By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ, Author of "In Love and Truth"

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(Continued from Page 4.) In submission to his will. An thou hadst thy way, Margaret, the world

would be ruled by distaffs, an' all

would come to ruin.' In the dull hopelessness that took possession of him at the sight of the detestation now openly expressed on her pale face his voice grew less harsh and his manner slightly entreating as he said, "Mayhap my ways are not so soft and squeamish as those of the wicked worldly men, at heart blackguards, that thou hath met abroad. but thou would find me true, Margaret, and just, and under my direction thou would soon see the value of my ways and follow the good example

I would ever seek to set for thee." "I want none of thee nor thine examples." Margaret cried angrily. "And thou must cease thy persecutions! Know now for once and for all that I much mislike thee, that I loathe and hate thee, and that I hope our paths will never cross again!"

"An' thou hast no gratitude, woman, for my service on thine estate, for its present value on account of mine endeavors?"

that thou did agree was sufficient." she replied. "Now an' for the last time, let me pass."

Seeing the expression of strength and resolution on her face and her manner so disdainful of him, Josiah sickened as a realization of his absolute inability to control this woman came over him. Almost crazed with despair, he spoke furiously, hardly knowing what

"Hear me once more, an' then thou canst go the downward path thou hast chosen unmolested. The honest purpose of an upright man is as a stench in thy nostrils because, wanton, thou lovest the wicked ways of thy French lover."

Her blue eyes grew black, then fair-Ty blazed. "Take care!" she said. Josiah, unheeding, went on sneeringly, all the pent up hatred and jealousy in his heart coming out of his white

lips in taunting phrases. "Thy French lover, whose sweet enficing ways and gallant bearing thou doth so much admire-he that was to follow thee anon, to press his suit, wed thee an' live restfully on thine estate, spending thy gold for his pleassure until he died-why cometh he not? Whose arms intwine about him, keep-

ing him away?" "I warn thee to take care!" Margaret cried in deep anger.

"Where is thy truant lover? Soft hearted fool! Dost think he e'er fared forth from Lunnon up these hills to see thee once his eyes fell on the beauty o' the maids of that gay city? It angers me to see thee, my cousin, standing there a deceived woman, defending to an honest man the name of a poltroon. a blackguard and a libertine!"

With a quick motion she raised her hand and gave him a stinging slap across the face. He looked at her for an instant, not comprehending what had happened, with open mouth and staring eyes. Then as a realization of what she had done swept over him blood so angry flew to his head that it maddened him. Springing toward her, he caught her in his arms in a close embrace.

"Thou'lt kiss me where thou struck me," he cried with wild passion, "or else I'll kill thee!" She rocked and swayed in his em-

"Josiah, I loathe thee! Let me go!"

"Then," he said, with gloating in his voice, "if e'er thy gallant courtier lover happen doth give thee thought enough to ride this way I'll make my boasts on thee! So kiss me, wanton, if not for love then for thy life!" She felt his hot breath on her cheek,

saw relentless determination in the steely eyes above her, and, desperately trying to free an arm, felt herself inclosed as in a vise of iron.

"Godfrey!" she called, now greatly frightened.

"Aye, call him! He'll come anon when he doth grow a-weary of the maids in Lunnon," he panted sneer-

Both young and strong, they struggled desperately. Margaret trying to reach his face with her clutching fingers, but he held down her hands and

laughed at her tauntingly. "Godfrey, Godfrey!"

through the forest. "Doth some one call?"

siah loosed his hold slightly, listening. "'Tis I, Margaret Mayland!"

difeless.

"Godfrey!" was clasped in the embrace of her our horses off their feet. Such an awful lover, who, holding her to his heart, looked at the prostrate figure with fierce glances of anger.

"The scoundrel doth move." La Fabienne drew his sword. "I'll kill him where he lays!"

"Nay, dear Godfrey, have not murder on thy soul," she said tremblingly, with soft compelling. "'Tis my cousin, Josiah Taunston, who was but angered that I would not consent to wed with him."

La Fabienne's brow grew dark.

"God's pity! 'Twere not murder to finish that white livered hound! Rather 'twould be a deed of kindness to the world," he answered sternly, sheathing his sword with reluctance. "But to please thee, sweet, an' because I would not add further to thine horrors, I shall

not molest him further." He kissed her face and wound his arm about her in a manner affectionate and protecting.

"Come with me, Margaret." She advanced a step or two, then paused, looking back hesitatingly. "Is he dead, Godfrey? I think but of

La Fabienne laughed scornfully. "Nay, my love, fear not, but come with me. His kind dieth not so eas-

his mother and poor Hetty."

As the last sound of their voices died on the breeze Josiah Taunston, his face livid, with blood dropping from his nostrils, staggered to his feet and, clinging to a . . e for support, glanced with wild eyes of hatred in the direction the lovers had taken. "So, ho, thou hast arrived!" he pant-

ed with quick drawn breath. "Fool, thou didst not die, but art here i' the flesh to use thy persuasions with my cousin against me an' my rightful claims! Insistence an' firmness, had ye not come, would have i' the long run won her, an' the farm lands would have

He stood erect, endeavoring to stanch the flow of blood and muttering prom-

ises and threats to himself. "But with that woman dangler's arms about her, Josiah Taunston, thou hast no hope of Margaret Mayland now! So, ho, thou must use thy brain with subtle skill to smooth this complication out!"

Turning to go, he paused, shaking his finger in the direction they had taken, a sinister, wicked expression spreading over his drawn features.

"Happen now if matters fall out not to thy liking, Mistress Mayland, thou'lt recall to mind too late that I offered thee the best a man could offer kindly and in a good spirit until thou didst anger me beyond control. Thou didst flout me an' left me stunned an' bleeding-for all thy knowledge dead-to walk away with thy choice. 'Fair words, a gallant bearing an' loving attentions," he sneered, then shook his finger menacingly. "Thou hast them now, an', for sooth, something more that thou wot not of-an enemy, a man whose word will be taken here on all accounts an' who can bring thee into much disfavor; one who would have loved thee, but who now hates thee. Thou'lt live to regret this night, mistress, and I to remember it."

Then he laughed a harsh, grating, mirthless laugh, and, turning suddenly, groped his way down the path that led to the village.

CHAPTER X.

UST out of the forest on a flat rock that topped a rising eminence of land stood Margaret Mayland by the side of her lover, who, taller than she, bent his dark eyes softly upon her face, reflecting in them the happiness shining so brightly in her own. Twilight had now withdrawn its last gray shadows from the earth, and night, warm, black and clear, with soft breezes stirring and the air heavy with the sweet redolence of wild flowers, fell on the mountain gently. Gradually the stars came out, first one at a time, timidly; then, as if gathering courage from added numbers, they shone forth rapidly until the black arch of the heavens

was a spectacle of dazzling brilliance. Margaret, with happy confidence, stood close to her lover, who, with one arm thrown about her, stroked her soft hair caressingly. The stars with added luster sparkled in cheerful radiance, the breeze grew fainter, then died away, and the hour was one of intense peacefulness. Suddenly from the direction of the village came the loud, unearthly sounds of the baying and howling of a dog-long, loud and, to the superstitious, ominous howlsbut Margaret and La Fabienne, entirely engrossed in each other, talked on happily, unheeding aught but the sound of their own voices and the joy of be-

"An' so thou hadst the fever with no hands but those of strangers to tend thee?" Margaret was saying sorrowfully. "Tell me, Godfrey, more fully of thy miserable experiences." "'Twould but pain thee, sweet."

"Nay, I would hear the fullest account." Margaret insisted. "Thou and good Gaston came to a house where there was a maid-continue, dear Godfrey.'

"Much blame do I take to myself for my carelessness, heart's love," La Fabienne replied, "but for the nonce my anxiety to be with thee put caution and heedfulness out of my mind. As I was telling thee, we came safely to a house below the fork in the mountain where the two roads lead in opposite directions. At first methought to continue our way on the defile winding upward to our right, but, glancing at the two dark, craggy roads, difficult of ascent and steep, and realizing what a dire mishap it would be to wend our way on the wrong one. I asked for right direction from a maid at the cottage. Either from ignorance or a desire for mischief she said that Cragenstone lay at the end of the road leading to the left. So, trusting absolutely to her knowl-Her voice rang out strong and clear | edge of the country hereabout, we | thee."

"An' did thou most no comes to to" Footsteps were heard running. Jo- thee of thine error?" Margaret inquired, with gentle sympathy.

fared forth on our journey."

"Marry! Not one soul except a poor A man burst through the thicket and, lad of vacant mind who mouthed and with a sharp exclamation, caught chattered at us as we passed," he re-Taunston by the shoulders, swung him | plied. "Soon the drizzling dampness round with the strength of a giant and changed to steady rain that fell harder with a well directed blow felled him to and heavier as we progressed, until at the ground, where he lay apparently last it came down in great sheets of water, blinding our vision, washing rocks and gravel down the rough and Margaret, white faced and fainting, dangerous path and almost sweeping mountain storm, such cloudbursts, we had ne'er seen in France. Brave Gaston was struck with terror, declared we would be lost and entreated me to turn our horses' heads, but I, disregarding him, pressed forward, knowing that thou wert expecting me, and myself seething with impatience to hold thee

> He paused a moment, looking intent ly from his high place into the dark valley below him, Margaret's upturned dwell securely in my heart, in my face regarding his with anxious inter-

"What then, Godfrey?" "Soon we came upon a stream that ran bubbling and foaming across our path. With many round oaths from Gaston and some sharp imprecations from myself, we contrived to get across

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it, but so nearly were our horses swept arm. from under us by the swift current of the stream and so difficult was it for



"What then, Godfrey?"

the steep embankment of slippery rocks on the other side, that, i' truth, I thought we would be lost. After much maneuvering and some desperate chances we found shallower water, a little sand, and triumphantly gained the other side.

"Then night came on, and over the unknown road for a distance that seemed interminable we almost felt our way." And he laughed lightly at the recollection. "Gaston's lamentations lagers, the Sign of the Red Heart, to and curses of thy country, sweet, and | find the seat he usually occupied in his water running off me in streams, damp- favorite corner under the small open ened mine ardor so that it was with window taken by Josiah Taunston, dejection and rather heartless pleasure | who, pale faced and tacitum, sat there that we beheld the first flicker of light | grimly holding his tankard of ale in his from a window ahead of us on the hand. To Simon's cheerful greeting he road. Reaching the house, or, rather, returned a solemn nod, and so occupied cabin that it was, I knocked loudly for | was he with his own thoughts that he admittance. A querulous old voice appeared not to notice or hear the talk bade me begone, cried feebly that there of those about him. was a tavern for strangers a mile down the road, and that we had no manners to disturb a poor sick body at that time o' night. So we continued on our journey until we reached a house with signs of life about it that proved to be a French peddler, who, dressed in a

"A solemn visaged landlord received us, took our order for a good warm supper, called a boy to take the horses, and we entered.

"'How great a distance to the Mayland farm? I inquired as he showed "The Mayland farm?' he repeated in stupid bewilderment. 'I ha' ne'er

heard on it.' "'Fool! Churl!' I exclaimed, my patience exhausted by the long series of discomforts. 'Thou livest at Cragenstone and hath ne'er heard of the May-

land farm!" "But this is the village of Sterndorf," he answered. 'Cragenstone lieth on t'other side of the mountain, across the forest. Prithee, sir, 'tis a long, tedious, roundabout journey from here to there.' Margaret, in my surprise and disappointment at his information I could have run him through, so desperate was I. The man's stolid, unsympathetic face and no better suggestion to offer than that we abide there until the ending of the storm maddened me, and, as though the fault of the mistake were his instead of mine. I bade the fellow begone in my surliest tones. "Twould weary thee, heart's love, to tell thee all," he continued, with a sigh-"how the next day the storm raged, preventing our departure, and the next and next; how I took counsel repeatedly with the idlers about the tavern as to the expediency of our setting forth and how they all assured me gravely that it would be impossible toford the Skolvent stream. Then I grew listless and, to my surprise, seemed not to care; had no appetite; mine eyes swelled and smarted in my head, followed by nausea and hot fever. Then, dire calamity. I was attacked with the pest called measles, a disease raging in every house in the village, and lay ill of it for near a fortnight, and, Margaret, when I was strong enough and safe of contagion to come to thee all traces of the storm had passed, the stream was passable, and we rode forth, with blithe farewells to the sober faced loungers about the tavern door, down the mountain to find the right road that brought us at last happily to Cragenstone. Sweet, art glad without the tot femane

that held hers, saying, with a sigh of content: "Thou knowest well, dear Godfrey, how glad am I. Such nights of suspense, such burning fevers of impatience, such days of hourly heartsick expectation, no mortal e'er before experienced. Met'sought perchance that thou wert dead, Godfrey, that thou wast so long in coming."

"Nay, heaven's gift of joy, I lived for

For a moment neither spoke; then La Fabienne said suddenly: "But tell me, Margaret, of thy cousin. Certes, he seemed an ill favored whelp enough. So he would wed with thee, my love?"

"What rare fortune, Godfrey, that thou didst come in time!" she exclaimed, with a shudder. "An thou had delayed another minute that vile wretch had put his lips to mine." La Fabienne's face darkened, and he

exclaimed angrily as he laid his hand upon his sword. "See my bodice how 'tis torn? And

my kerchief is in ribbons, so desperate was our encounter. In my fright I screamed quite wildly." "And thou didst call my name," he said fondly. "I recall my surprise at

hearing it. Had thou news of mine arrival, Margaret?" "Nay, dear Godfrey," she answered, with a little laugh that was half sob as she buried her face in the velvet folds of the puffed sleeve of his doublet. "Thy name, that does ever lips, and they gave voice to it. Then

thou, as if sent specially by kind Providence to rescue me, burst through the thicket and now-thou art here." "Aye, I am here," he said, with particular emphasis. "But, sweet, art not aweary from standing so long?"

She slipped her hand through his "Come, Godfrey, to the portal of my door, where I had hoped to meet thee.

Thou did have but a rough and pleasant welcome. And thy lady"-she made him a little, mocking courtesy, with a smile on her lips-"would give thee a greeting more befitting thy staion and high rank." He turned and kissed her where she

"The rough forest path or this stone, sweet Margaret, an thou art on either, is the portal of welcome that best befits my station," he replied. "But I will go with thee gladly, oh, my love, an thou leadeth the way, even to the end of the world."

Just then the moon rose over the horizon, illuminating the mountain so that the lovers could discern the pathway without trouble, and soon they turned the corner of the road, passing out of sight.

CHAPTER XI.

N June the days are longest. The sun, unwilling to remove its warm gaze from the verdant earth, rich in leafy feliage and gay with bright blossoms, roses hanging full and red, distilling with the honeysuckle sweet odors on the soft air, withdraws its last rays lingeringly, reluctant to give place to gray and somber twilight, that ever stealthily and surely comes following in its wake, bringing the boon to all mankind of a restful hour after the heat and turmoil of a working day.

It was on such an evening that Simon Kempster, having taken the road to the village-the long and less frequented one that ran past the Taunston farmhouse-arrived late at the customary lounging place of the vil-

On the steps at the door, also in the hallway, groups of idlers stood about, idly discussing the affairs of the village and watching with curfous interest the movements of the latest arrival, tawdry suit of purple velveteen trimmed profusely with tarnished brass ornaments, huge rings suspended from his ears and high russet leather boots, broken and bursting at the soles, was eating supper greedily. Hardly finishing the last morsel, he sprang from his seat, eager to catch the attention of possible purchasers before the darkness set in and they would depart for their homes.

"I give thee greeting, good sirs," he cried as he pulled a heavy cotton bag from under the table and, falling on the floor in the center of the room, opened it to display his wares, eagerly calling on those present to buy.

"Look, kind sirs and pretty gentlemen," he cried in a shrill, wheedling voice, holding up for their gaze a box of plain gold rings. "Surely some one here about bath marriage on his mind. and where can be buy the wedding circlet cheaper? Solid gold and only 10 shillings! Buy, buy! Who will buy?"

His keen glance, searching about the room, fell on Josiah Taunston, who was regarding the peddler's endeavors coldly, a sneer on his face. The fellow quickly gave him his back, so as not to waste even another glance on such an unpromising customer, when he spied Simon Kempster, red faced and conscious, edging near to him.

"What wilt thou, m'sieur-a marriage locks and sturdy limbs I wot thou'd make a bonny bridegroom!"

The idlers about tittered, nudging Dealers in and manufacturers of all each other with sly winks, and Simon to cover his confusion fell on his knees on the floor, making a show of examining some trinkets that were in a chamois skin bag.

"Twere fool's work, Simon, to buy the ring unless thou hast thy sweetheart's sure promise," young Hugh Haggott called from his place near the

The wary peddler thought to try another tack. Fumbling among his wares, he soon produced a handful of silver heart shapes strung on fine chains, and, selecting one, he dangled it enticingly before Simon's eyes.

"Happen thou and thy maid have quarreled," he observed, "an' thou would carry one of these to her for a peace gift. 'Twould bring thee luck in thy courting," he added persuasively as he saw a gleam of desire for the gewgaws in Kempster's eyes. "Oh, rare luck, m'sieur, I do promise thee, and only 4 shillings! Half the price I paid for them in the principal mart in

Paris!" Forcing the chain into Simon's hands as if it were a settled fact that he had purchased it, the vender turned his attention to the securing of other cus-

"Silver hearts!" he cried lustily. "Sure harbingers of good luck and a successful wooing! Cheap at 4 shillings! Contains a charm which will cause the most trifling or stubborn maid to o'ercome her scruples and name the wedding day."

In those early days, at that time of superstition and a firm belief in signs and magic, the word charm had a strong attraction. Men loitering about the door drew closer to the man displaying his wares and regarded the silver hearts with interest. Simon delved into his pocket and brought out the shillings. "I' truth, I ha' not much faith in

what thou doth say of the charm," he said, rising awkwardly, with a hot flush on his face, "but as 'tis a pretty trinket I will take one of thee." "Now who's next?" cried the peddler. "Is this the only gentleman who is to

speed well on his wooing?" He wheeled around suddenly, and, his glance falling again on Josiah Taunston, who was now looking on necessity sprang from thence to my with much interest, he cried, with an appearance of sympathy: "Solemn vis- She-He Medicine Co., - Lindsay aged sir, mayhap thy sadness is due to

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so, carry her one of these, and thy troubles are ended. I warrant thee she is thine in less than a fortnight. Diable! These charms have never failed!" Taunston put down his tankard and lounged over to the man, assuming an appearance of indifference as he han-

dled the trinket. "And hast had proof of the value of the charm these contain?" he asked in

tinued, addressing Josiah, but speaking in a loud voice so that all might hear. "At Sterndorf, over the mountain, I was delayed by the storm and had a room in the tavern there next to a gal lant gentleman, an English noble, holding high rank at the French court and in high favor with the king, who had missed his way and lay there ill of a pest. All through the hours of his fever and pain he moaned sorely for his ladylove, who, he lamented, was pining for his presence and whom he feared he would ne'er see again. I sold him one of these heart shapes, an', m'sieurs," the peddler announced triumphantly, holding them high aloft in his hand, "that day the storm abated, the next he began to mend, and ere many days hefared forth on his journey. And the first thing I saw as I approached your village, good sirs, was this same gallant riding by the side of a most beauteous lady, both merry an' the light of happy love shining in their eyes. Standing by the wayside, I pulled my hat off to the ground at their approach, an' Sir Godfrey La Fabienne"-he said the name proudly-"with kind civility doffed his hat in return an' gave me pleasant greeting.

"'With all respect and reverence, my lord,' quoth: I, 'the love charm hath: worked?

"The lady blushed, and my lord threw me a gold piece. "Thou chargest not enough for thy

valuable wares, good fellow," he quoth, 'so I will further compensate thee." "An' they rode away close together, laughing gently, and so great was the love and happiness on their faces that I watched them with tears in mineeyes until they entered the forest."

Josiah Taunston, who during this recital had grown pale to the lips, with trembling hands clutched the heart shapes tighter:

"Who'll buy, m'sleurs! Love's magic! Whoe'er buys a heart perforce must (Continued on Page 3.)

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