God hath enjoined me to cleave to my husband. Since you have beggared him, I, thank God, can still enrich him. Never have I blest my father's wealth so sincerely as now, when it can go to proving to a scoffer that there is truth and

loyalty in women, even when sordid self-interest fights against truth and justice. And if all the world, his king and country, turned against my lord, I, his wife, good sir, his wife in the sight of God, despite dispensations, despite courts of law and decrees of popes or kings, I, his wife for all that, would still be ready to serve him."

Gradually her voice, as she spoke, had become more steady and also less trenchant—there was a quiver of passion in it, the passion of self-sacrifice. And he, poor man, mistook that warm, vibrating ring in the sweet, tender voice for the expression of true love felt for another.

"I did not know that you loved him, Rose Marie!" he said simply.

She bent her head in order to hide the blush which rose to her cheeks at his words. Was she thankful that he had misunderstood? Perhaps! for of a truth it would make the battle less hard to fight, and would guard against defeat. But, nevertheless, two heavy tears rose to her eyes, and strive as she might she could not prevent their falling down onto her hands, which were clasped before her.

He saw the tears, and heard her murmur:

"He who was my Lord of Stowmaries is a beggar now."

"No, not a beggar," he rejoined quietly, "for he is rich beyond the dreams of men."

“Good sir . . . or . . . or my lord,” here interposed papa Legros, who was still in a grave state of mental perturbation, “you see that the decision doth not rest with me. . . . Heaven help me! but with all your faults I would . . . somehow . . . somehow have entrusted my child in your keeping with an easy heart.”

“And may God bless you for these words, good master,” said Michael fervently.

“But you see, kind sir . . . I mean my lord . . . that this cannot be. My Lord of Stowmaries . . . if so be that he is that no longer . . . yet as Lord of Stowmaries he did wed my daughter. She feels—and rightly too, no doubt—that she owes fealty to him. God knows but ’tis all very puzzling, and I never was a casuist, but she says this is right and no doubt it is. It had all been much easier but for this additional grave trouble which threatens my lord.”

“What additional grave trouble? I know of none such,” queried Michael.

“A scoundrel—liar and perjurer—hath laid information against my lord that he did conspire against the King of England.”

“Impossible!”

“Aye, ’tis true, good my lord. The damned ruffian came to Paris to inform me of all the lies which he meant to tell against Lord Stowmaries, hoping that I would be pleased thereat and would reward him for his

perjuries. I kicked him out of my house, and my daughter and I came to warn my lord of the mischief that was brewing against him."

A frown of deep perplexity darkened Michael's brow.

"Good master tailor, I pray you leave me to see my cousin forthwith. The trouble, alas! if your information be correct, is graver than even you have any idea of. England is mad just now! Terror hath chased away all her reason, and, God help her! all her sense of justice. It may be that I shall have to arrange that my cousin leave the country as soon as may be. An you return to France soon he could travel in your company."

"I would wish to see my lord myself," said Rose Marie.

"Because you do not trust me?" he asked.

She would not reply to his look of reproach. How strange it is when a wave of cruelty sweeps over a woman who otherwise is tender and kind and gentle. Rose Marie felt herself quite unable to stifle this longing to wound and to hurt, even though her heart ached at sight of the hopeless misery which was expressed in Michael's every movement, in the tonelessness of his voice, and the drawn look in his face. Who shall probe the secrets of a woman's heart—of a woman who has been cheated of a great love even at its birth—of a woman who thought that she had reached the utmost

pinnacle of happiness, only to find herself hurled from those giddy heights down, down to an abyss of loneliness, of lovelessness, and of bitter, undying memories?

"The child is unstrung, good my lord," here interposed papa Legros gently. "I pray you do not think that we do not trust in you. It were better mayhap that you did see Lord Stowmaries . . . er . . . your cousin . . . alas! I know not how to call him now . . . and we'll to him this afternoon. He can then best tell us what he desires to do."

"Come, Rose Marie, we had best go now," he added, with a pathetic sigh, which expressed all the disappointment of his kindly heart.

He picked up his soft felt hat and with gentle, trembling movement twirled it round and round in his hand. Rose Marie drew the hood over her hair and prepared to follow him.

It was all over, then?—The seconds had flown. She had come and would now go again, leaving him mayhap a shade more desolate even than before.

It was all over! and the darkness of the past five months would descend on him once more, only that the darkness would be more dense, more unbearable, because of this one ray of light—caused by her presence here for these few brief moments.

Of a truth he had not known until now quite how much he had hoped, during these past months whilst he

fought his battle with grim and steady vigour, winning step by step until that last final decision of the King, which gave him all that he wanted, all that he desired to offer her.

Now she was going out of his life—for the second time—and it seemed more irrevocable than that other parting at Saint-Denis. She was going, and there would not remain one single tiny spark of hope to light the darkness of his despair.

Nothing would remain—only memory—memory on which the tears of love would henceforth for ever be fed. Her words might ring in his ears, her image dwell in his mind, but his heart would go on starving, starving, athirst for just one tiny remembrance on which to dwell, until mercifully it would break at last.

“May I not kiss your finger-tips once more, Rose Marie?” he pleaded.

The words had escaped his lips almost involuntarily—the longing for the tiny remembrance had been too strong to be stilled.

A kiss on her finger-tips! one crumb of bread to a man dying of hunger! the sponge steeped in water to slake a raging thirst!

She turned to him. The tears had dried on her cheeks by now, and her eyes were seared and aching. She looked on his face, but did not lift her hand. Papa Legros, who felt an uncomfortable lump in his throat,

busied himself with a careful examination of the door-handle.

"It will probably be a long farewell," said Michael gently; "will you not let me hold your hand just once again, my snow-drop?—nay! not mine, but another's—a king now amongst men."

Then, as very slowly, and with eyes fixed straight into his own, she raised her hand up to his, he took it, and looked long at each finger-tip, tapering and delicately tipped with rose.

"See the epicure I am," he said, whilst a quaint smile played round the corners of his lips; "your little hand rests now in mine. I know that I may kiss it, that my lips may linger on each exquisite finger-tip, until my poor brain, dizzy with joy, will mayhap totter into the land of madness. I know that I may kiss this cold little hand . . . so cold! I know that it will chill my lips . . . and still I wait . . . for my last joy now is anticipation. . . . Nay! do not draw your hand away, my beautiful ice-maid. . . . Let me hold it just one little brief while longer. . . . Are we not to be friends in the future? . . . Then, as a friend, may I not hold and kiss your hand? . . ."

She could not speak, for sobs, which she resolutely suppressed, would rise in her throat, but she allowed her hand to rest in his; there was some solace even in this slight touch.

"Is it not strange," he said, "that life will go on just the same? The birds will sing, the leaves in autumn will wither and will fall, your dear eyes will greet the first swallow when it circles over the towers of Saint-Gervais, nature will not wear mourning because a miserable reprobate is eating out his heart in an agony of the might-have-been."

"I pray you, milor, release my hand," she murmured, for of a truth she no longer could bear the strain, "my father waits . . ."

"And the husband whom you love. . . . Nay, he must be a good man since God hath loved him so . . ."

"Farewell, my lord."

"Farewell, Rose Marie . . . my rosemary . . . 'tis for remembrance, you know."

He tasted the supreme joy to the full . . . all the joy that was left to him now. . . . Five finger-tips, cold against his burning lips, and they trembled beneath each kiss. Then she turned and followed her father out of the room.

For a moment he remained alone, standing there like one drunken or dazed. Mechanically his hand went to the inner pocket of his coat, and anon he pulled out a withered, crumbling bunch of snowdrops, the tiny bouquet which she had dropped at his feet that day in Paris, when first he saw her, and her blue eyes kindled the flame of a great and overwhelming passion.

Nay, thou art a man, and of what thou doest thou art not ashamed! But proud man that thou art, there is thy master, Love, he rules thee with his rod of steel, and if thou sin, beware! for that rod will smite thee till thou kneel humbly in the dust with the weakness of unshed tears shaming thy manhood, and with a faded bunch of snowdrops pressed against thy lips to smother a miserable, intensely human cry of awful agony.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“What be her cards, you ask? Even these:—
The heart, that doth but crave
More, having fed; the diamond,
Skilled to make base seem brave;
The club, for smiting in the dark;
The spade, to dig a grave.”

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE one supreme moment of complete and abject weakness was soon past: it had gone by in solitude. No one saw the fall of the defiant reprobate brought to the dust by the intensity of his grief—no one but God and triumphant Love.

Within a few minutes Michael had gathered together his scattered senses. What avail are tears and the bitter joys of lingering memories when there was still so much to do? Of a truth Rose Marie's firm attitude of loyalty towards her rightful husband had not so much astonished

Michael, for to a man who loves, the adored one necessarily possesses every virtue that ever adorned the halo of a saint; but he did not know that she loved her husband, and the warmth of her defence of the absent one had in Michael's ears sounded like the expression of her love. He did not stop to reason, to visualise the fact that Rose Marie did not know Stowmaries, that the passion in her voice had the ring of tragic despair in it, coupled with the sublime ardour of heroic self-sacrifice.

A man in love never stops to reason. Passion and the dormant seeds of ever-present jealousy still the powers of commonsense.

The thought that Rose Marie loved him, the remembrance of that day when he had held her in his arms, feeling her young body quivering at his touch, seeing her eyes glowing in response to his ardour, her exquisite lips moist with the promise of a kiss, these had been his life during the past few months: they had been the very breath of his body, the blood in his veins, the strength which bore him through all that he had set himself to do.

The winning of name and estate! and then a reconquering of his snowdrop, with a foregone certainty of victory ahead, that had been his existence.

A foregone certainty of victory! How oft had he exulted at the thought, drugging his despair with the intoxicating potion of hope; and now one brief word

from her and defeat had been more hopeless, more complete than before.

"I am his wife," she said, "his wife in the sight of God, his wife despite the infamy in which you bore the leading hand!"

Michael had thought of everything, had envisaged everything save this—that Rose Marie would turn from him because she loved the other. Loyalty and love, love and passion, were all synonymous to the impatient ardour, the proud defiance of this splendid blackguard . . . splendid in this, that he never swerved from the path into which he had once engaged his footsteps, never looked back with purposeless longing, and neither cursed Fate nor ever gave way to despair.

Even now he pulled himself together, and within half an hour of the Legros' departure from his house he was on his way to see his friend Sir William Jones, the Attorney-General, first, and thence to his cousin's house on the outskirts of Piccadilly.

Rupert Kestyon—by the King's mandate no longer Lord of Stowmaries—still occupied the same house into which he had made triumphant entry some two years ago on the death of the old earl. It was an ancient family mansion, built a century and a half back, with gigantic and elaborate coat of arms carved in stone above the majestic porch. The serving-man who, in response to Michael's peremptory knocking, opened the

massive door to him, gave no outward sign that so great a change had come and with appalling suddenness in the fortunes of his master.

He even addressed Michael as "Sir" and spoke of "his lordship" being still in his room upstairs.

Impatiently waving the man aside, Michael threw hat and cloak down in the hall, and, not waiting to be formally announced, he ran quickly up the broad staircase. He knew the house well, for in childhood he had oft been in it, when his mother, holding him by the hand, came to ask for pecuniary assistance from the wealthy kinsman.

Without hesitation, therefore, Michael went up to the door of the principal bedroom and gave an impatient rap with his knuckles on the solid panel.

A fretful "Come in!" from within invited him to enter.

Rupert Kestyon was lying on the monumental four-post bedstead, stretched out flat on his back, and staring moodily into the glowing embers of the wood fire which was burning in the wide open grate.

At sight of his cousin he jumped up to a sitting posture; a deep frown of anger puckered his brow and lent to the face a look of savagery. He stared at Michael for awhile, more than astonished at this unlooked-for appearance of his triumphant enemy, then he blurted out in his overwhelming wrath:

"Out of my house! out of my house! you thief . . . you . . . out of here, I say . . . the men are still my servants . . . and I am still master here."

He put his feet to the ground, and made straight-way for the door, but Michael intercepted him, and, gripping the young man's wrists with his own strong fingers, he pushed him gently but firmly back.

"Easy, easy, coz!" he said, with kindly firmness; "by Our Lady, but 'tis poor policy to harass the harbinger of good news."

"Good news!" quoth Rupert, who was boiling over with rage, "good news from you, who have just robbed me of my inheritance!"

"'Twas an even game, good coz," retorted Michael good-naturedly. "My father, my mother, and I had all been robbed in the past, and left in a more pitiable plight, believe me, than it was ever my intention to leave you."

"Prate not of your intentions, man. You used my money—the money I myself did give you—in order to wage war against me, and press a claim which you never would have made good but for that money which I gave you."

"Let us be fair, good coz. I offered you the whole of that money back on that memorable night in April at the inn of Saint-Denis."

"Aye! on a ridiculous condition to which I cared not to agree."

"The ridiculous condition," said Michael gravely, "consisted in your acknowledging as your lawful wife an exquisitely beautiful and virtuous lady who already had claim on your loyalty."

"The exquisitely beautiful lady," retorted Rupert, with an ugly sneer, "had, an I mistake not, already dragged her virtue in the wake of your chariot, my friend."

"Silence, man," said Michael sternly, "for you know that you lie."

"Will you attempt to deny that your magnanimous offer at Saint-Denis was made because you were in love with my wife?"

"I'll not deny it, but what my feelings were in the matter concerned no one but myself."

"Mayhap! mayhap! but e'en you admit, good coz," quoth Rupert, with obvious spite, "that a wife's conduct . . ."

"Your wife's conduct, cousin, is beyond reproach," broke Michael in calmly, "as you know right well."

"Pardi! since she is in love with you . . ."

"That, too, is a lie. . . . She loves no one but you."

"Mayhap she told you so?" queried the young man, as with a yawn of ostentatious indifference he stretched

himself out again—on a couch this time, with one booted leg resting on the ground and tapping it impatiently whilst the other kicked savagely at an inoffensive sofa-cushion, tearing its silk cover to shreds.

“Yes,” replied Michael calmly, “she hath told me so.”

Then, as the other broke into a loud sarcastic laugh, he continued earnestly:

“Listen, cousin, for what I am about to tell you concerns the whole of your future. You are a penniless beggar now. . . . Nay! do not interrupt me. . . . I have well weighed every word which I speak, and have an answer for each of your sneers . . . you are a penniless beggar . . . through no fault of your own mayhap, but I was a beggar too, through none of mine. My mother was left—almost to starve—alone in a God-forsaken village. For years I kept actual starvation from her by courting wounds in order to get blood-money. That has been your fault ever since the old uncle’s death, cousin, for you knew that your kinswoman starved, and did naught to help her. But that is over—let it pass! . . . I was a wastrel, a reprobate, a dissolute blackguard, an you will! Had I been a better man than I was, you had never dared to offer me money to dishonour a woman. Let that pass too. But this I swear before God, that I never meant to dishonour the girl. I was ready to take her to my heart, to give her all that she asked, and more, the moment you in your wantonness

had cast her off. But she is too proud to take anything from me, and wants nothing but her rights. . . . Nay! you must listen to me patiently till I have told you all. . . . She is loyal to you, with heart and soul and body, and hath come to England to beg of you to render her justice."

"Have I not told you, man," here broke in Rupert Kestyon, with a blasphemous oath which momentarily drowned the quieter tones of the other man, "have I not told you that were that accursed tailor and his miserable wench to go on their knees to me, I would not have her . . . no! a thousand times no. . . . With the last penny left in my pocket I'll obtain the decree of nullity and marry the woman whom I love. . . ."

"If she'll have you, cousin," quoth Michael dryly, "now that you are a beggar."

In a moment Rupert was on his feet again, burning with rage, swearing mad oaths in his wrath, and clenching his fists with a wild desire to rush at Michael and grip him by the throat.

"Nay, coz," said the latter, with a smile, "let us not fight like two brawling villains. My fist is heavier than yours, and if you attacked me I should have, in defending mine own throat, to punish you severely. But why should you rage at me? I have come to you with good intent. Think you I would have left you to shift for yourself in this inhospitable world? . . . Great God,

do I not know what it means to shift for oneself—the misery, the wretchedness, the slow but certain degradation of mind and of body? . . . By all the saints, man, I would not condemn mine enemy to such a life as I have led these past ten years.”

“You do the tailor’s wench no good, anyhow, by preaching to me,” growled Rupert sulkily, feeling somewhat shamed.

He sat down once more in an attitude of dejection, resting his elbows on his knees and burying his head in his hands.

“I did not come to preach,” rejoined Michael quietly; “a blackguard like me hath no right to preach, and a blackguard like you, cousin, is not like to listen. . . . Nay, man! we are quits, we have both of us a pretty black mark against us in the book of records up there. . . . ’Tis nigh on a year ago now that you came to me with your proposals. . . . They have had far wider-reaching consequences than any of us had dreamed of at the time. . . . When I made a proposal to you at the inn at Saint-Denis, you refused my terms peremptorily . . . they were not sufficiently munificent, it seems, to tempt you to right a great wrong. . . . I felt my weakness then, I had no more to offer than just the return of your own money. . . . You were a rich man still, and could afford to pay largely for the satisfaction of a wanton caprice. . . . But now matters stand dif-

ferently, the money which you so contemptuously flung away at Saint-Denis hath borne royal fruit. . . . I made that money work, I forced it to toil and slave to gain my purpose. . . . I have beggared you, cousin, and made myself powerful and strong, not because I hated you, not because I any longer desire dignity and riches, but because I wanted to hold in my hand a bribe that would be regal enough to tempt you."

He paused awhile with stern dark eyes fixed on the weak, somewhat feminine, face before him. Rupert Kestyon's vacillating pupils searched his cousin's face, trying to divine his thoughts. He raised his head and rubbed his eyes, like a man wakened from sleep, and stared at Michael as on a man bereft of his senses.

"I do not understand," he stammered in his bewilderment.

"Yet 'tis simple enough," resumed Michael calmly. "The good tailor whom you despise hath come over from France because he had heard rumours that a charge of conspiracy against the King was being brought against you by false informers."

"Great God!" murmured Rupert, who at these words had suddenly become pale, whilst great beads of perspiration rose upon his forehead.

"Aye!" said the other, "we know what that means, cousin. Your name amongst those implicated in this so-called Popish plot . . . think you you'll escape the

block? . . . Hath anyone escaped it hitherto who hath come within the compass of the lies told by that scoundrel Oates? . . .”

“It’s not true,” murmured Rupert Kestyon.

“What is not true? That the information hath been laid against you? . . . that, alas! is only too true. . . . A man named Daniel Pye is the informant . . . it seems that his former mistress—your own liege lady, coz—had him flogged for theft awhile ago. . . . This had been his idea of revenge on her . . . to bring you to disgrace or death, he cares not which, so long as the desire of her life—which it seems is that she be wedded to you—is frustrated. . . . I have all this from the Attorney-General whom I saw a quarter of an hour ago. Nay! there is no doubt that the blackguard hath informed against you, and in a vastly circumstantial manner. . . . Come, you are a man, coz,” added Michael not unkindly, seeing that Rupert was on the point of losing his wits in the face of the awful prospect of this accusation, knowing full well its probable terrible consequences, “and men in these troublous times must know how to look on death, in whatever grim guise it may appear.”

“But not that,” murmured the younger man involuntarily, “surely not that? . . .”

“I trust not,” rejoined the other; “have I not told you that I was the bearer of good news?”

"Good news? . . ."

"I own it sounds like irony, but, nevertheless, coz, you'll presently see that it is better than it seems. Let me resume, and tell you all I know. Daniel Pye hath lodged his information against you. I have it directly from Sir William Jones, who, in his turn, had it from Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey. The villainous rogue says that, on a certain day in April, he was at the hostelry of the "Rat Mort" in Paris, in the company of one Legros—tailor of Paris—and that there he overheard you talking over with one of the ministers of the King of France, a plan whereby Charles Rex is to be murdered, the Duke of York to be placed on the English throne, and the whole of England sold to France and to Rome. . . . It is one of those impudent and dastardly lies which, alas! find ready credence in our poor country just now. You remember Stailey's trial on the information of that scoundrel Oates, who, in spite of his own obvious blunderings and contradictions, was absolutely believed."

"I know, I know," said Rupert Kestyon, with a groan. "I am undone, I know. . . . Cousin, I must fly the country at once. . . . I can reach Dover to-night?"

"Nay, that you cannot, cousin; your arrest is imminent. The warrant is out, and would take effect the moment you attempted to leave your house."

"But, in the name of G—d, is there no way

out?" came in tones of tragic despair from the unfortunate man.

"Aye! that there is, and a right simple one. The regal bribe, cousin," said Michael, with a grim smile, "which I promised to offer you."

"My life? . . . do you mean my life? . . . You have not the power to save my head from the block. . . . If I am arrested and brought to trial on one of these infamous charges, the King himself could not save me. . . ."

"No! the King could not . . . but I can. . . ."

"How?"

"On one condition."

"I can guess it. . . ."

"The same I put before you at Saint-Denis. . . ."

Rupert Kestyon broke out into a laugh, a harsh, disagreeable laugh of irony and of despair.

"Man! the wench would not have me now. Am I not beggared and a fugitive from justice? . . . Her father would now be the first to take her from me. . . . She married the Earl of Stowmaries and Riveaulx . . ."

But Michael interrupted him, saying:

"And after a brief sojourn with her in her old home in Paris, you, as Earl of Stowmaries and Riveaulx will bring your wife back as *châtelaine* of Maries Castle, even before the last leaf has fallen from the oak."

"But you . . . 'tis you who . . ."

"I stay here to meet the charge of high treason and conspiracy preferred against the Earl of Stowmaries," said Michael very quietly.

Like one in a dream Rupert Kestyon passed a trembling hand over his damp forehead.

"You . . . you would? . . ." he stammered.

"Am I not the Earl of Stowmaries?" queried the other simply; "was I not actually in Paris on that memorable day in April? True, I am not a Romanist by religion, but the travesty of justice, which, alas! now goes on under the guidance of Chief Justice Scroggs, will not ask too many questions, and will be satisfied as long as it has one more prey to throw to the hungering intolerance of the mob. . . . When I am gone, cousin, you are the rightful heir to the title and estates which the King's mandate hath just conferred on me. You see how simple it is. . . . It but rests with you to accept or refuse. . . ."

"But why — why should you do this? . . ." murmured the other, whose brain seemed almost reeling with this sudden transition from tragic despair to the first glimmer of hope. "Why should you give your life . . . and . . . mayhap die such an awful death? . . ."

"Not for love of you, coz, you may take an oath on that," said Michael, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, and a quick smile which softened the former stern expression of his face.

"No, I know that," retorted the other; "'tis because you love her . . . my wife."

"My head will no longer grace my shoulders when you return with your bride to England, cousin; you have therefore no cause for jealousy."

There was silence between the two men now. Rupert was, of a truth, too dazed to understand fully all that his cousin's proposal would mean to him.

"But, by the Mass, man!" he said, "I cannot accept such a sacrifice."

"'Twill not be the first act of cowardice that you'll have committed, cousin. This one will atone for the graver sin of a year ago. Take what I offer you. Now that we are both face to face with the problem of life or death, we can look back more soberly on the past. We have both done an innocent woman an infinite wrong. Fate hath so shuffled the cards that we can both atone; after all, methinks that mine is the easier rôle. It is oftentimes so much simpler to die than to live. Nay! cousin, your part will not be altogether that of a coward, not even though your path in life will henceforth be strewn with roses. She loves you purely, loyally, good coz . . . 'tis your duty as a man to render her happy. . . . Above all, think not of me. . . . Odd's fish, man! Death and I have looked at one another very straight many a time before . . . we are friends, he and I. . . ."

"But not such a death, cousin . . . and the disgrace! . . ."

"Bah! even Disgrace and I have held one another by the hand ere this. . . . And now, before I leave you, coz, your solemn word of honour that you will make her happy, for, by God!" he added more lightly, "me-thinks my ghost would haunt you if ever it saw her in tears."

"Will you take my hand, cousin," asked Rupert in simple response, as he, somewhat timidly, held his hand out to the other man.

Michael took it without a word, and thus at last were the hands of these two men clasped for the first time in friendship. Kinsmen by blood, Fate and human passions had estranged them from one another; yet it was blood that told, else Rupert could not even for a moment—and, despite his love of life and joy in living—have accepted the sacrifice.

Even now he hesitated. This taking of his cousin's hand, this tacit acceptance of another man's life to save his own, wore an ugly look of cowardice and of dishonour. Yet the young man was no coward. . . . In open fight in a good cause, his valour would have been equal to that of any man, and he would, on the field of honour, have met death, no doubt, with fortitude. But what loomed ahead was far different to the glamour, the enthusiasm of courting death for honour. It meant

disgrace and shame, the trial, the ignominy; death dealt by the hand of the executioner in sight of a jeering mob. It meant the torture of long imprisonment in a gloomy, filthy prison, it meant the ill-usage of warders and menials, insults from the judge, rough handling by the crowd. It meant, above all, the supreme disgrace of desecration after death—the traitor's head on Tyburn gates, the body thrown to the carrion, an ignominy from which even the least superstitious shrank in overwhelming horror. Aye! and there was a worse shame, more supreme degradation still—for a traitor's death was rendered hideous by every means that the cruelty of man could invent.

This picture stood on one side of Rupert Kestyon's vision, on the other was only a hated marriage and the somewhat cowardly acceptance of another man's sacrifice.

Rupert Kestyon did hesitate, the while the insidious voice of Luxury and of Ease whispered sophistries in his ear:

“He does not do this for thee, man, but for the woman whom he loves. Why shouldst thou stand in the way of thine own future comfort and peace?”

The battle was a trying one, and whilst it lasted Rupert Kestyon felt unwilling to meet his cousin's eyes. Yet, had he done so, he would have seen nothing in them save expectancy, and, from time to time, that same humorous twinkle, as if the man derived amuse-

ment from the conflict which was raging within the other's heart.

As usual under these circumstances, Fate put her lean, sharp-pointed finger into this grim pie, and it was the small incident which settled the big issue in the end, for even as Rupert stood there shamed, hesitating, fighting the inward battle, there came a timid rap at the door, and a serving-man entered, bearing a missive, which was tied down with green cord but otherwise left unsealed.

"What is this?" asked Rupert Kestyon, who seemed to be descending from the stars, in so dazed a manner did he gaze at the man who was handing him the letter.

"A man hath just brought it, my lord; he said that the message was urgent but would not say from whence he came. . . . He went away down the street very quickly as soon as I had taken the letter from him."

"Good! you may go."

With hands still trembling from recent emotion, Rupert Kestyon, as soon as the servant had gone, tore open the missive, on the outside cover of which he had at once recognised the ill-formed scrawls which emanated from the untutored pen of Mistress Peyton. It was addressed in that same illiterate but deeply-loved hand to "Mister Rupert Kestyon, erstwile my Lord of Stowmaries," and began:

"HONOR'D SIR,—This is to warn you that the villan Daniel Pye hath informed aginst you, he did make brag of it befor my servants to-day saying that you will be arested for treson and he be thus revenged upon me. i think it were best you did not com to my house until this clowd has clered away. But i am yr frend always."

The lady had signed the missive with her name in full. The hot blood rushed to Rupert Kestyon's face, for, despite his own natural vanity, he could not help seeing the callous indifference as to his own fate which pierced through the fair Julia's carefully-worded warning.

Without a word, however, he folded the letter and slipped it into the inner pocket of his coat, then he turned once more to his cousin.

"Is there no other way?" he asked, whilst the weakness of his nature, the vacillation peculiar to his character, was very apparent now in the ever-shifting expression of his face and the pains he took to avoid looking Michael quite square in the face.

"I see none now," rejoined the other; "methinks, coz, that you have received confirmation of what I told you?"

"Yes, I have. Unless I leave the country to-day I shall be a prisoner ere nightfall."

"And Rose Marie, beyond all that we have made her suffer already, will be left to mourn for you. To

torture a woman, then leave her desolate? Nay, man! the shame of that were worse than a traitor's death."

"When shall I see her?"

"Anon, I think. Master Legros is on his way to you."

"Then I'll to France to-day, taking my wife with me," said Rupert resolutely; "and may God guard you, cousin."

"Nay! we'll not ask Him to do that just now," rejoined the other with the same quaint smile; "rather may He protect her and give her happiness. We both owe her that, methinks."

Thus was the compact sealed. It had, of course, been a foregone conclusion all along, and Michael had never for a moment anticipated that his cousin would refuse the sacrifice.

The great game begun a year ago across the supper-table of a tavern and in the midst of a drunken orgy, ended here and now. Both the gamblers lost all that they had staked: One was losing his self-respect, the woman he loved with a capricious passion, the freedom which he had coveted; the other was throwing away his all so that a fair-haired girl, the cold ice-maid who had no love for him, should still be the only winner in the end.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

“Are the skies wet because we weep,
Or fair because of any mirth?
Cry out; they are gods; perchance they sleep!”

SWINBURNE.

RUPERT KESTYON—erstwhile styled my Lord of Stowmaries and Riveaulx—turned away from his house in Pickadilly with a comparatively light heart.

Comparatively only, because, strive as he might, he could not altogether banish from his mind the last picture he had of his cousin, standing all alone in the gloomy withdrawing-room, tall, erect, perfectly cheerful and placid, just as if he were awaiting a summons to some festivity rather than to disgrace and to death.

“It is best that I should remain here pending the execution of the magistrate’s warrant,” Michael had explained simply. “It will then be done without confusion of identity or difficulties of any kind. The informer will probably not see me until I am on my trial, and, in any case, I imagine that he will be just as content to tell his lies against me as he would against you.”

Rupert, of a truth, did marvel not a little at his

cousin's coolness at such a moment; he himself felt a tingling of all his nerves, and his faculties seemed all numb in face of this terrible crisis through which he was passing. He could not really imagine that any man could thus calmly discuss the details of his own coming dishonour, of the awful public disgrace, the physical and mental agony of a coming trial and of ignominious death. Yet Michael was quite serene, even cheerful, and ever and anon a whimsical smile played round the corners of his mouth when he caught the look of shame, of perturbation, and renewed hesitancy in the younger man's face.

He himself was ever wont to decide quickly for good or ill, to map his course of action and never to deviate from it. Many there were who knew Michael Kestyon well, and who declared that he had no conscience, no real sense of what was right or wrong. That may be so! certain it is that whatever part in life he chose to play, he never paused to think whether morally it was right or wrong that he should play it.

Even now he did not pause to think whether what he was doing was sublime or infamous. He gave his honour, his name, and his life, not in order to right a wrong, not in order to atone for a sin which he himself had committed, but because his love for Rose Marie transcended every other feeling within him, overshadowed every thought. She had told him that her happiness

lay there where duty and loyalty called; he—poor fool!—imagined that she loved Rupert, her husband, from a sense of duty, mayhap, but loved him nevertheless.

With an accusation of conspiracy threatening that man, an accusation which could only find its complement in a traitor's death, Rose Marie could not be aught but unhappy. So thought Michael to himself, whereupon the giving of name, of honour, and of life to the man whom Rose Marie loved, was as natural to Michael as to draw his breath.

The fact that this sacrifice meant dishonour and shame was no pang. Michael cared less than naught for public opinion. To himself he would not stand disgraced. He had weighed his action, looked at it from every point; had in his mind's eye seen the public trial, the ignominious condemnation, all the disgrace which pertains to such a death. He had seen it, and decided without the slightest hesitation.

All this Rupert could not, of course, understand. In this he was different to Michael, that he felt poignant remorse for his own action, the while he had really not the moral power to reverse his decision. Had the acceptance of another man's heroic sacrifice to be done again, he again would have accepted it, and again have bitterly repented, hesitated, repented and accepted again. He would have understood Michael's attitude better if there were any prospect of an admiring world knowing

subsequently the truth of the sacrifice, of there being a chance of the public recognition of the heroism, even after death. But here there was no such prospect. For Michael it would be humiliation, and nothing but humiliation, shame, and disgrace even beyond the grave.

Therefore the young man was over-glad when—the preparations for his journey being all complete—he at last turned his back on the old house in Pickadilly. All the servants had been enjoined that if anyone came thither and asked for my Lord of Stowmaries, the new and only real Lord of Stowmaries would receive the visitor, whatever his errand might be. Then Rupert took his leave of his cousin; not a word more was said on the subject of the future, nor did the young man attempt to express any gratitude. I do not think that he felt any, in the true sense of the word, and Michael's attitude was not one that called forth any outward show of sentiment. An hour later Rupert Kestyon had finally turned his steps in the direction of Fleet Street; soon he found himself inside the yard of the "Bell Inn," asking if he might have speech with Master Legros of Paris, lately come to the hostelry.

There was something almost comical in good papa Legros's expression of surprise when he realised who his visitor was. Rupert's face was, of course, unfamiliar to him, and it took him quite a little time to collect his

thoughts in view of the happy prospect which this unexpected visit had called forth before him.

His kindly heart, ever prone to see good, even where none existed, quickly attributed to this erring sinner the saving clause of loyal repentance. Knowing nothing of what had occurred between the cousins, papa Legros naturally sprang to the conclusion that the young man, tardily smitten with remorse, had come of his own accord to make reparation, and the worthy tailor was only too ready to smoothe the path of atonement for him as much as lay in his power.

"Milor . . ." he began, as soon as he understood who Rupert was, and stretching out a cordial hand to him.

"Nay! I am no longer milor now," broke in Rupert Kestyon with a slight show of petulance. "My cousin Michael is Lord of Stowmaries now. I am only a poor suppliant of high birth and low fortunes who would humbly ask if your daughter—my wife before God—is still prepared to link her fate to mine."

"My daughter, milor . . . sir . . . will answer herself," rejoined the tailor, with at least as much dignity as a high-born gentleman would have displayed under the like circumstances; then he went to the door, and, opening it, called to Rose Marie.

Rupert Kestyon, despite the deep-rooted antagonism which he felt against this woman to whom now his

future was irrevocably bound, was forced to own to himself that Fate tempered her stern decrees with a goodly amount of compensation.

Rose Marie's beauty was one which sorrow doth not mar; in her case it had even enhanced it, by etherealising the childlike contour of the face, and giving the liquid blue eyes an expression such as the mediæval artists of old lent to the saints whom they portrayed. She came forward with quiet self-possession through which shone an air of simple confidence and of sublime forgiveness. Though she had not expected Rupert's coming, yet she showed no surprise, only pleasure, that he had so nobly forestalled her and saved her the humiliation of coming to him as a suppliant.

Rupert Kestyon was young, and his senses were quickly inflamed at sight of so much loveliness, and though inwardly he railed at Chance that had not made of this exquisite woman a great lady, yet when she so graciously extended her hand to him, he kissed it as deferentially as he would that of a duchess.

"Madam," he said, as soon as she was seated and he standing before her, "we are told in the Scriptures that there is more joy in heaven for the conversion of one sinner, than for the continued goodness of one hundred holy men. It had always struck me ere this that this dictum was somewhat unfair on the holy men, but now I have come to be thankful for this disposition of

heaven's rejoicings, since you—who no doubt have come straight from there—will mayhap show some consideration to the repentant sinner who hath so miserably wronged you, and who now craves humbly for pardon at your feet."

He was very much pleased with himself for this speech, accompanied as it was with pretence of bending the knee. He felt sure that Michael would be pleased with him for it, nor did it cost him much to make it, for of a truth Rose Marie was exquisitely beautiful.

"By Gad," he murmured to himself, "meseems that I am ready to fall in love with the wench."

"My lord," she said quietly, meeting with perfect impassiveness the sudden gleam of admiration which lit up his eyes, "'tis not for me—your wife—to judge you or your conduct. The wrong which you did to me I do readily forgive, so be it that my father and mother, whom you have wronged as deeply as you did mine own self, are equally ready to forget all that is past."

"An my lord is willing to make amends . . ." said papa Legros, with an involuntary sigh. He thought of Michael and how different he had looked when first he had wooed Rose Marie—Michael with the handsome proud head, the merry smile, the twinkling dark eyes so full of fun at times, at others so earnest and so infinitely tender. Papa Legros sighed, even as he felt that rectitude was a hard task-mistress, and that 'twas a vast

pity Rose Marie was quite such an angel of goodness. But Rupert's impatient voice broke in on these thoughts.

"I pray you," he said, "do not persist in calling me my lord. My cousin Michael is, and has always been, it seems, the rightful Lord of Stowmaries. I am a poor man now. . . ."

"And my father, sir, is rich enough that your poverty need not fret you," said Rose Marie quietly. "An you'll have me as your wife . . ."

"It is my duty as well as my pleasure, madam," he broke in decisively, "to ask you if you'll permit me to lay my submission at your feet."

"You have but to command me, sir," she rejoined coldly.

"An unfortunate incident, of which I understand you have some inkling, will force me to leave England for a time."

"We know that a false charge has been preferred against you, sir, and we came to England—I trust not too late—to warn you of your danger."

"Nay! not too late, madam, as you see I am still free. I had warnings from other quarters, yet am equally grateful for your pains."

"The cloud will blow over," she said stiffly. "When do you propose to go to France?"

"To-night an it please you, madam," he replied. "Will you journey in my company?"

"If you so desire it, sir."

She rose, and with the same calm dignity prepared to go. Rupert's glowing eyes followed her graceful movements, and dwelt, with unconcealed pleasure, on every line of her young figure, which the somewhat stiff mode of the day could not altogether disguise. A warm tinge of colour flew to her cheeks when, raising her eyes to his for a moment, she encountered his bold look; then, when the colour flew as swiftly as it came, she looked pale and frail as the snowdrops to which Michael had ever loved to compare her.

But beyond that quick blush she showed no sign of emotion. Her almost mediæval sense of duty to her husband caused her to accept his every word, his every look, without a thought of rebellion or even of censure. She had so schooled her sensibilities that they were her slaves, she their absolute mistress—the rigid and mechanical being come into existence from out the ashes of her past happy self, in order to right the great wrong committed by another.

Obedient to her lord's mute but peremptory request, she gave him her hand, and accepted his kiss as she would have done his scorn, coldly and humbly, for her father stood there and watched her, and she would not let him see what this interview was costing her in agony of mind, in humiliation of her entire soul. For, look you, when she left Paris in order to offer herself a willing

sacrifice on the altar of filial love, she had steeled her pride against her husband's scorn, but not against his capricious passion; and now that his boldly admiring glance swept over her face and form, she felt a wild, mad longing to flee—to hide her sorrow which had suddenly turned to shame, and to put the whole world between herself and the pollution of her husband's kiss.

Her father's voice recalled her to herself, and even Rupert Kestyon had not noted the swiftly flying look of agony which had momentarily darkened her eyes.

"Sir," said papa Legros now, with firmer decision than he had hitherto displayed, "you see that both my daughter and myself are over-ready to forget the past. You are young, sir, and methinks sinned more from thoughtlessness than from any love of evil. Rose Marie is ready to follow you, whithersoever you may command. She is your wife before God, and directly we are in Paris we will ask His blessing in confirmation of your union. Monseigneur will not refuse to perform the ceremony. The other, alas!—whereat a miscreant held my daughter's hand—was but a mockery. . . . Monseigneur will pass it over; 'twas he advised me to make a final appeal to your honour, and I thank God on my knees, sir, that with you rests the glory of having made such noble amends entirely of your own accord. I pray you only—and herein you must forgive a father's anxiety—

I pray you to place in my hands the final pledge of your good faith towards my daughter."

"What may that be, sirrah?" quoth Rupert, whilst the first show of arrogance suddenly pierced through his borrowed armour of outward deference.

"The decree of His Holiness the Pope," rejoined the tailor quietly, "annulling your marriage with my daughter. An you mean loyally by her you will place the mandate in my hands."

For a second or two only Rupert seemed to hesitate. This simple giving over of a paper meant the final surrender of his will, the giving up of all for which he had planned and intrigued, the acknowledgment that Fate was stronger than his desire, God's decree greater than the schemes of men. That mandate once out of his hands, he could never get it back again, nor ever obtain another. It was real, tangible finality, therefore did he hesitate; but the next moment he had looked once more on Rose Marie, and the natural primitive man in him, the shallow nature, the masterful senses caused him to shrug his shoulders in indifference. Bah! one woman after all was as good as another; this one loved him in her curious, cold way, and, by Gad! she was d——d pretty. So Rupert Kestyon delved in the deep pocket of his surcoat and drew out therefrom a parchment, to which was appended an enormous seal that bore the arms and triple crown of His Holiness the Pope.

This he handed to papa Legros.

The latter took it and glanced at its contents; one phrase therein caused a dark frown to appear on his brow and a flash of anger to rush to his cheeks. It related to the misconduct of Rose Marie, the daughter of one Armand Legros, master-tailor of Paris, in consequence of which His Holiness did grant dispensation to Rupert Kestyon, Earl of Stowmaries and Rivaulx, to contract a marriage with another woman, his former marriage being null and void.

For a brief moment good papa Legros hated the young reprobate before him with all the strength of which his kind heart was capable; for a moment he longed to throw that lying parchment back into the teeth of the miscreant who had dared to put an insult on record against the purest saint that had ever adorned her sex. The good man's hands shook as they held the paper, and during that brief moment Rupert experienced a hideous sensation of fear. If Rose Marie rejected him now, would Michael withdraw from the sacrifice which he was prepared to make?

But that anxiety was short-lived. With a deep sigh of resignation and a firm compression of the lips, Master Legros looked the young man straight in the face.

"What is past, is past," he said, as if in answer to the other's thought, "and I am satisfied."

But he did not tear the parchment up, as Rupert

had at first thought that he meant to do. He folded it up with hands still slightly shaking from the inward struggle which had just taken place within his simple soul, and then slipped it into the breast pocket of his coat.

CHAPTER XL.

“So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?”

TENNYSON.

It was later in the afternoon, and Master Legros and his daughter had finished their preparations for the return journey. Strangely enough, papa's heart was not as glad as it should have been, considering that the object of his visit to England had been attained, and that he had reached the pinnacle of his desires much more easily than he had ever dared to contemplate, for he had reached it without the cost of humiliation to his child or rebuff to himself.

Nevertheless the kindly heart was like a dead-weight in the good man's breast, even though Rose Marie did her best to seem cheerful, talking ever of the joy of seeing maman again and at times quite serenely of her own future.

“Thy husband looks kind, Rose Marie,” said papa

tentatively, whilst his eyes, rendered keen through the intensity of his affection, strove to pierce through the mask of impassiveness wherewith his child tried to hide her thoughts.

"He also seems greatly to admire thee," he added, with an involuntary display of paternal pride.

But has any man—has even the most devoted of fathers—ever succeeded in reading a woman's thoughts on the subject of another man?

All that papa Legros thought at this moment was that Rose Marie looked very pale, and that a shiver seemed to go through her, as if she had the ague. Mayhap she was overtired; certainly she was unstrung. He himself felt uncommonly as if he would like to cry.

In the early part of the afternoon he persuaded Rose Marie to lie awhile on her bed and rest. "Milor"—for so he still persisted in calling Rupert Kestyon in his mind—would be here at six o'clock; his coach would then be ready for the journey to Dover. It was now little more than three.

Rose Marie obeyed willingly. She was very tired, and she longed to be all alone. Papa declared his intention of going out for a walk and of returning within an hour.

A great longing had seized him to see Michael once again. The worthy man cursed himself for his folly and for his weakness, but he felt that he could not go

away from England without grasping once more that slender, kindly hand on which he once used to look as on that of a dearly loved son.

Papa Legros did not see the reason why—now that all difficulties had been duly planed—he and Michael should not remain friends. He had more than a vague suspicion, too, that “milor’s” repentant attitude was due to Michael’s persuasion.

Asking his way from the passers-by as he went, he soon found himself once again before the house in Soho. But his disappointment was bitter when he heard that my lord was from home, and no one knew when he would return.

Sadder of heart, then, Master Legros retraced his steps towards the “Bell Inn.” On the way he had wiped many a tear which had fallen down his cheeks, blaming himself severely the while for this display of weakness. But—strange though it may seem—this failure in seeing Michael and in hearing his cheery voice speak the “God-speed” had weighed the good tailor’s spirits down with an oppressive weight which seemed almost like a foreboding.

In the yard of the inn Master Legros encountered quite a crowd of gaffers. Some great excitement seemed to be in the air; they talked volubly to one another with that stolid absence of gesture, that burying of hands in breeches pockets which always makes an Englishman’s

excitement seem so unconvincing to the foreign observer. In the centre of the yard a heavy coach—a note of bright, canary yellow in the midst of all the sober greys and drabs around—stood ready, with ostlers at the leaders' heads, the horses champing their bits and impatiently pawing the cobble-stones. The driver, with thick coat unbuttoned, displaying an expanse of grey woollen shirt, was quenching his thirst inside the vehicle; obviously it was not his intention to join actively in the babel of voices which went on all round him, although the coach itself and the horses seemed special objects of curiosity, since a crowd of gaffers surrounded it as closely as the impatient horses themselves would allow.

Master Legros made his way through the crowd, trying to catch a chance phrase or so which might give him the key-note to all this unwonted bustle. The words "Papist" and "arrest," which he understood, caught his ear repeatedly, also the name "Stowmaries," invariably accompanied with a loud imprecation.

Feeling naturally diffident through his want of knowledge of the language, he was somewhat timorous of asking questions, but hurried up to his room, having bidden the barman downstairs take a bottle of wine and two glasses up to his room.

He found Rose Marie sitting quietly in the armchair, pensive, but otherwise serene. To the father's anxious eyes it seemed as if she had been crying; but she returned

his kiss of greeting with clinging fondness, and assured him that she felt quite rested and ready for the journey.

"My lord" had arranged that his coach should take them by night journey to Dover, and thence immediately to Calais if the packet boat was plying, for "my lord" seemed in a vast hurry to get across to France as soon as may be, and Rose Marie herself was conscious of a great longing to put the sea between herself and this land which called forth so many bitter memories.

When the serving-man brought the wine, Legros asked his daughter to question him as to the excitement which reigned in the yard.

"Oh!" explained the man, who was eager enough to talk, "'tis only the news of the arrest of another of these d——d Papists. They do conspire, you know, to murder the King, and it seems that this time they've arrested another noble lord, no less a person than my Lord of Stowmaries."

"My Lord of Stowmaries!" ejaculated Legros in utter dismay, for he had partly guessed, partly understood what the man was saying; "surely it cannot be? . . ."

"When and where did this occur?" queried Rose Marie peremptorily.

"About an hour ago, at his lordship's house in Pickadilly," replied the man. "They do say that the miscreant hath confessed directly he saw the musketeers. He was scared, no doubt, and blurted out the truth.

By the Lord! if the people of England had their way, a man like that should be broken on the wheel, and the fires of Smithfield should be revived to rid the country of such pestilential vermin."

Fortunately Master Legros did not understand all that the man said, else his wrath had known no bounds. As it was, he had only a vague idea that the man was being insolent, and he shouted an angry command of:

"Enough of this! Get out, sirrah!" which the man readily obeyed, being over-satisfied that he had annoyed and even frightened these foreign Papists, who no doubt had come to England only to brew mischief.

Directly the door had closed behind the serving-man, Rose Marie said decisively:

"Father dear, we must to my husband's house at once and find out what has happened."

"He seemed to make so light of the danger which threatened him, when he was here just now, that I had begun to think that blackguard, Daniel Pye, was naught but a clumsy blackmailer. And yet milor . . . I . . . I mean our milor . . . he thought the matter grave, and went forth very hurriedly to warn his kinsman."

"Father dear, I would give anything to have further news," said Rose Marie, who was trembling with agitation. "Do, I pray you, let us go forth and try and find out something more."

But even as, with feverish movements, she began

putting on cloak and hood, the door opened and Rupert Kestyon entered. Rose Marie stared at him as if she had seen a ghost, and Master Legros murmured in complete bewilderment:

"You . . . you, my lord . . . then thank God it is not true!"

"What is not true?" queried the young man, who also seemed labouring under grave agitation, for his cheeks were almost grey in colour and his lips twitched painfully as he tried to control the tremor of his voice.

"That you have been arrested, my lord!" said Legros. "They told us that you had been arrested for treason, and . . ."

"They told you lies, no doubt," broke in Rupert roughly; "as you see, I am safe and sound. The horses are put to," he added, with obvious want of control over his own impatience. "I pray you, madam, to descend as soon as you are ready, and you too, good master, and to enter the coach without parleying with the crowd. You need have no fear, they will not molest you."

"We are ready, milor . . . I mean sir," said papa Legros, who was taken with an exceptionally severe attack of his usual fussiness. "I pray you give your arm to my daughter. . . . I will follow close on your heels."

"My lord," it seems, was so agitated that he even forgot his good manners, and, curtly bidding the others

not to linger, he darted out of the room, and had even disappeared down the corridor before Rose Marie had had time to collect her little bits of hand luggage.

She went back to the window which gave on the covered balcony that on this floor ran all round the house, overlooking the yard. The excitement down below was evidently reaching fever-pitch: everyone was rushing toward the gate, and the yard itself was for the moment left deserted. Only one ostler remained at the horses' heads, and his head too was turned in the direction of the gates. The driver had emerged from the depths of the vehicle, and, together with his mate, was hoisting the Legros's luggage into the boot. He too, however, craned his neck from time to time, trying to see beyond the dense knot of human heads which totally obstructed both the view and the passage out into Fleet Street.

Rose Marie, feeling still strangely perturbed, her heart beating with a nameless fear which she could not herself understand, threw open the window and stepped out onto the balcony. Rupert Kestyon was standing just below, giving impatient directions to his men anent the disposition of the luggage. The sound of the opening window and of Rose Marie's footsteps above caused him to look up, and at sight of her he uttered a loud oath. It was evident that he had completely lost all control over himself.

"You have run it too late, d——n you!" he shouted roughly; "now we cannot get through Fleet Street till after that accursed mob hath dispersed."

Rose Marie, with lips compressed and brows closely puckered, withdrew out of his sight, blushing with shame at the thought that a group of serving-girls who stood also on the balcony not far from her, giggling and chattering, should have heard her husband's rough words.

But the wenches were evidently too much engrossed with their desire to see something of what was going on beyond the hostelry gates to pay much heed to the pale, foreign miss and to her doings, and even as Rose Marie prepared once more to join her father she heard one girl say excitedly:

"He won't be passing by for another few minutes—we'll have time to run to the gates. . . ."

"No, no! cannot you hear the shouts? They are bringing him along now," cried another, holding with both hands to the iron railing, the while her companion tried to drag her away.

"I can just see over the heads of the crowd," said another. "Here they come! Here they come! Can you hear them all hooting?"

And she herself indulged in a vicious "Boo! down with the traitor! down with the Papists!"

Beyond the gates, the crowd, invisible to Rose Marie,

was evidently giving vent to its excitement. As the wench had said, they were hooting lustily, shouts of "Death to the traitors!" mingled with obvious cries of terror and of pain, following immediately on the clatter of horses' hoofs on the mud-covered street.

"It's a closed vehicle!" said one of the girls on the balcony in obvious disappointment.

"And you can't see even that, with all that pack of soldiery."

"Boo! boo! death to the Papist!" screamed the other girls in unison.

Just for a moment, then, in the small space between the top of the archway and above the heads of the crowd, Rose Marie caught sight of a closed hackney coach being driven at slow pace and surrounded by an escort of musketeers. The hooting, hissing, and other expressions of hatred and opprobrium became almost deafening for the moment, and through the shouts of "The rope, the rack, the stake for the Papists!" could distinctly be heard the name "Stowmaries!" accompanied by loud imprecations, whilst a shower of evil-smelling refuse was hurled at the vehicle by the enthusiastic staff of the "Bell Inn" congregated at its gates.

Rose Marie felt sick with horror. Gradually that fear which had hitherto been nameless gained more tangible shape. She peeped down again, and saw that her husband had taken refuge inside his coach.

Then she understood.

It was Michael who had been arrested—the only Lord of Stowmaries, as he himself had proudly said awhile ago.

Did some inkling of the real truth of the case rise in her heart then and there? it were difficult to say. There is a strange telepathy which exists in nature, and which warns the sensitive mind of the danger, the misfortune of another being. It was only a purely natural, human instinct which prompted her to ask the serving-wenches a final question, the answer to which she knew already:

“What is all the excitement about?” she asked, turning to the group of girls and steadying her voice as much as she could. “Who is it they are taking past in that closed carriage?”

“My Lord of Stowmaries, mistress,” said one of the girls. “He is one of the Papists that do conspire against the King. He’ll hang for sure. . . . I wish they’d burn the lot as they did in the olden days.”

“But ’tis my Lord Stowmaries’s coach that is standing here below,” said Rose Marie; “he is safe and sound within.”

“Nay! I know naught about that,” quoth the girl decisively. “’Tis my Lord of Stowmaries they are taking to prison sure enough, and ’twill be my Lord of Stowmaries’s head that’ll be on Tyburn gate before

many days are over, and I for one'll go to see him beheaded if I can get a holiday on that day."

CHAPTER XLI.

"In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan."

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ROSE MARIE had told her father all that she feared, all that she, alas! knew to be true.

"We cannot go now, father dear," she said with quivering voice, whilst her eyes, burning and dry with unshed tears, looked down appealingly at her father; "we must surely hear what becomes of him."

"Nay, my child!" said papa Legros with a heavy sigh, "what can we do by remaining here? Your duty is to your husband. No doubt he too fears for his life, and would wish to leave this country ere suspicion fall upon him."

"But, father, methinks you do not understand. I know not if there hath been conspiracy or not, but this I do know—that the charge was preferred against my husband. Then why is my lord arrested?"

"I know not, my jewel," replied papa Legros, deeply

perplexed and miserable. "England seems to be a queer country just now. Mayhap all these gentlemen do conspire. God knows there always have been many conspiracies against our own most high and most Catholic King Louis, the ever victorious."

And Master Legros doffed his felt hat in token of deep respect.

"Thy husband waits, child," added the worthy man resignedly; "'tis him thou must obey."

Even as he spoke Rupert's steps were heard once more along the corridor. He entered, still looking miserably anxious, but at sight of Rose Marie a blush of shamefacedness overspread his pale cheeks.

"Your pardon, mistress," he said, striving to speak quietly, "methinks the coast is clear now. Will you deign to descend?"

He offered Rose Marie his arm. She felt like some wild creature trapped, looking round her with wild, terrified eyes as if for a means of escape. Her father gave her an appealing look, and Rupert reiterated his request with more distinct command in his tone. His eyes, wherein wrath, fear, and a certain look of shame were obviously fighting for mastery, seemed to dare her to disobey. He was her master after all, and a master of her own choosing. The bars of that cage against which she would henceforth for ever bruise her heart were fashioned by her own hands.

"Come, mistress, I wait," said Rupert, and with a gesture which was almost rough in its peremptoriness he took her hand and slipped it under his arm.

Papa Legros gathered the sundry small bags and parcels which formed his own and his daughter's hand luggage, and then he followed the young couple out of the room.

But Rose Marie, once across the threshold and in the corridor, soon disengaged her arm. This masterful appropriation of her person and of her will caused her an instinctive pang of fear. Good God! was she going to hate this man whom, through an impulse of loyalty and righteousness, she had openly acknowledged as her lord, and to whom she almost wilfully had surrendered her whole young life, her hopes of happiness, her every thought and wish? Now, with every look of unfettered admiration, with every word of command, he roused her numbed spirits into rebellion. Even now she could not bear to take his arm, she could not bear the touch of his hand on hers as he began to lead her along the corridor, as if already she were part of his goods and chattels, the obedient servant of his caprice.

When she withdrew her hand from his he looked enquiringly on her face; then, realising her motive, guessing her repugnance, he laughed a forced, ironical laugh and said, with obvious intent to wound:

"Nay, madam! I'm vastly sorry that even in this

dark passage you cannot fancy that I am my Cousin Michael. But you made your choice yourself 'twixt him and me, and therefore pray understand that 'tis too late to repent."

He walked, however, on ahead, keeping a little in front of her, and soon reached the door which gave on the yard.

His coach stood there all in readiness, the driver on the box holding the ribbons, the groom standing by the carriage holding open the door. But between the coach and the door through which Rupert, with Rose Marie and papa Legros, had just stepped forth into the yard there stood a group composed of three musketeers, one of whom was a little in advance of the others and apparently in command.

Master Savage, landlord of the "Bell Inn," was in close and voluble converse with the soldier as Rupert, with a peremptory voice, called to his own driver to pull up a little closer.

At the sound Master Savage turned, and the musketeer now came up to the little party in the door.

"Which of you two gentlemen," he said, looking from Rupert Kestyon to Master Legros, "is Master Legros, tailor-in-chief to His Majesty the King of France?"

Papa Legros, hearing his name thus mentioned, instinctively stepped forward, more fussy than ever, poor man, wondering, indeed, if some fresh misfortune was

not coming his way. Rupert, pale to the lips, stood mutely staring at the musketeer.

"By order of His Majesty the King!" resumed the soldier, now addressing Legros and presenting a paper to him, which the worthy tailor, hopelessly bewildered and not a little frightened, now took from him. "My orders are to intimate to Master Legros, tailor-in-chief to His Majesty the King of France, that he is not to leave his present place of abode without express permission from the Lord Chief Justice of England."

"Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?" queried papa Legros, turning helplessly toward his daughter.

"That we may not leave England just now," she said, feeling not a little bewildered too, for this was so unexpected. "Let me see that paper, father dear."

Rupert, whom this incident had thrown into a well-nigh unbearable state of fear, had kept silent all this while, longing, yet not daring, to question the officer closer. But the latter seemed in no way concerned with him; his errand was apparently solely confined to these peremptory orders to Master Legros.

Rose Marie read the paper through, then she looked enquiringly on Rupert.

"What are we to do, sir?" she asked coldly.

"You have no option," he said, as he took hold of her wrist and quietly drew her back under the shadow of the doorway. "There is no doubt," he continued in

an agitated whisper, "that if your father attempts to disobey the order he would be stopped more forcibly, and his situation would then become more uncomfortable. Does this paper state on what grounds your father is thus forbidden to go away?"

"Yes," she replied calmly, "it says that by order of the King, Master Legros, tailor of Paris, is required to give evidence on behalf of the Crown in the forthcoming trial of the Earl of Stowmaries and Rivaulx for conspiracy and treason."

"He is summoned as a witness. . . . He has no option . . . he must stay . . . they would stop him if he attempted to go," reiterated Rupert Kestyon, whose trembling voice scarce contrived to pass from his dry throat through his parched lips.

"Then, with your permission," she rejoined, "I will stay with my father."

"As you please," he said hurriedly.

Rose Marie bent her head in token of farewell. She felt more like a puppet moving and acting mechanically than like a sentient woman. She suffered such an agony of mind and heart at thought of what had occurred, what she visualised, and what she guessed, that the mere act of speaking and of moving seemed no part of her present existence. She was called upon to act and to decide for herself and for her father . . . but, as Rupert Kestyon very properly said, there was no option.

Nor had Rose Marie anything to fear for her father; it was difficult for her to imagine how the present situation had come about, and why the King of England should desire Master Legros to be a witness for the Crown against the Earl of Stowmaries and Rivaulx accused of conspiracy and treason. Nor did she quite understand what being a witness for the Crown really meant; but for her own part she was conscious of an intense sense of relief when she saw Rupert Kestyon—her husband—turning on his heel and, without looking either to right or left, making his way somewhat hurriedly to his coach.

She went back to her father's side, and, taking his arm in order to assure him that all was well, she turned to the musketeer.

"Sir," she said to him, "are there any further orders which you have to transmit to my father?"

"No, mistress, none," replied the soldier. "Your father must understand that he is free to come and go as he pleases, so long as he remains in the city. Strong measures would only be taken if he attempted to go."

"My father understands all that, sir," she said, with a haughty little toss of the head. "Though we are strangers, we respect the laws of your country just as we in France would expect you to respect ours. My father understands the order as set forth in this paper, and he will not leave this city until His Majesty the King of

England hath no longer any need of his services. Come, father dear," she whispered in her own mother-tongue, and with gentle pressure trying to lead the good man away; "I will explain everything to you when we are alone."

"But thy husband, child," urged papa Legros, whose bewilderment had reached its veriest climax, "thy husband!"

Without giving direct reply, Rose Marie pointed to the coach, just ahead of them both, in the middle of the yard. Papa Legros, following his daughter's glance, saw Rupert Kestyon in the act of stepping into the carriage and the groom closing the door after him.

"He goes to France without us, father dear," she said simply.

And, for the first time for many days now, a real smile lit up the girl's eyes and chased away the miserable, haggard look from her young face.

She bowed graciously to the musketeer officer, who saluted her with utmost deference. Then she led her father away. The soldier's eyes followed her graceful form with undisguised admiration. At the door she turned back and gave him a final little bow of farewell.

For Rose Marie, in the midst of her great sorrow and of her agonising fear, looked on that young musketeer as a deliverer, and was grateful to him, too, for the good news which he had brought.

CHAPTER XLII.

“This year knows nothing of last year;
To-morrow has no more to say
To yesterday.”

SWINBURNE.

THAT same afternoon, and at about the same time as Rupert Kestyon's coach swung out of the gates of the “Bell” yard, Sir John Ayloffé presented himself at his kinswoman's house in Holborn Row.

He had come in answer to an urgent and peremptory summons, and had made all haste, seeing that he had just heard the news that it was Michael Kestyon who had been arrested for treason, and not the fair Julia's erstwhile faithful adorer, Rupert. Visions of that exceedingly pleasant twelve thousand pounds, which he had thought were lost to him for ever when Michael obtained the peerage of Stowmaries, once more rose before his mind's eye, surrounded with the golden halo of anticipatory hope.

Of a truth, if Michael was condemned and executed for treason—and there was but little doubt of that, taking into account the temper of Parliament and people

on the subject of the hellish Popish plots—then young Rupert would come into his own again very quickly, and there was no reason why the pleasing scheme of the fair Julia's marriage with her faithful admirer should not reach success after all.

To Cousin John's supreme astonishment, however, instead of finding his beautiful cousin in gleeful excitement at the good news, he saw her lying on a sofa in her tiny boudoir with her fair head buried in billows of lace cushions and on the verge of hysterics.

She was clutching a letter in her hand, and when Cousin John approached her with that diffidence peculiar to the male creature in face of feminine tears, she held out the paper mutely towards him.

It was a letter signed Rupert Kestyon. Cousin John quickly ran his eye over its contents. In flowery and elegant language, and with many reproaches directed at the cruel beauty who that very morning had struck him to the heart, at a moment when she believed him to be in the most dire distress, the writer explained that Fate would now part him from his beautiful Julia for ever.

"I go to France this night," he added, "with the wife whom God gave me eighteen years ago, and to whom I now see that 'tis my duty to cleave. You, I feel, did never love me, else you had not sent me that cruel message this morning."

He was his Julia's adoring and ever-faithful servant, but there was no mistaking the tone of the letter: he was leaving her for good and all.

Silently Cousin John folded up the letter and handed it back to his cousin. There was nothing more to be said. He could only console, and even in this he was unsuccessful, for his own heart was heavy at thought of that twelve thousand pounds which now could never be his.

Mistress Peyton had, by the selfishness of her own ambition, allowed the trump card in the great gamble of life to slip through her dainty fingers. The incident was closed; the tailor's wench had won the stakes in the end.

No wonder that Julia fell into hysterics; indeed, indeed, Fate's irony had been over-cruel. It seemed as if every one of her schemes turned wantonly to a weapon against her most cherished desires.

Cousin John was vastly puzzled. He could not understand what had induced Rupert to make amends to the wife, in order to repudiate whom he had spent a fortune and lost his all. But when, anon, he heard through public news-criers that Michael had confessed to the charge preferred against him, and when his keen mind began to think over in detail the various events in connexion with the arrest, he arrived at a pretty shrewd guess as to what had occurred between the cousins.

Remembering the incidents of that memorable evening at Saint-Denis, and Michael's offer to Stowmaries then, he bethought himself that men who are great blackguards are capable of strange things when they love a woman. Whereupon good Sir John shook his head and ceased his wanderings in the realms of conjecture, for he had come across a psychological problem which passed his understanding.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"Certes his mouth is wried and black,
Full little pence be in his sack;
This devil hath him by the back,
It is no boot to lie."

SWINBURNE.

DANIEL PYE on that selfsame memorable day was literally floating in a blissful atmosphere of delight.

My Lord of Stowmaries had not only been arrested, but he had confessed to his guilt—a matter which at first had greatly surprised Master Pye, who had been at great pains to concoct an elaborate lie, only to find that through some mysterious accident of Fortune he must have hit upon the truth.

Of course he did not realise as yet that the man who had been arrested and who had confessed was not the former suitor for Mistress Peyton's hand. He had

only heard some pleasant rumours anent the reward which he would get as soon as conviction was obtained against the accused. Many spoke of fifty pounds, others that his reward would be as great as that given to Master Oates—a substantial pension and comfortable lodgings in one of the King's houses.

But the thought of Mistress Peyton's miserable condition of vain regrets and bitter disappointment the while her lover lingered in the Tower pleased Master Pye as much as that of his own good fortune, nor could he resist the desire to brag of his prowess to those very menials who had witnessed his downfall. There would be no great pleasure in the discomfiture of Mistress Peyton unless she knew whose was the hand that had dealt the death-blow to all her cherished schemes.

Of a truth the lady was staggered when she heard of Daniel Pye's boasts. He had been sitting in the kitchen for the past hour, surrounded by a crowd of gaping listeners and enjoying one of the many fruits of notoriety. The cook had placed a large venison pasty before him, together with a tankard of ale, and lacqueys and wenches were hearing open-mouthed the account of how Master Pye had brought my Lord of Stowmaries to disgrace, and that the life of more than one great nobleman lay in the palm of that same Pye's very grimy hand.

Mistress Peyton, when she heard of the man's boasts and of his popularity among her servants, had him in-

continently kicked out of the house again, but not before he had told her with insolent spite that she was now paying for the injustice she had perpetrated on a faithful servant close on half a year ago.

To Daniel Pye the awakening from these pleasing dreams came all too soon. That same evening at the tavern in Whitefriars he gathered the truth from out the conflicting rumours which he heard. It was the new Earl of Stowmaries who had taken upon himself the charge of conspiracy preferred by Master Pye, and 'twas he who had confessed his guilt. What could this mean? and what would be the consequences which would accrue to the informant, to his future reward and future safety, through this unexpected turn of affairs?

Master Oates, consulted on the subject, was for sticking to the lie on every point. The actual personality of the man could not matter in the least, and since this Earl of Stowmaries actually pleaded guilty to the charge, why, then, all was for the best, and it was not for Daniel Pye to worry about the matter.

Master Tongue—more wary—feared a trap, but his objections were overruled, and on the whole the infamous fraternity decided that confrère Pye must uphold his perjuries to the end, since he would obtain the reward whoever was condemned on his information.

"You need have no fear, good master," concluded Oates reassuringly, "you'll be believed in any event.

Master Bedloe and myself never had any difficulty hitherto, even though at the Stayley trial we got in vast confusion, seeing that we made several slips which could easily have been proved against us, had the judge and jury been so minded. Nay, nay! do you stick to your story. Since one Lord Stowmaries desires to hang instead of the other, why, let him, so say I."

This cynical speech was, alas! an only too true exposé of the situation. Daniel Pye was almost reassured, and fell to applying himself to make his story more circumstantial. On consultation with his friends, it was decided that the recent murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey would be dragged into the indictment. That mysterious crime was indeed a trump card in the hands of the informants. It seemed a pity not to play it when the stakes were as high as they were just now.

Pye therefore prepared himself to state on oath that the murder was freely projected by my Lord Stowmaries with the minister of the King of France in the course of the treasonable interview in Paris.

But even then did the course of this true liar not run altogether smooth, for anon it became generally known that Master Legros, tailor of Paris, and his daughter, who was none other than the wife of the dispossessed Lord of Stowmaries, had been compelled to give evidence for the Crown in corroboration of Master Pye's story.

Whereupon the latter fell into a state of agitation worse than before. He stared, dry-lipped and wide-eyed, at the man who had come in with this news. This was the first intimation which he had that one of his lies at least would find him out. When he had vowed that Master Legros had overheard the treasonable conversation between the Earl of Stowmaries and the minister of the King of France, he had no thought that the tailor would actually be compelled to give testimony, whether he would or no.

Pye turned well-nigh sick at the thought. Dotard though he was, he had no hopes that Master Legros would endorse his lies. Once more he turned to his friends for counsel, and briefly explained to them the terrible plight in which he now found himself.

"Mayhap I'd better disappear," he suggested timidly, "before I am caught for perjury. It means the loss of my right hand and years of imprisonment—mayhap in this case the rope."

"Bah! man, be not such a coward," admonished Oates boldly. He had gone through all these anxieties himself, and knew how to make light of them. "'Twas a pity you did drag an alien's name into the case, of course, but . . ."

"'Twas the magistrate suggested it to me," broke in Pye, who was on the verge of tears; "he said that it would be better if another witness were forthcoming who

also had heard the conversation at the hostelry in Paris. It would strengthen my evidence, so he said."

"But why this French Papist?" queried Bedloe with an oath.

"Because the tailor was in deadly enmity with my Lord of Stowmaries—with the other one, I mean—and I thought he would help me, and gladly too."

"And think you he'll turn against you?"

"I fear me that he will," quoth Pye, who truly was in a pitiable condition.

"Then, man, you must change your tactics," now said Oates decisively. "Nay! I repeat, do not be afraid. 'Tis you they will believe, and not the Papist tailor or his daughter. What can they say? That they did not hear the treasonable conversation between the accused and the minister of the King of France. Well, what of that? 'Tis but a negation, and no evidence. The Attorney-General will soon upset such feeble testimony. But do you swear that on thinking the matter over you now remember that the tailor and his daughter had already left the hostelry of the 'Rat Mort' when that treasonable consult took place, and that you were in my company and not in theirs. Then with one fell swoop do you destroy the whole value of the Legros's evidence and place yourself once more in an unassailable position, for I too can swear then that I was with you at the time and heard the whole conversation . . . so be

that you are prepared to share the reward which you will get with me," concluded the scoundrel with earnest emphasis.

Daniel Pye had no option. Of a truth he was not quite such a hardened sinner as these professional liars who had thriven and prospered under their organised perjuries for close on half a year.

The whole of the information against Lord Stowmaries was therefore gone through all over again, nor was there any fear that this change of front would in any way prejudice the noble jury against the informant. In Coleman's case and in that of Stayley, and, alas! in that of many others, the infamous witnesses contradicted themselves and one another to an extent which makes the modern historian gasp, when he hath to put it on record, that men in England were condemned to death wholesale on evidence that was as flimsy as it was false.

Master Pye, once more at peace, therefore, with his prospects and with himself, learned his new lesson with diligence. But Master Oates was firm on one point, and that was on his share in the coming reward. Pye demurred for a long time. Emboldened by the encouragement of his friends, he now thought that he could carry the whole business through alone.

Ultimately it was decided that Master Oates was to receive five pounds of the reward, provided he swore that on a certain day in April he too was present at

the tavern of the "Rat Mort" in Paris, when my Lord of Stowmaries discussed with the minister of the King of France the terms of the shameful treaty whereby King Charles was to be murdered, the Duke of York be placed on the throne of England, and the latter country sold to the French and to the Pope of Rome.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"For death is of an hour, and after death
Peace!"

SWINBURNE.

THE news that Michael Kestyon—the hero of one of the most exciting adventures in the history of gallantry, the man who, less than twenty-four hours ago, had, by the King's mandate, obtained the titles and estates for which he had fought for over ten years—the news that he had been arrested for treason connected with the hellish Popish Plot, horrified and astonished all London.

It seemed incredible that a man, whose romantic personality had charmed all the women and even fascinated the King, could lend himself to such base treachery as to sell his country to the foreigners and to incite others to poison the Merry Monarch who even at that moment had, with one stroke of the pen, seen that justice was done to the miserable reprobate.

Such is popularity! Michael, who a couple of days ago was the idol of society, the cynosure of all eyes at assemblies or in the Playhouse, on whom the women smiled, and whom the men were proud to know—Michael now was nought but an abominable traitor, for whom hanging and the rack were more suitable than the block, to which he was entitled by virtue of his newly-acquired dignities.

And there was no doubt as to his villainies: the infamous blackguard had confessed even at the time of his arrest, which no doubt had taken him wholly by surprise, and had thus forced on an avowal which would expedite the trial and give everyone a chance of seeing the traitor's head on Tyburn gate before many days were over.

Excitement and terror had by this time so taken hold of the people of England that all sense of justice had gone hopelessly astray, and there was but little chance of any man—however high placed he might be, however upright and loyal had been his conduct throughout his life—escaping condemnation and death once the army of false informers and perjurers had singled him out for attack.

As for Michael, everything was against him from the first: his former dissolute life, his long wanderings abroad, where he was supposed to have imbibed all the imaginary desires of the foreigners to turn England into

an obedient vassal of France and Rome, also his sudden accession to wealth and the rumours anent that certain adventure, the details of which grew in confusion, in mystery, and even in horror as they were passed from mouth to mouth.

When the fact that the young girl-wife of the dispossessed Earl of Stowmaries would be one of the witnesses for the Crown became known, gossip became still more wild. Interest in that former adventure increased an hundredfold, and the news did of a truth give verisimilitude to the most weird conjectures. The words Black Magic and Witchcraft were soon freely bandied about. Michael Kestyon was no longer an ordinary plotter, but the veriest Antichrist himself, who was in league with the Pope of Rome to ruin England and to bring forth her submission by such means even as the Lord employed against the Egyptians in favour of the Israelites. Only in this case the devil was to be the instrument whereby the ten plagues were to be hurled on this defenceless isle.

There was to be a plague of locusts and one of rats, the waters of the Thames would turn to corroding acid, and the miscreant Earl of Stowmaries had promised to give the devil the blood of every noble virgin in England as payment for his satanic help.

Had we not the testimony of sane-minded men and women who lived at the time, and who witnessed every

phase of that amazing frenzy which swept over England during these awful years, we could not believe that the people of this country, usually so gifted with sound minds, and, above all, with a sense of justice and of tolerance, could thus have rushed headlong into an abyss of maniacal fanaticism which hath for ever remained a blot upon the history of the seventeenth century.

There is a curious letter extant, written by Mistress Julia Peyton in her usual almost illegible scrawl and embellished by her more than quaint spelling; it was addressed to her cousin, Sir John Ayloff, a week or so before the trial, and in it she says:—

“I wod Like to know the truth about this Story wich sayth that my lord Stowmaries wil be acused of witchcraft. They do sa he praktised Black Magic, and tried to kil the talor’s daughter, so to use her blood for his Arts and his Inkantations. She being a Virgin. They do sa also that her Evidens against Him wil vastly startle Every one. As for me I tak vast Interest in the reprobate and do wish him well at his Trial. The husband of the talor’s wench is naut to me. I do not desire to see him become Earl of Stowmaries, but rather that Michael be suksesful.”

What other schemes the fair lady now nurtured in her heart we know from the fact that she made several attempts to have access to the prisoner, all of which

were unsuccessful, despite the fact that she used the influence of her other admirers to effect her ends, whilst on one occasion she wrote to Cousin John:—

“An Michael doth sukseed in getting an acquittal, I pra you bring him to my house forthwith afterwards. Remember good coz that I promised you twelve thousands pounds if I do marry the Earl of Stowmaries.”

But beyond these secret wishes of the fair beauty, and mayhap a sigh of regret or so from pretty lips for the handsome adventurer, popular feeling was raging highly against the accused, and many chroniclers aver that among the many conspirators who were brought to these shameful trials during this time, against none was there so much venomous hatred as there was against Michael Kestyon.

There is this to be remembered—though truly 'tis but weak palliation for the disgraceful antagonism displayed against the accused—that this was the first instance where a man so highly placed as was the Earl of Stowmaries was directly implicated in the plot; he was a sop thrown to the rampant radicalism of the anti-Church party as well as to its intolerant fanaticism.

Public sympathy, on the other hand, had at once gone out to the dispossessed Earl of Stowmaries, whom the traitor had tried to rob of his wife and had effectually succeeded in robbing of his inheritance.

But retribution for the guilty and compensation for the innocent had come together hand in hand. Michael Kestyon would hang, of course, whereupon the only rightful Lord of Stowmaries would once more come back into his own. The latter, with commendable delicacy, had left London directly his cousin's arrest became known; he would not stay to gloat over his enemy's downfall.

In fact, for the moment everything that Rupert did was right and proper and worthy of sympathy, and everything that Michael had ever said and done, and all that he had never said or done, was held up against him by all those who awhile ago were ready to acclaim him as a friend.

Of all these rumours Michael himself knew nothing. On his arrest he had at once pleaded guilty, hoping thereby to expedite his trial and to curtail the time during which he would have to linger in prison. Echoes of the turmoil which was raging in the capital did reach him from time to time. The murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey had sent raging fanaticism to boiling-point. Needless to say that here was another crime to fasten on the already overburdened shoulders of the accused.

All these fresh outbursts of hatred and injustice, however, left Michael cold and indifferent; even when through a subordinate he heard the amazing story of

how he was supposed to have tried to murder his cousin's wife by means of Black Magic, he had nothing but an almost humorous smile for the quaint monstrosity of the suggestion.

He quickly tired of prison life, and though there was no pang of suspense connected with it—for the issue was, of course, a foregone conclusion—yet he fretted at the delay which the importance of his case had brought about in the otherwise simple machinery of summary justice.

CHAPTER XLV.

“Her game in thy tongue is called life
As ebbs thy daily breath;
When she shall speak, thou’lt learn her tongue
And know she calls it death.”

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

FOR the rest 'tis in the domain of history. Michael could have been tried by his peers had he so desired it. The few friends who rallied round him urged him to demand the right; but when we remember that in pledging his life to his cousin his one wish was speedy condemnation and summary death, we cannot be astonished that he refused to be tried by those who might have been lenient toward one of themselves.

Among his peers, too, the fact would of a surety have come to light that he did not belong to the

Catholic branch of the Kestyons, that he himself was a member of the Established Church, which—as all these trials, alas! really amounted to religious persecution—would almost certainly have obtained an acquittal.

Parliament, still suffering severely of its no-Popery fit, demanded that the traitor be tried as a common criminal before the King's Bench, and required the King to issue a special commission that the day might be fixed as soon as may be.

The accused was, of course, allowed no counsel and no defence, save what he could say on his own behalf. Nor did he know the precise words of the indictment, or what special form the informant's lies had taken.

He did not know exactly what he was supposed to have said or done; he could only vaguely guess from what he knew of similar trials that had gone before.

The trial of Michael Kestyon, Earl of Stowmaries and Rivaulx, did, we know, take place before the King's Bench on the 21st day of November 1678; Lord Chief Justice Scroggs presided, and the Attorney-General, Sir William Jones, once the friend of Michael, addressed the jury for the Crown.

We also know that the Court sat in Westminster Hall for the occasion, as it was expected that a very large concourse of ladies and gentlemen would desire to be present. As a matter of fact, the élite of London society did forego on that occasion the pleasures of The

Mall and of the Playhouse in order to witness a spectacle which would rouse the jaded senses of these votaries of fashion and whip up their blasé emotions more than any comedy of Mr. Dryden or the late Master Shakespeare could do.

This would be a tragedy far more moving, far more emotional, than that of "Hamlet" or of "Romeo and Juliet," for the element of romance mingled agreeably with that of crime, and the personality of the accused was one that aroused the most eager interest.

Outside, a gloomy November drizzle enveloped London with its clammy shroud. Ladies and gentlemen arrived in their chairs or their glass coaches, wrapped to the eyes in mantles and hoods of fur. There was a goodly array of musketeers guarding the approach to the Hall, and a small company of the trained bands of London lined the way from Whitehall to Westminster, for it was pretty well known that His Majesty would come—in strict incognito—to see the last of his nine days' favourite, who during the last few months had made Mistress Gwynne sigh very significantly, and caused Lady Castlemaine to make invidious comparisons between the gallant bearing of the romantic adventurer and the mincing manners of the gentlemen of the Court.

The less exalted spectators of to-day's pageant were being kept outside and pushed well out of the way by

the soldiery; nevertheless they stood about patiently—ankle-deep in the mud of the roadway, their sad-coloured doublets getting soaked beneath the persistent drizzle, and exhaling a fetid odour which made the street and the open place seem more dismal and humid than usual.

The men pressed to the front, leaving the women to shift for themselves, to see as best they could. It was pre-eminently a spectacle for men, since it carried with it its own element of danger. For, look you, these Papists would be mightily rampant on this occasion, and who knows but that a gigantic conspiracy was afoot to blow up the Lords' House of Parliament, which would sit this day to try the arch-conspirator.

Recollections of the Gunpowder Plot caused men to curse loudly, and to grasp with firm hand the useful flail safely hid inside the doublet—a good protection against personal attack, but, alas! useless if the whole of Westminster was really undermined with powder.

The prentices, ever to the fore, had taken French leave to-day. At certain risk of castigation to-morrow they deserted work with one accord, and were at the best posts of observation long before the more sober folk had thought to leave their beds. They wriggled their meagre bodies between the very legs of the soldiery, like so many lizards in search of sunshine, until they had conquered their place of vantage, in the foreground,

whence they would presently see the prisoner when he stepped out of the vehicle which would bring him from the Tower.

In the meanwhile the crowd wiled away the time by watching the arrival of the grand folk, and noting their names and quality as they descended from coach and chaise.

"That's my Lord of Rochester."

"And this my Lady Evelyn."

"I vow 'tis Master Pepys himself."

"And his lady too."

"'Tis His Grace of Norfolk!"

Whereupon, since the Duke was a well-known Papist, there were hoots and hisses and cries of "The stake for heretics!" in which even the musketeers joined.

The informers came together and were vigorously cheered and loudly acclaimed.

"An Oates! an Oates! A Bedloe! Hurrah! for the saviours of the nation."

Daniel Pye, a little anxious, was being upheld by his friend Tongue, who kept up a running flow of encouraging words which he poured forth into the other man's ear. He, not being known to the mob, remained unnoticed. As the time drew nigh for making his lying statements more public, the East Anglian peasant felt his courage oozing into his boots. Bedloe and Oates, who had gone through similar experiences several times

now, added their own encouragement to that expressed by Tongue.

"No one will worry you," said Bedloe loftily; "they'll believe every word you say. Only stick to your story, man, and never hesitate. They can't contradict you; no one else was there to see."

Although the gloom outside had almost changed day into evening, yet, on entering the great Hall, wherein a very few lamps flickered near the centre dais, Daniel Pye could see nothing of his surroundings. He was glad that Oates himself took him by the arm and piloted him through the great Hall toward a side-door immediately behind the bench, and which gave on the room that had been assigned to the witnesses.

A goodly number of ladies and gentlemen wore masks when they arrived, and among these was a man—obviously young and of assured position, for his step was firm and his movements like those of one accustomed to have his own way in the world. He was dressed in rough clothes of sad-coloured material, but there was nothing of the menial about his person as he presented his paper of admission to the most exclusive corner of the Hall.

Here he sat himself down in a dark recess beneath the sill of the great mullioned window, nor did he remove his mask as almost everyone else had done. Had not the crowd all round him been deeply en-

grossed in its own excitement, no doubt that someone would have challenged, and mayhap recognised, the solitary figure.

But as it was, no one took notice of him. Rupert Kestyon—like the criminal who cannot resist the impulse of once more revisiting the scene of his crime—had returned to London to see the final act of the great tragedy wherein he himself was playing such a sorry part.

Not that Rupert had any fear that matters would not turn out just as Michael had mapped them out. He knew his kinsman far too well to imagine for a moment that he would lift a finger to save the life which he had bartered for his cousin's loyalty to the tailor's daughter.

But in Paris, whilst waiting in seclusion and inactivity the moment when—the tragedy being over—he would once more resume the more pleasing comedy of life, he felt an irresistible longing to see the fall of that curtain, to be present when Fate dealt him his last trump-card, the final sacrifice of the man who stood in the way of his own advancement.

Therefore he sat there in the corner, solitary and watchful, noting the arrival of the spectators, the appearance of the men of law, the whole paraphernalia of justice which was about to crush an innocent man.

The Hall by now was packed to overflowing; to right

and left temporary seats had been erected and covered with crimson cloth, forming an amphitheatre which accommodated over a thousand people, amongst whom were many that bore historic names, as well as the gayer crowd that formed the Court set.

Vast as was the room, it had already become insufferably hot; ladies plied their fans vigorously, whilst the men, worried with their heavy perruques, became restless and morose. On the right-hand side, and somewhat in advance of the rest of the seats, a few more comfortable chairs had been disposed. Here sat a man dressed in sober black, with dark perruque pushed impatiently off his high forehead, and shifty, mistrustful-looking eyes wandering over the sea of faces all around him. To right and left of him ladies whispered and chatted, trying to bring a smile to the pinched lips, and not succeeding, for the man in the black surcoat was moody to-day, anxious too, and vastly dissatisfied with himself, which is ever an uncomfortable state of mind. He had entered the Hall almost unobserved by the crowd outside, stepping out of a closed coach in no ways different to others that had driven up before. He had worn a mask when he arrived and only removed it when he was already seated. Several people recognised him then, but what cheering there came from the more brilliant members of this promiscuous throng was quickly repressed.

Despite the many supposed attempts on the life of the King, he was far from popular just now. Conscious of this, he frowned when he realised that—though he was recognised by many—yet he was acclaimed only by a very few.

Already the jury were seated, and Sir Cresswell Levins was sorting his papers and incidentally chatting with the Attorney-General. And now from outside came a muffled sound, like unto great breakers rolling in to shore; distant at first, it gradually drew nearer, drawing strength as it approached. Soon through it there came, striking sharply on the ear, the stamping of horses' hoofs on the cobble-stones of the road, and the creaking of heavy wheels through the mud. The sound of rolling waves turned to one which came from hundreds of human lips. Hisses and groans were distinctly heard; shouts of execration, with here and there a blasphemous oath loudly uttered against the cursed Papists.

The prisoner had arrived.

Inside the Hall all necks were craned to catch the first glimpse of the man who was destined, mayhap, not to leave this place save with the axe suspended over his head.

The romantic tales which had clustered around the personality of Michael Kestyon, the horrible suggestions of unavowable deeds, of Black Magic and devilish incantations, had borne fruit. Though eyes were fixed

with eager curiosity on the man as he entered, though many a pleasing shudder ran along white, plump shoulders as this confederate of Satan passed so closely by, there was not a single demonstration of sympathy on his behalf.

The women whispered:

"He is goodly to look on!" and took stock of the prisoner's bearing, the upright carriage of his handsome head, the quiet look of splendid aloofness with which he regarded his surroundings.

Whereupon the men retorted gruffly:

"The emissaries of the devil are always made handsome in the eyes of others. Satan arranges it so, else they would have no power."

Following on the prisoner's entrance the great doors of the Hall had been closed, whereupon the noise outside became quite deafening. The hoots and hisses, the shouts of execration were still apparent, but they mingled now with the clash of arms, the tramping of many feet, and loudly repeated groans of agony. The mob, robbed of its spectacle, had turned restive, the men broke through the lines of the soldiery and made an effort to rush the gates of the Hall. From the officers came quick words of command, rallying their lines from where they stretched towards White Hall.

A few heavy blows, well aimed and vigorously dealt with the butt end of the muskets, a few bodies trampled

beneath horses' hoofs, some broken heads and shattered limbs, and the mob, sobered down, withdrew grumbling and cursing, but understanding that the great pageant within was for their betters and not for them.

During the turmoil the Lord Chief Justice had entered and the prisoner had been led to the bar. He had been made to hold up his right hand whilst he was told why he had been brought here, and why he was made to stand his trial. Being a peer, the Chamberlain of the Tower stood beside him holding the axe.

Michael silently did all that he was bidden to do. The proceedings had no interest for him. Of a truth he had been more than satisfied if the more barbarous justice of two centuries ago had been meted out to him. An accusation, a brief interrogation, mayhap an unpleasant quarter of an hour in the torture chamber, then the block! How much more simple! how much more easy to endure than this sea of curious faces, this paraphernalia of gorgeously-clad judge and of lawyers assembled there with the preconceived and firm determination to condemn the accused whatever might betide.

The while Sir Cresswell Levins opened the case, admonishing the jury to do its duty by the prisoner at the bar, Michael, with indifferent eyes, scanned the faces all around him. He saw Mistress Julia Peyton in the front rank of the spectators, clad in exquisite pearl-grey

silk, her beautiful shoulders but thinly veiled beneath filmy folds of delicate lace. He saw the piquant face of Mistress Gwynne, the haughty figure of Lady Castlemaine. Most of the women as they encountered his look blushed to meet those dark eyes, which looked almost unnaturally large in the face rendered thin and pale through the nerve-racking experiences of the past few weeks.

Anon Michael's eyes met the restless ones of the King. He bent his head with deep respect, for he had not yet learned to despise the man to whom he owed all that he had, all that he was now sacrificing in order that his snowdrop might find happiness again.

Charles Stuart turned his head away with a sigh. All that was good and noble and kind in him went out to that man, in whose innocence he firmly believed, but whom he was powerless or too weak to save.

But Michael now was obliged to pull his senses back to the exigencies of the moment, and he pleaded "Guilty!" in a calm and steady voice. He had not even grasped the full meaning of the indictment read out at full length by the Attorney-General. All he knew was that he was accused of having plotted to murder the King whom he revered, and of having sold his country to the head of a Church to which he did not happen to belong.

Michael desired his own condemnation. He was here solely for that; in order that the man whom his

ice-maiden loved with that cold, passionless heart of hers might give her all that she wanted, all that was her due. But the inactivity of the moment was so terrible to bear. To a man accustomed to rule his own destiny, to choose his own path, and to say to Fate: "This will I do, and thou art my slave!" to a man of that stamp the present situation was well-nigh intolerable.

The long-drawn-out speech of the Attorney-General, the platitudes addressed to the accused by the Lord Chief Justice, his own answers mechanically given, soon left him wandering into the realms of unreality.

The heat in the room pressed upon his temples like a monster weight of lead. Michael, gazing with eyes that saw not on the solemn scene in which he was the chief personage, soon fell into a kind of torpor akin to a trance. Ghostlike forms clad in crimson robes, grinning faces with perruques awry began to dance before his fevered fancy. They twirled and turned, round and round the flickering flames of the lamps, until these were magnified an hundredfold and multiplied innumera- bly. Now faces and forms disappeared; there were only a thousand millions of eyes that blinked and blinked, the while the lamps were will-o'-the-wisps, glow-worms with monstrous shining horns that stood upright on iron tails and joined in the wild saraband which had transformed the solemn Hall of Westminster into the precincts of hell.

Then, gradually, all the grinning faces, all the glowing monstrosities and witch-like forms became a gigantic circle of ruddy light wherein flames flickered at intervals like unto a burning halo which seared the eyes of the beholder. And right in the very centre of that transcendent glow two faces appeared, white and ghost-like, spirits surely from a world beyond.

Michael knew that he was dreaming, his temples and pulses were throbbing. He had lost count of space and of time. He just breathed and held himself upright and no more; living had become an unknown thing to him. But the faces were there still, in the centre of the glowing halo, and they were those of his beautiful snowdrop and of Master Legros, tailor to the King of France.

CHAPTER XLVI.

“And now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.”

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

His snowdrop was gazing straight at him from out great, wide eyes, her lips were parted as if she meant to speak, and her hand lay on the arm of her father—good papa Legros dressed all in black, and above whose sombre surcoat shone a kindly face almost distorted by its expression of anxiety, and from which ran

streams of perspiration, which the poor man wiped off ever and anon with a bright-coloured handkerchief.

With a mechanical movement Michael passed his hand across his eyes. His brain returned from its long wandering in the realm of dreamland, the lights ceased to flicker, the sea of grinning faces receded into the darkness. Michael now only saw Rose Marie. The devilish visions had been transformed into peaceful dreams of heaven.

Though his mind—still feverish and numb—refused to believe that she was really there, yet his eyes took in every tiny detail of the golden picture which they saw.

There were the tiny curls that, ever rebellious, would break through the confines of the lace cap and flutter tantalisingly round her ear; there was the little mole just above the lip which gave the perfect mouth, that otherwise had been accounted too serious, an exquisite air of piquancy; there was the delicate rise of the throat peeping above the lace kerchief—a god-like snare wherein he had once dared to hope that his lips would be entrapped.

And all the while that Michael looked on his beloved, Daniel Pye was busy with his perjuries, and Master Oates stood up to corroborate these. Once or twice the Lord Chief Justice had turned to the accused expecting a contradiction of such obvious lies. But the only words that ever escaped the latter's lips came

mechanically as from one who had learned a lesson by heart.

"I am guilty . . . what these men say is true."

Once the Attorney-General had spoken quite irritably:

"The prisoner's attitude, my lord," he said, "is one of contempt for this Court. He must be made to answer more fully the charges that are preferred against him."

"Then 'tis for you to question him," retorted the Lord Chief Justice dryly.

Emboldened by Michael's attitude of passive acquiescence, Pye and Oates surpassed themselves. Their story gained in detail, in circumstantial broiderings under cross-examination. Once or twice, their imagination and impudence carrying them too far, they palpably contradicted one another. A man's voice then rose from the midst of the spectators: "These men are accursed liars!"

The voice was authoritative and loud as of a man accustomed to be obeyed. And no one cried "Hush!" to the remark, since it came from royal lips.

After an examination which we know lasted nearly an hour, the two witnesses were dismissed. They left the great Hall together and walked with an assured air of satisfaction across to the small room beyond the bench, where they were bidden to wait in case they were required again. To a sanely judicial mind the only point which would present itself in the evidence of these miscreants as being uncontradicted and unques-

tionably established by them, was that the treasonable converse between the accused and a minister of the King of France did take place at the tavern of the "Rat Mort" in Paris in the evening of the 19th day of April of this same year.

Beyond that it was a tangle which Michael, had he chosen, could easily have unravelled in his own favour. But this he did not mean to do; he was only anxious for the end.

While the lying informers spoke of that same 19th day of April, his thoughts flew back on the sable wings of a dead past to all the memories that clung to that day.

The religious ceremony at St. Gervais, the dance on the dusty floor of the tailor's back shop, the ride through the darkness along the lonely road with his beloved clinging to him, the while his arm ached with an exquisite sense of numbness under the delicious burden which it bore.

These men spoke of the evening of that 19th day of April! Oh! the remembrance of every hour, every minute which the date recalled!

The darkened room in the old inn, the streaks of moonbeam which kissed the gold of her hair, the April breeze which caused her curls to flutter, and the sighing of the reeds and young acacia boughs like spirit whisperings that presaged impending doom!

Her voice, her eyes, so tender for that one brief

day! Would not the remembrance of it be graven on his heart when, after so much joy, such hopeless abnegation, it would cease to beat at last?

Of a truth can you wonder that Michael was impatient for the end? He had seen his snowdrop through the gossamer veil of a day-dream across the crowded court, and the vision had caused him to realise more fully than he had ever done before how impossible life would be without her.

Thank God that he had pledged his life to his cousin! Thank God that Rupert had accepted the pledge, and gave, in exchange for the worthless trifle, his own loyalty to Rose Marie.

Then why so many parleyings, such long, empty talk, such tortuous questionings? Michael had pleaded guilty and almost asked for death.

Even as with an impatient sigh of intense weariness he had for the twentieth time that day spoken his mechanical "Guilty!" there was general movement amongst the spectators. Imagine a hive of bees swarming round their queen: The women leaned forward clutching their fans, forgetting the heat and the discomfort of those long hours. The men put up spy-glasses the better to see what went on in the centre of the stage, the while a murmur of excitement ran right through the assembly.

Papa Legros was being led by a gorgeously clad

usher in the direction of the bar, opposite to the prisoner, whilst his daughter walked by his side.

Dormant attention had indeed been roused, necks were craned to get a better view of the interesting witnesses.

"She is the wife of my Lord of Stowmaries," came in whispers all round the Hall, like the swish of the wind through poplar-trees.

"What! of the prisoner?"

"No, no! of the man whom he dispossessed and who will be Lord of Stowmaries again, once this man is hanged."

"She is very young."

"Aye!—a girl-wife. 'Tis her whom the accused tried to murder so that he might offer her blood in sacrifice to the devil."

But this statement obtained little credence now.

"The accused does not look like a wizard, or an emissary of the devil," commented the ladies.

"Yet the girl is there to testify against him."

"That is because she must hate him so. She is the wife of the man whom the accused hath dispossessed. They say she dearly loves her husband, yet did the accused try and steal her from him."

"She will make a handsome Countess of Stowmaries anon," quoth Lord Rochester with his wonted cynicism, and speaking in the ear of his royal master. "What think you, sire?"

“Odd’s fish!” retorted Charles Stuart, “if she prove as big a liar as these damnable informers, then is there no virtue writ plainly on any woman’s face.”

There certainly was something infinitely pathetic in the appearance of father and daughter. He in his clothes of deep black, and with the tears of anxiety and perturbation rolling slowly down his cheeks. She, fragile and slender, with pale, delicate face, and eyes wherein girlish timidity still fought against a woman’s resolve.

No wonder that for the moment every unkind comment was hushed. The Countess of Stowmaries—as she was already universally called—seemed to command respect as well as sympathy. With a great show of kindness the Lord Chief Justice himself spoke directly to the two witnesses, asking their names and quality, as was required for form’s sake.

Rose Marie now no longer looked at the accused. She stood beside her father, tall and stately as the water-lilies to which the man who loved her so ardently had once compared her. The mud of the world had left her unsmirched; she carried her head high, for the slimy tendrils of men’s unavowable passions, of trickery, of lies and deceit, had not reached the high altitude whereon her purity sat enthroned.

Her father was the witness called on behalf of the Crown; he had made his statement on oath, and stood

here now to repeat it before all the world. His daughter was his interpreter since he was unacquainted with the English language.

Her voice was clear and firm as, in answer to the questions put to her by the Lord Chief Justice, she gave her father's humble name and quality, and then her own as Mistress Kestyon, wife of Rupert Kestyon, erstwhile known as my Lord of Stowmaries and Riveaulx.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Love that is root and fruit of terrene things,
Love that the whole world's waters shall not drown,
The whole world's fiery forces not burn down.

SWINBURNE.

MICHAEL could scarce believe his own eyes. The reality had brought him back, with irresistible force, from his day-dream to the tangible situation of the moment.

Papa Legros was here with Rose Marie. So much was true that was no longer in the domain of dreams! They had been brought here to add their testimony to the lies spoken by the informers.

Torturing devils whispering in Michael's ears, made this hellish suggestion. With it came an intensity of bitterness. He had thought that the old man loved him, yet his appearance here and now seemed like petty vengeance wreaked on a fallen enemy.

Michael ground his teeth, trying to drive these whispering devils away. He would not—even at a moment such as this—lose, if only for an instant, his perfect faith in the purity of the woman he loved. If she stood here, it was for a noble purpose. What that purpose could be, not even the mad conjectures of his own fevered fancy could contrive to imagine; his veins were throbbing and he could not think. Only the puzzle confronted him now, mocking his own obtuseness, the laggard brain that had suffered so long and was now dormant, unable to guess the riddle which could not be aught save one of life or death.

All he did know was that Rose Marie was standing there before all these people—she the very essence of purity and of truth; and that she was being made to swear that she would speak the truth. Was this not a vile mockery, masters? seeing that naught but what was true could ever fall from her lips.

Now the Attorney-General was questioning her father, with thin, sarcastic lips curled in a smile. Rose Marie replied calmly and firmly, interpreting her father's answers, not looking once on the accused, but almost always straight before her, save when she threw a look of encouragement on good papa Legros, who then would pat her hand with unaffected tenderness.

“And you were present, so the other witness swore in his original information, on the 19th day of April

with him at the tavern of the 'Rat Mort' in Paris, and you did on that same evening hear the accused hold converse with one who was minister to His Majesty the King of France?"

The Attorney-General's voice was metallic, trenchant like a knife; it reached the farthest distance of the great Hall and grated unpleasantly on Michael's ear. He hated to see his beloved standing there before that gaping crowd. He cursed the enforced inactivity which made of him a helpless log, when, with every fibre within him, he longed to take her in his arms and carry her away to a secluded spot where impious eyes were not raised to her snow-white robes.

"My lord," he interposed loudly, "I have confessed to my guilt. What this witness may have to say can have naught to do with the plain fact . . . I am guilty. . . . I have confessed. . . . Cannot your lordship have mercy and pass sentence as soon as may be?"

"Prisoner at the bar," rejoined the Lord Chief Justice, "'tis not for you to dictate the procedure of justice. 'Tis my duty to hear every witness who hath testimony to lay before this Court. You have confessed your guilt, 'tis true, but on such confession the law will not hold you guilty until you have so been proved; and for the sake of the witnesses who have testified against you, as well as for the sake of justice, we must obtain corroboration of their statements."

Then he turned once more to papa Legros and graciously bade him to make answer to the question put by the Attorney-General.

Rose Marie, before she spoke, turned and looked on Michael. Their eyes met across that vast assembly, and, as in one great vivid flash, each read in those of the other the sublime desire for complete sacrifice.

In a moment Michael understood; in that one brief flash and through the unexplainable telepathy which flew from her soul to his, the truth had burst upon him with the appalling force of absolute conviction.

She, the woman whom he adored—who was a saint exalted in his mind above every other woman on earth—she was about to throw her fair fame, her honour, her purity as a plaything to this crowd of hyena-like creatures, who would fall on the tattered remnants of her reputation and tear its last fragments to shreds.

This she meant to do. This was the grim and sublime answer to the riddle which had so puzzled Michael when first he saw his Rose Marie in this Court. She meant to give her honour for his life. She loved him and came here to offer her all—her own, her father's, good name—so that he—Michael—should be saved.

The terrible, awful agony of this thought! the mad, tumultuous joy! Here was the moment at last—the one second in the illimitable cycle of time—when, if

there be mercy in heaven or on earth, the kiss of Death should bring peace to the miserable wastrel who had, in this brief flash of understanding, tasted an eternity of happiness.

She loved him and was here to save him! But, heavens above, at what a cost!

He looked round him like some caged beast, determined at all hazards to make a mad dash for liberty.

It could not be! No, no! it should not be. Surely God in heaven could not allow this monstrous sacrifice; surely the thunderbolts from above would come down crashing in the midst of this mocking, jeering assembly, before his exquisite snowdrop dragged her immaculate white skirts in the mire.

What he did or how he fought Michael himself scarcely knew. What was he but one small, helpless atom in this avalanche of callous law-makers? All that he did know was that with all the strength at his command he protested his guilt again and again, imploring judgment, uttering wild words of treason that might secure his own immediate condemnation.

"My lord, my lord," he cried loudly, "in the name of Heaven, as you yourself hope for justice hereafter, listen not to these witnesses. . . . I swear to you that they will only confirm what the others have said. . . . I am guilty . . . thrice guilty, I say. . . . Yes, I plotted

to murder the King . . . I plotted to sell England to France and to Rome. . . . I admit the truth of every word the informers have uttered. . . . I am guilty, my lord . . . guilty! . . . Judgment in Heaven's name . . . I ask for judgment."

"Prisoner at the bar, I command you to be silent."

Silent! Silent when so monstrous a thing was about to happen! As well command the giant waves lashed into madness by the fury of the wind to be silent when they break upon the rocks. The Lord Chief Justice commanded the musketeers to restrain this madman, to force him to hold his tongue, to drown his voice with the clatter of their arms.

The spectators stared aghast: women gasped with fear, the men were awed despite themselves in the presence of this raging torrent of a man's unbridled passion.

The general impression which this scene had created in the minds of all was, of course, that the prisoner was dreading some awful revelation which these two witnesses might make. He was avowing his guilt, therefore he did not hope to escape death; once more the superstitious dread of witchcraft rose in the minds of all. Was the accused—already practically condemned for treason—in fear that his death would mean the stake rather than the block?

A close phalanx gathered round the person of the

King, who, with a cynical smile, was watching the confusion which occurred round the august majesty of this court. But he waved aside those who would have stood between him and Michael.

"He'll quieten down anon," he said simply, "and, if I mistake not, gentlemen, we shall then learn a lesson which throughout our lives we are not like to forget."

Was it accident or design? Had Michael fought like a madman, or had his brain merely given way under an agonising moral blow? Certain it is that suddenly he felt a terrible pain in his head, his senses were reeling, his tongue, parched and dry, refused to obey the dictates of his will that bade it protest again and again, until his heart could no longer beat, until his last breath had left his body.

He tottered and would have fallen but for strong arms that held him up. He felt that irons were being placed on his wrists, that four pairs of hands gripped his arm and shoulders so that he could no longer move. The pain in his head was well-nigh intolerable; he closed his eyes in the vain effort not to swoon.

It was the butt-end of a musket that had rendered him helpless. From the lips of many spectators came loud invectives against the miscreant who had dared to strike a peer; vaguely reaching the half-unconscious brain came the sound of voices, also the cry from a

woman's throat, heard above all the others, uttered with an intensity of agony even as he fell.

With Michael's half-swoon the turmoil had somewhat subsided. The musketeers round him, terrified at their comrade's act, were bathing the prisoner's head with water hastily obtained. The spectators, deeply moved, unable to understand the inner meaning of the strange scene which they had just witnessed, were talking excitedly to one another.

Conjectures, wild guesses flew from mouth to mouth.

And in the midst of all this noise and of all the confusion Rose Marie had remained calm, holding her father by the hand. Only when the dastardly blow felled the fighting lion down, then only did a cry of pain escape her trembling lips. Now, when comparative stillness reigned around her, she once more faced the judges. Michael was now helpless: she could offer up her sacrifice in peace.

The Lord Chief Justice repeated his question, and even as he began speaking complete silence fell upon all.

"Will you swear before this Court that on the evening of the 19th day of April you were present with Master Pye and Doctor Oates at the hostelry of the 'Rat Mort' in Paris, and there on that same evening did hear the accused holding converse with a minister of the King of France?"

"No, milor," replied Rose Marie firmly, "my father

was not present on the evening of the 19th day of April in the tavern of the 'Rat Mort' in Paris, nor in any other tavern, nor did the accused hold converse on that same evening with a minister of the King of France. And this do I swear in my father's name and mine own."

"But," interposed the Attorney-General in his dry, sarcastic tone, "the former witnesses have sworn that you were there present together with them when the converse did take place."

"Those witnesses have lied, my lord," spoke Rose Marie.

"Take care, mistress," admonished the Lord Chief Justice, "you do bring a grave charge against those witnesses."

"A grave charge, yet a true one, my lord. Yet what they have sworn to is both false and grave."

"Yet are you sworn in as a witness for the Crown?"

"And as a witness for the Crown do I speak," rejoined Rose Marie simply, "for the Crown of England is the crown of truth, and my father and I are here for the truth."

"Which, mayhap, will bear fuller investigation," quoth Sir William Jones with a sneer.

"As full an one as you desire, my lords."

"Then pray, mistress, since you and your father do swear that you were not at the hostelry of the 'Rat Mort' in Paris on the evening of the 19th of April, how

comes it that you can state so positively that the accused did not then and at that place hold treasonable converse with the minister of the King of France, as the other witnesses have testified?"

Rose Marie paused before she answered; it almost seemed as if she wished to wait until all disturbing sounds had died down in the vast hall, so that her fresh and firm voice should ring clearly from end to end.

Then she spoke, looking straight at the judge.

"Because of the truth of the statement, my lord," she said, "to which my father hath already sworn before the magistrate, and to which he must, it seems, now swear openly before this Court, according to the laws of your country. The accused, my lord, could not have been present at a hostelry in Paris, or hold converse with a minister of the King of France on the evening of the 19th day of April, for on that day did I plight my troth to him at the church of St. Gervais, and he did spend the full day in my father's house. At five o'clock in the afternoon he did journey with me to Saint Denis, and there remained with me at the hostelry of the 'Three Archangels,' when my father came and fetched me away."

"It is false," came faintly whispered from the lips of the prisoner, whose consciousness only seemed to return for this brief while, that he might register a last protest against the desecration of his saint.

Rose Marie's words had rung clearly and distinctly from end to end of the hall. After she spoke, after that protest from the accused, dead silence fell on all. Only the fluttering of the fans came as a strange moaning sound, hovering in the overheated air.

Excitement like the embodiment of a thousand sprites flew across and across on wings widely outstretched—unseen, yet tangible. Soon a half-audible curse spoken from beneath the mullioned windows broke the spell of awed silence.

Rupert Kestyon, with rage and shame surging in his heart, fear, too, at the possible consequences of this unexpected interference, muttered angry oaths beneath his breath. Then, like the ripple of innumerable waves, an hundred exclamations rose from every corner of the court. Lord Rochester was seen to whisper animatedly to the King. Mistress Peyton turned and held hurried converse with Sir John Ayloff, who sat at her elbow. A few women tried to titter; the lowering cloud of scandal made vain endeavour to spread itself over the head of that slender girl who stood there before the judge, fearless and impassive beneath this gathering tempest of sneers and evil words.

She had heard the muttered oath, spoken by lips that she had already learned to dread, and her calm blue eyes, serene as the skies of her native Provence, sought the lonely figure beneath the mullion and rested

on it with a look of challenge and of defiance. She had meant and desired to be loyal to him; she would have clung to him through sorrow and loneliness, humiliation and derision if need be. But Fate had been too strong for her. The man she loved was in peril of his life, and could only be saved at the sacrifice of her own loyalty and of her honour.

There had never been any conflict within her. The moment she knew how the accusation stood against her beloved, she mapped out her course and never swerved.

Come contumely and disgrace, public scandal and her own undoing, she was ready for it all. It had been over-easy to guess what had occurred—how Michael had come to be accused of that which was threatening his cousin. Rose Marie understood it even as if she had been present at the interview between the two kinsmen, when one man sold his life for the other's loyalty and for her happiness.

All this and more her glance across the court told to Rupert Kestyon. It told him that, ready as she had been to follow him even at the cost of her own misery, she was not ready to pay for his safety with the life of the man whom alone she loved.

Michael may have sinned! He did sin, no doubt, against God and against her! But God of a truth had made him suffer enough. It was Rupert's turn now to pay, and pay he must. Small coin it was, for his

child-wife's disgrace, his own humiliation at the inevitable scandal and consequent gossip was but small money indeed beside the boundless wealth of self-sacrifice which Michael had been ready to throw in his cousin's lap.

Perhaps that something of the magnetism which emanated from her personality, perhaps the subtle and mysterious magic which love exercises over all who think and who feel, affected these people who were present at this memorable scene. Certain it is that there were but very few men and women in this stately hall who did not feel an undefinable sense of sympathy for the three chief actors of the drama which they were witnessing.

The Lord Chief Justice, at best a hard and cynical man of the world—a man on whom history hath cast a mantle of opprobrium—was strangely impressed. He had watched the girl very closely whilst she spoke, had noted the looks which passed between father and daughter, and thence across to the prisoner at the bar, and something of the truth of the soulful sacrifice which all three were prepared to make dawned upon his alert brain.

His words were the first clear tones that rose above the babel of whisperings and titters; he turned directly to Master Legros and addressed him personally, speaking in fluent French.

"Your daughter, master," he said, "hath made a strange statement. Do you endorse its purport?"

"My daughter spoke the truth, milor," replied papa Legros quietly, "and I endorse every word which she hath said."

"Upon your oath?"

"On mine oath."

"It is false, my lord," murmured Michael still feebly, but making frantic efforts to keep his wandering spirits in bondage. "It is false, on my soul. . . . I was in Paris . . . not at Saint-Denis. . . . The lady is unknown to me. . . . I am guilty. . . ."

"You hear the prisoner's protest, master?" queried the judge, once more speaking directly to Legros. "If your statement be true, he is your bitter enemy."

"He did my daughter a great wrong, my lord, but he is an innocent man, unjustly accused of a grave crime. I cannot let him die for that which he hath not done."

"Yet doth he protest his guilt."

"'Tis natural that he should thus protest, my lord. He hath taken on his own shoulders the burden of another. Yet I would have you believe that I would not stand by now and see my daughter sacrificing her good name for any cause save that of truth."

Papa Legros spoke with so much simplicity, such perfect dignity, and withal had made so logical a statement, that it seems impossible to imagine that it should

not carry at least as much conviction to the minds of judge and jury and of all the assembly as the obviously lying statements of the informers had done. Yet such was the temper of the times, such the wave of intolerant fanaticism which had passed over the country, that even whilst good Master Legros was stating so noble and simple a point of truth, the first murmurs of dissent against him and his daughter rose throughout the hall, whispered words of "foreign Papist," of "prejudiced witnesses," of "a wench and her lover" flew from mouth to mouth.

Rose Marie, whose sensibilities were attuned to their highest pitch, felt this wave of antipathy even before its first faint echo had actually reached her ears.

She was quite clever enough to know that the simple mention of an actual fact by herself and her father would not be sufficient to turn the tide of judicial sympathy back towards Michael, after the perjuries of men who had for some time now been exalted into popular heroes. She had, alas! known only too well that she had not yet reached the summit of that calvary which she had set herself to climb for the loved one's sake.

There were yet many cups of bitter humiliation, which she and her kind father would have to drain, ere an innocent man was forbidden to give his life for another, and the first of these was being held to her

lips even now by the Attorney-General as he said, turning once more to her:

"You are aware, mistress, of these statements to which your father hath sworn in open court? Do you, on your own account and independently of your father, add your sworn testimony to his?"

"I do, sir," she replied. "I swear, quite independently of what my father hath said, that on the evening of the 19th day of April, when the false witnesses aver that my Lord of Stowmaries was in Paris, he was at Saint-Denis with me."

"You are quite sure of the date?"

"Am I like to forget?"

"Odd's fish!" he retorted with a sarcastic curl of the lips, "when a pretty wench is in love . . ."

"I am the wife of Rupert Kestyon, formerly styled my Lord of Stowmaries," she rejoined with calm emphasis. "Had my father kept silent, had he not endeavoured to clear an innocent man of an unjust charge by giving up that which he holds most dear—his daughter's honour and his own good name—had he remained silent, I say, then would the accused have suffered death, my husband would have succeeded to his title, and estates, and I would have duly become the Countess of Stowmaries and Riveaulx, the richest, mayhap the most honoured, lady in this beautiful land. Think you, then, 'tis the caprice of wanton love that would make

me swear what I did? Think you that—unless truth and honour itself compelled him—my father would lend a hand to the degradation of his own child?"

What Michael endured in agony of mind throughout this time it were almost impossible to conceive. Imagine that type of man—the adventurer, the soldier of fortune, the carver of his own destiny, good or bad, the dictator of his own fate—imagine that man for the first time in his life rendered absolutely helpless the while his fate, his life, was being decided on by others. After those first mad and useless protests, after that wild struggle for freedom of speech, for the right to refuse this whole-hearted sacrifice—this offering of the lily on the altar of love—he had remained silent, with his head buried in his hands, driving his finger-nails into his own flesh, longing with the mad impulses born of pain to find a means of ending his own existence here and now, before his snowdrop had suffered the full consequences of her own heaven-born impulse.

Ye gods above, and he—Michael—had doubted her love for him! Fool, fool that he had been even for a moment, even in thought, to give her up to another. He who had ever been ready to account for his own actions, who with the arrogant pride of fallen angels had always looked his own sins in the face—grinning, hideous monsters though they may have been—how came it that when first she spoke cold words to him he did not then

silence them with a kiss? how came it that he did not then and there take her in his arms, defying the laws of men for the sake of the first, the greatest of God's laws which gives the woman to the man?

Fool that he had been to think of aught save love, and of love alone.

And all the while Rose Marie, calm and still as the very statue of abnegation, was completing her work of self-immolation. When the Attorney-General, with sneering lips and mocking eyes, threw discredit on those statements which she and her dear father were making at the cost of their own honour, she felt the first terrible pang of fear—not for herself or her future, but for him whom she longed to save, and lest her sacrifice be made and yet remain useless. Just for that moment her serenity gave way. She looked all round her on that sea of jeering faces, longing to cry for help, just as with her whole attitude she had, until this moment, only called for justice.

Once more her eyes lighted on Rupert Kestyon, her husband, throwing him a challenge which now had almost become a prayer. He could, and he would, help her even now. She had become naught to him, of course. Whatever he said could not add to her disgrace, but he could help to save Michael if he would.

She met his lowering glance, the look of hatred and wrath which embraced her and her father, and the ob-

stinate set of jaw and lips which spoke of the determination to win his own safety, his own advancement, and the furtherance of his own ambition now and at any cost.

But when the iron determination of a woman who loves, and who fights for the safety of the man she loves, comes in contact with the cold obstinacy of a man's ambition, then must the latter yield to the overwhelming strength of the other.

Rupert Kestyon could have saved Michael at cost of his own immediate exaltation, and thus saved Rose Marie a final and complete humiliation, but this his every look told her that he would not do. Therefore after that quick glance her eyes no longer challenged him; she feared that if she dragged him forcibly into this conflict with perjury, his own self-interest would make a stand against justice. Heaven alone knew to what evil promptings his ambition would listen at the moment, when the one life—already so splendidly jeopardised—stood between him and the title and wealth which he coveted.

She did not know that anyone, save her father and herself, could speak with certainty as to that memorable evening of the 19th of April, when she went forth—cruel, cold, and resentful—leaving Michael alone and desolate at the inn of Saint-Denis.

Even now the Attorney-General, fresh to the charge, pressed her with his sarcastic comments.

“You speak well, fair mistress,” he said blandly, “but you know, no doubt, that your story needs corroboration. Two witnesses, who are Englishmen and members of our National Church, have sworn that the prisoner spent the evening of the 19th of April in treasonable converse with an enemy of this country and in their presence. Mark you that the accused himself hath confessed to his guilt. Yet do you swear that he spent that day and evening in your company, until so late that a cruel father came and dragged you away from the delectable privacy. But with all due acknowledgment to the charm of your presence, mistress,” added Sir William Jones, suddenly dropping his bland manner and speaking with almost studied insolence, “you must see for yourself that if a wench desires that she be credited she must, above all, bear a spotless reputation, and this, on your own acknowledgment, you flung to the winds the day that you—avowedly married to Mr. Rupert Kestyon, formerly styled Earl of Stowmaries—did publicly flout your marriage vows by leaving your father’s house in company with the accused. Now justice, though blind, my wench, doth wish to see farther than a minx’s tale, which mayhap hath been concocted to save her gallant from the block.”

The girl had not winced at the insults. Happily her father had not understood them, and the issue at stake was far too great to leave room for vain indignation

or even for outraged pride. What bitter resentment she felt was for Michael's sake. She knew how every insolent word uttered by that bland cynic in the name of the law and of justice would strike against the already overburdened heart of the man who loved her with such passionate adoration. The impotence that weighed on Michael now was of a truth the most bitter wrong to bear in the midst of all this misery. Samson, bound and fettered, was helpless in the hands of the Philistines. Prometheus, chained to the rock, saw the vultures hovering over him and the eagles pecking at his heart.

"As to that, sir," replied Rose Marie quietly after a brief pause, "these honourable gentlemen here whom you call the jury will have to judge for themselves as to who hath lied—those other witnesses or I . . . they who have everything to gain, or I and my father who have everything to lose. . . . But you say that the justice of this land will need corroboration of our statements ere she turns to right an innocent man. . . . This corroboration, sir, you shall have, and you will tell me what form it shall take."

"Some other witness of the prisoner's presence in your company at the inn of Saint-Denis during the day and evening of the 19th of April," retorted Sir William Jones brusquely.

"I know only of the innkeeper himself and his wife," she rejoined, "simple folk to whose testimony—seeing

the temper of the people of England just now—you would scarce give credence mayhap.”

“Mayhap not,” quoth the Attorney-General mockingly.

“Yet think again, mistress,” interposed the Lord Chief Justice not unkindly; “corroboration the law must have . . . if not to right the innocent, then to punish the guilty.”

The young girl's eyes closed for a moment. She clung to her father in pathetic abandonment: beads of perspiration stood on her forehead, her eyes were dry and hot, and her throat parched. But for papa Legros's presence mayhap her magnificent calm would have deserted her then; she drew herself together, however, and a look of understanding passed between father and daughter. Then the tailor drew a paper from his pocket.

It was a large and heavy document, and it bore two huge seals engraved with the arms of the Holy See. This papa Legros gave into an usher's hand, who in his turn handed it up to the Lord Chief Justice.

“What is this paper?” queried his lordship.

“It is a dispensation, my lord,” replied Rose Marie firmly, “signed by His Holiness the Pope, as you will see. It was granted to my husband, Rupert Kestyon, then styled my Lord of Stowmaries and Riveaulx, giving him leave to avail himself of the laws of England, which would on his request annul his marriage with one Rose Marie Legros, who did, on the 19th day of April 1678,

break her sworn marriage vows by contracting with Michael Kestyon, a . . .”

But even as the awful words trembled on the girl's lips, Michael's restraint completely gave way. Despite the soldiers around him—who of a truth were taken by surprise—despite the hopeless futility of his former attempt, he broke through the rank of musketeers who were surrounding him, and with a cry as that of a wild animal wounded unto death he bounded forward to where his snowdrop stood, and with one arm round her, pressing her to him with all the strength of passion held in check so long, he with the other hand placed upon her mouth smothered the word which would have escaped her lips.

“My lord, my lord,” he cried, “is this justice? Sire, you are here present! Where is your kingly power? Will you not stop this desecration of the purest, holiest thing on earth? Are we in the torture chambers of our forefathers, that men in England will listen unmoved to this?”

He had taken the guard so completely by surprise that the men were still standing mute and irresolute, the while the prisoner, with defiant head erect, challenged the King himself to intervene. He had sunk on one knee, his arm still round the form of his beloved. No one would have dared to touch him then, for he was like a wild beast defending its mate.

Rose Marie's strength had indeed failed her at last; when she felt herself falling against the breast of the man whom she so ardently loved, all her calm, all her resolution suddenly gave way. Once more she was the woman, the pure, tender-hearted, gently nurtured child, content to rest in the protecting arms of her lord, content to live for his happiness or to share his disgrace.

"If I feared you before, my lord . . . meseems that I could love you now. . . ." Her cold lips seemed to murmur the echo of the very first words of love which they had ever uttered.

And a groan of agony escaped the poor blackguard's overburdened heart. No longer splendid now, no longer defiant or proud . . . but humbled from his self-exalted state of arrogant manhood. And she, the slender water-lily, had of her own free will allowed the mud of a polluted world to soil the exquisite whiteness of her gown. She had descended from her lofty pedestal of saint-like aloofness in order to link her fate to his . . . her sins to his . . . her life and love to his own. Fate and the overwhelming love of a woman had conquered his will.

"I am a man, and what I do, I do!"

"No!" Love triumphant had retorted, "for what *I* command, that must thou do. I am the ruler, thou my slave! Whoever thou art, I am thy master and the arbiter of thy destiny!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

“And not ever
The justice and the truth o’ the question carries
The due o’ the verdict with it.”

Henry VIII., v. 1.

AT Michael’s call, at his sudden rush for the protection of his beloved, general confusion prevailed such as had never before been witnessed in the sober halls of Westminster.

Gorgeously clad gentlemen of high degree, ladies in silks and brocades, elbowed and pushed one another, climbing on their chairs in order to have a clear view of the small group on the floor of the Hall at the foot of the judge’s bench: Michael kneeling on one knee, Rose Marie half prostrate on the ground, papa Legros with large coloured handkerchief mopping his streaming forehead.

These were times when men gave freer rein to their emotions than they do now; they were not ashamed of them, and modern civilisation had not yet begun to propagate its false doctrine that only what is ugly and sordid is real, and what is fine and noble—and there-

fore, mayhap, a trifle unbridled and primitive—is false and must be suppressed.

That public feeling had—with characteristic irresponsibility—veered round to the accused and to these two witnesses, was undoubted. The poignancy of the situation had told on everyone's nerves. It had been a moving and palpitating drama, vivid, real, and pulsating with love—the noble passion that makes the whole world kin.

The same men and women who awhile ago had clamoured for the traitor's head, who had heaped opprobrium, invectives, and curses upon him, were now quite prepared to demand his acquittal with as little logic in their sympathy as they had shown in their unreasoning vituperations. The same primeval vices of bigotry and intolerance that had presided at the trials of Stayley and Coleman, and sent them to the gallows, sat here in judgment too, equally intolerant of contradiction, equally bigoted and peremptory.

In the midst of this unprecedented turmoil which had turned stately Westminster Hall into an arena filled with wildly excited spectators, the usher's loud calls for silence were absolutely drowned. Nor could the Attorney-General and the Lord Chief Justice make themselves heard by the jury, even though his lordship did his best to admonish these twelve honourable gentlemen not to allow their sentiment to run away with their conscience.

"Justice, good masters, justice above all! Remember these people are all Papists. They will help one another through thick and thin. What is a papal dispensation, good masters? It can be bought and bartered. 'Tis a true witness we want—an honourable witness to prove the truth of what may be but a fabulous concoction, devised to cheat the gallows of a traitor."

"Nay then, odd's fish!" here interposed a loud voice from out the crowd, "since it must be, it shall be, and here, my Lord Justice, is a witness to your hand, whose honourability I'll challenge you to doubt."

The tones rang clear and loud; they were those of a man accustomed to be heard in large or small assemblies, of a man who knew how to make his presence felt and his word obeyed.

Instantly the waves of murmurs, of cries, of excited whispers were stilled. Eyes so long fixed on the moving spectacle at the foot of the bench were turned in the direction of the speaker.

It was my Lord of Rochester, standing beside the King. He waited a moment, then, taking the Judge's silence for assent, and obviously encouraged by a nod from His Majesty himself, he made his way to the witness bar.

"My Lord of Rochester," protested the Attorney-General sternly, "by what right do you come forward at this hour?"

"By the right that every man hath in England, to bear testimony for or against a man or woman accused of crime," replied my Lord of Rochester. "I stand here as a witness on behalf of the prisoner, and called by the other witness—Rose Marie Legros—to corroborate what she already hath said."

"Do you swear . . .?"

"I'll swear to tell all the truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

"All on behalf of the accused?" sneered Sir William Jones.

"Every word which I must utter will be in his favour, sir, seeing that on the 19th day of April I, too, in company with Mister Rupert Kestyon, then styled my Lord of Stowmaries and Riveaulx, and with Sir John Ayloffé, were present at the church of St. Gervais where Mistress Rose Marie Legros did plight her troth to the accused. We witnessed their departure from the church to the house of Master Legros, tailor-in-chief to His Majesty the King of France, where great festivities were then the order of the day. The accused and Mistress Rose Marie Legros did start for Saint-Denis on that self-same afternoon in the presence of a vast number of spectators, from whom I had detailed count of the event. We—that is, Mister Rupert Kestyon, Sir John Ayloffé and myself—did make for Saint-Denis less than an hour after the accused and the lady had left the tailor's

house. We arrived at the inn of the 'Three Archangels' at ten of the clock and there found the accused all alone, and we did stay with him and supped with him until far into the night. This do I swear on my most solemn oath, and, therefore, anyone who says that the accused was in Paris on the evening of that 19th day of April is a liar and a perjurer . . . so help me God!"

My Lord of Rochester's lengthy speech was listened to in silent attention. Michael, kneeling beside Rose Marie, scarcely heeded it. What happened to him now or hereafter mattered so little, since he knew that she loved him with that strength which moveth mountains.

But to the vast company assembled here, all that my Lord of Rochester said mattered a great deal, for it was a confirmation of inward convictions. It gave sympathy free rein, having crowned it with justification.

Even Sir William Jones felt that the prosecution had completely broken down beneath the weight of my Lord of Rochester's evidence. He meant to demand further corroboration, seeing that Sir John Ayloffé was in court; but it would be an uphill fight now, against what was too obvious justice, to be wilfully set aside.

But he did ask my Lord of Rochester why he had delayed in coming forward until well-nigh it had been too late.

"I was ready to come forward at any time," was Rochester's simple reply; "had the prisoner called me,

I would have told the truth at once. But among gentlemen, sir, there is an unspoken compact, guessed at by those who understand one another as gentlemen should. That the accused did not desire mine evidence I readily saw. Only when a noble lady came forward in sublime sacrifice and I feared that this—great as it was—might prove purposeless, then did I feel in honour bound to corroborate her testimony and to prove her true, whilst placing at her feet the expression of my most humble respect.”

To have doubted my Lord of Rochester’s testimony had been madness in the face of public feeling as well as of justice. No one would ever attempt to suggest that his lordship was either a Papist or biassed in favour of Roman Catholicism. Moreover, Sir John Ayloffe, also an unimpeachably honourable gentleman, was there to add his word to that of his friend. Sir William Jones having called him, asked him but a few questions.

What could Cousin John do but swear to the truth? Believe me, that had he found the slightest loophole whereby he could even now arrange a happy marriage between his fair cousin and any Earl of Stowmaries who happened to be bearing the title at the time, he would have done it, and earned that twelve thousand pounds which now certainly seemed hopelessly beyond his grasp.

But he could find no loophole, nor could he attempt to deny the truth of what Lord Rochester had said.

By the time Sir John Ayloffé had given what evidence was asked of him, the spectators were loudly clamouring for the verdict:

“Not guilty! not guilty!” came in excited shouts from the farthest corners of the great Hall.

Of a truth had the informers been recalled they could not have escaped with their lives, and, as a measure of precaution, the Lord Chief Justice, before he began his summing up, did, we know, order the removal of Pye and Oates through a back door and unbeknown to the crowd. Oates's villainies did, unfortunately, rise triumphant from out the ashes of this his first signal defeat in his campaign of perjuries. As for Pye, he passed through that back door out of ken. I believe that his name doth occur on several of the lists of witnesses brought up against the unfortunate Papists during the whole feverish period of the Popish plots, so we may assume that he continued his career of informer and perjurer with some benefit to himself.

But in Westminster Hall to-day the verdict was a foregone conclusion. Even whilst the Lord Chief Justice summed up—as he did, we are told, most eloquently and entirely in favour of the accused—he was frequently interrupted by cries of:

“Not guilty! not guilty! The verdict!”

When the verdict was finally pronounced, and with absolute unanimity by the twelve men in whose hands

lay the life that had been so nobly fought for, it was received with acclamation.

Men and women cheered to the echo, whilst many voices shouted: "God save your Majesty!" There was a general rush for the centre of the Hall, there where that small group of three still stood isolated.

The musketeers had grave difficulty in keeping up some semblance of order.

In the midst of all this turmoil no one noticed that from the dark corner beneath the mullioned window there rose the figure of a young man dressed in rough clothes of sad-coloured cloth, whose pale face was almost distorted by lines of passionate anger.

He drew a small velvet mask from the pocket of his surcoat, and, adjusting it over his face, he made his way as best he could through the excited crowd. Under cover of all the confusion, the rushing to and fro of excited men and women, the cheering for the acquitted and for the King, he quietly passed out of sight.

CHAPTER XLIX.

“Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude.”

Troilus and Cressida, III. 3.

THAT same evening, in the small house in the parish of Soho, Michael sat beside an old woman whose wrinkled, toil-worn hand he held tenderly in his own.

Life had dealt hardly with her, unaccustomed toil and a rough life had done their work. Her sensibilities were blunted, almost extinct, save one—her love for her son.

Obediently she had left her Kentish village, her miserable cottage and ungrateful garden, to come to London when first he bade her so to do. She had exchanged her rough worsted kirtle for a gown of black silk, soft and pliable to the touch. This she had done to please Michael—not because she cared. It was many, many years since last she had cared.

Humbly acceding to his wish she had lived in the house in Soho Square, allowing herself to be tended by servants, she who awhile ago had been scrubbing her

own floors. To please him she had accepted all the comforts, all the luxuries which he gave her. As for herself she had no need of them.

Then when he went away and she was all alone in the big house, save for the army of mute and obedient servants round her, she had wept not a little because she did not see her son. She knew not whither he had gone, and when she asked any of the servants they gave no definite answer, only seemed more mute, more obedient, than before.

But she did not complain. Michael was oft wont to go away like this, to the wars mayhap; soon he would return, all in good time, and she would see him again. Not the faintest echo from the great world outside reached the lonely house in Soho Square; but, then, it had not reached the Kentish village either, so old Mistress Kestyon was quite satisfied.

To-night Michael had returned. She was pleased to see him. It seems he had not been wounded in the wars, for which she was over-glad. He would not let her out of his sight, even when a visitor came desiring speech with him.

The visitor was Rupert Kestyon; the name hardly reached the feeble intelligence, and the face conveyed no meaning. The old dame was quite happy, however, for Michael sat beside her holding her hand in his. She did not understand much of what went on between

the two men. They were cousins—so Michael had said when first the young man entered—and he himself went forward to greet him and warmly took his hand.

“You see me shamed before you, coz,” he said gravely. “You know that had I had the control of my Fate, I should be watching you now from the height or depth of another world. . . .”

“You sent for me,” said Rupert, in no way responding to the other’s cordiality. “I presume ’tis because you have something to say to me of more importance than excuses for your happening to be alive?”

“Nay! there is nothing more important than that just now, coz,” retorted the other quietly. “I sent for you because a chance word from your servant to mine revealed to me the fact that you were in London. You came, no doubt, to see me hanged. . . . A beautiful woman—of whom you, coz, were never worthy—hath decided that I shall live.”

The word that Rupert uttered in response brought an ugly frown on Michael’s brow.

“Cousin,” he said sternly, “in your own interest I pray you cease this wanton talk. I would have you know that I mean well by you.”

He drew from out his pocket the paper that had the seal of His Holiness the Pope attached to it and handed it to Rupert, who, with a savage oath, took it from him.

"Here, coz," he said, "is the papal dispensation which good M. Legros gave into my hands when I parted from him at Westminster Hall. The civil law of England will not take long in setting you free. What money can accomplish that it shall do to expedite your case. My word on it, the lady will not defend it, and the nullity of your marriage shall be pronounced ere the first bud appears on the chestnut-trees."

"A free man and yet a beggar," murmured Rupert moodily.

"Nay, nay, cousin! why should you look on me as your enemy? Have I ever acted as such? My mother, alas! is here as a proof that you and yours were enemies to me, but I not to you, 'pon my honour. I have no need of great riches. The hundred and twenty thousand pounds with which you gambled a year ago are yours, cousin. Let us call them a loan which you made me and wherewith Fate hath worked its will for us. I give them to you freely and with all my heart; you are not a beggar, you see, and are free to marry whom you choose. You are still the cousin of, if not the actual, Earl of Stowmaries; many a pretty woman with taste and ambition will—an I mistake not—smile on you. Life is full of joys yet for you, cousin, and Mistress Peyton will relent. . . . I'd take my oath on that."

While he thus spoke lightly, almost gaily, the frown of moodiness fled from Rupert Kestyon's brow. He

could not help but be gratified at his cousin's generosity, even though his heart no longer turned toward the faithless beauty whose callousness had killed in him all love for her. But there were plenty of pretty women yet in England, thank God! and a man, well-born and well-connected, could cut a very fine figure in London society these days on one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. In the far-off days in old Virginia he had been quite glad of as many pence.

He was quite manly enough to thank his cousin warmly. But before he went he told Michael the news that had been all over London for some days before the trial, namely, that beautiful Mistress Peyton had finally decided to bestow her hand and fortune, and even her heart—if indeed she had any—on her cousin, John Ayloffé.

Good Cousin John! Confronted with beggary and the irretrievable loss of that twelve thousand pounds, he had bethought himself of the only plan whereby the latter goodly sum could, after all, find its way into his own pocket.

The money with the lady was his only chance, and we are told that he took it boldly, even contriving not to make too wry a face when the capricious beauty—realising that Cousin John was her only hope of matrimony now that her name had been so plentifully bespattered with ridicule—decided to bestow her twenty

thousand pounds and her house in Holborn Row, together with her fascinating person, on the one man who now would be glad of the gift.

I understand that Cousin John became exceedingly fat after his marriage; for he led a life of ease and of comparative comfort, even though—or perhaps because—his former merry haunts knew him no more.

CHAPTER L.

“And o’er the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro’ all the world she followed him.”

TENNYSON.

MICHAEL did not again see Rose Marie in England, for her father had taken her away that same evening, after the acquittal, and journeyed with her forthwith to Paris.

And it was in the little room of the Rue de l’Ancienne Comédie that Michael once more beheld his snowdrop. It was December now, and the room was filled with Christmas roses. Outside the snow lay heavy on the ground. Maman Legros, with sleeves well rolled up over her sturdy arms, was stirring the contents of her stock-pot. Papa—a little more grey, a little more bent, mayhap, than he had been a year ago—was staring silently into the fire.

Rose Marie sat at her harpsichord in the window embrasure, and sang to her own accompaniment. Through the panes of the leaded window the pale rays of a

December sun lit up the golden radiance of her hair, and rested on her hands as they wandered over the ivory keys.

Thus Michael saw her again after all these months of suffering. He stood for a moment in the doorway, for happiness at times is more difficult to bear than grief. But Love was triumphant at last. The splendid blackguard, the reckless adventurer, was only an humble lover now. He gazed on his snowdrop with eyes wherein ardent passion mingled with deep reverence.

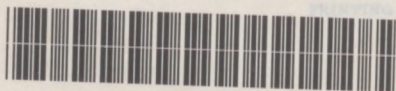
Let the veil of oblivion be drawn across those leaded windows; let it shut out all light which comes from the outer world. Michael, at Rose Marie's feet, forgot all save that he had won her—the pure, stainless girl, even through the infinity of her pity which had first called into being her infinite love.

Papa and Maman Legros, looking on their child's exquisite face suffused now with the glow of perfect love and perfect trust, exchanged a knowing look.

Then they very softly tiptoed out of the room.

THE END.

Biblioteka Główna UMK



300000829553

OF THE PUBLISHER.

*Sold by all Booksellers and at all Railway Bookstalls
on the Continent.*

No private orders are executed by the publisher.

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

July 1, 1912.

*(This list appears on the first of each month, and contains all
publications up to date.)*

Contents:

Collection of British and American Authors. Complete List	Page 2
Series for the Young . . . Page 29	Students' Series . . . „ 30. 31
German Authors . . . „ 29. 30	Manuals & Dictionaries „ 31. 32

Important Notice.

The Tauchnitz Edition in two new and attractive bindings.

The publishers beg to call attention to the fact that from now on copies of the Tauchnitz Edition can also be obtained in two entirely new and original bindings, the one in red cloth (Original-Leinenband), the other in an elegant olive-brown soft material (Original-Geschenband). The price of each volume is *fl.* 1,60 or francs 2,00 sewed, *fl.* 2,20 or francs 2,75 in cloth (Original-Leinenband), and *fl.* 3,00 or francs 3,75 bound in soft material (Original-Geschenband).

A larger and more fully detailed Catalogue

of the Tauchnitz publications—containing much important and useful information in regard to authors and their works, and specially arranged for ready reference—is to be had on application of all booksellers gratis.

Particulars of the Latest Tauchnitz Volumes

will be found: firstly, within and outside the *Covers* of each volume in the Collection; secondly, on the *Bookmark* supplied with each work; and thirdly, in a *Monthly Descriptive List* supplied gratis by all booksellers.

Complete List of the Collection of British and American Authors.

*Published with Continental Copyright by special agreement
with the authors. Vide p. 1.*

4346 Volumes. 419 British, 65 American Authors.
3934 Volumes by British, 412 Volumes by American Authors.

Price of each Volume M. 1,60 or Fr. 2,00 sewed,
M. 2,20 or Fr. 2,75 in red cloth (Leinenband),
M. 3,00 or Fr. 3,75 in soft binding (Geschenkband).

Adams, Henry (Am.): *vide* "Democracy," Author of.

Adams, Rev. W., † 1848.

Sacred Allegories 1 v.

Aguilar, Grace, † 1847.

Home Influence 2 v. — The Mother's Recompense 2 v.

Aidé, [Charles] Hamilton, † 1906.

Rita 1 v. — Carr of Carrylon 2 v. — The Marstons 2 v. — In that State of Life 1 v. — Morals and Mysteries 1 v. — Penruddocke 2 v. — "A nine Days' Wonder" 1 v. — Poet and Peer 2 v. — Introduced to Society 1 v.

Ainsworth, W. Harrison, † 1882.

Windsor Castle 1 v. — Saint James's 1 v. — Jack Sheppard (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Lancashire Witches 2 v. — The Star-Chamber 2 v. — The Flitch of Bacon 1 v. — The Spendthrift 1 v. — Mervyn Clitheroe 2 v. — Ovingdean Grange 1 v. — The Constable of the Tower 1 v. — The Lord Mayor of London 2 v. — Cardinal Pole 2 v. — John Law 2 v. — The Spanish Match 2 v. — The Constable de Bourbon 2 v. — Old Court 2 v. — Myddleton Pomfret 2 v. — The South-Sea Bubble 2 v. — Hilary St. Ives 2 v. — Talbot Harland 1 v. — Tower Hill 1 v. — Boscobel 2 v. — The Good Old Times 2 v. — Merry England 2 v. — The Goldsmith's Wife 2 v. — Preston Fight 2 v. — Chetwynd Calverley 2 v. — The Leaguer of Lathom 2 v. — The Fall of Somerset 2 v. — Beatrice Tyldesley 2 v. — Beau Nash 2 v. — Stanley Brereton 2 v.

Albanesi, Madame.

Drusilla's Point of View 1 v.

Alcott, Louisa M. (Am.), † 1888.
Little Women 2 v. — Little Men 1 v. — An Old-Fashioned Girl 1 v. — Jo's Boys 1 v.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey (Am.),

† 1907.

Marjorie Daw and other Tales 1 v. — The Stillwater Tragedy 1 v.

Alexander, Mrs. (Hector), † 1902.

A Second Life 3 v. — By Woman's Wit 1 v. — Mona's Choice 2 v. — A Life Interest 2 v. — A Crooked Path 2 v. — Blind Fate 2 v. — A Woman's Heart 2 v. — For His Sake 2 v. — The Snare of the Fowler 2 v. — Found Wanting 2 v. — A Ward in Chancery 1 v. — A Choice of Evils 2 v. — A Fight with Fate 2 v. — A Winning Hazard 1 v. — A Golden Autumn 1 v. — Mrs. Crichton's Creditor 1 v. — Barbara, Lady's Maid and Peeress 1 v. — The Cost of Her Pride 2 v. — Brown, V. C. 1 v. — Through Fire to Fortune 1 v. — A Missing Hero 1 v. — The Yellow Fiend 1 v. — Stronger than Love 2 v. — Kitty Costello 1 v.

Alice, Grand-Duchess of Hesse,

† 1878.

Letters to Her Majesty the Queen (with Portrait). With a Memoir by H. R. H. Princess Christian 2 v.

Alldrige, Lizzie.

By Love and Law 2 v. — The World she awoke in 2 v.

Allen, Grant, † 1899.

The Woman who did 1 v.

"All for Greed," Author of
(Baroness de Bury).

All for Greed 1 v. — Love the Avenger 2 v.

Anstey, F. (Guthrie).
 The Giant's Robe 2 v. — A Fallen Idol 1 v. — The Pariah 3 v. — The Talking Horse and other Tales 1 v. — Voces Populi (*First and Second Series*) 1 v. — The Brass Bottle 1 v. — A Bayard from Bengal 1 v. — Salted Almonds 1 v.

Arnold, Sir Edwin, † 1904.
 The Light of Asia (with Portrait) 1 v.

Arnold, Matthew, † 1888.
 Essays in Criticism 2 v. — Essays in Criticism (*Second Series*) 1 v.

Atherton, Gertrude Franklin (Am.).
 American Wives and English Husbands 1 v. — The Californians 1 v. — Patience Sparhawk and her Times 2 v. — Senator North 2 v. — The Doomsdwoman 1 v. — The Aristocrats 1 v. — The Splendid Idle Forties 1 v. — The Conqueror 2 v. — A Daughter of the Vine 1 v. — His Fortunate Grace, etc. 1 v. — The Valiant Runaways 1 v. — The Bell in the Fog, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Travelling Thirds (in Spain) 1 v. — Rezánov 1 v. — Ancestors 2 v. — The Gorgeous Isle 1 v. — Tower of Ivory 2 v. — Julia France and her Times 2 v.

Austen, Jane, † 1817.
 Sense and Sensibility 1 v. — Mansfield Park 1 v. — Pride and Prejudice 1 v. — Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion 1 v. — Emma 1 v.

"Autobiography of Lutfullah,"
 Author of: *vide* E. B. Eastwick.

Avebury, Lord: vide Lubbock.

Bagot, Richard.
 A Roman Mystery 2 v. — Casting of Nets 2 v. — The Just and the Unjust 2 v. — Donna Diana 2 v. — Love's Proxy 1 v. — The Passport 2 v. — Temptation 2 v. — The Lakes of Northern Italy 1 v. — Anthony Cuthbert 2 v. — The House of Serravalle 2 v. — My Italian Year 1 v.

Baring-Gould, S.
 Mehalah 1 v. — John Herring 2 v. — Court Royal 2 v.

Barker, Lady: v. Lady Broome.

Barrett, Frank.
 The Smuggler's Secret 1 v. — Out of the Jaws of Death 2 v.

Barrie, J. M.
 Sentimental Tommy 2 v. — Margaret Ogilvy 1 v. — Tommy and Grizel 2 v. — The Little White Bird 1 v. — Peter and Wendy 1 v.

"Bayle's Romance, Miss," Author of: *vide* W. Fraser Rae.

Baynes, Rev. Robert H.
 Lyra Anglicana, Hymns and Sacred Songs 1 v.

Beaconsfield: vide Disraeli.

Beaumont, Averil (Mrs. Hunt).
 Thornicroft's Model 2 v.

Max Beerbohm.
 Zuleika Dobson 1 v.

Bell, Currer (Charlotte Brontë—Mrs. Nicholls), † 1855.
 Jane Eyre 2 v. — Shirley 2 v. — Vilette 2 v. — The Professor 1 v.

Bell, Ellis & Acton (Emily), † 1848, and Anne, † 1849, Brontë).
 Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey 2 v.

Bellamy, Edward (Am.), † 1898.
 Looking Backward 1 v.

Benedict, Frank Lee (Am.).
 St. Simon's Niece 2 v.

Bennett, Arnold.
 The Grand Babylon Hotel 1 v. — The Gates of Wrath 1 v. — A Great Man 1 v. — Sacred and Profane Love 1 v. — Whom God hath joined 1 v. — The Ghost 1 v. — The Grim Smile of the Five Towns 1 v. — Buried Alive 1 v. — The Old Wives' Tale 2 v. — The Glimpse 1 v. — Helen with the High Hand 1 v. — Clayhanger 2 v. — The Card 1 v. — Hilda Lessways 1 v. — The Matador of the Five Towns, and Other Stories 1 v. — Leonora; a Novel 1 v. (*Vide* Eden Phillpotts.)

Benson, E. F.
 Dodo 1 v. — The Rubicon 1 v. — Scarlet and Hyssop 1 v. — The Book of Months 1 v. — The Relentless City 1 v. — Mammon & Co. 2 v. — The Challoners 1 v. — An Act in a Backwater 1 v. — The Image in the Sand 2 v. — The Angel of Pain 2 v. — Paul 2 v. — The House of Defence 2 v. — Sheaves 2 v. — The Climber 2 v. — The Blotting Book 1 v. — A Reaping 1 v. — Daisy's Aunt 1 v. — The Osbornes 1 v. — Account Rendered 1 v. — Juggernaut 1 v.

Benson, Robert Hugh.
 The Necromancers 1 v. — A Winnowing 1 v. — None Other Gods 1 v. — The Dawn of All 1 v. — The Coward 1 v.

Besant, Sir Walter, † 1901.
 The Revolt of Man 1 v. — Dorothy Forster 2 v. — Children of Gibeon 2 v. —

The World went very well then 2 v. — Katharine Regina 1 v. — Herr Paulus 2 v. — The Inner House 1 v. — The Bell of St. Paul's 2 v. — For Faith and Freedom 2 v. — Armored of Lyonesse 2 v. — Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, etc. 1 v. — Beyond the Dreams of Avarice 2 v. — The Master Craftsman 2 v. — A Fountain Sealed 1 v. — The Orange Girl 2 v. — The Fourth Generation 1 v. — The Lady of Lynn 2 v.

Besant, Sir Walter, † 1901, & James Rice, † 1882.

The Golden Butterfly 2 v. — Ready-Money Mortiboy 2 v. — By Celia's Arbour 2 v.

Betham-Edwards, M.

The Sylvestres 1 v. — Felicia 2 v. — Brother Gabriel 2 v. — Forestalled 1 v. — Exchange no Robbery, and other Novelles 1 v. — Disarmed 1 v. — Doctor Jacob 1 v. — Pearla 1 v. — Next of Kin Wanted 1 v. — The Parting of the Ways 1 v. — For One and the World 1 v. — The Romance of a French Parsonage 1 v. — France of To-day 1 v. — Two Aunts and a Nephew 1 v. — A Dream of Millions 1 v. — The Curb of Honour 1 v. — France of To-day (*Second Series*) 1 v. — A Romance of Dijon 1 v. — The Dream-Charlotte 1 v. — A Storm-Rent Sky 1 v. — Reminiscences 1 v. — The Lord of the Harvest 1 v. — Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1875—1899 1 v. — A Suffolk Courtship 1 v. — Mock Beggars' Hall 1 v. — East of Paris 1 v. — A Humble Lover 1 v. — Barham Brocklebank, M.D. 1 v. — Martha Rose, Teacher 1 v. — The White House by the Sea 1 v.

Bierce, Ambrose (Am.).

In the Midst of Life 1 v.

Birchenough, Mabel C.

Potsherd 1 v.

Bisland, E. (Am.): *vide* Rhoda Broughton.

Bismarck, Prince: *vide* Butler.

Vide also Wilhelm Görlach (Collection of German Authors, p. 29), and Whitman.

Black, William, † 1898.

A Daughter of Heth 2 v. — In Silk Attire 2 v. — The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton 2 v. — A Princess of Thule 2 v. — Kilmeny 1 v. — The Maid of Killeena, and other Stories 1 v. — Three Feathers 2 v. — Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and other

Stories 1 v. — Madcap Violet 2 v. — Green Pastures and Piccadilly 2 v. — Macleod of Dare 2 v. — White Wings 2 v. — Sunrise 2 v. — The Beautiful Wretch 1 v. — Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P., in the Highlands; The Four Maccinols; The Pupil of Aurelius 1 v. — Shandon Bells (with Portrait) 2 v. — Judith Shakespeare 2 v. — The Wise Women of Inverness, etc. 1 v. — White Heather 2 v. — Sabina Zembra 2 v. — The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat 2 v. — In Far Lochaber 2 v. — The New Prince Fortunatus 2 v. — Stand Fast, Craig-Royston! 2 v. — Donald Ross of Heimra 2 v. — The Magic Ink, and other Tales 1 v. — Wolfenberg 2 v. — The Handsome Humes 2 v. — Highland Cousins 2 v. — Briseis 2 v. — Wild Eelin 2 v.

"Black-Box Murder, the,"

Author of.

The Black-Box Murder 1 v.

Blackmore, Richard Doddridge,

† 1900.

Alice Lorraine 2 v. — Mary Anerley 3 v. — Christowell 2 v. — Tommy Upmore 2 v. — Perlycross 2 v.

"Blackwood."

Tales from "Blackwood" (*First Series*) 1 v. — Tales from "Blackwood" (*Second Series*) 1 v.

Blagden, Isa, † 1873.

The Woman I loved, and the Woman who loved me; A Tuscan Wedding 1 v.

Blessington, Countess of (Marguerite Gardiner), † 1849.

Meredith 1 v. — Strathern 2 v. — Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre 1 v. — Marmaduke Herbert 2 v. — Country Quarters (with Portrait) 2 v.

Bloomfield, Baroness.

Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life (with the Portrait of Her Majesty the Queen) 2 v.

Boldrewood, Rolf.

Robbery under Arms 2 v. — Nevermore 2 v.

Braddon, Miss (Mrs. Maxwell).

Lady Audley's Secret 2 v. — Aurora Floyd 2 v. — Eleanor's Victory 2 v. — John Marchmont's Legacy 2 v. — Henry Dunbar 2 v. — The Doctor's Wife 2 v. — Only a Clod 2 v. — Sir Jasper's Tenant 2 v. — The Lady's Mile 2 v. — Rupert God-

win 2 v. — Dead-Sea Fruit 2 v. — Run to Earth 2 v. — Fenton's Quest 2 v. — The Lovels of Arden 2 v. — Strangers and Pilgrims 2 v. — Lucius Davoren 3 v. — Taken at the Flood 3 v. — Lost for Love 2 v. — A Strange World 2 v. — Hostages to Fortune 2 v. — Dead Men's Shoes 2 v. — Joshua Haggard's Daughter 2 v. — Weavers and Weft 1 v. — In Great Waters, and other Tales 1 v. — An Open Verdict 3 v. — Vixen 3 v. — The Cloven Foot 3 v. — The Story of Barbara 2 v. — Just as I am 2 v. — Asphodel 3 v. — Mount Royal 2 v. — The Golden Calf 2 v. — Flower and Weed 1 v. — Phantom Fortune 3 v. — Under the Red Flag 1 v. — Ishmael 3 v. — Wyllard's Weird 3 v. — One Thing Needful 2 v. — Cut by the County 1 v. — Like and Unlike 2 v. — The Fatal Three 2 v. — The Day will come 2 v. — One Life, One Love 2 v. — Gerard 2 v. — The Venetians 2 v. — All along the River 2 v. — Thou art the Man 2 v. — The Christmas Hirelings, etc. 1 v. — Sons of Fire 2 v. — London Pride 2 v. — Rough Justice 2 v. — In High Places 2 v. — His Darling Sin 1 v. — The Infidel 3 v. — The Conflict 2 v. — The Rose of Life 2 v. — Dead Love has Chains 1 v. — During Her Majesty's Pleasure 1 v.

Brassey, Lady, † 1887.

A Voyage in the "Sunbeam" 2 v. — Sunshine and Storm in the East 2 v. — In the Trades, the Tropics and the Roaring Forties 2 v.

"Bread-Winners, the," Author of (Am.).

The Bread-Winners 1 v.

Bret Harte: *vide* Harte.

Brock, Rev. William, † 1875.
Sir Henry Havelock, K. C. B. 1 v.

Brontë, Charlotte: *vide* Currer Bell.

Brontë, Emily & Anne: *vide* Ellis & Acton Bell.

Brooks, Shirley, † 1874.
The Silver Cord 3 v. — Sooner or Later 3 v.

Broome, Lady (Lady Barker).

Station Life in New Zealand 1 v. — Station Amusements in New Zealand 1 v. — A Year's Housekeeping in South

Africa 1 v. — Letters to Guy, and A Distant Shore—Rodrigues 1 v. — Colonial Memories 1 v.

Broughton, Rhoda.

Cometh up as a Flower 1 v. — Not wisely, but too well 2 v. — Red as a Rose is She 2 v. — Tales for Christmas Eve 1 v. — Nancy 2 v. — Joan 2 v. — Second Thoughts 2 v. — Belinda 2 v. — Doctor Cupid 2 v. — Alas! 2 v. — Mrs. Bligh 1 v. — A Beginner 1 v. — Scylla or Charybdis? 1 v. — Dear Faustina 1 v. — The Game and the Candle 1 v. — Foes in Law 1 v. — Lavinia 1 v. — Mamma 1 v. — The Devil and the Deep Sea 1 v. — Between Two Stools 1 v.

Broughton, Rhoda, & Elizabeth Bisland (Am.).

A Widower Indeed 1 v.

Brown, John, † 1882.

Rab and his Friends, and other Papers 1 v.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, † 1861.

A Selection from her Poetry (with Portrait) 1 v. — Aurora Leigh 1 v.

Browning, Robert, † 1889.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 4 v.

Bullen, Frank T.

The Cruise of the "Cachalot" 2 v.

Bulwer, Edward, Lord Lytton, † 1873.

Pelham (with Portrait) 1 v. — Eugene Aram 1 v. — Paul Clifford 1 v. — Zanoni 1 v. — The Last Days of Pompeii 1 v. — The Disowned 1 v. — Ernest Maltravers 1 v. — Alice 1 v. — Eva, and The Pilgrims of the Rhine 1 v. — Devereux 1 v. — Godolphin and Falkland 1 v. — Rienzi 1 v. — Night and Morning 1 v. — The Last of the Barons 2 v. — Athens 2 v. — The Poems and Ballads of Schiller 1 v. — Lucretia 2 v. — Harold 2 v. — King Arthur 2 v. — The New Timon, and St. Stephen's 1 v. — The Caxtons 2 v. — My Novel 4 v. — What will he do with it? 4 v. — Dramatic Works 2 v. — A Strange Story 2 v. — Caxtoniana 2 v. — The Lost Tales of Mileto 1 v. — Miscellaneous Prose Works 4 v. — Odes and Epodes of Horace 2 v. — Kenelm Chillingly 4 v. — The Coming Race 1 v. — The Parisians 4 v. — Pausanias, the Spartan 1 v.

- Bulwer, Henry Lytton** (Lord Dalling), † 1872.
Historical Characters 2 v. — The Life of Viscount Palmerston 3 v.
- Bunyan, John**, † 1688.
The Pilgrim's Progress 1 v.
- "Buried Alone," Author of (Charles Wood).
Buried Alone 1 v.
- Burnett, Mrs. Frances Hodgson** (Am.).
Through one Administration 2 v. — Little Lord Fauntleroy 1 v. — Sara Crewe, and Editha's Burglar 1 v. — The Pretty Sister of José 1 v. — A Lady of Quality 2 v. — His Grace of Osmonde 2 v. — The Shuttle 2 v. — The Secret Garden 1 v.
- Burney, Miss** (Madame D'Arblay), † 1840.
Evelina 1 v.
- Burns, Robert**, † 1796.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Burton, Richard F.**, † 1890.
A Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina 3 v.
- Bury, Baroness de:** *vide* "All for Greed."
- Butler, A. J.**
Bismarck. His Reflections and Reminiscences. Translated from the great German edition, under the supervision of A. J. Butler. With two Portraits. 3 v.
- Buxton, Mrs. B. H.**, † 1881.
Jennie of "The Prince's," 2 v. — Won 2 v. — Great Grenfell Gardens 2 v. — Nell—on and off the Stage 2 v. — From the Wings 2 v.
- Byron, Lord**, † 1824.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.
- Caffyn, Mrs. Mannington** (Iota).
A Yellow Aster 1 v. — Children of Circumstance 2 v. — Anne Mauleverer 2 v.
- Caine, Hall.**
The Bondman 2 v. — The Manxman 2 v. — The Christian 2 v. — The Eternal City 3 v. — The Prodigal Son 2 v. — The White Prophet 2 v.
- Cameron, Verney Lovett.**
Across Africa 2 v.
- Campbell Præd:** *vide* Præd.
- Carey, Rosa Nouchette**, † 1909.
Not Like other Girls 2 v. — "But Men must Work" 1 v. — Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters 2 v. — The Old, Old Story 2 v. — Herb of Grace 2 v. — The Highway of Fate 2 v. — A Passage Perilous 2 v. — At the Moorings 2 v.
- Carlyle, Thomas**, † 1881.
The French Revolution 3 v. — Frederick the Great 13 v. — Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches 4 v. — The Life of Schiller 1 v.
- Carnegie, Andrew** (Am.).
Problems of To-Day 1 v.
- Carr, Alaric.**
Treherne's Temptation 2 v.
- Castle, Agnes & Egerton.**
The Star Dreamer 2 v. — Incomparable Bellairs 1 v. — Rose of the World 1 v. — French Nan 1 v. — "If Youth but knew!" 1 v. — My Merry Rockhurst 1 v. — Flower o' the Orange 1 v. — Wroth 2 v. — Diamond Cut Paste 1 v. — The Lost Iphigenia 1 v. — Love Gilds the Scene 1 v.
- Castle, Egerton.**
Consequences 2 v. — "La Bella," and Others 1 v.
- Charles, Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle**, † 1896: *vide* "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family."
- Charlesworth, Maria Louisa**, † 1880.
Oliver of the Mill 1 v.
- Chesterton, G. K.**
The Man who was Thursday 1 v. — What's Wrong with the World 1 v. — The Innocence of Father Brown 1 v.
- Cholmondeley, Mary.**
Diana Tempest 2 v. — Red Pottage 2 v. — Moth and Rust 1 v. — Prisoners 2 v. — The Lowest Rung 1 v.
- Christian, Princess:** *vide* Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse.
- "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," Author of (Mrs. E. Rundle Charles), † 1896.
Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family 2 v. — The Draytons and the Davenants 2 v. — On Both Sides of the Sea 2 v. — Winifred Bertram 1 v. — Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyhan 1 v. —

- The Victory of the Vanquished 1 v. — The Cottage by the Cathedral and other Parables 1 v. — Against the Stream 2 v. — The Bertram Family 2 v. — Conquering and to Conquer 1 v. — Lapsed, but not Lost 1 v.
- Churchill, Winston (Am.).
Mr. Crewe's Career 2 v.
- Clark, Alfred.
The Finding of Lot's Wife 1 v.
- Clemens, Samuel L.: *v.* Twain.
- Clifford, Mrs. W. K.
Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman 1 v. — Aunt Anne 2 v. — The Last Touches, and other Stories 1 v. — Mrs. Keith's Crime 1 v. — A Wild Proxy 1 v. — A Flash of Summer 1 v. — A Woman Alone 1 v. — Woodside Farm 1 v. — The Modern Way 1 v. — The Getting Well of Dorothy 1 v. — Mere Stories 1 v.
- Clive, Mrs. Caroline, † 1873:
vide Author of "Paul Ferroll."
- Cobbe, Frances Power, † 1904.
Re-Echoes 1 v.
- Coleridge, C. R.
An English Squire 2 v.
- Coleridge, M. E.
The King with two Faces 2 v.
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor,
† 1834.
Poems 1 v.
- Collins, Charles Allston, † 1873.
A Cruise upon Wheels 2 v.
- Collins, Mortimer, † 1876.
Sweet and Twenty 2 v. — A Fight with Fortune 2 v.
- Collins, Wilkie, † 1889.
After Dark 1 v. — Hide and Seek 2 v. — A Plot in Private Life, etc. 1 v. — The Woman in White 2 v. — Basil 1 v. — No Name 3 v. — The Dead Secret, and other Tales 2 v. — Antonina 2 v. — Armadale 3 v. — The Moonstone 2 v. — Man and Wife 3 v. — Poor Miss Finch 2 v. — Miss or Mrs.? 1 v. — The New Magdalen 2 v. — The Frozen Deep 1 v. — The Law and the Lady 2 v. — The Two Destinies 1 v. — My Lady's Money, and Percy and the Prophet 1 v. — The Haunted Hotel 1 v. — The Fallen Leaves 2 v. — Jezebel's Daughter 2 v. — The Black Robe 2 v. — Heart and Science 2 v. — "I say No," 2 v. — The Evil Genius 2 v. — The Guilty River, and The Ghost's Touch 1 v. — The Legacy of Cain 2 v. — Blind Love 2 v.
- "Cometh up as a Flower": *vide*
Rhoda Broughton.
- Conrad, Joseph.
An Outcast of the Islands 2 v. — Tales of Unrest 1 v. — The Secret Agent 1 v. — A Set of Six 1 v. — Under Western Eyes 1 v.
- Conway, Hugh (F. J. Fergus),
† 1885.
Called Back 1 v. — Bound Together 2 v. — Dark Days 1 v. — A Family Affair 2 v. — Living or Dead 2 v.
- Cooper, James Fenimore (Am.),
† 1851.
The Spy (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Two Admirals 1 v. — The Jack O' Lantern 1 v.
- Cooper, Mrs.: *vide* Katharine Saunders.
- Corelli, Marie.
Vendetta! 2 v. — Thelma 2 v. — A Romance of Two Worlds 2 v. — "Ardath" 3 v. — Wornwood. A Drama of Paris 2 v. — The Hired Baby, with other Stories and Social Sketches 1 v. — Barabbas; A Dream of the World's Tragedy 2 v. — The Sorrows of Satan 2 v. — The Mighty Atom 1 v. — The Murder of Delicia 1 v. — Ziska 1 v. — Boy. A Sketch. 2 v. — The Master-Christian 2 v. — "Temporal Power" 2 v. — God's Good Man 2 v. — Free Opinions 1 v. — Treasure of Heaven (with Portrait) 2 v. — Holy Orders 2 v. — The Life Everlasting 2 v.
- Cotes, Mrs. Everard.
Those Delightful Americans 1 v. — Set in Authority 1 v. — Cousin Cinderella 1 v.
- "County, the," Author of.
The County 1 v.
- Craik, George Lillie, † 1866.
A Manual of English Literature and of the History of the English Language 2 v.
- Craik, Mrs. (Miss Dinah M. Mulock), † 1887.
John Halifax, Gentleman 2 v. — The Head of the Family 2 v. — A Life for a Life 2 v. — A Woman's Thoughts about Women 1 v. — Agatha's Husband 1 v. — Romantic Tales 1 v. — Domestic Stories 1 v. — Mistress and Maid 1 v. — The Ogilvies 1 v. — Lord Eristoun 1 v. — Christian's Mistake 1 v. — Bread upon the Waters 1 v. — A Noble Life 1 v. — Olive 2 v. — Two Marriages 1 v. — Studies

from Life 1 v. — Poems 1 v. — The Woman's Kingdom 2 v. — The Unkind Word, and other Stories 2 v. — A Brave Lady 2 v. — Hannah 2 v. — Fair France 1 v. — My Mother and I 1 v. — The Little Lame Prince 1 v. — Sermons out of Church 1 v. — The Laurel-Bush; Two little Tinkers 1 v. — A Legacy 2 v. — Young Mrs. Jardine 2 v. — His Little Mother, and other Tales and Sketches 1 v. — Plain Speaking 1 v. — Miss Tommy 1 v. — King Arthur 1 v.

Craik, Georgiana M. (Mrs. May).
Lost and Won 1 v. — Faith Unwin's Ordeal 1 v. — Leslie Tyrrell 1 v. — Winifred's Wooing, etc. 1 v. — Mildred 1 v. — Esther Hill's Secret 2 v. — Hero Trevelyan 1 v. — Without Kith or Kin 2 v. — Only a Butterfly 1 v. — Sylvia's Choice; Theresa 2 v. — Anne Warwick 1 v. — Dorcas 2 v. — Two Women 2 v.

Craik, Georgiana M., & M. C. Stirling.

Two Tales of Married Life (Hard to Bear, by Miss Craik; A True Man, by M. C. Stirling) 2 v.

Craven, Mrs. Augustus: *vide* Lady Fullerton.

Crawford, F. Marion (Am.),
† 1909.

Mr. Isaacs 1 v. — Doctor Claudius 1 v. — To Leeward 1 v. — A Roman Singer 1 v. — An American Politician 1 v. — Zoroaster 1 v. — A Tale of a Lonely Parish 2 v. — Saracinesca 2 v. — Marzio's Crucifix 1 v. — Paul Patoff 2 v. — With the Immortals 1 v. — Greifenstein 2 v. — Sant' Ilario 2 v. — A Cigarette-Maker's Romance 1 v. — Khaled 1 v. — The Witch of Prague 2 v. — The Three Fates 2 v. — Don Orsino 2 v. — The Children of the King 1 v. — Pietro Ghisleri 2 v. — Marion Darce 1 v. — Katharine Lauderdale 2 v. — The Ralstons 2 v. — Casa Braccio 2 v. — Adam Johnstone's Son 1 v. — Taquisara 2 v. — A Rose of Yesterday 1 v. — Corleone 2 v. — Via Crucis 2 v. — In the Palace of the King 2 v. — Marietta, a Maid of Venice 2 v. — Cecilia 2 v. — The Heart of Rome 2 v. — Whosoever Shall Offend... 2 v. — Soprano 2 v. — A Lady of Rome 2 v. — Arethusa 2 v. — The Primadonna 2 v. — The Diva's Ruby 2 v. — The White Sister 1 v. — Stradella 1 v. — The Undesirable Governess 1 v. — Uncanny Tales 1 v.

Crockett, S. R.
The Raiders 2 v. — Cleg Kelly 2 v. —

The Grey Man 2 v. — Love Idylls 1 v. — The Dark o' the Moon 2 v.

Croker, B. M.
Peggy of the Bartons 2 v. — The Happy Valley 1 v. — The Old Cantonment, with Other Stories of India and Elsewhere 1 v. — A Nine Days' Wonder 1 v. — The Youngest Miss Mowbray 1 v. — The Company's Servant 2 v. — The Cat's-Paw 1 v. — Katherine the Arrogant 1 v. — Fame 1 v. — Babes in the Wood 1 v. — A Rolling Stone 1 v. — The Serpent's Tooth 1 v.

Cross, J. W.: *vide* George Eliot's Life.

Cudlip, Mrs. Pender: *vide* A. Thomas.

Cummins, Miss (Am.), † 1866.
The Lamplighter 1 v. — Mabel Vaughan 1 v. — El Fureidis 1 v. — Haunted Hearts 1 v.

Cushing, Paul.
The Blacksmith of Voe 2 v.

"Daily News."
War Correspondence, 1877, by Archibald Forbes and others 3 v.

Danby, Frank.
The Heart of a Child 2 v. — An Incomplete Etonian 2 v. — Let the Roof fall in 2 v.

"Dark," Author of.
Dark 1 v.

Davis, Richard Harding (Am.).
Gallegher, etc. 1 v. — Van Bibber and Others 1 v. — Ranson's Folly 1 v.

De Foe, Daniel, † 1731.
Robinson Crusoe 1 v.

Deland, Margaret (Am.).
John Ward, Preacher 1 v.

"Democracy," Author of (Am.).
Democracy 1 v.

De Morgan, William.
Joseph Vance 2 v.

"Demos," Author of: *vide* George Gissing.

De Quincey, Thomas.
Confessions of an English Opium-Eater 1 v.

"Diary and Notes": *vide* Author of "Horace Templeton."

Dickens, Charles, † 1870.
The Pickwick Club (with Portrait) 2 v. — American Notes 1 v. — Oliver Twist 1 v. — Nicholas Nickleby 2 v. — Sketches 1 v. — Martin Chuzzlewit 2 v. — A Christmas

Carol; The Chimes; The Cricket on the Hearth 1 v. — Master Humphrey's Clock (Old Curiosity Shop; Barnaby Rudge, etc.) 3 v. — Pictures from Italy 1 v. — Dombey and Son 3 v. — David Copperfield 3 v. — Bleak House 4 v. — A Child's History of England (2 v. 80 M. 2,70.) — Hard Times 1 v. — Little Dorrit (with Illustrations) 4 v. — The Battle of Life; The Haunted Man 1 v. — A Tale of two Cities 2 v. — Hunted Down; The Uncommercial Traveller 1 v. — Great Expectations 2 v. — Christmas Stories, etc. 1 v. — Our Mutual Friend (with Illustrations) 4 v. — Somebody's Luggage; Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings; Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy 1 v. — Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions; Mugby Junction 1 v. — The Mystery of Edwin Drood (with Illustrations) 2 v. — The Mudfog Papers, 1 v. — The Letters of Charles Dickens, ed. by his Sister-in-law and his eldest Daughter 4 v. — *Vide* also Household Words, Novels and Tales, and John Forster.

Dickens, Charles, & Wilkie Collins.

No Thoroughfare; The Late Miss Holford 1 v.

Disraeli, Benjamin, Lord Beaconsfield, † 1881.

Coningsby 1 v. — Sybil 1 v. — Contarini Fleming (with Portrait) 1 v. — Alroy 1 v. — Tancred 2 v. — Venetia 2 v. — Vivian Grey 2 v. — Henrietta Temple 1 v. — Lothair 2 v. — Endymion 2 v.

Dixon, Ella Hepworth.

The Story of a Modern Woman 1 v. — One Doubtful Hour 1 v.

Dixon, W. Hepworth, † 1879.

Personal History of Lord Bacon 1 v. — The Holy Land 2 v. — New America 2 v. — Spiritual Wives 2 v. — Her Majesty's Tower 4 v. — Free Russia 2 v. — History of two Queens 6 v. — White Conquest 2 v. — Diana, Lady Lyle 2 v.

Dixon, Jr., Thomas, (Am.).

The Leopard's Spots 2 v.

Dougall, L.

Beggars All 2 v.

Dowie, Mémie Muriel.

A Girl in the Karpathians 1 v.

Doyle, Sir A. Conan.

The Sign of Four 1 v. — Micah Clarke 2 v. — The Captain of the Pole-Star, and other Tales 1 v. — The White Company 2 v. — A Study in Scarlet 1 v. — The

Great Shadow, and Beyond the City 1 v. — The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — The Refugees 2 v. — The Firm of Girdlestone 2 v. — The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — Round the Red Lamp 1 v. — The Stark Munro Letters 1 v. — The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard 1 v. — Rodney Stone 2 v. — Uncle Bernac 1 v. — The Tragedy of the Korosko 1 v. — A Duet 1 v. — The Green Flag 1 v. — The Great Boer War 2 v. — The War in South Africa 1 v. — The Hound of the Baskervilles 1 v. — Adventures of Gerard 1 v. — The Return of Sherlock Holmes 2 v. — Sir Nigel 2 v. — Through the Magic Door 1 v. — Round the Fire Stories 1 v. — The Mystery of Cloomber 1 v. — The Last Galley 1 v.

Drummond, Professor Henry,

† 1897.

The Greatest Thing in the World; Pax Vobiscum; The Changed Life 1 v.

Dufferin, the Earl of.

Letters from High Latitudes 1 v.

Duncan, Sara Jeannette: *vide* Mrs. Cotes.

Dunton: *vide* Th. Watts-Dunton.

Earl, the, and the Doctor.

South Sea Bubbles 1 v.

Eastwick, Edward B., † 1883.

Autobiography of Lutfullah 1 v.

Edgeworth, Maria, *vide* Series for the Young, p. 29.

Edwardes, Mrs. Annie.

Archie Lovell 2 v. — Steven Lawrence, Yeoman 2 v. — Ought we to visit her? 2 v. — A Vagabond Heroine 1 v. — Leah: A Woman of Fashion 2 v. — A Blue-Stocking 1 v. — Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune? 1 v. — Vivian the Beauty 1 v. — A Ball-room Repentance 2 v. — A Girton Girl 2 v. — A Playwright's Daughter, and Bertie Griffiths 1 v. — Pearl-Powder 1 v. The Adventuress 1 v.

Edwards, Amelia B., † 1892.

Barbara's History 2 v. — Miss Carey 2 v. — Hand and Glove 1 v. — Half a Million of Money 2 v. — Debenham's Vow 2 v. — In the Days of my Youth 2 v. — Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys 1 v. — Monsieur Maurice 1 v. — A Night on the Borders of the Black Forest 1 v. — A Poetry-Book of Elder Poets

1 v. — A Thousand Miles up the Nile 2 v.
— A Poetry-Book of Modern Poets 1 v. —
Lord Brackenbury 2 v.

Edwards, M. Betham: *vide*
Betham.

Eggleston, Edward (Am.), † 1902.
The Faith Doctor 2 v.

Elbon, Barbara (Am.).
Bethesda 2 v.

Eliot, George (Miss Evans—
Mrs. Cross), † 1880.

Scenes of Clerical Life 2 v. — Adam
Bede 2 v. — The Mill on the Floss 2 v. —
Silas Marner 1 v. — Romola 2 v. — Felix
Holt 2 v. — Daniel Deronda 4 v. — The
Lifted Veil, and Brother Jacob 1 v. —
Impressions of Theophrastus Such 1 v. —
Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book
1 v. — George Eliot's Life, edited by her
Husband, J. W. Cross 4 v.

"Elizabeth and her German
Garden," Author of.

Elizabeth and her German Garden 1 v. —
The Solitary Summer 1 v. — The Bene-
factress 2 v. — Princess Priscilla's Fort-
night 1 v. — The Adventures of Elizabeth
in Rügen 1 v. — Fräulein Schmidt and Mr.
Anstruther 1 v.

Elliot, Mrs. Frances, † 1898.

Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy 2 v. —
Old Court Life in France 2 v. — The
Italians 2 v. — The Diary of an Idle
Woman in Sicily 1 v. — Pictures of Old
Rome 1 v. — The Diary of an Idle Woman in
Spain 2 v. — The Red Cardinal 1 v. —
The Story of Sophia 1 v. — Diary of an
Idle Woman in Constantinople 1 v. —
Old Court Life in Spain 2 v. — Roman
Gossip 1 v.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo (Am.),
† 1882.

Representative Men 1 v.

"Englishwoman's Love-Let-
ters, an," Author of.

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters 1 v.

Erroll, Henry.

An Ugly Duckling 1 v.

Esler, E. Rentoul.

The Way they loved at Grimpat 1 v.

"Essays and Reviews," the
Authors of.

Essays and Reviews. By various Authors
1 v.

"Estelle Russell," Author of.
Estelle Russell 2 v.

Esterre-Keeling, Elsa D'.

Three Sisters 1 v. — A Laughing Philo-
sopher 1 v. — The Professor's Wooing 1 v.
— In Thoughtland and in Dreamland
1 v. — Orchardcroft 1 v. — Appassionata
1 v. — Old Maids and Young 2 v. — The
Queen's Serf 1 v.

"Euthanasia," Author of.

Euthanasia 1 v.

Ewing, Juliana Horatia, † 1885.

Jackanapes; The Story of a Short Life;
Daddy Darwin's Dovecot 1 v. — A Flat
Iron for a Farthing 1 v. — The Brownies,
and other Tales 1 v.

"Expiated," Author of.

Expiated 2 v.

Fargus, F. J.: *vide* Hugh Con-
way.

Farrar, F. W. (Dean), † 1903.

Darkness and Dawn 3 v.

"Fate of Fenella, the," Authors
of.

The Fate of Fenella, by 24 Authors 1 v.

Felkin, Alfred Laurence: *vide*
E. T. Fowler.

Felkin, Mrs.: *vide* E. T. Fowler.

Fendall, Percy: *vide* F. C.
Philips.

Fenn, George Manville.

The Parson o' Dumford 2 v. — The
Clerk of Portwick 2 v.

Fielding, Henry, † 1754.

Tom Jones 2 v.

Findlater, Mary & Jane (Am.):
vide Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Fitzgerald, Edward.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám 1 v.

Five Centuries

of the English Language and Literature:
John Wycliffe. — Geoffrey Chaucer. —
Stephen Hawes. — Sir Thomas More. —
Edmund Spenser. — Ben Jonson. — John
Locke. — Thomas Gray (vol. 500, published
1860) 1 v.

Fleming, George (Am.).

Kismet 1 v. — Andromeda 2 v.

Forbes, Archibald, † 1900.
My Experiences of the War between France and Germany 2 v. — Soldiering and Scribbling 1 v. — Memories and Studies of War and Peace 2 v. — *Vide* also "Daily News," War Correspondence.

Forrest, R. E.
Eight Days 2 v.

Forrester, Mrs.
Viva 2 v. — Rhona 2 v. — Roy and Viola 2 v. — My Lord and My Lady 2 v. — I have Lived and Loved 2 v. — June 2 v. — Omnia Vanitas 1 v. — Although he was a Lord, and other Tales 1 v. — Corisande, and other Tales 1 v. — Once Again 2 v. — Of the World, Worldly 1 v. — Dearest 2 v. — The Light of other Days 1 v. — Too Late Repented 1 v.

Forster, John, † 1876.
The Life of Charles Dickens (with Illustrations and Portraits) 6 v. — Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith 2 v.

Fothergill, Jessie.
The First Violin 2 v. — Probation 2 v. — Made or Marred, and "One of Three" 1 v. — Kith and Kin 2 v. — Peril 2 v. — Borderland 2 v.

"Found Dead," Author of: *vide* James Payn.

Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft (Mrs. Alfred Laurence Felkin).
A Double Thread 2 v. — The Farringdons 2 v. — Fuel of Fire 1 v. — Place and Power 2 v. — In Subjection 2 v. — Miss Fallowfield's Fortune 1 v.

Fowler, Ellen Thorneycroft (Mrs. A. L. Felkin) & Alfred Laurence Felkin.

Kate of Kate Hall 2 v.
Fox, Caroline, † 1871.
Memories of Old Friends from her Journals and Letters, edited by Horace N. Pym 2 v.

"Frank Fairleigh," Author of (F. E. Smedley), † 1864.
Frank Fairleigh 2 v.

Francis, M. E.
The Duenna of a Genius 1 v.

Frederic, Harold (Am.), † 1898.
Illumination 2 v. — March Hares 1 v.

Freeman, Edward A., † 1892.
The Growth of the English Constitution

1 v. — Select Historical Essays 1 v. — Sketches from French Travel 1 v.

Froude, James Anthony, † 1894.
Oceana 1 v. — The Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays 1 v.

Fullerton, Lady Georgiana, † 1885.

Ellen Middleton 1 v. — Grantley Manor 2 v. — Lady Bird 2 v. — Too Strange not to be True 2 v. — Constance Sherwood 2 v. — A Stormy Life 2 v. — Mrs. Gerald's Niece 2 v. — The Notary's Daughter 1 v. — The Lilies of the Valley, and the House of Penarvan 1 v. — The Countess de Bonneval 1 v. — Rose Leblanc 1 v. — Seven Stories 1 v. — The Life of Luisa de Carvajal 1 v. — A Will and a Way, and The Handkerchief at the Window 2 v. — Eliane 2 v. (by Mrs. Augustus Craven, translated by Lady Fullerton). — Laurentia 1 v.

Galsworthy, John.
The Man of Property 2 v. — The Country House 1 v. — Fraternity 1 v. — Villa Ruben 1 v. — A Man of Devon, etc. 1 v. — A Motley 1 v. — The Patrician 1 v.

Gardiner, Marguerite: *vide* Lady Blessington.

Gaskell, Mrs., † 1865.
Mary Barton 1 v. — Ruth 2 v. — North and South 1 v. — Lizzie Leigh, and other Tales 1 v. — The Life of Charlotte Brontë 2 v. — Lois the Witch, etc. 1 v. — Sylvia's Lovers 2 v. — A Dark Night's Work 1 v. — Wives and Daughters 3 v. — Cranford 1 v. — Cousin Phillis, and other Tales 1 v.

"Geraldine Hawthorne," Author of: *v.* Author of "Miss Molly."

Gerard, Dorothea (Madame Longgard de Longgarde).

Lady Baby 2 v. — Recha 1 v. — Orthodox 1 v. — The Wrong Man 1 v. — A Spotless Reputation 1 v. — A Forgotten Sin 1 v. — One Year 1 v. — The Supreme Crime 1 v. — The Blood-Tax 1 v. — Holy Matrimony 1 v. — The Eternal Woman 1 v. — Made of Money 1 v. — The Bridge of Life 1 v. — The Three Essentials 1 v. — The Improbable Idyl 1 v. — The Compromise 2 v. — Itinerant Daughters 1 v. — Restitution 1 v. — Pomp and Circumstance 1 v. — The Grass Widow 1 v. — The Inevitable Marriage 1 v. — A Glorious Lie 1 v. — The City of Enticement 1 v.

Gerard, E. (Emily de Łaszowska).
A Secret Mission 1 v. — A Foreigner 2 v. — The Extermination of Love 2 v.

- Giberne, Agnes.
The Curate's Home 1 v.
- Gissing, George, † 1903.
Demos 2 v. — New Grub Street 2 v.
- Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E.,
† 1898.
Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion 1 v. — Bulgarian Horrors, and Russia in Turkistan, with other Tracts 1 v. — The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem, with other Tracts 1 v.
- Glyn, Elinor.
The Visits of Elizabeth 1 v. — The Reflections of Ambrosine 1 v. — The Vicissitudes of Evangeline 1 v. — Beyond the Rocks 1 v. — Three Weeks 1 v. — Elizabeth Visits America 1 v. — His Hour 1 v. — The Reason Why 1 v.
- Godfrey, Hal: *vide* Charlotte O'Conor Eccles.
- Goldsmith, Oliver, † 1774.
Select Works (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Goodman, Edward J.
Too Curious 1 v.
- Gordon, Julien (Am.).
A Diplomat's Diary 1 v.
- Gordon, Major-Gen. C. G.,
† 1885.
His Journals at Kartoum (with eighteen Illustrations) 2 v.
- Gore, Mrs., † 1861.
Castles in the Air 1 v. — The Dean's Daughter 2 v. — Progress and Prejudice 2 v. — Mammon 2 v. — A Life's Lessons 2 v. — The Two Aristocracies 2 v. — Heckington 2 v.
- Grand, Sarah.
Our Manifold Nature 1 v. — Babs the Impossible 2 v. — Emotional Moments 1 v.
- Grant, Miss.
Victor Lescar 2 v. — The Sun-Maid 2 v. — My Heart's in the Highlands 2 v. — Artiste 2 v. — Prince Hugo 2 v. — Cara Roma 2 v.
- Gray, Maxwell.
The Silence of Dean Maitland 2 v. — The Reproach of Annesley 2 v.
- Grenville: Murray, E. C. (Trois-Etoiles), † 1881.
The Member for Paris 2 v. — Young Brown 2 v. — The Boudoir Cabal 3 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk (*First Series*) 2 v. — The Russians of To-day 1 v. — French Pictures in English Chalk (*Second Series*) 2 v. — Strange Tales 1 v. — That Artful Vicar 2 v. — Six Months in the Ranks 1 v. — People I have met 1 v.
- Grimwood, Ethel St. Clair.
My Three Years in Manipur (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Grohman, W. A. Baillie.
Tyrol and the Tyrolese 1 v.
- Gunter, A. C. (Am.), † 1907.
Mr. Barnes of New York 1 v.
- Guthrie, F. Anstey: *vide* Anstey.
"Guy Livingstone," Author of (George Alfred Laurence),
† 1876.
Guy Livingstone 1 v. — Sword and Gown 1 v. — Barren Honour 1 v. — Border and Bastille 1 v. — Maurice Dering 1 v. — Sans Merci 2 v. — Breaking a Butterfly 2 v. — Anteros 2 v. — Hagarène 2 v.
- Habberton, John (Am.).
Helen's Babies & Other People's Children 1 v. — The Bowsham Puzzle 1 v. — One Tramp; Mrs. Mayburn's Twins 1 v.
- Haggard, H. Rider.
King Solomon's Mines 1 v. — She 2 v. — Jess 2 v. — Allan Quatermain 2 v. — The Witch's Head 2 v. — Maiwa's Revenge 1 v. — Mr. Meeson's Will 1 v. — Colonel Quaritch, V. C. 2 v. — Cleopatra 2 v. — Allan's Wife 1 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Dawn 2 v. — Montezuma's Daughter 2 v. — The People of the Mist 2 v. — Joan Haste 2 v. — Heart of the World 2 v. — The Wizard 1 v. — Doctor Therne 1 v. — Swallow 2 v. — Black Heart and White Heart, and Elissa 1 v. — Lysbeth 2 v. — A Winter Pilgrimage 2 v. — Pearl-Maiden 2 v. — Stella Fregelius 2 v. — The Brethren 2 v. — Ayesha. The Return of 'She' 2 v. — The Way of the Spirit 2 v. — Benita 1 v. — Fair Margaret 2 v. — The Lady of Blossholme 1 v. — Morning Star 1 v. — Queen Sheba's Ring 1 v. — Red Eve 1 v. — Marie 1 v.
- Haggard, H. Rider, & Andrew Lang.
The World's Desire 2 v.
- Hake, A. E.: *vide* Gen. Gordon.
- Hall, Mrs. S. C., † 1881.
Can Wrong be Right? 1 v. — Marian 2 v.
- Hamerton, Philip Gilbert,
† 1894.
Marmorne 1 v. — French and English 2 v.

Hardy, Miss Iza: *vide* Author of
"Not Easily Jealous."

Hardy, Thomas.

The Hand of Ethelberta 2 v. — Far from the Madding Crowd 2 v. — The Return of the Native 2 v. — The Trumpet-Major 2 v. — A Laodicean 2 v. — Two on a Tower 2 v. — A Pair of Blue Eyes 2 v. — A Group of Noble Dames 1 v. — Tess of the D'Urbervilles 2 v. — Life's Little Ironies 1 v. — Jude the Obscure 2 v.

Harland, Henry (Am.), † 1905.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box 1 v. — The Lady Paramount 1 v. — My Friend Prospero 1 v. — The Royal End 1 v.

Harraden, Beatrice.

Ships that pass in the Night 1 v. — In Varying Moods 1 v. — Hilda Strafford, and The Remittance Man 1 v. — The Fowler 2 v. — Katharine Frensham 2 v. — The Scholar's Daughter 1 v. — Interplay 2 v.

Harrison, Agnes.

Martin's Vineyard 1 v.

Harrison, Mrs.: *v.* Lucas Malet.

Harte, Bret (Am.), † 1902.

Prose and Poetry (Tales of the Argonauts: — The Luck of Roaring Camp; The Outcasts of Poker Flat, etc. — Spanish and American Legends; Condensed Novels; Civic and Character Sketches; Poems) 2 v. — Idyls of the Foothills 1 v. — Gabriel Conroy 2 v. — Two Men of Sandy Bar 1 v. — Thankful Blossom, and other Tales 1 v. — The Story of a Mine 1 v. — Drift from Two Shores 1 v. — An Heiress of Red Dog, and other Sketches 1 v. — The Twins of Table Mountain, and other Tales 1 v. — Jeff Briggs's Love Story, and other Tales 1 v. — Flip, and other Stories 1 v. — On the Frontier 1 v. — By Shore and Sedge 1 v. — Maruja 1 v. — Snow-bound at Eagle's, and Devil's Ford 1 v. — The Crusade of the "Excelsior" 1 v. — A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready, and other Tales 1 v. — Captain Jim's Friend, and the Argonauts of North Liberty 1 v. — Cressy 1 v. — The Heritage of Dedlow Marsh, and other Tales 1 v. — A Waif of the Plains 1 v. — A Ward of the Golden Gate 1 v. — A Sappho of Green Springs, and other Tales 1 v. — A First Family of Tasajara 1 v. — Colonel Starbottle's Client, and some other People 1 v. — Susy 1 v. — Sally Dows, etc. 1 v. — A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, etc. 1 v. — The Bell-

ringer of Angel's, etc. 1 v. — Clarence 1 v. — In a Hollow of the Hills, and The Devotion of Enriquez 1 v. — The Ancestors of Peter Atherly, etc. 1 v. — Three Partners 1 v. — Tales of Trail and Town 1 v. — Stories in Light and Shadow 1 v. — Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation, and other Stories 1 v. — From Sand-Hill to Pine 1 v. — Under the Redwoods 1 v. — On the Old Trail 1 v. — Trent's Trust 1 v.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (Am.),

† 1864.

The Scarlet Letter 1 v. — Transformation (The Marble Faun) 2 v. — Passages from his English Note-Books 2 v.

Hay, John (Am.), † 1905: *v.* "The Bread Winners," Author of.

Hearn, Lafcadio, † 1906.

Kokoro 1 v. — Kwaidan 1 v. — Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan (*First Series*) 1 v. — Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan (*Second Series*) 1 v. — Gleanings in Buddha-Fields 1 v. — Out of the East 1 v. — The Romance of the Milky Way, etc. 1 v.

Hector, Mrs.: *vide* Mrs. Alexander.

"Heir of Redclyffe, the," Author of: *vide* Charlotte M. Yonge.

Helps, Sir Arthur, † 1875.

Friends in Council 2 v. — Ivan de Biron 2 v.

Hemans, Mrs. Felicia, † 1835.

Select Poetical Works 1 v.

Hewlett, Maurice.

The Forest Lovers 1 v. — Little Novels of Italy 1 v. — The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay 2 v. — New Canterbury Tales 1 v. — The Queen's Quair; or, The Six Years' Tragedy 2 v. — Fond Adventures 1 v. — The Fool Errant 2 v. — The Stooing Lady 1 v. — The Spanish Jade 1 v. — Halfway House 2 v. — Open Country 1 v. — Rest Harrow 1 v. — Brazenhead the Great 1 v. — The Song of Renny 1 v.

Hichens, Robert.

Flames 2 v. — The Slave 2 v. — Felix 2 v. — The Woman with the Fan 2 v. — The Garden of Allah 2 v. — The Black Spaniel, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Call of the Blood 2 v. — A Spirit in Prison 2 v. — Barbary Sheep 1 v. — Bella Donna 2 v. — The Spell of Egypt 1 v. — The Dweller on the Threshold 1 v. — The Fruitful Vine 2 v.

Hobart Pasha, Admiral, † 1886.

Sketches from my Life 1 v.

Hobbes, John Oliver (Mrs. Craigie) (Am.), † 1906.

The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham 1 v. — The Serious Wooing 1 v. — The Dream and the Business 2 v.

Hoey, Mrs. Cashel.

A Golden Sorrow 2 v. — Out of Court 2 v.

Holdsworth, Annie E.

The Years that the Locust hath Eaten 1 v. — The Gods Arrive 1 v. — The Valley of the Great Shadow 1 v. — Great Lowlands 1 v. — A Garden of Spinsters 1 v.

Holme Lee: *vide* Harriet Parr.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (Am.),

† 1894.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Professor at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — The Poet at the Breakfast-Table 1 v. — Over the Teacups 1 v.

Hope, Anthony (Hawkins).

Mr. Witt's Widow 1 v. — A Change of Air 1 v. — Half a Hero 1 v. — The Indiscretion of the Duchess 1 v. — The God in the Car 1 v. — The Chronicles of Count Antonio 1 v. — Comedies of Courtship 1 v. — The Heart of Princess Osra 1 v. — Phroso 2 v. — Simon Dale 2 v. — Rupert of Hentzau 1 v. — The King's Mirror 2 v. — Quisante 1 v. — Tristram of Blent 2 v. — The Intrusions of Peggy 2 v. — Double Harness 2 v. — A Servant of the Public 2 v. — Sophy of Kravonia 2 v. — Tales of Two People 2 v. — The Great Miss Driver 2 v. — Mrs. Maxon Protests 1 v.

Hopkins, Tighe.

An Idler in Old France 1 v. — The Man in the Iron Mask 1 v. — The Dungeons of Old Paris 1 v. — The Silent Gate 1 v. — The Women Napoleon Loved 1 v.

"Horace Templeton," Author of.

Diary and Notes 1 v.

Hornung, Ernest William.

A Bride from the Bush 1 v. — Under Two Skies 1 v. — Tiny Luttrell 1 v. — The Boss of Taroomba 1 v. — My Lord Duke 1 v. — Young Blood 1 v. — Some Persons Unknown 1 v. — The Amateur Cracksman 1 v. — The Rogue's March 1 v. — The Belle of Toorak 1 v. — Peccavi 1 v. — The Black Mask 1 v. — The Shadow of the Rope 1 v. — No Hero 1 v. — Denis Dent 1 v. — Irralie's Bushranger and The Unbidden Guest 1 v. — Stingaree 1 v. — A Thief in the Night 1 v. — Dead Men Tell No Tales 1 v. — Mr. Justice Raffles 1 v. — The Camera Fiend 1 v. — Fathers of Men 2 v.

"Household Words."

Conducted by Charles Dickens. 1851-56. 36 v. — NOVELS and TALES reprinted from Household Words by Charles Dickens. 1856-59. 11 v.

Houstone, Mrs.: *vide* "Recommended to Mercy."

"How to be Happy though Married," Author of.

How to be Happy though Married 1 v.

Howard, Blanche Willis (Am.), † 1898.

One Summer 1 v. — Aunt Serena 1 v. — Guenn 2 v. — Tony, the Maid, etc. 1 v. — The Open Door 2 v.

Howard, Blanche Willis, † 1898, & William Sharp (Am.), † 1905.

A Fellowe and His Wife 1 v.

Howells, William Dean (Am.).

A Foregone Conclusion 1 v. — The Lady of the Aroostook 1 v. — A Modern Instance 2 v. — The Undiscovered Country 1 v. — Venetian Life (with Portrait) 1 v. — Italian Journeys 1 v. — A Chance Acquaintance 1 v. — Their Wedding Journey 1 v. — A Fearful Responsibility, and Tonelli's Marriage 1 v. — A Woman's Reason 2 v. — Dr. Breen's Practice 1 v. — The Rise of Silas Lapham 2 v. — A Pair of Patient Lovers 1 v. — Miss Bellard's Inspiration 1 v.

Hughes, Thomas, † 1898.

Tom Brown's School-Days 1 v.

Hungerford, Mrs. (Mrs. Argles),

† 1897.

Molly Bawn 2 v. — Mrs. Geoffrey 2 v. — Faith and Unfaith 2 v. — Portia 2 v. — Loys, Lord Berresford, and other Tales 1 v. — Her First Appearance, and other Tales 1 v. — Phyllis 2 v. — Rossmoyne 2 v. — Doris 2 v. — A Maiden all Forlorn, etc. 1 v. — A Passive Crime, and other Stories 1 v. — Green Pleasure and Grey Grief 2 v. — A Mental Struggle 2 v. — Her Week's Amusement, and Ugly Barrington 1 v. — Lady Brankmere 2 v. — Lady Valworth's Diamonds 1 v. — A Modern Circle 2 v. — Marvel 2 v. — The Hon. Mrs. Vereker 1 v. — Under-Currents 2 v. — In Durance Vile, etc. 1 v. — A Troublesome Girl, and other Stories 1 v. — A Life's Remorse 2 v. — A Born Coquette 2 v. — The Duchess 1 v. — Lady Verner's Flight 1 v. — A Conquering Heroine, and "When in Doubt" 1 v. — Nora

Creina 2 v. — A Mad Prank, and other Stories 1 v. — The Hoyden 2 v. — The Red House Mystery 1 v. — An Unsatisfactory Lover 1 v. — Peter's Wife 2 v. — The Three Graces 1 v. — A Tug of War 1 v. — The Professor's Experiment 2 v. — A Point of Conscience 2 v. — A Lonely Girl 1 v. — Lovice 1 v. — The Coming of Chloe 1 v.

Hunt, Mrs.: *vide* Beaumont.

Hunt, Violet.

The Human Interest 1 v. — White Rose of Weary Leaf 2 v. — The Wife of Altamont 1 v. — Tales of the Uneasy 1 v.

Hutten, Baroness von (Am.).

The Halo 1 v. — Kingsmead 1 v. — The Lordship of Love 2 v. — The Green Patch 1 v. — Sharrow 2 v.

Ingelow, Jean, † 1897.

Off the Skelligs 3 v. — Poems 2 v. — Fated to be Free 2 v. — Sarah de Berenger 2 v. — Don John 2 v.

Inglis, the Hon. Lady.

The Siege of Lucknow 1 v.

Ingram, John H.: *vide* Poe.

Iota: *vide* Mrs. Caffyn.

Irving, Washington (Am.),

† 1859.

The Sketch Book (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Life of Mahomet 1 v. — Lives of the Successors of Mahomet 1 v. — Oliver Goldsmith 1 v. — Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost 1 v. — Life of George Washington 5 v.

Jackson, Mrs. Helen (H. H.)

(Am.), † 1885.

Ramona 2 v.

Jacobs, W. W.

Many Cargoes 1 v. — The Skipper's Wooing, and The Brown Man's Servant 1 v. — Sea Urchins 1 v. — A Master of Craft 1 v. — Light Freights 1 v. — At Sun-
wich Port 1 v. — The Lady of the Barge 1 v. — Odd Craft 1 v. — Dialstone Lane 1 v. — Captains All 1 v. — Short Cruises 1 v. — Salthaven 1 v. — Sailors' Knots 1 v. — Ship's Company 1 v.

James, Charles T. C.

Holy Wedlock 1 v.

James, G. P. R., † 1860.

Morley Ernstein (with Portrait) 1 v. — Forest Days 1 v. — The False Heir 1 v. — Arabella Stuart 1 v. — Rose d'Albret 1 v. — Arrah Neil 1 v. — Agincourt 1 v. — The Smuggler 1 v. — The Step-Mother 2 v. — Beauchamp 1 v. — Heidelberg

1 v. — The Gipsy 1 v. — The Castle of Ehrenstein 1 v. — Darnley 1 v. — Russell 2 v. — The Convict 2 v. — Sir Theodore Broughton 2 v.

James, Henry (Am.).

The American 2 v. — The Europeans 1 v. — Daisy Miller; An International Episode; Four Meetings 1 v. — Roderick Hudson 2 v. — The Madonna of the Future, etc. 1 v. — Eugene Pickering, etc. 1 v. — Confidence 1 v. — Washington Square, etc. 2 v. — The Portrait of a Lady 3 v. — Foreign Parts 1 v. — French Poets and Novelists 1 v. — The Siege of London; The Point of View; A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — Portraits of Places 1 v. — A Little Tour in France 1 v. — The Finer Grain 1 v. — The Outcry 1 v.

James, Winifred.

Bachelor Betty 1 v.

Jeaffreson, J. Cordy.

A Book about Doctors 2 v. — A Woman in spite of Herself 2 v. — The Real Lord Byron 3 v.

Jenkin, Mrs. Charles, † 1885.

"Who Breaks—Pays" 1 v. — Skirmishing 1 v. — Once and Again 2 v. — Two French Marriages 2 v. — Within an Ace 1 v. — Jupiter's Daughters 1 v.

Jenkins, Edward.

Ginx's Baby, his Birth and other Misfortunes; Lord Bantam 2 v.

"Jennie of 'The Prince's,'"

Author of: *vide* B. H. Buxton.

Jerome, Jerome K.

The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Diary of a Pilgrimage, and Six Essays 1 v. — Novel Notes 1 v. — Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green 1 v. — The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow 1 v. — Three Men on the Bummel 1 v. — Paul Kelver 2 v. — Tea-Table Talk 1 v. — Tommy and Co. 1 v. — Idle Ideas in 1905 1 v. — The Passing of the Third Floor Back 1 v. — The Angel and the Author—and Others 1 v. — They and I, 1 v.

Jerrold, Douglas, † 1857.

History of St. Giles and St. James 2 v. — Men of Character 2 v.

"John Halifax, Gentleman,"

Author of: *vide* Mrs. Craik.

Johnny Ludlow: *vide* Mrs.

Henry Wood.

Johnson, Samuel, † 1784.

Lives of the English Poets 2 v.

Jolly, Emily.

Colonel Dacre 2 v.

"Joshua Davidson," Author of:
vide Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.

Kavanagh, Miss Julia, † 1877.

Nathalie 2 v. — Daisy Burns 2 v. — Grace Lee 2 v. — Rachel Gray 1 v. — Adèle 3 v. — A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies 2 v. — Seven Years, and other Tales 2 v. — French Women of Letters 1 v. — English Women of Letters 1 v. — Queen Mab 2 v. — Beatrice 2 v. — Sybil's Second Love 2 v. — Dora 2 v. — Silvia 2 v. — Bessie 2 v. — John Dorrien 3 v. — Two Lilies 2 v. — Forget-me-nots 2 v. — *Vide* Series for the Young, p. 29.

Keary, Annie, † 1879.
Oldbury 2 v. — Castle Daly 2 v.

Keary, C. F.

The Mount 1 v.

Keeling, D'Esterre: *v.* Esterre.

Kempis, Thomas a.

The Imitation of Christ. Translated from the Latin by W. Benham, B.D. 1 v.

Kimball, Richard B. (Am.), † 1892.

Saint Leger 1 v. — Romance of Student Life Abroad 1 v. — Undercurrents 1 v. — Was he Successful? 1 v. — To-Day in New York 1 v.

Kinglake, A. W., † 1891.

Eothen 1 v. — The Invasion of the Crimea 14 v.

Kingsley, Charles, † 1875.

Yeast 1 v. — Westward ho! 2 v. — Two Years ago 2 v. — Hypatia 2 v. — Alton Locke 1 v. — Hereward the Wake 2 v. — At Last 2 v. — His Letters and Memories of his Life, edited by his Wife 2 v.

Kingsley, Henry, † 1876.

Ravenshoe 2 v. — Austin Elliot 1 v. — Geoffrey Hamlyn 2 v. — The Hilliards and the Burtons 2 v. — Leighton Court 1 v. — Valentin 1 v. — Oakshott Castle 1 v. — Reginald Hetherage 2 v. — The Grange Garden 2 v.

Kinross, Albert.

An Opera and Lady Grasmere 1 v.

Kipling, Rudyard.

Plain Tales from the Hills 1 v. — The Second Jungle Book 1 v. — The Seven Seas 1 v. — "Captains Courageous" 1 v. — The Day's Work 1 v. — A Fleet in Being 1 v. — Stalky & Co. 1 v. — From Sea to Sea 2 v. — The City of Dreadful Night 1 v. — Kim 1 v. — Just So Stories 1 v.

— The Five Nations 1 v. — Traffics and Discoveries 1 v. — Puck of Pook's Hill 1 v. — Actions and Reactions 1 v. — Rewards and Fairies 1 v.

Laffan, May.

Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor 1 v.

Lamb, Charles, † 1834.

The Essays of Elia and Eliana 1 v.

Lang, Andrew: *vide* H. Rider Haggard.

Langdon, Mary (Am.).

Ida May 1 v.

"Last of the Cavaliers, the,"

Author of (Miss Piddington).

The Last of the Cavaliers 2 v. — The Gain of a Loss 2 v.

Łaszowska, M^{me} de: *vide* E. Gerard.

Laurence, George Alfred: *vide* "Guy Livingstone."

Lawless, the Hon. Emily.

Hurriah 1 v.

Lee, Holme: *vide* Harriet Parr.

Lee, Vernon.

Pope Jacynth, etc. 1 v. — Genius Loci, and The Enchanted Woods 1 v. — Hortus Vitae, and Limbo 1 v. — The Spirit of Rome, and Laurus Nobilis 1 v. — Vanitas 1 v.

Le Fanu, J. S., † 1873.

Uncle Silas 2 v. — Guy Deverell 2 v.

Lemon, Mark, † 1870.

Wait for the End 2 v. — Loved at Last 2 v. — Falkner Lyle 2 v. — Leyton Hall, and other Tales 2 v. — Golden Fetters 2 v.

Lever, Charles, † 1872.

The O'Donoghue 1 v. — The Knight of Gwynne 3 v. — Arthur O'Leary 2 v. — Harry Lorrequer 2 v. — Charles O'Malley 3 v. — Tom Burke of "Ours" 3 v. — Jack Hinton 2 v. — The Daltons 4 v. — The Dodd Family Abroad 3 v. — The Martins of Cro' Martin 3 v. — The Fortunes of Glencore 2 v. — Roland Cashel 3 v. — Davenport Dunn 3 v. — Confessions of Con Cregan 2 v. — One of Them 2 v. — Maurice Tiernay 2 v. — Sir Jasper Carew 2 v. — Barrington 2 v. — A Day's Ride 2 v. — Luttrell of Arran 2 v. — Tony Butler 2 v. — Sir Brook Fossbrooke 2 v. — The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly 2 v. — A Rent in a Cloud 1 v. — That Boy of Norcott's 1 v. — St. Patrick's Eve; Paul

Gosslett's Confessions 1 v. — Lord Kilgobbin 2 v.

Levett-Yeats, S.

The Honour of Savelli 1 v. — The Chevalier d'Auriac 1 v. — The Traitor's Way 1 v. — The Lord Protector 1 v. — Orrain 1 v.

Lewes, G. H., † 1878.

Ranthorpe 1 v. — The Physiology of Common Life 2 v. — On Actors and the Art of Acting 1 v.

Linton, Mrs. E. Lynn, † 1898.

The true History of Joshua Davidson 1 v. — Patricia Kemball 2 v. — The Atonement of Leam Dundas 2 v. — The World well Lost 2 v. — Under which Lord? 2 v. — With a Silken Thread, and other Stories 1 v. — Todhunters' at Loan-in' Head, and other Stories 1 v. — "My Love!" 2 v. — The Girl of the Period, and other Social Essays 1 v. — Ione 2 v.

Lockhart, L. W. M., † 1882.

Mine is Thine 2 v.

Loftus, Lord Augustus.

Diplomatic Reminiscences 1837 - 1862 (with Portrait) 2 v.

London, Jack (Am.).

Burning Daylight 1 v. — The Call of the Wild 1 v.

Longard, Mme de: v. D. Gerard.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (Am.), † 1882.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 3 v. — The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri 3 v. — The New-England Tragedies 1 v. — The Divine Tragedy 1 v. — Flower-de-Luce, and Three Books of Song 1 v. — The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems 1 v.

Lonsdale, Margaret.

Sister Dora (with Portrait) 1 v.

Lorimer, George Horace (Am.).

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son 1 v. — Old Gorgon Graham 1 v. — Jack Spurlock, Prodigal 1 v.

"Lost Battle, a," Author of.

A Lost Battle 2 v.

Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc.

The Uttermost Farthing 1 v. — Studies in Wives 1 v. — When No Man Pursueth 1 v. — Jane Oglander 1 v. — The Chink in the Armour 1 v.

Lubbock, Sir John (Lord Avebury).

The Pleasures of Life 1 v. — The Beau-

ties of Nature (with Illustrations) 1 v. — The Use of Life 1 v. — Scenery of Switzerland (with Illustrations) 2 v. — Essays and Addresses 1900-1903 1 v. — On Peace and Happiness 1 v.

"Lutfullah": vide Eastwick.

Lyall, Edna, † 1903.

We Two 2 v. — Donovan 2 v. — In the Golden Days 2 v. — Knight-Errant 2 v. — Won by Waiting 2 v. — Wayfaring Men 2 v. — Hope the Hermit 2 v. — Doreen 2 v. — In Spite of All 2 v. — The Hinderers 1 v.

Lytton, Lord: vide E. Bulwer.

Lytton, Robert Lord (Owen Meredith), † 1891.

Poems 2 v. — Fables in Song 2 v.

Maartens, Maarten.

The Sin of Joost Avelingh 1 v. — An Old Maid's Love 2 v. — God's Fool 2 v. — The Greater Glory 2 v. — My Lady Nobody 2 v. — Her Memory 1 v. — Some Women I have known 1 v. — My Poor Relations 2 v. — Dorothea 2 v. — The Healers 2 v. — The Woman's Victory, and Other Stories 2 v. — The New Religion 2 v. — Brothers All 1 v. — The Price of Lis Doris 2 v. — Harmen Pols: Peasant 1 v. — Eve 2 v.

McAulay, Allan (Am.): vide

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Macaulay, Lord, † 1859.

History of England (with Portrait) 10 v. — Critical and Historical Essays 5 v. — Lays of Ancient Rome 1 v. — Speeches 2 v. — Biographical Essays 1 v. — William Pitt, Atterbury 1 v. — (See also Trevelyan).

McCarthy, Justin.

The Waterdale Neighbours 2 v. — Dear Lady Disdain 2 v. — Miss Misanthrope 2 v. — A History of our Own Times 5 v. — Donna Quixote 2 v. — A Short History of our Own Times 2 v. — A History of the Four Georges. Vols. 1 & 2. — A History of our Own Times. Vols. 6 & 7 (supplemental). — A History of the Four Georges and of William IV. Vols. 3, 4 & 5 (supplemental). — A Short History of our Own Times. Vol. 3 (supplemental).

Mac Donald, George, † 1905.

Alec Forbes of Howglen 2 v. — Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood 2 v. — David Elginbrod 2 v. — The Vicar's Daughter 2 v. — Malcolm 2 v. — St. George and St. Michael 2 v. — The Marquis of Lossie 2 v. — Sir Gibbie 2 v. — Mary

Marston 2 v. — The Gifts of the Child Christ, and other Tales 1 v. — The Princess and Curdie 1 v.

Mackarness, Mrs., † 1881.
Sunbeam Stories 1 v. — A Peerless Wife 2 v. — A Mingled Yarn 2 v.

Mackay, Eric, † 1898.
Love Letters of a Violinist, and other Poems 1 v.

MacKnight, Charles (Am.), † 1881.
Old Fort Duquesne 2 v.

Maclaren, Ian, † 1907.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush 1 v. — The Days of Auld Langsyne 1 v. — His Majesty Baby 1 v.

Macleod, Fiona, † 1905.
Wind and Wave 1 v. — The Sunset of Old Tales 1 v.

Macleod, Norman, † 1872.
The Old Lieutenant and his Son 1 v.

Macpherson, James, † 1796:
vide Ossian.

Macquoid, Mrs.
Patty 2 v. — Miriam's Marriage 2 v. — Pictures across the Channel 2 v. — Too Soon 1 v. — My Story 2 v. — Diane 2 v. — Beside the River 2 v. — A Faithful Lover 2 v.

"Mademoiselle Mori," Author
of (Miss Roberts).

Mademoiselle Mori 2 v. — Denise 1 v. — Madame Fontenoy 1 v. — On the Edge of the Storm 1 v. — The Atelier du Lys 2 v. — In the Olden Time 2 v.

Mahon, Lord: *vide* Stanhope.

Maine, E. S.
Scarscliff Rocks 2 v.

Malet, Sir Edward.
Shifting Scenes 1 v.

Malet, Lucas (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison).

Colonel Enderby's Wife 2 v. — The History of Sir Richard Calmady 3 v. — The Far Horizon 2 v. — The Score 1 v. — Adrian Savage 2 v.

Malmesbury, the Earl of.
Memoirs of an Ex-Minister 3 v.

Mann, Mary E.
A Winter's Tale 1 v. — The Cedar Star 1 v.

Mansfield, Robert Blachford.
The Log of the Water Lily 1 v.

Mark Twain: *vide* Twain.

"Marmorne," Author of: *vide*
P. G. Hamerton.

Marryat, Capt., † 1848.

Jacob Faithful (with Portrait) 1 v. — Percival Keene 1 v. — Peter Simple 1 v. — Japhet in Search of a Father 1 v. — Monsieur Violet 1 v. — The Settlers in Canada 1 v. — The Mission 1 v. — The Privateer's-Man 1 v. — The Children of the New-Forest 1 v. — Valerie 1 v. — Mr. Midshipman Easy 1 v. — The King's Own 1 v.

Marryat, Florence, † 1899.

Love's Conflict 2 v. — For Ever and Ever 2 v. — The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt 2 v. — Nelly Brooke 2 v. — Véronique 2 v. — Petronel 2 v. — Her Lord and Master 2 v. — The Prey of the Gods 1 v. — Life and Letters of Captain Marryat 1 v. — Mad Dumaresq 2 v. — No Intentions 2 v. — Fighting the Air 2 v. — A Star and a Heart; An Utter Impossibility 1 v. — The Poison of Asps, and other Stories 1 v. — A Lucky Disappointment, and other Stories 1 v. — "My own Child" 2 v. — Her Father's Name 2 v. — A Harvest of Wild Oats 2 v. — A Little Stepson 1 v. — Written in Fire 2 v. — Her World against a Lie 2 v. — A Broken Blossom 2 v. — The Root of all Evil 2 v. — The Fair-haired Alda 2 v. — With Cupid's Eyes 2 v. — My Sister the Actress 2 v. — Phyllida 2 v. — How they loved Him 2 v. — Facing the Footlights (with Portrait) 2 v. — A Moment of Madness, and other Stories 1 v. — The Ghost of Charlotte Cray, and other Stories 1 v. — Peeress and Player 2 v. — Under the Lilies and Roses 2 v. — The Heart of Jane Warner 2 v. — The Heir Presumptive 2 v. — The Master Passion 2 v. — Spiders of Society 2 v. — Driven to Bay 2 v. — A Daughter of the Tropics 2 v. — Gentleman and Courtier 2 v. — On Circumstantial Evidence 2 v. — Mount Eden. A Romance 2 v. — Blindfold 2 v. — A Scarlet Sin 1 v. — A Bankrupt Heart 2 v. — The Spirit World 1 v. — The Beautiful Soul 1 v. — At Heart a Rake 2 v. — The Strange Transfiguration of Hannah Stubbs 1 v. — The Dream that Stayed 2 v. — A Passing Madness 1 v. — The Blood of the Vampire 1 v. — A Soul on Fire 1 v. — Iris the Avenger 1 v.

Marsh, Mrs. Anne, † 1874.

Ravenscliffe 2 v. — Emilia Wyndham 2 v. — Castle Avon 2 v. — Aubrey 2 v. —

The Heiress of Houghton 2 v. — Evelyn Marston 2 v. — The Rose of Ashurst 2 v.

Marshall, Mrs. Emma, † 1899.
Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal 1 v. — Benvenuta 1 v. — Lady Alice 1 v. — Dayspring 1 v. — Life's Aftermath 1 v. — In the East Country 1 v. — No. XIII; or, The Story of the Lost Vestal 1 v. — In Four Reigns 1 v. — On the Banks of the Ouse 1 v. — In the City of Flowers 1 v. — Alma 1 v. — Under Salisbury Spire 1 v. — The End Crowns All 1 v. — Winchester Meads 1 v. — Eventide Light 1 v. — Winifrede's Journal 1 v. — Bristol Bells 1 v. — In the Service of Rachel Lady Russell 1 v. — A Lily among Thorns 1 v. — Penshurst Castle 1 v. — Kensington Palace 1 v. — The White King's Daughter 1 v. — The Master of the Musicians 1 v. — An Escape from the Tower 1 v. — A Haunt of Ancient Peace 1 v. — Castle Meadow 1 v. — In the Choir of Westminster Abbey 1 v. — The Young Queen of Hearts 1 v. — Under the Dome of St. Paul's 1 v. — The Parson's Daughter 1 v.

Mason, A. E. W.

The Four Feathers 2 v. — Miranda of the Balcony 1 v. — The Courtship of Morrice Buckler 2 v. — The Truants 2 v. — The Watchers 1 v. — Running Water 1 v. — The Broken Road 1 v. — At the Villa Rose 1 v.

Mathers, Helen (Mrs. Henry Reeves).

"Cherry Ripe!" 2 v. — "Land o' the Leal" 1 v. — My Lady Green Sleeves 2 v. — As he comes up the Stair, etc. 1 v. — Sam's Sweetheart 2 v. — Eyre's Acquittal 2 v. — Found Out 1 v. — Murder or Manslaughter? 1 v. — The Fashion of this World (80 Pf.) — Blind Justice, and "Who, being dead, yet Speaketh" 1 v. — What the Glass Told, and A Study of a Woman 1 v. — Bam Wildfire 2 v. — Becky 2 v. — Cinders 1 v. — "Honey" 1 v. — Griff of Griffithscourt 1 v. — The New Lady Teazle, and Other Stories and Essays 1 v. — The Ferryman 1 v. — Tally Ho! 2 v. — Pigskin and Petticoat 2 v. — Gay Lawless 1 v. — Love the Thief 1 v.

Maurice, Colonel.

The Balance of Military Power in Europe 1 v.

Maurier, George du, † 1896.

Trilby 2 v. — The Martian 2 v.

Maxwell, Mrs.: v. Miss Braddon.

Maxwell, W. B.

The Ragged Messenger 2 v. — The Guarded Flame 2 v. — Mrs. Thompson 1 v. — The Rest Cure 1 v. — In Cotton Wool 2 v.

"Mehalah": v. Baring-Gould.

Melville, George J. Whyte,

† 1878.

Kate Coventry 1 v. — Holmby House 2 v. — Digby Grand 1 v. — Good for Nothing 2 v. — The Queen's Maries 2 v. — The Gladiators 2 v. — The Brookes of Bridlemere 2 v. — Cerise 2 v. — The Interpreter 2 v. — The White Rose 2 v. — M. or N. 1 v. — Contraband 1 v. — Sarchedon 2 v. — Uncle John 2 v. — Katerfelto 1 v. — Sister Louise 1 v. — Rosine 1 v. — Roys' Wife 2 v. — Black but Comely 2 v. — Riding Recollections 1 v.

Memorial Volumes: *vide* Five Centuries (vol. 500); The New Testament (vol. 1000); Henry Morley (vol. 2000).

Meredith, George, † 1909.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel 2 v. — Beauchamp's Career 2 v. — The Tragic Comedians 1 v. — Lord Ormont and his Aminta 2 v. — The Amazing Marriage 2 v. — The Egoist 2 v.

Meredith, Owen: *vide* Robert Lord Lytton.

Merrick, Leonard.

The Man who was good 1 v. — This Stage of Fools 1 v. — Cynthia 1 v. — One Man's View 1 v. — The Actor-Manager 1 v. — The Worldlings 1 v. — When Love flies out o' the Window 1 v. — Conrad in Quest of His Youth 1 v. — The Quaint Companions 1 v. — Whispers about Women 1 v. — The House of Lynch 1 v. — The Man who Understood Women, etc. 1 v. — All the World Wondered, etc. 1 v. — The Position of Peggy Harper 1 v.

Merriman, Henry Seton, † 1903.

Young Mistle 1 v. — Prisoners and Captives 2 v. — From One Generation to Another 1 v. — With Edged Tools 2 v. — The Sowers 2 v. — Flotsam 1 v. — In Kedar's Tents 1 v. — Roden's Corner 1 v. — The Isle of Unrest 1 v. — The Veivet Glove 1 v. — The Vultures 1 v. — Barlasch of the Guard 1 v. — Tomaso's Fortune, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Last Hope 2 v.

Merriman, H. S., & S. G. Tallentyre.

The Money-Spinner, etc. 1 v.

Milne, James.
The Epistles of Atkins 1 v.
Milton, John, † 1674.
Poetical Works 1 v.
"Miss Molly," Author of.
Ceraldine Hawthorne 1 v.
"Molly Bawn," Author of: *vide*
Mrs. Hungerford.
Montgomery, Florence.
Misunderstood 1 v. — Thrown Together 2 v. — Thwarted 1 v. — Wild Mike 1 v. — Seaforth 2 v. — The Blue Veil 1 v. — Transformed 1 v. — The Fisherman's Daughter, etc. 1 v. — Colonel Norton 2 v. — Prejudged 1 v. — An Unshared Secret, and Other Tales 1 v.
Moore, Frank Frankfort.
"I Forbid the Banns" 2 v. — A Gray Eye or So 2 v. — One Fair Daughter 2 v. — They Call it Love 2 v. — The Jessamy Bride 1 v. — The Millionaires 1 v. — Nell Gwyn—Comedian 1 v. — A Damsel or Two 1 v. — Castle Omeragh 2 v. — Shipmates in Sunshine 2 v. — The Original Woman 1 v. — The White Causeway 1 v. — The Artful Miss Dill 1 v. — The Marriage Lease 1 v. — An Amateur Adventuress 1 v. — Priscilla and Charybdis 1 v. — The Food of Love 1 v. — The Laird of Craig Athol 1 v. — The Marriage of Barbara 1 v.
Moore, George.
Celibates 1 v. — Evelyn Innes 2 v. — Sister Teresa 2 v. — The Untilled Field 1 v. — Confessions of a Young Man 1 v. — The Lake 1 v. — Memoirs of my Dead Life 1 v. — Ave 1 v.
Moore, Thomas, † 1852.
Poetical Works (with Portrait) 5 v.
Morgan, Lady, † 1859.
Memoirs 3 v.
Morley, Henry, † 1894.
Of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. With Facsimiles of the Signatures of Authors in the Tauchnitz Edition (v. 2000, published 1881) 1 v.
Morris, William.
A Selection from his Poems 1 v.
Morrison, Arthur.
Tales of Mean Streets 1 v. — A Child of the Jago 1 v. — To London Town 1 v. — Cunning Murrell 1 v. — The Hole in the Wall 1 v. — The Green Eye of Goona 1 v. — Divers Vanities 1 v. — Green Ginger 1 v.
Muirhead, James Fullarton.
The Land of Contrasts 1 v.

Mulock, Miss: *vide* Mrs. Craik.
Murray, David Christie.
Rainbow Gold 2 v.
Murray, Grenville: *v.* Grenville.
"My Little Lady," Author of:
vide E. Frances Poynter.
New Testament, the.
The Authorised English Version, with Introduction and Various Readings from the three most celebrated Manuscripts of the Original Text, by Constantine Tischendorf (vol. 1000, published 1869) 1 v.
Newby, Mrs. C. J.
Common Sense 2 v.
Newman, Dr. J. H. (Cardinal Newman), † 1890.
Callista 1 v.
Nicholls, Mrs.: *vide* Curren Bell.
"Nina Balatka," Author of:
vide Anthony Trollope.
"No Church," Author of (F. Robinson).
No Church 2 v. — Owen:—a Waif 2 v.
Noel, Lady Augusta.
From Generation to Generation 1 v. — Hithersea Mere 2 v.
Norris, Frank (Am.), † 1902.
The Octopus 2 v. — The Pit 2 v.
Norris, W. E.
My Friend Jim 1 v. — A Bachelor's Blunder 2 v. — Major and Minor 2 v. — The Rogue 2 v. — Miss Shafto 2 v. — Mrs. Fenton 1 v. — Misadventure 2 v. — Saint Ann's 1 v. — A Victim of Good Luck 1 v. — The Dancer in Yellow 1 v. — Clarissa Furiosa 2 v. — Marietta's Marriage 2 v. — The Fight for the Crown 1 v. — The Widower 1 v. — Giles Ingilby 1 v. — The Flower of the Flock 1 v. — His Own Father 1 v. — The Credit of the County 1 v. — Lord Leonard the Luckless 1 v. — Nature's Comedian 1 v. — Nigel's Vocation 1 v. — Barham of Beltana 1 v. — Harry and Ursula 1 v. — The Square Peg 1 v. — Pauline 1 v. — The Perjurer 1 v. — Not Guilty 1 v. — Vittoria Victrix 1 v. — Paul's Paragon 1 v.
Norton, Hon. Mrs., † 1877.
Stuart of Dunleath 2 v. — Lost and Saved 2 v. — Old Sir Douglas 2 v.
"Not Easily Jealous," Author of (Miss Iza Hardy).
Not Easily Jealous 2 v.

"Novels and Tales": *vide*
"Household Words."

O'Connor Eccles, Charlotte (Hal Godfrey).

The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore 1 v.
— The Matrimonial Lottery 1 v.

Oldmeadow, Ernest. Susan 1 v.

Oliphant, Laurence, † 1888.

Altiora Peto 2 v. — Masollam 2 v.

Oliphant, Mrs., † 1897.

The Last of the Mortimers 2 v. — Mrs. Margaret Maitland 1 v. — Agnes 2 v. — Madonna Mary 2 v. — The Minister's Wife 2 v. — The Rector and the Doctor's Family 1 v. — Salem Chapel 2 v. — The Perpetual Curate 2 v. — Miss Marjoribanks 2 v. — Ombra 2 v. — Memoir of Count de Montalembert 2 v. — May 2 v. — Innocent 2 v. — For Love and Life 2 v. — A Rose in June 1 v. — The Story of Valentine and his Brother 2 v. — White-ladies 2 v. — The Curate in Charge 1 v. — Phœbe, Junior 2 v. — Mrs. Arthur 2 v. — Carità 2 v. — Young Musgrave 2 v. — The Primrose Path 2 v. — Within the Precincts 3 v. — The Greatest Heiress in England 2 v. — He that will not when he may 2 v. — Harry Joscelyn 2 v. — In Trust 2 v. — It was a Lover and his Lass 3 v. — The Ladies Lindores 3 v. — Hester 3 v. — The Wizard's Son 3 v. — A Country Gentleman and his Family 2 v. — Neighbours on the Green 1 v. — The Duke's Daughter 1 v. — The Fugitives 1 v. — Kirsteen 2 v. — Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife 2 v. — The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen 1 v. — The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent 2 v. — The Sorceress 2 v. — Sir Robert's Fortune 2 v. — The Ways of Life 1 v. — Old Mr. Tredgold 2 v.

"One who has kept a Diary":

vide George W. E. Russell.

Orczy, Baroness.

Petticoat Government 1 v. — The Scarlet Pimpernel 1 v. — I will Repay 1 v. — The Elusive Pimpernel 1 v. — Fire in Stubble 2 v. — A True Woman 1 v.

Osbourne, Lloyd (Am.).

Baby Bullet 1 v. — Wild Justice 1 v. — The Motormaniacs 1 v. — Harm's Way 1 v. — The Kingdoms of the World 1 v.

Ossian.

The Poems of Ossian. Translated by James Macpherson 1 v.

Ouida, † 1908.

Idalia 2 v. — Tricotrin 2 v. — Puck 2 v. —

Chandos 2 v. — Strathmore 2 v. — Under two Flags 2 v. — Folle-Farine 2 v. — A Leaf in the Storm; A Dog of Flanders; A Branch of Lilac; A Provence Rose 1 v. — Cecil Castlemaine's Gage, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Madame la Marquise, and other Novelettes 1 v. — Pascarel 2 v. — Held in Bondage 2 v. — Two little Wooden Shoes 1 v. — Signa (with Portrait) 3 v. — In a Winter City 1 v. — Ariadnê 2 v. — Friendship 2 v. — Moths 3 v. — Pipistrello, and other Stories 1 v. — A Village Commune 2 v. — In Maremma 3 v. — Bimbi 1 v. — Wanda 3 v. — Frescoes and other Stories 1 v. — Princess Napraxine 3 v. — Othmar 3 v. — A Rainy June (60 Pf.). Don Gesualdo (60 Pf.). — A House Party 1 v. — Guilderoy 2 v. — Syrlin 3 v. — Ruffino, and other Stories 1 v. — Santa Barbara, etc. 1 v. — Two Offenders 1 v. — The Silver Christ, etc. 1 v. — Toxin, and other Papers 1 v. — Le Selve, and Tonia 1 v. — The Massarenes 2 v. — An Altruist, and Four Essays 1 v. — La Strega, and other Stories 1 v. — The Waters of Edera 1 v. — Street Dust, and other Stories 1 v. — Critical Studies 1 v. — Helianthus 2 v.

"Outcasts, the," Author of: *vide*
"Roy Tellet."

Pain, Barry.

The Exiles of Faloo 1 v. — Stories in Grey 1 v.

Parker, Sir Gilbert.

The Battle of the Strong 2 v. — Donovan Pasha, & Some People of Egypt 1 v. — The Seats of the Mighty 2 v. — The Weavers 2 v.

Parr, Harriet (Holme Lee),

† 1900.

Basil Godfrey's Caprice 2 v. — For Richer, for Poorer 2 v. — The Beautiful Miss Barrington 2 v. — Her Title of Honour 1 v. — Echoes of a Famous Year 1 v. — Katherine's Trial 1 v. — The Vicissitudes of Bessie Fairfax 2 v. — Ben Milner's Wooing 1 v. — Straightforward 2 v. — Mrs. Denys of Cote 2 v. — A Poor Squire 1 v.

Parr, Mrs.

Dorothy Fox 1 v. — The Prescotts of Pamphillon 2 v. — The Gosau Smithy, etc. 1 v. — Robin 2 v. — Loyalty George 2 v.

Paston, George.

A Study in Prejudices 1 v. — A Fair Deceiver 1 v.

Pasture, Mrs. Henry de la.

The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square 1 v. — The Grey Knight 1 v. — Catherine's Child 1 v. — Master Christopher 2 v.

Paul, Mrs.: *vide* Author of "Still Waters."

"Paul Ferroll," Author of (Mrs. Caroline Clive), † 1873.

Paul Ferroll 1 v. — Year after Year 1 v. — Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife 1 v.

Payn, James, † 1898.

Found Dead 1 v. — Gwendoline's Harvest 1 v. — Like Father, like Son 2 v. — Not Wooded, but Won 2 v. — Cecil's Tryst 1 v. — A Woman's Vengeance 2 v. — Murphy's Master 1 v. — In the Heart of a Hill, and other Stories 1 v. — At Her Mercy 2 v. — The Best of Husbands 2 v. — Walter's Word 2 v. — Halves 2 v. — Fallen Fortunes 2 v. — The Talk of the Town 2 v. — By Proxy 2 v. — Less Black than we're Painted 2 v. — Under one Roof 2 v. — High Spirits 1 v. — High Spirits (*Second Series*) 1 v. — A Confidential Agent 2 v. — From Exile 2 v. — A Grape from a Thorn 2 v. — Some Private Views 1 v. — For Cash Only 2 v. — Kit: A Memory 2 v. — The Canon's Ward (with Portrait) 2 v. — Some Literary Recollections 1 v. — The Talk of the Town 1 v. — The Luck of the Darrells 2 v. — The Heir of the Ages 2 v. — Holiday Tasks 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales (*First Series*) 1 v. — Glow-Worm Tales (*Second Series*) 1 v. — A Prince of the Blood 2 v. — The Mystery of Mirbridge 2 v. — The Burnt Million 2 v. — The Word and the Will 2 v. — Sunny Stories, and some Shady Ones 1 v. — A Modern Dick Whittington 2 v. — A Stumble on the Threshold 2 v. — A Trying Patient 1 v. — Gleams of Memory, and the Eavesdropper 1 v. — In Market Overt 1 v. — The Disappearance of George Driffell, and other Tales 1 v. — Another's Burden etc. 1 v. — The Backwater of Life, or Essays of a Literary Veteran 1 v.

Peard, Frances Mary.

One Year 2 v. — The Rose-Garden 1 v. — Unawares 1 v. — Thorpe Regis 1 v. — A Winter Story 1 v. — A Madrigal, and other Stories 1 v. — Cartouche 1 v. — Mother Molly 1 v. — Schloss and Town 2 v. — Contradictions 2 v. — Near Neighbours 1 v. — Alicia Tennant 1 v. — Madame's Granddaughter 1 v. — Donna Teresa 1 v. — Number One and Number Two 1 v. — The Ring from Jaipur 1 v. — The Flying Months 1 v.

Pemberton, Max.

The Impregnable City 1 v. — A Woman

of Kronstadt 1 v. — The Phantom Army 1 v. — The Garden of Swords 1 v. — The Footsteps of a Throne 1 v. — Pro Patriâ 1 v. — The Giant's Gate 2 v. — I crown thee King 1 v. — The House under the Sea 1 v. — The Gold Wolf 1 v. — Doctor Xavier 1 v. — Red Morn 1 v. — Beatrice of Venice 2 v. — Mid the Thick Arrows 2 v. — My Sword for Lafayette 1 v. — The Lady Evelyn 1 v. — The Diamond Ship 1 v. — The Lodestar 1 v. — Wheels of Anarchy 1 v. — Love the Harvester 1 v. — The Adventures of Captain Jack 1 v. — White Walls 1 v. — The Show Girl 1 v.

Percy, Bishop Thomas, † 1811.
Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 3 v.

Perrin, Alice.

Idoltry 1 v. — The Charm 1 v.

Philips, F. C.

As in a Looking Glass 1 v. — The Dean and his Daughter 1 v. — Lucy Smith 1 v. — A Lucky Young Woman 1 v. — Jack and Three Jills 1 v. — Little Mrs. Murray 1 v. — Young Mr. Ainslie's Courtship 1 v. — Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Extenuating Circumstances, and A French Marriage 1 v. — More Social Vicissitudes 1 v. — Constance 2 v. — That Wicked Mad'moiselle, etc. 1 v. — A Doctor in Difficulties, etc. 1 v. — Black and White 1 v. — "One Never Knows" 2 v. — Of Course 1 v. — Miss Ormerod's Protégé 1 v. — My little Husband 1 v. — Mrs. Bouvier 1 v. — A Question of Colour, and other Stories 1 v. — A Devil in Nun's Veiling 1 v. — A Full Confession, and other Stories 1 v. — The Luckiest of Three 1 v. — Poor Little Bella 1 v. — Eliza Clarke, Governess, and Other Stories 1 v. — Marriage, etc. 1 v. — School-girls of To-day, etc. 1 v. — If Only, etc. 1 v. — An Unfortunate Blend 1 v. — A Barrister's Courtship 1 v.

Philips, F. C. & Percy Fendall.

A Daughter's Sacrifice 1 v. — Margaret Byng 1 v. — Disciples of Plato 1 v. — A Honeymoon—and After 1 v.

Philips, F. C. & C. J. Wills.

The Fatal Phryne 1 v. — The Scudamores 1 v. — A Maiden Fair to See 1 v. — Sybil Ross's Marriage 1 v.

Philips, F. C. & A. R. T.

Life 1 v.

Phillpotts, Eden.

Lying Prophets 2 v. — The Human Boy 1 v. — Sons of the Morning 2 v. — The Good Red Earth 1 v. — The Striking Hours 1 v. — The Farn of the Dagger 1 v. —

The Golden Fetich 1 v. — The Whirlwind 2 v. — The Human Boy Again 1 v.

Phillpotts, E. & Arnold Bennett. The Sinews of War 1 v. — The Statue 1 v.

Piddington, Miss: *vide* Author of "The Last of the Cavaliers."

Poe, Edgar Allan (Am.), † 1849. Poems and Essays, edited with a new Memoir by John H. Ingram 1 v. — Tales, edited by John H. Ingram 1 v.

Pope, Alexander, † 1744. Select Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

Poynter, Miss E. Frances. My Little Lady 2 v. — Ersilia 2 v. — Among the Hills 1 v. — Madame de Presnel 1 v.

Præd, Mrs. Campbell. Zéro 1 v. — Affinities 1 v. — The Head Station 2 v.

Prentiss, Mrs. E. (Am.), † 1878. Stepping Heavenward 1 v.

Prince Consort, the, † 1861. His Principal Speeches and Addresses (with Portrait) 1 v.

Pryce, Richard. Miss Maxwell's Affections 1 v. — The Quiet Mrs. Fleming 1 v. — Time and the Woman 1 v.

Pym, H. N.: *vide* Caroline Fox.

Quiller-Couch, A. T. ("Q"). Noughts and Crosses 1 v. — I Saw Three Ships 1 v. — Dead Man's Rock 1 v. — Ia and other Tales 1 v. — The Ship of Stars 1 v. — The Adventures of Harry Revel 1 v. — Fort Amity 1 v. — Shakespeare's Christmas, and Other Stories 1 v. — The Mayor of Troy 1 v. — Merry-Garden, and Other Stories 1 v. — Brother Copas 1 v.

Quincey: *vide* De Quincey.

Rae, W. Fraser, † 1905. Westward by Rail 1 v. — Miss Bayle's Romance 2 v. — The Business of Travel 1 v.

Raimond, C. E. (Miss Robins) (Am.). The Open Question 2 v. — The Magnetic North 2 v. — A Dark Lantern 2 v. — The Convert 2 v. — The Florentine Frame 1 v.

"Rajah's Heir, the," Author of. The Rajah's Heir 2 v.

Reade, Charles, † 1884. "It is never too late to mend" 2 v. — "Love me little, love me long" 1 v. — The Cloister and the Hearth 2 v. — Hard

Cash 3 v. — Put Yourself in his Place 2 v. — A Terrible Temptation 2 v. — Peg Woffington 1 v. — Christie Johnstone 1 v. — A Simpleton 2 v. — The Wandering Heir 1 v. — A Woman-Hater 2 v. — Readiana 1 v. — Singleheart and Doubleface 1 v.

"Recommended to Mercy," Author of (Mrs. Houstoun).

"Recommended to Mercy" 2 v. — Zoe's "Brand" 2 v.

Reeves, Mrs.: *v.* Helen Mathers. Rhys, Grace.

Mary Dominic 1 v. — The Wooing of Sheila 1 v.

Rice, James: *v.* Walter Besant. Richards, Alfred Bate, † 1876. So very Human 3 v.

Richardson, S., † 1761. Clarissa Harlowe 4 v.

Riddell, Mrs. (F. G. Trafford). George Geith of Fen Court 2 v. — Maxwell Drewitt 2 v. — The Race for Wealth 2 v. — Far above Rubies 2 v. — The Earl's Promise 2 v. — Mortomley's Estate 2 v.

Ridge, W. Pett. Name of Garland 1 v. — Thanks to Sander-son 1 v.

"Rita." Souls 1 v. — The Jesters 1 v. — The Masqueraders 2 v. — Queer Lady Judas 2 v. — Prince Charming 1 v. — The Pointing Finger 1 v. — A Man of no Importance 1 v. — The Millionaire Girl, and Other Stories 1 v. — The House called Hurrish 1 v. — Calvary 2 v. — That is to say— 1 v. — "Half a Truth" 1 v.

Ritchie, Mrs. Anne Thackeray: *vide* Miss Thackeray.

Roberts, Miss: *vide* Author of "Mademoiselle Mori."

Robertson, Rev. F. W., † 1853. Sermons 4 v.

Robins, Miss: *vide* Raimond.

Robinson, F.: *v.* "No Church."

Roosevelt, Theodore (Am.). Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter (with Portrait) 1 v.

Ross, Charles H. The Pretty Widow 1 v. — A London Romance 2 v.

Ross, Martin: *vide* Somerville.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, † 1882. Poems 1 v. — Ballads and Sonnets 1 v.

"Roy Tellet."
 The Outcasts 1 v. — A Draught of Lethe 1 v. — Pastor and Prelate 2 v.
 Ruffini, J., † 1881.
 Lavinia 2 v. — Doctor Antonio 1 v. — Lorenzo Benoni 1 v. — Vincenzo 2 v. — A Quiet Nook in the Jura 1 v. — The Paragreens on a Visit to Paris 1 v. — Carlino, and other Stories 1 v.
 Ruskin, John, * 1819, † 1900.
 Sesame and Lilies 1 v. — The Stones of Venice (with Illustrations) 2 v. — Unto this Last and Munera Pulveris 1 v. — The Seven Lamps of Architecture (with 14 Illustrations) 1 v. — Mornings in Florence 1 v. — St. Mark's Rest 1 v.
 Russell, W. Clark.
 A Sailor's Sweetheart 2 v. — The "Lady Maud" 2 v. — A Sea Queen 2 v.
 Russell, George W. E.
 Collections and Recollections. By One who has kept a Diary 2 v. — A Londoner's Log-Book 1 v.
 Sala, George Augustus, † 1895.
 The Seven Sons of Mammon 2 v.
 Saunders, John.
 Israel Mort, Overman 2 v. — The Shipowner's Daughter 2 v. — A Noble Wife 2 v.
 Saunders, Katherine (Mrs. Cooper).
 Joan Merryweather, and other Tales 1 v. — Gideon's Rock, and other Tales 1 v. — The High Mills 2 v. — Sebastian 1 v.
 Savage, * Richard Henry (Am.), † 1903.
 My Official Wife 1 v. — The Little Lady of Lagunitas (with Portrait) 2 v. — Prince Schamy's Wooing 1 v. — The Masked Venus 2 v. — Delilah of Harlem 2 v. — The Anarchist 2 v. — A Daughter of Judas 1 v. — In the Old Chateau 1 v. — Miss Devereux of the Mariquita 2 v. — Checked Through 2 v. — A Modern Corsair 2 v. — In the Swim 2 v. — The White Lady of Khaminavatka 2 v. — In the House of His Friends 2 v. — The Mystery of a Shipyard 2 v. — A Monte Cristo in Khaki 1 v.
 Schreiner, Olive.
 Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland 1 v. — Woman and Labour 1 v.
 Scott, Sir Walter, † 1832.
 Waverley (with Portrait) 1 v. — The Antiquary 1 v. — Ivanhoe 1 v. — Kenilworth 1 v. — Quentin Durward 1 v. — Old Mortality 1 v. — Guy Mannering 1 v. —

Rob Roy 1 v. — The Pirate 1 v. — The Fortunes of Nigel 1 v. — The Black Dwarf; A Legend of Montrose 1 v. — The Bride of Lammermoor 1 v. — The Heart of Mid-Lothian 2 v. — The Monastery 1 v. — The Abbot 1 v. — Peveril of the Peak 2 v. — Poetical Works 2 v. — Woodstock 1 v. — The Fair Maid of Perth 1 v. — Anne of Geierstein 1 v.

Seeley, Prof. J. R., † 1895.
 Life and Times of Stein (with a Portrait of Stein) 4 v. — The Expansion of England 1 v. — Goethe 1 v.

Sewell, Elizabeth, † 1906.
 Amy Herbert 2 v. — Ursula 2 v. — A Glimpse of the World 2 v. — The Journal of a Home Life 2 v. — After Life 2 v. — The Experience of Life 2 v.

Shakespeare, William, † 1616.
 Plays and Poems (with Portrait) (*Second Edition*) 7 v. — Doubtful Plays 1 v.
Shakespeare's Plays may also be had in 37 numbers, at *M* 0,30. each number.

Sharp, William, † 1905: *v.* Miss Howard, Fiona Macleod and Swinburne.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, † 1822.
 A Selection from his Poems 1 v.

Sheppard, Nathan (Am.), † 1888.
 Shut up in Paris 1 v.

Sheridan, R. B., † 1816.
 The Dramatic Works 1 v.

Shorthouse, J. Henry.
 John Inglesant 2 v. — Blanche, Lady Falaise 1 v.

Sidgwick, Mrs. Alfred.
 The Lantern Bearers 1 v. — Anthea's Guest 1 v.

Slatin Pasha, Rudolf C., C.B.
 Fire and Sword in the Sudan (with two Maps in Colours) 3 v.

Smedley, F. E.: *vide* Author of "Frank Fairlegh."

Smollett, Tobias, † 1771.
 Roderick Random 1 v. — Humphry Clinker 1 v. — Peregrine Pickle 2 v.

Snaith, J. C.
 Mrs. Fitz 1 v. — The Principal Girl 1 v. — "Society in London," Author of Society in London. By a Foreign Resident 1 v.

Somerville, E. CE., & M. Ross.
 Naboth's Vineyard 1 v. — All on the Irish Shore 1 v. — Dan Russel the Fox 1 v.

- "Spanish Brothers, the," Author of.
The Spanish Brothers 2 v.
- Stanhope, Earl (Lord Mahon),
† 1875.
The History of England 7 v. — Reign of Queen Anne 2 v.
- Stanton, Theodore (Am.).
A Manual of American Literature 1 v.
- Steel, Flora Annie.
The Hosts of the Lord 2 v. — In the Guardianship of God 1 v.
- Steevens, G. W., † 1900.
From Capetown to Ladysmith 1 v.
- Sterne, Laurence, † 1768.
Tristram Shandy 1 v. — A Sentimental Journey (with Portrait) 1 v.
- Stevenson, Robert Louis, † 1894.
Treasure Island 1 v. — Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and An Inland Voyage 1 v. — Kidnapped 1 v. — The Black Arrow 1 v. — The Master of Ballantrae 1 v. — The Merry Men, etc. 1 v. — Across the Plains, etc. 1 v. — Island Nights' Entertainments 1 v. — Catriona 1 v. — Weir of Hermiston 1 v. — St. Ives 2 v. — In the South Seas 2 v. — Tales and Fantasies 1 v.
- "Still Waters," Author of (Mrs. Paul).
Still Waters 1 v. — Dorothy 1 v. — De Cressy 1 v. — Uncle Ralph 1 v. — Maiden Sisters 1 v. — Martha Brown 1 v. — Vanessa 1 v.
- Stirling, M. C.: *vide* G. M. Craik.
- Stockton, Frank R. (Am.), † 1902.
The House of Martha 1 v.
- "Story of a Penitent Soul, the," Author of.
The Story of a Penitent Soul 1 v.
- "Story of Elizabeth, the," Author of: *vide* Miss Thackeray.
- Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher (Am.), † 1896.
Uncle Tom's Cabin (with Portrait) 2 v. — A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin 2 v. — Dred 2 v. — The Minister's Wooing 1 v. — Old-town Folks 2 v.
- "Sunbeam Stories," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Mackarness.
- Swift, Jonathan (Dean Swift),
† 1745.
Gulliver's Travels 1 v.
- Swinburne, Algernon Charles,
† 1909.
Atalanta in Calydon: and Lyrical Poems (edited, with an Introduction, by William Sharp) 1 v. — Love's Cross-Currents 1 v. — Chastelard and Mary Stuart 1 v.
- Symonds, John Addington,
† 1893.
Sketches in Italy 1 v. — New Italian Sketches 1 v.
- Tallentyre, S. G.: *v.* H. S. Merri-man.
- Tasma.
Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill 2 v.
- Tautphoeus, Baroness, † 1893.
Cyrilla 2 v. — The Initials 2 v. — Quits 2 v. — At Odds 2 v.
- Taylor, Col. Meadows, † 1876.
Tara; a Mahratta Tale 3 v.
- Templeton: *vide* Author of "Horace Templeton."
- Tennyson, Alfred (Lord), † 1892.
Poetical Works 8 v. — Queen Mary 1 v. — Harold 1 v. — Becket; The Cup; The Falcon 1 v. — Locksley Hall, six Years after; The Promise of May; Tiresias and other Poems 1 v. — A Memoir. By His Son (with Portrait) 4 v.
- Testament, the New: *vide* New.
- Thackeray, William Makepeace, † 1863.
Vanity Fair 3 v. — Pendennis 3 v. — Miscellanies 8 v. — Henry Esmond 2 v. — The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century 1 v. — The Newcomes 4 v. — The Virginians 4 v. — The Four Georges; Lovel the Widower 1 v. — The Adventures of Philip 2 v. — Denis Duval 1 v. — Roundabout Papers 2 v. — Catherine 1 v. — The Irish Sketch Book 2 v. — The Paris Sketch Book (with Portrait) 2 v.
- Thackeray, Miss (Lady Ritchie).
The Story of Elizabeth 1 v. — The Village on the Cliff 1 v. — Old Kensington 2 v. — Bluebeard's Keys, and other Stories 1 v. — Five Old Friends 1 v. — Miss Angel 1 v. — Out of the World, and other Tales 1 v. — Fulham Lawn, and other Tales 1 v. — From an Island. A Story and some Essays 1 v. — Da Capo, and other Tales 1 v. — Madame de Sévigné; From a Stage Box; Miss Williamson's Divagations 1 v. — A Book of Sibyls 1 v. — Mrs. Dymond 2 v. — Chapters from some Memoirs 1 v.

Thomas a Kempis: *v.* Kempis.

Thomas, A. (Mrs. Pender Cudlip).

Denis Donne 2 v. — On Guard 2 v. — Walter Goring 2 v. — Played Out 2 v. — Called to Account 2 v. — Only Herself 2 v. — A Narrow Escape 2 v.

Thomson, James, † 1748.

Poetical Works (with Portrait) 1 v.

“Thoth,” Author of.

Thoth 1 v.

Thurston, E. Temple.

The Greatest Wish in the World 1 v. — Mirage 1 v. — The City of Beautiful Nonsense 1 v. — The Garden of Resurrection 1 v. — Thirteen 1 v.

“Tim,” Author of.

Tim 1 v.

Trafford, F. G.: *v.* Mrs. Riddell.

Trevelyan, George Otto.

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay (with Portrait) 4 v. — Selections from the Writings of Lord Macaulay 2 v. — The American Revolution (with a Map) 2 v.

Trois-Etoiles: *vide* Grenville.

Trollope, Anthony, † 1882.

Doctor Thorne 2 v. — The Bertrams 2 v. — The Warden 1 v. — Barchester Towers 2 v. — Castle Richmond 2 v. — The West Indies 1 v. — Framley Parsonage 2 v. — North America 3 v. — Orley Farm 3 v. — Rachel Ray 2 v. — The Small House at Allington 3 v. — Can you forgive her? 3 v. — The Belton Estate 2 v. — Nina Balatka 1 v. — The Last Chronicle of Barset 3 v. — The Claverings 2 v. — Phineas Finn 3 v. — He knew he was right 3 v. — The Vicar of Bullhampton 2 v. — Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite 1 v. — Ralph the Heir 2 v. — The Golden Lion of Granpere 1 v. — Australia and New Zealand 3 v. — Lady Anna 2 v. — Harry Heathcote of Gangoil 1 v. — The Way we live now 4 v. — The Prime Minister 4 v. — The American Senator 3 v. — South Africa 2 v. — Is He Popenjoy? 3 v. — An Eye for an Eye 1 v. — John Caldigate 3 v. — Cousin Henry 1 v. — The Duke's Children 3 v. — Dr. Wortle's School 1 v. — Ayala's Angel 3 v. — The Fixed Period 1 v. — Marion Fay 2 v. — Kept in the Dark 1 v. — Frau Frohmann, and other Stories 1 v. — Alice Dugdale, and other Stories 1 v. — La Mère Bauche, and other Stories 1 v. — The Mistletoe Bough, and other Stories 1 v. — An Autobiography 1 v. — An Old Man's Love 1 v.

Trollope, T. Adolphus, † 1892.

The Garstangs of Garstang Grange 2 v. — A Siren 2 v.

Trowbridge, W. R. H.

The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth 1 v. — A Girl of the Multitude 1 v. — That Little Marquis of Brandenburg 1 v. — A Dazzling Reprobate 1 v.

Twain, Mark (Samuel L. Clemens) (Am.), † 1910.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer 1 v. — The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrims' Progress 2 v. — A Tramp Abroad 2 v. — “Roughing it” 1 v. — The Innocents at Home 1 v. — The Prince and the Pauper 2 v. — The Stolen White Elephant, etc. 1 v. — Life on the Mississippi 2 v. — Sketches (with Portrait) 1 v. — Huckleberry Finn 2 v. — Selections from American Humour 1 v. — A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur 2 v. — The American Claimant 1 v. — The £ 1000000 Bank-Note and other new Stories 1 v. — Tom Sawyer Abroad 1 v. — Pudd'nhead Wilson 1 v. — Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc 2 v. — Tom Sawyer, Detective, and other Tales 1 v. — More Tramps Abroad 2 v. — The Man that corrupted Hadleyburg, etc. 2 v. — A Double-Barrelled Detective Story, etc. 1 v. — The \$30,000 Bequest, and Other Stories 1 v. — Christian Science 1 v. — Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven & Is Shakespeare Dead? 1 v.

“Two Cosmos, the,” Author of. The Two Cosmos 1 v.

Vachell, Horace Annesley.

Brothers 2 v. — The Face of Clay 1 v. — Her Son 1 v. — The Hill 1 v. — The Waters of Jordan 1 v. — An Impending Sword 1 v. — The Paladin 1 v. — John Verney 1 v. — Blinds Down 1 v.

“Venus and Cupid,” Author of. Venus and Cupid 1 v.

“Vera,” Author of.

Vera 1 v. — The Hôtel du Petit St. Jean 1 v. — Blue Roses 2 v. — Within Sound of the Sea 2 v. — The Maritime Alps and their Seaboard 2 v. — Ninette 1 v.

Victoria R. I.

Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861 1 v. — More Leaves, etc. from 1862 to 1882 1 v.

“Virginia,” Author of. Virginia 1 v.

Vizetelly, Ernest Alfred.

With Zola in England 1 v.

Walford, L. B.
Mr. Smith 2 v. — Pauline 2 v. — Cousins 2 v. — Troublesome Daughters 2 v. — Liddy Marget 1 v.

Wallace, D. Mackenzie.
Russia 3 v.

Wallace, Lew. (Am.), † 1905.
Ben-Hur 2 v.

Warburton, Eliot, † 1852.
The Crescent and the Cross 2 v. — Darien 2 v.

Ward, Mrs. Humphry.
Robert Elsmere 3 v. — David Grieve 3 v. — Miss Bretherton 1 v. — Marcella 3 v. — Bessie Costrell 1 v. — Sir George Tressady 2 v. — Helbeck of Bannisdale 2 v. — Eleanor 2 v. — Lady Rose's Daughter 2 v. — The Marriage of William Ashe 2 v. — Fenwick's Career 2 v. — Diana Mallory 2 v. — Daphne; or, "Marriage à la Mode" 1 v. — Canadian Born 1 v. — The Case of Richard Meynell 2 v.

Warner, Susan *vide*: Wetherell.

Warren, Samuel, † 1877.
Diary of a late Physician 2 v. — Ten Thousand a-Year 3 v. — Now and Then 1 v. — The Lily and the Bee 1 v.

"Waterdale Neighbours, the,"
Author of: *v.* Justin McCarthy.

Watts-Dunton, Theodore.
Aylwin 2 v.

Wells, H. G.
The Stolen Bacillus, etc. 1 v. — The War of the Worlds 1 v. — The Invisible Man 1 v. — The Time Machine, and The Island of Doctor Moreau 1 v. — When the Sleeper Wakes 1 v. — Tales of Space and Time 1 v. — The Plattner Story, and Others 1 v. — Love and Mr. Lewisham 1 v. — The Wheels of Chance 1 v. — Anticipations 1 v. — The First Men in the Moon 1 v. — The Sea Lady 1 v. — Mankind in the Making 2 v. — Twelve Stories and a Dream 1 v. — The Food of the Gods 1 v. — A Modern Utopia 1 v. — Kipps 2 v. — In the Days of the Comet 1 v. — The Future in America 1 v. — New Worlds for Old 1 v. — The War in the Air 1 v. — Tono-Bungay 2 v. — First and Last Things 1 v. — The New Machiavelli 2 v.

Westbury, Hugh. Acte 2 v.

Wetherell, Elizabeth (Susan Warner) (Am.), † 1885.
The wide, wide World 1 v. — Queechy 2 v. — The Hills of the Shatemuc 2 v. — Say and Seal 2 v. — The Old Helmet 2 v.

Weyman, Stanley J.

The House of the Wolf 1 v. — The Story of Francis Cludde 2 v. — A Gentleman of France 2 v. — The Man in Black 1 v. — Under the Red Robe 1 v. — My Lady Rotha 2 v. — From the Memoirs of a Minister of France 1 v. — The Red Cockade 2 v. — Shrewsbury 2 v. — The Castle Inn 2 v. — Sophia 2 v. — Count Hannibal 2 v. — In Kings' Byways 1 v. — The Long Night 2 v. — The Abbess of Vlaze 2 v. — Starvecrow Farm 2 v. — Chippinge 2 v. — Laid up in Lavender 1 v.

Wharton, Edith (Am.).
The House of Mirth 2 v. — The Fruit of the Tree 2 v.

"Whim, a," Author of.
A Whim, and its Consequences 1 v.
Whitby, Beatrice.

The Awakening of Mary Fenwick 2 v. — In the Suntime of her Youth 2 v.

White, Percy.
Mr. Bailey-Martin 1 v. — The West End 2 v. — The New Christians 1 v. — Park Lane 2 v. — The Countess and The King's Diary 1 v. — The Triumph of Mrs. St. George 2 v. — A Millionaire's Daughter 1 v. — A Passionate Pilgrim 1 v. — The System 2 v. — The Patient Man 1 v. — Mr. John Strood 1 v. — The Eight Guests 2 v. — Mr. Strudge 1 v. — Love and the Poor Sutor 1 v. — The House of Intrigue 1 v. — Love and the Wise Men 1 v. — An Averted Marriage 1 v. — The Lost Halo 1 v. — The Broken Phial 1 v.

White, Walter.
Holidays in Tyrol 1 v.

Whiteing, Richard.
The Island; or, An Adventure of a Person of Quality 1 v. — No. 5 John Street 1 v. — The Life of Paris 1 v. — The Yellow Van 1 v. — Ring in the New 1 v. — All Moonshine 1 v. — Little People 1 v.

Whitman, Sidney.
Imperial Germany 1 v. — The Realm of the Habsburgs 1 v. — Teuton Studies 1 v. — Reminiscences of the King of Roumania 1 v. — Conversations with Prince Bismarck 1 v. — Life of the Emperor Frederick 2 v.

"Who Breaks—Pays," Author of: *vide* Mrs. Jenkin.
Whyte Melville, George J.:
vide Melville.

Wiggin, Kate Douglas (Am.).
Timothy's Quest 1 v. — A Cathedral Courtship, and Penelope's English Experiences

1 v. — Penelope's Irish Experiences 1 v. — Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm 1 v. — Rose o' the River 1 v. — New Chronicles of Rebecca 1 v. — The Old Peabody Pew, and Susanna and Sue 1 v. — Mother Carey 1 v.

K. D. Wiggin, M. & J. Findlater, & Allan McAulay.

The Affair at the Inn 1 v. — Robinetta 1 v.

Wilde, Oscar, † 1900.

The Picture of Dorian Gray 1 v. — De Profundis and The Ballad of Reading Gaol 1 v. — A House of Pomegranates 1 v. — Lord Arthur Savile's Crime, and Other Prose Pieces 1 v. — Lady Windermere's Fan 1 v. — An Ideal Husband 1 v. — Salome 1 v. — The Happy Prince, and Other Tales 1 v. — A Woman of No Importance 1 v. — The Importance of Being Earnest 1 v. — Poems

Wilkins, Mary E. (Am.) [1 v.]

Pembroke 1 v. — Madelon 1 v. — Jerome 2 v. — Silence, and other Stories 1 v. — The Love of Parson Lord, etc. 1 v.

Williamson, C. N. & A. M.

The Lightning Conductor 1 v. — Lady Betty across the Water 1 v. — The Motor Maid 1 v. — Lord Loveland discovers America 1 v. — The Golden Silence 2 v. — The Guests of Hercules 2 v.

Wills, C. J., *vide* F. C. Philips.

Winter, Mrs. J. S.

Regimental Legends 1 v.

Wood, C.: *vide* "Buried Alone."

Wood, H. F.

The Passenger from Scotland Yard 1 v.

Wood, Mrs. Henry (Johnny

Ludlow), † 1887.

East Lynne 3 v. — The Channings 2 v. — Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles 2 v. — Verner's Bride 3 v. — The Shadow of Ashlyyat 3 v. — Trevlyn Hold 2 v. — Lord Oakburn's Daughters 2 v. — Oswald Cray 2 v. — Mildred Arkell 2 v. — St. Martin's Eve 2 v. — Elster's Folly 2 v. — Lady Adelaide's Oath 2 v. — Orville College 1 v. — A Life's Secret 1 v. — The Red Court Farm 2 v. — Anne Hereford 2 v. — Roland Yorke 2 v. — George Canterbury's Will 2 v. — Bessy Rane 2 v. — Dene Hollow 2 v. — The Foggy Night at Offord; Martyn Ware's Temptation; The Night-Walk over the Mill Stream 1 v. — Within the Maze 2 v. — The Master of Greylands 2 v. — Johnny Ludlow 2 v. — Told in the Twilight 2 v. — Adam Grainger 1 v. — Edina 2 v. — Pomeroy Abbey 2 v. — Court Netherleigh 2 v. — (The following by Johnny Ludlow): Lost in the Post, and

Other Tales 1 v. — A Tale of Sin, and Other Tales 1 v. — Anne, and Other Tales 1 v. — The Mystery of Jessy Page, etc. 1 v. — Helen Whitney's Wedding, etc. 1 v. — The Story of Dorothy Grape, etc. 1 v.

Woodroffe, Daniel.

Tangled Trinities 1 v. — The Beauty-Shop 1 v.

Woods, Margaret L.

A Village Tragedy 1 v. — The Vagabonds 1 v. — Sons of the Sword 2 v. — The Invader 1 v.

Wordsworth, William, † 1850.
Select Poetical Works 2 v.

Wraxall, Lascelles, † 1865.

Wild Oats 1 v.

Yates, Edmund, † 1894.

Land at Last 2 v. — Broken to Harness 2 v. — The Forlorn Hope 2 v. — Black Sheep 2 v. — The Rock Ahead 2 v. — Wrecked in Port 2 v. — Dr. Wainwright's Patient 2 v. — Nobody's Fortune 2 v. — Castaway 2 v. — A Waiting Race 2 v. — The yellow Flag 2 v. — The Impending Sword 2 v. — Two, by Tricks 1 v. — A Silent Witness 2 v. — Recollections and Experiences 2 v.

Yeats: *vide* Levett-Yeats.

Yonge, Charlotte M., † 1901.

The Heir of Redclyffe 2 v. — Heartsease 2 v. — The Daisy Chain 2 v. — Dynevor Terrace 2 v. — Hopes and Fears 2 v. — The Young Step-Mother 2 v. — The Trial 2 v. — The Clever Woman of the Family 2 v. — The Dove in the Eagle's Nest 2 v. — The Danvers Papers; The Prince and the Page 1 v. — The Chaplet of Pearls 2 v. — The two Guardians 1 v. — The Caged Lion 2 v. — The Pillars of the House 5 v. — Lady Hester 1 v. — My Young Alcides 2 v. — The Three Brides 2 v. — Woman-kind 2 v. — Magnum Bonum 2 v. — Love and Life 1 v. — Unknown to History 2 v. — Stray Pearls (with Portrait) 2 v. — The Armourer's Prentices 2 v. — The Two Sides of the Shield 2 v. — Nuttie's Father 2 v. — Beechcroft at Rockstone 2 v. — A Reputed Changeling 2 v. — Two Penniless Princesses 1 v. — That Stick 1 v. — Grisly Grisell 1 v. — The Long Vacation 2 v. — Modern Broods 1 v.

"Young Mistle," Author of:
vide Henry Seton Merriman.

Zangwill, I.

Dreamers of the Ghetto 2 v. — Ghetto Comedies 2 v. — Ghetto Tragedies 2 v.

"Z. Z."

The World and a Man 2 v.

Series for the Young.

30 Volumes. Published with Continental Copyright on the same conditions as the Collection of English and American Authors. Vide p. 1.

— Price 1 M. 60 Pf. or 2 Fr. per Volume. —

Barker, Lady (Lady Broome).
Stories About:— 1 v.

Charlesworth, Maria Louisa,
† 1880.
Ministering Children 1 v.

Craik, Mrs. (Miss Mulock), † 1887.
Our Year 1 v. — Three Tales for Boys
1 v. — Three Tales for Girls 1 v.

Craik, Georgiana M. (Mrs. May).
Cousin Trix, and her Welcome Tales 1 v.

Edgeworth, Maria, † 1849.
Moral Tales 1 v. — Popular Tales 2 v.

Kavanagh, Bridget & Julia,
† 1877.
The Pearl Fountain, and other Fairy-
Tales 1 v.

Lamb, Charles & Mary, † 1834
and 1847.
Tales from Shakspeare 1 v.

Marryat, Captain, † 1848.
Masterman Ready 1 v.

Marshall, Mrs. Emma, † 1899.
Rex and Regina 1 v.

Montgomery, Florence.
The Town-Crier; to which is added:
The Children with the Indian-Rubber
Ball 1 v.

“Ruth and her Friends,” Author
of.

Ruth and her Friends. A Story for Girls 1 v.

Wood, Mrs. Henry, † 1887.
William Allair 1 v.

Yonge, Charlotte M., † 1901.
Kenneth; or, the Rear-Guard of the
Grand Army 1 v. — The Little Duke.
Ben Sylvester's Word 1 v. — The
Stokesley Secret 1 v. — Countess Kate 1 v.
— A Book of Golden Deeds 2 v. — Friars-
wood Post-Office 1 v. — Henrietta's Wish
1 v. — Kings of England 1 v. — The
Lances of Lynwood; the Pigeon Pie 1 v.
— P's and Q's 1 v. — Aunt Charlotte's Stories
of English History 1 v. — Bye-Words 1 v. —
Lads and Lasses of Langley, etc. 1 v.

Collection of German Authors.

51 Volumes. Translations from the German, published with universal
copyright. These volumes may be imported into any country.

— Price 1 M. 60 Pf. or 2 Fr. per Volume. —

Auerbach, Berthold, † 1882.
On the Heights, (Second Edition) 3 v. —
Brigitta 1 v. — Spinoza 2 v.

Ebers, Georg, † 1898.
An Egyptian Princess 2 v. — Uarda
2 v. — Homo Sum 2 v. — The Sisters [Die
Schwestern] 2 v. — Joshua 2 v. — Per
Aspera 2 v.

Fouqué, De la Motte, † 1843.
Undine, Sintram, etc. 1 v.

Freiligrath, Ferdinand, † 1876.
Poems (Second Edition) 1 v.

Görlach, Wilhelm.
Prince Bismarck (with Portrait) 1 v.

Goethe, W. v., † 1832.
Faust 1 v. — Wilhelm Meister's Ap-
prenticeship 2 v.

Gutzkow, Karl, † 1878.
Through Night to Light 1 v.

Hackländer, F. W., † 1877.
Behind the Counter [Handel und
Wandel] 1 v.

Hauff, Wilhelm, † 1827.
Three Tales 1 v.

Heyse, Paul.
L'Arrabiata, etc. 1 v. — The Dead Lake,
etc. 1 v. — Barbarossa, etc. 1 v.

Hillern, Wilhelmine von.
The Vulture Maiden [die Geier-Wally]
1 v. — The Hour will come 2 v.



Kohn, Salomon.

Gabriel 1 v.

Lessing, G. E., † 1781.

Nathan the Wise and Emilia Galotti 1 v.

Lewald, Fanny, † 1889.

Stella 2 v.

Marlitt, E., † 1887.

The Princess of the Moor [das Haideprinzesschen] 2 v.

Nathusius, Maria, † 1857.

Joachim v. Kamern, and Diary of a Poor Young Lady 1 v.

Reuter, Fritz, † 1874.

In the Year '13 1 v. — An old Story of my Farming Days [Ut mine Stromtid] 3 v.

Richter, J. P. Friedrich (Jean Paul), † 1825.

Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces 2 v.

Scheffel, Victor von, † 1886.

Ekkehard 2 v.

Taylor, George.

Klytia 2 v.

Zschokke, Heinrich, † 1848.

The Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, etc. 1 v.

Students' Series for School, College, and Home.

Ausgaben

mit deutschen Anmerkungen und Special-Wörterbüchern.

Br. = Broschirt. Kart. = Kartoniert.

Bulwer, Edward, Lord Lytton,

† 1873.

The Lady of Lyons. Von Dr. *Fritz Bischoff*. Br. *№ 0,50*. Kart. *№ 0,60*.

Burnett, Frances Hodgson (Am.).

Little Lord Fauntleroy. Von Dr. *Ernst Groth*. Br. *№ 1,50*. Kart. *№ 1,60*. — Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch. Br. *№ 0,40*.Sara Crewe. Von *Bertha Connell*. Br. *№ 0,50*. Kart. *№ 0,60*. — Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch. Br. *№ 0,40*.

Carlyle, Thomas, † 1881.

The Reign of Terror (French Revolution). Von Dr. *Ludwig Herrig*. Br. *№ 1,00*. Kart. *№ 1,10*.

Craik, Mrs. (Miss Mulock),

† 1887.

A Hero. A Tale for Boys. Von Dr. *Otto Dost*. Br. *№ 0,80*. Kart. *№ 0,90*. — Wörterbuch. Br. *№ 0,40*.

Dickens, Charles, † 1870.

Sketches. First Series. Von Dr. *A. Hoppe*. Br. *№ 1,20*. Kart. *№ 1,30*.Sketches. Second Series. Von Dr. *A. Hoppe*. Br. *№ 1,40*. Kart. *№ 1,50*. — Wörterbuch (First and Second Series). Br. *№ 1,00*.A Christmas Carol in Prose. Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. Von Dr. *G. Tanger*. Br. *№ 1,00*. Kart. *№ 1,10*.

Eliot, George (Miss Evans—Mrs. Cross), † 1880.

The Mill on the Floss. Von Dr. *H. Conrad*. Br. *№ 1,70*. Kart. *№ 1,80*.

Ewing, Juliana Horatia, † 1885.

Jackanapes. Von *E. Roos*. Br. *№ 0,50*. Kart. *№ 0,60*. — Wörterbuch. Br. *№ 0,20*.The Brownies; and The Land of Lost Toys. Von Dr. *A. Müller*. Br. *№ 0,60*. Kart. *№ 0,70*. — Wörterbuch. Br. *№ 0,30*.Timothy's Shoes; An Idyll of the Wood; Benjy in Beastland. Von *E. Roos*. Br. *№ 0,70*. Kart. *№ 0,80*. — Wörterbuch. Br. *№ 0,30*.

Franklin, Benjamin (Am.),

† 1790.

His Autobiography. Von Dr. *Karl Feyerabend*. I. Teil. Die Jugendjahre (1706—1730). Br. *№ 1,00*. Kart. *№ 1,10*.II. Teil. Die Mannesjahre (1731 bis 1757). Mit einer Beigabe: The Way to Wealth. Von Dr. *Karl Feyerabend*. Br. *№ 1,20*. Kart. *№ 1,30*.

Freeman, Edward A. † 1892.

Three Historical Essays. Von Dr. *Balzer*. Br. *№ 0,70*. Kart. *№ 0,80*.

Harte, Bret (Am.), † 1902.

Tales of the Argonauts. Von Dr. *G. Tanger*. Br. *№ 1,40*. Kart. *№ 1,50*.

- Hawthorne, Nathaniel (Am.),
† 1864.
Wonder Book for Boys and Girls. Von
E. Roos. Br. *№* 0,70. Kart. *№* 0,80. —
Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch. Br. *№* 0,40.
- Hughes, Thomas, † 1898.
Tom Brown's School Days. Von Dr. *J.*
Schmidt. 2 Parts. Br. *№* 3,00. Kart.
№ 3,20. Part I. apart. Br. *№* 1,70.
Kart. *№* 1,80. Part II. apart. Br. *№* 1,30.
Kart. *№* 1,40.
- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth
(Am.), † 1882.
Tales of a Wayside Inn. Von Dr. *H.*
Varnhagen. 2 Bände. Br. *№* 2,00.
Kart. *№* 2,20. 1. Band apart. Br. *№* 1,00.
Kart. *№* 1,10. 2. Band apart. Br. *№* 1,00.
Kart. *№* 1,10.
- Macaulay, Lord, Thomas
Babington, † 1859.
England before the Restoration. (History
of England. Chapter I.) Von Dr. *W.*
Ihne. Br. *№* 0,70. Kart. *№* 0,80.
England under Charles the Second.
(History of England. Chapter II.) Von
Dr. *W. Ihne*. Br. *№* 1,00. Kart. *№* 1,10.
The Rebellions of Argyle and Monmouth.
(History of England. Chapter V.)
Von Dr. *Immanuel Schmidt*. Br. *№* 1,00.
Kart. *№* 1,10.
Lord Clive. (Histor. Essay.) Von Prof.
Dr. *R. Thum*. Br. *№* 1,40. Kart. *№* 1,50.
Ranke's History of the Popes. (Historical
Essay.) Von Prof. Dr. *R. Thum*.
Br. *№* 0,60. Kart. *№* 0,70.
Warren Hastings. (Historical Essay.)
Von Prof. Dr. *R. Thum*. Br. *№* 1,50.
Kart. *№* 1,60.
- McCarthy, Justin.
The Indian Mutiny. (Chap. 32—35 of "A
History of our own Times.") Von Dr. *A.*
Hamann. Br. *№* 0,60. Kart. *№* 0,70.
— Wörterbuch. Br. *№* 0,20.
- Montgomery, Florence.
Misunderstood. Von Dr. *R. Palm*. Br.
№ 1,60. Kart. *№* 1,70. — Wörterbuch.
Br. *№* 0,40.
- Scott, Sir Walter, † 1832.
The Talisman. Von Dr. *R. Dressel*.
Br. *№* 1,60. Kart. *№* 1,70.
Tales of a Grandfather. First Series.
Von Dr. *H. Löschnhorn*. Br. *№* 1,50.
Kart. *№* 1,60. — Wörterbuch. Br. *№* 0,50.
Tales of a Grandfather. Second Series.
Von Dr. *H. Löschnhorn*. Br. *№* 1,70.
Kart. *№* 1,80.
- Shakespeare, William, † 1616.
Twelfth Night; or, What you will. Von
Dr. *H. Conrad*. Br. *№* 1,40. Kart. *№* 1,50.
Julius Caesar. Von Dr. *Immanuel*
Schmidt. Br. *№* 1,00. Kart. *№* 1,10.
Macbeth. Von Dr. *Immanuel Schmidt*.
Br. *№* 1,00. Kart. *№* 1,10.
- Stanhope, Earl (Lord Mahon),
† 1875.
Prince Charles Stuart. (History of Eng-
land from the Peace of Utrecht to the
Peace of Versailles. 1713—1783.) Von
Dr. *Martin Krummacher*. Br. *№* 1,20.
Kart. *№* 1,30.
The Seven Years' War. Von Dr. *M.*
Krummacher. Br. *№* 1,20. Kart. *№* 1,30.
- Tennyson, Alfred Lord, † 1892.
Enoch Arden and other Poems. Von
Dr. *A. Hamann*. Br. *№* 0,70. Kart.
№ 0,80. — Wörterbuch. Br. *№* 0,20.
- Thackeray, W. M. † 1863.
Samuel Titmarsh and The great Hog-
garty Diamond. Von *George Boyle*.
Br. *№* 1,20. Kart. *№* 1,30.
- Yonge, Charlotte M., † 1901.
The Little Duke, or, Richard the Fear-
less. Von *E. Roos*. Br. *№* 0,90. Kart.
№ 1,00. — Wörterbuch. Br. *№* 0,20.

Manuals of Conversation (same size as Tauchnitz Edition).

Each Volume, bound *№* 2,25.

Für Deutsche.

- Englische Conversationssprache von
A. Schlessing. 4. Stereotypaufl.
Französische Conversationssprache
von *L. Rollin*. 2. Stereotypaufl.
Russische Conversationssprache
von Dr. *Z. Koiransky*.

For English students.

- German Language of Conversation
by *A. Schlessing*.
À l'usage des étudiants français.
Conversation Allemande par MM.
L. Rollin et Wolfgang Weber.

Tauchnitz Dictionaries.

For sale and for use in all countries.

Crown 8vo.

- English-German and German-English. (JAMES.) *Forty-third Edition, entirely rewritten and greatly enlarged.* Sewed *ℳ* 4,50. Bound in cloth *ℳ* 5,00. Bound in half-morocco *ℳ* 5,50.
- English-French and French-English. (JAMES & MOLÉ.) *Eighteenth, entirely new and modern Edition.* Sewed *ℳ* 5,00. Bound *ℳ* 6,00.
- English-Italian and Italian-English. (JAMES & GRASSI.) *Thirteenth Edition.* Sewed *ℳ* 5,00. Bound in half-morocco *ℳ* 6,25.
- Tolhausen, Technological Dictionary in three Languages. Complete in three parts. Each part with a new large Supplement including all modern terms and expressions in Electricity, Telegraphy and Telephony. Sewed *ℳ* 29,00. Bound in cloth *ℳ* 32,00. Bound in half-morocco *ℳ* 33,50.
- Vol. I. Français-Allemand-Anglais. *sième Edition.* Avec un grand Supplément de 1901. Broché *ℳ* 10,00. Relié en toile *ℳ* 11,00. Relié en demi-marouquin *ℳ* 11,50. Supplément séparément *ℳ* 2,00.
- Vol. II. English-German-French. *6th Edition.* With a large Supplement published in 1902. Sewed *ℳ* 10,00. Bound in cloth *ℳ* 11,00. Bound in half-morocco *ℳ* 11,50. Supplement separately *ℳ* 2,00.
- Vol. III. Deutsch-Englisch-Französisch. *5. Auflage.* Mit einem Nachtrage von 1902. Brosch. *ℳ* 9,00. Geb. in Leinen *ℳ* 10,00. Geb. in Halbmarokko *ℳ* 10,50. Nachtrag einzeln *ℳ* 1,00.

Pocket Dictionaries (same size as Tauchnitz Edition).

Bound *ℳ* 2,25. Sewed *ℳ* 1,50.

These Dictionaries are constantly revised and kept carefully up to date.

- English-German and German-English. *Thirty-second Edition.*
- English-French and French-English. *Thirty-third Edition.*
- English-Italian and Italian-English. *Twenty-fourth Edition.*
- English-Spanish and Spanish-English. *Thirty-second Edition.*
- Latin-English and English-Latin. *Sixteenth Edition.*
- Französisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Französisch. *Vierzehnte Auflage.*
- Italienisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Italienisch. *Achte Auflage.*
- Espagnol-Français et Français-Espagnol. *Sixième Édition.*

Russisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Russisch. (KOIRANSKY.)

6. Auflage. Br. *ℳ* 3,00. Geb. *ℳ* 4,00. Geb. in Halbmarokko *ℳ* 5,50.

Imperial 4°.

Italienisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Italienisch. (RIGUTINI & BULLE.)
2 Bände. *4. Auflage.* Brosch. *ℳ* 18,00. Geb. *ℳ* 20,00. Halbmarokko *ℳ* 23,00.

Spanisch-Deutsch und Deutsch-Spanisch. (TOLHAUSEN.) 2 Bände.
5. Auflage. Brosch. *ℳ* 15,00. Geb. *ℳ* 17,50. Halbmarokko *ℳ* 20,50.

Imperial 8°.

Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon. (FÜRST.) Translated from the German.
Fifth Edition. *ℳ* 19,00.

Handwörterbuch der Deutschen Sprache. (WEBER.) *25., völlig neu bearbeitete und den Regeln der neuesten Rechtschreibung angepasste Auflage.* Br. *ℳ* 6,00. Halbleinw. *ℳ* 7,00. Halbfranz *ℳ* 7,50.

Handbuch der Fremdwörter. (WEBER.) *17. Auflage.* Br. *ℳ* 3,00. Halbleinw. *ℳ* 4,00.

Latest Volumes. — March 1912.

Mother Carey. By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. I v. - 4306.

Mrs. Wiggin, one of the most celebrated of American lady writers, is at her very best when, as in the present case, she conceives a book delightful to children and grown-ups alike. From Mrs. Wiggin's pen have already sprung those two well-known creations, Penelope and Rebecca.

A Glorious Lie. By DOROTHEA GERARD. I vol. - 4307.

Mme. Longard de Longgarde's new book is a romance of Germany and Ruthenia, full of episode and movement, of sustained interest, and at times reaching a high note of tragedy. The authoress depicts the Ruthenian scenes and people from personal knowledge.

The Outcry. By HENRY JAMES. I vol. - 4308.

Henry James is one of the greatest living masters of English literary style, and a new work from his pen is an event to all the English-reading world. "The Outcry" deals with the most aristocratic circles of London and treats of a question of grave interest to the entire nation.

Zuleika Dobson. By MAX BEERBOHM. I vol. - 4309.

Max Beerbohm's ironic humour is, like that of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, of a unique and most peculiar kind. Both "make fun" of everything, and both write with a grave earnestness which only points their wit the more sharply. "Zuleika Dobson" contains as many hearty and healthy laughs as printed pages.

The Rest Cure. By W. B. MAXWELL. I vol. - 4310.

This drama of married life by the author of "The Guarded Flame" is written with all the intensity which was so strong a feature of that excellent book. Our sympathies hover continually between man and wife, and the end leaves us still asking which of the two is the more to be pitied. The closing scenes of the story are laid in the South of France.

Adrian Savage. By LUCAS MALET. 2 vols. - 4311/12.

A remarkable and vigorous Franco-English romance by the authoress of "Sir Richard Calmady." There is, as always in Mrs. St. Leger Harrison's work, an abundance of fine character delineation, and the story abounds in interest and incident. The scenes are laid alternately in Paris and the South Coast of England.

My Italian Year. By RICHARD BAGOT. I vol. - 4313.

A residence in Italy extending over many years and a knowledge of almost every part of the country makes Mr. Bagot, peculiarly fitted to write such a book as this. "My Italian Year" is not a guide-book nor is it burdened with technical descriptions. It is a most interesting description of almost every part of Italy, and an intensely sympathetic study of its picturesque inhabitants.

Ave. By GEORGE MOORE. I vol. - 4314.

A bright and sparkling description of Ireland treated with the author's usual geniality and acumen from many, and especially literary standpoints. The author's personal acquaintance and connection with many historical and literary figures makes his new book of peculiar interest and value.

Between Two Stools. By RHODA BROUGHTON. I vol. - 4315.

A romance of marriage and patient love by the ever fresh and always genial authoress of "Cometh up as a Flower." The male portraits of the story, which never flags in interest, are in Rhoda Broughton's best and cleverest style.

The Principal Girl. By J. C. SNAITH. I vol. - 4316.

Mr. Snaith, whose former work in the Tauchnitz Edition, "Mrs. Fitz," delighted so many readers, is a new and original light among the small number of living English humourists. "The Principal Girl" is a delightful and witty comedy of love and high life in diplomatic and green-room circles and is full to the brim of healthy humour.

Latest Volumes. — March 1912.

Marie. By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

I vol. - 4317.

The innumerable lovers of Mr. Rider Haggard's African romances will welcome this reappearance of our old friend Allan Quatermain, though the exciting tale, which contains a thrilling description of the great Boer "trek," deals with a period of his life anterior to "King Solomon's Mines" and the story known as "Allan Quatermain."

The Coward. By ROBERT

HUGH BENSON. I vol. - 4318.

This is another of those deep and carefully elaborated studies of character which we are accustomed to expect from Mr. Benson. As is his wont, he has embodied it in a milieu of highly interesting modern people and in a story of considerable intrinsic interest. The mountaineering expeditions from Zermatt are most graphically described.

The Chink in the Armour.

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES.

I vol. - 4319.

A new and intensely thrilling drama by the author of "When No Man Pursueth," with cunning and heartless murder as its *motif*. The heroine is a young and beautiful widow, and the scenes are laid in the gambling resort of Lacville, near Paris. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has been compared as a story-teller with Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins.

Paul's Paragon. By W. E.

NORRIS. I vol. - 4320.

A dramatic romance of love and modern society life. One of the chief figures in the story is that of an unscrupulous adventurer who wins all hearts in spite of his disreputable dealings, and is a genuine masterpiece of character-drawing.

Die Englische Literatur im Zeitalter der Königin Viktoria.

Von

Dr. Leon Kellner,

Professor an der Universität Czernowitz.

Prels: Broschliert 10 Mark. Geb. 11 Mark.

Das vorliegende Werk eines der ersten Fachgelehrten behandelt die ganze neuere englische Literatur von der Blütezeit unter Dickens, Bulwer, Macaulay, Carlyle an bis zur Jetztzeit in erschöpfender Weise.

Publishers' Notice.

The Tauchnitz Edition is sold by all Booksellers and Railway Libraries on the Continent, price of each volume M 1,60 or francs 2,00 sewed, M 2,20 or francs 2,75 cloth (Original-Leinenband), M 3,00 or francs 3,75 in elegant soft binding (Original-Geschenkband). A List of such bound works selected from the Tauchnitz Edition, and especially suitable for presents, etc., is now obtainable everywhere in both English and German, entitled "Gift Books," and "Geschenkliteratur." A complete Catalogue of the Tauchnitz Edition is attached to this work.