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

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(Continued from Page 4.) send thy lad with that emblem of the black art, Adam Browdie. Forsooth," with an ominous shake of her head, "'twas no wonder then that the storm rose betimes, turning peaceful elements into devil's turmoil to bring honest folk to their knees calling on God to save them! Ah, sorrowful day!" she sighed drearily, then, raising her voice in rebuke, said, "'Twas thy duty, man, to ha' burned the wicked trinket instead o' sending an innocent lad with it to bring destruction to him!"

Adam, pale with apprehension, cowered back against the door. The words of his visitor were so positive and her manner carried such conviction with it that the old man was already aghast ish act.

"I must be on my way, good neighbor." Mistress Taunston lifted her skirts preparatory to leaving. "But happen thy lad returneth not by nightfall I would counsel thee to rouse the village, call the men out for a search, and if aught of harm hath befallen Christopher as a result of touching that threatening emphasis, "I wot measures must be taken at once to force the wearer of it to destroy it."

"Aye, aye!" the trembling old man concurred eagerly. "Such evil gimcracks worn for the sake o' wicked vanity should be destroyed. Mayhap, alas, enough harm hath been done a'ready! Ah, woe is me! 'Tis bad time we ha' fallen on!"

"Truth hast thou spoken. God keep thee, Adam.'

"And thee, good dame." The woman passed on, grim and se-

vere, and the shadow receded slowly from the threshold.

That night a party of men carrying torches searched the forest vainly for the missing lad, calling his name loudly, then listening with straining ears strong and eager cries, the accustomed stillness of midnight on the mountain

ing feet, shrieks of birds, roused from their nests by the unusual disturbance and glare of lights, as they flew through the trees with noisy clapping of wings, and the peculiar wailing sound of the wildcat as with gleaming eyes and showing its teeth savagely it slunk dress. among the underbrush.

found him. At the peaceful hour of dawn, when the sun was sending its first warm rays of light across the pink that presaged the coming of another glorious day of life and activity, Taunston shouted to the others that he had found him, and his companions, running to the edge of the precipice, protruding root of a gnarled oak tree that had caught under his jacket, tossing up and down on the rushing, turnbling waters of the stream below, his Dieu," he exclaimed angrily, "were not giazed eyes wide open and staring. looking vacantly into the shocked and sorrowing faces above him.

CHAPTER XVII.

HE next day Sir Godfrey La Fabienne, accompanying the mistress of the Mayland farm. was riding up the mountain toward the village, slowly and with slackened rein, talking earnestly in low tones. "Nay, Godfrey, I am not ill. But

Since the shocking news of Christopher's death I cannot lift his trouble from my heart," she was saying in reply, evidently, to some remark he had just made. "I do reproach myself that in mine own security I allowed the lad to follow his inclination and go Into danger. One commanding word from me, with assurances that I would take all blame of the goldsmith's anger. would have sent him to the kitchen. Ah, lackaday!"

"Thou'rt over sensitive, my love, an' must needs bear the suffering of all about thee," La Fabienne said, "Blame not thyself for what was not thy fault. By the Lord, thou asked the lad to remain and he would not. None other, Margaret, unless she had thy tender conscience, would so unjustly reproach herself. Come, cheer thee. Laugh, smile, sweet, or else, I swear, I'll get the bive megrims myself!"

"Jest not, dear Godfrey, for me thinks that others hold my carelessness against me, for yesternight, when riding through the village, I noticed sullen looks, and instead of the usual formal greetings saw only frowning glances or averted faces."

"Again 'tis thine imagination that's at fault," her companion insisted, in gay good humor. "God's pity, but I cannot much blame thee, sweet, for of all lean shanked, sour faced folk I e'er have met these mountain folk take precedence. Thou should hear good Gaston's surly jests at their expense! Right merrily would thou laugh, my sweet."

Margaret not making reply, they pursued their way in silence until they reached a low log house, where just before the door a group of children were throwing corn to a hen and her woung brood. An elder girl, barefooted and dirty faced, looked up curiously at the approach of the riders; then, throwing back her tangled hair, opened her eyes in wonder at the sight of such unusual splendor, for the bright sun fell on Margaret's hair and lighted the threadwork of gold on her dress, the soft wind caught her long white veil of gossamer wound about her riding hat, tossing it lightly in the air, and La Fabienne, in his usual splendid dress, rode after her, smiling, his hand in the leather purse of his belt, ready to throw some loose coin to the young-

At that instant a woman in a torn cotton frock appeared at the doorway. her face drawn in terror and pointing a long finger toward Margaret.

"Tirzah! Clarinda! Luke!" she shrieked. "Come in behind the doors! 'Tis the lady with the evil cross! Hast forgot the lad Christopher's fate? Run!

I command ye to run!" The panic stricken children, with white faces and in great fear, rushed to their mother's side, clinging to her skirts tremblingly as she slammed the door and noisily drew the bolt. "What said the shrewish wench?"

asked La Fabienne as he took his place beside Margaret. "I did not exactly get her meaning, but she called the children from me.

warning them of poor Christopher's sad death," she replied. "As I told thee, Godfrey, all blame of the lad's misfortune is laid to mine indifference." La Fabienne noting the cloud on his

companion's face, his own grew dark, and he laid his hand upon his sword. "By heaven, Margaret, an any man makes such insinuations in my hearing I'll run him through!"

"Nay, talk not of bloodshed, Godfrey," she answered, with a gentle sigh, "but think rather of the time when we will ride away together from these unjust people to a joyous and happy life in France."

"Naught but that hope and the sweet joy of thy presence doth keep me here. I do assure thee, Margaret," he replied at the possible consequences of his fool- seriously. "But, mark me, sweet, until we leave no man slights thee without settling the reckoning with me."

> Margaret, whose kind heart was full of sorrow and trouble at the recent misadventure, also the consequent conduct of her neighbors, took heart at her lover's fond words. "Thy protection and love giveth me

great comfort, Godfrey," she replied. cross," she continued sternly, with a Then, with a little sigh, "But, I wot, this is a most depressing neighbor-

La Fabienne laughed lightly, amused at her last observation.

"See, yonder." she continued, "is Adam's cottage, the goldsmith, where poor Christopher's body lieth awaiting burial. Methinks the wreath of roses I sent yesterday was not enough to express my sympathy. I would like to

offer Adam some gold, Godfrey, Happen the old man is in need in his hour of trouble." At the sound of horses' hoofs Adam

Browdie appeared at the door, and when he saw who it was drew back. with blanched face, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth.

"I give thee good day, Adam," Marfor a response. But none came to their garet said, riding closer, "and I have much sympathy with thee in thy sorrow. Wilt take this small handful of being broken only by sounds of hurry- gold, good man, as at times like these

folk have many extra needs?" The sun, glittering over the house, fell on the cross lying on her bosom, illuminating it. In Adam's fear and terror it was all he saw, and to his excited imagination it appeared to blazen forth, covering the whole front of her

"Go on thy wicked way!" he cried But it was not until morn that they in quavering tones, "and stop not before the door where thou hast wrought such dire evil! Thy wreath of roses lieth in ashes in the road! We applied horizon line, tinting the sky with rosy a torch ere thy servant left; and thy gold, take it with thee. I want it

He closed the door and fastened it. drawing the bar across with noisy violence. Margaret's face was white as saw the bruised and swollen body of she picked up her rein, and La Fabipoor Christopher, held securely by a enne rode at her side with dark looks and flashing eyes.

"Gads, in France we have a man whipped for less than that! Mon



"Go on thy wicked way!" the man so old and did not death lie in his household I would have him out! No man could live after those rough words to thee!"

The look of sad wonder in Margaret's eyes did not leave them as she guided her horse to the narrow footpath that led through the forest .

"I feel for them naught but good will and they treat me with keen dislike," she said. "Fain would I understand them. Dost get their meaning, Godfrey?"

"Fair love, thy pure and generous soul could never grasp the meaning of their cruel and wicked ignorance," he answered, then, seeing that the shadow still rested on her face, cried in

"Margaret, cease sorrowing! Sweet, thou hath done naught but show them acts of kindness! Some enemy of thine hath been at his foul work most diligently. 'Tis a man I've had mine

eyes on!" "Thou meanst my cousin Josiah?" The blood rushed to La Fabienne's

"Call him not thy cousin, Margaret," he cried hotly, "for I swear he hath no feeling of kinship for thee. Damme. but I detest the man! The mere mention of his name doth cause my gorge to rise."

Just then a large, hulking lad who was coming toward them with a bu dle swung on a stick over his shoulder. humming a tune as he came, at the sound of their voices ceased his noise suddenly, hesitated to make sure, then pushed through the brushwood and slunk away under the trees in the opposite direction.

"Was not that Toby, the horse boy?" Margaret asked. "Strange that he should dodge and hide in that odd man-

Sir Godfrey shook his head and frowned, then, as if anxious to dispel the gloom that had fallen on them. called out gayly to Margaret, who was that had of necessity been neglected riding ahead: "See the sun setting beduring the excessive heat. hind the hills, sweet love. What redness it doth reflect against the sky! I wot tomorrow will be warmer still."

roadway, and the lands of the Mayland estate spread out before them. -"An' there is Elsbeth at the gate." Margaret said, with a happy laugh. "Fie on thee for a foolish old woman!" she called to her in passing, with affec- | sire to see. As they found much of intionate gayety. "Hast naught to do but look out for our return?"

Urging on her horse, she galloped toward the house. Suddenly La Fabienne, who rode slowly to look at something by the wayside that attracted his attention, felt the pressure of a hand on his arm. Turning, he saw Elsbeth.

"Sudden misfortune hath befallen us." she said in an agitated whisper. "The servants, even old Giles, have left."

He returned her gaze steadily. "So, ho, thou tellest me but what I did suspect a moment since," he answered. "What reasons gave the cowardly churls?"

"They said," she replied, with tears in her eyes, "that they would work no longer for a mistress who wore such an evil cross, that there were strange tales going about that our bonny Mergaret was a witch, and that she kept her evil magic and black arts in the papist cross she wore upon her bosom.' La Fabienne's hand clutched tighter to the rein. "Said they so? The low bred pol-

troons! What further mischief dost think that gray clad villain, Josiah Taunston, doth meditate, good Elsbeth? Parbleu, doth the fool think he is aiming blows at a defenseless woman? I' the past I have thought his petty spite and covetousness were too small to notice; but, bon Dieu, an he persists in his persecutions I'll have a settling with the fellow."

Then he added in a lower voice: "'Twere better, methinks, not to distress thy mistress with this news. Prithee, too much already of unpleasant nature bath happened to grieve

His horse cantering up to the doorway where Margaret had pulled rein, letting her animal nibble some grass growing beside the path, he sprang down and assisted her to alight.

"I've called Giles," she said, "but no one answers. Whistle, Godfrey, so that they may know we have returned."

"Sweet, I'll be thy horse boy." Fabienne caught her horse by the rein. "Elsbeth saysthy servants rose against her authority, and she sent them packing. Look not so serious, Margaret," he urged. "We can replace them ere the dawn of another day."

"Elsbeth"-Margaret turned her white face to the old woman and spoke sternly-"speak truth to me, I command it. Did my hirelings leave my house because of any feeling of dislike or aver-

"Bonny babe, sweet Margaret," cried the old woman tremblingly, "they said -nay, naught against thee so muchbut that the cross thou didst wear wast papist and wicked, containing evil that wrought harm to others! Happen thou'lt take it off, sweet," she added, with hope of encouraging Margaret, "I wot they'd all come back and be glad to serve thee."

The young mistress of the Mayland farm raised her head quickly, and the color that had forsaken her cheeks at the unexpected tidings of her servants' defection returned to them. Her eyes sparkled dangerously.

"Elsbeth, an thou say such words thou cannot understand me. I am willing and eager to help these people and to do all for them within my power, but they cannot dictate to me. For shame, Elsbeth! Thou weak and silly old woman, to talk with a coward's tongue!" she exclaimed. "Dost think a woman of the Mayland blood would forgive a faithless, ignorant, disloyal servant who hath spoken ill of her? Forsooth, how long is it since I have come to the pass when I must, at a hireling's command, remove that which I see fit to wear. This is my home"she raised her head proudly-"built by mine own dear grandfather and mine by every right. I have done no person ill either by thought or deed, and my cousin need not think he can force me from what is mine own. Only this morning I promised myself a speedy departure from this ill fated village, but now methinks to remain a good

time longer." Her head held high, she turned to her lover with a flashing smile. "Thou'lt be my horse boy, Godfrey,

in thy satin doublet?" "Right willingly will I, O proud and beauteous mistress!" La Fabienne, with answering smile, doffed his hat to the ground.

"Then I cannot be unhappy, for did not some wiseacre say 'a man is rich that hath one faithful friend? Come. lead the horses, and I will follow to assist thee, Godfrey, for I trow thou wouldst a-weary soon with no horse boy about to cast thine imprecations

Both laughed merrily at this sally; then, with deep and tender protection, La Fabienne threw his disengaged arm about her.

"Aye, come with me," he said, "though thou'lt hinder more than thou will help, I warrant thee. But, gads, a man can work with a better heart in sunshine than in shadow, and where thou art not, sweet, 'tis always dark

CHAPTER XVIII. NOTHER spell of scorching heat swept ever the mountain so intense that men and women could scarce exert themselves to move, and found existence endurable only in the shelter of their homes, afraid to venture out in the scorching rays of the sun, and the sheep and cattle, stretched out on the ground under the trees, lay, with closed eyes, panting, not caring to eat. The people, sighing and praying for relief, told each other significantly that such scorching air was a curse put upon them. But one night, whether it was in answer to their prayers or the curse was lifted, the leaves began to rustle on the trees, and suddenly a breeze sprang up from the northwest, bringing in its wake a cool breath that fanned the awful heat away, and the mountain folk awoke in the morning refreshed and strengthened to se

about with energy to accomplish tasks La Fabienne and Margaret Mayland, having grown weary of the enforced inactivity, rode away gayly from the

By now they had reached the open door shortly after the noon hour of that first cool day, with Gaston for a guide, to view some waterfalls in a small hamlet toward the west that the latter had discovered in his wanderings and which his master had expressed a deruggists sell or can obtain for you terest and beauty in the mountain LEIBIG'S FIT CURE scenery to take their attention and occupy their time, the sun had set and the approach of twilight was at hand

> was waiting at the door. The loiterers usually standing about the village hostelry, the Sign of the Red Heart, taking advantage of the absence of La Fabienne, also his man Gaston, now talked together loudly and with great earnestness of the lad Christopher's tragic death; also other evil happenings that had occurred in the village of late. One or two men, more excited than the rest, threw out their arms wildly, with angry and vindictive gesticulation, as they harangued the others, and above their heads, as if with a desire to be heard, the time worn, weather beaten old square of wood, with a red heart painted upon it, that from long years of exposure to the

house, demanding supper from

which it was suspended. Josiah Taunston, riding toward them, drew rein as he reached the door and called loudly for a tankard of ale. The idlers grouped about him eagerly. "Hast heard the news, master?"

elements was now dull and faded,

swung and creaked noisily on the iron

bar over the door of the tavern from

asked one. "What news?" "The latest report of the devil's

handiwork in our affairs; that is all," another man interposed hastily. "Of a il's claws, are rendered incapable to intruth thou hast heard." "Nay, I ha' not," he answered sharp-

ly. "But after Adam's gran'son's wicked murder naught of bad tidings could surprise me. What's amiss now?" Several of the bystanders struggled to get nearer the horse in a position to tell the story, but the first speaker, taller and quicker of speech than the others, commenced the narrative.

"Thou hast heard, wi' all of us, that good Widow Dawson's babe, that for a week past on account of the heat lay ill of a fever which the leech said could be easily cured, of a sudden took a fit were practiced on her child, as just before it was resting quietly, when"-the man's voice fell into a whisper-"sudweird noises an' fearsome rappings on sheet was waved before her eyes, smoke an' the stench of sulphur burning filled the room, an' when all was cleared away she found her innocent babe in a fit a-dying on the bed."

The men fell back, pale faced and awe stricken, looking at each other with open mouths. Taunston took the had passed without recognition. tankard and quaffed off the ale, then dressed the crowd with great impres-

bors, when we must act." he declared. "It is useless longer to deny that wicked happenings occur here daily; that Satan, dissatisfied with the righteous and pious conduct of this God fearing community, hath entered into compact with one who shall be nameless and hath chosen to exercise his malevolent influence through her agency. Enough Dealers in and manufacturers of all of evil hath been wrought already," he

cried fiercely. Old Adam, the goldsmith, opening his door at the sound of the loud talking. peered forth and when he saw Josiah Taunston ran to the spot, pushed his way through the crowd and, falling on his knees beside the horse, threw his apron over his face, crying out: "Oh, Master Taunston; oh, good Jesiah, give me comfort in my hour of trial or I must go mad wi' thinking on it! My gran'son Christopher! The little lad left me by my dying daughter Betsy, struck to his death and his soul carried away in peals of thunder by the devil! Oh, lackaday! Woe is me! God

ha' mercy!" The man continued to grovel on the ground, rocking to and fro, moaning forth his sorrow, and Josiah, pointing his long finger at him, addressed the

now increasing assemblage. "Look ye on this man," he cried, his heart bleeding and broken, the mainstay of his old age cruelly taken from him, and all because we have too long dallied with the evil influences that have of late been so strongly brought to bear upon us. Look on this man, I say! Dost want the same to happen to ye all? Matthew Clines"he singled out one man with his finger -"how knowest thou that thy turn may not come next? Wilt wait, refusing to believe until thou seest thy maid Dorothy riding away in a cloud of smoke on a witch's broomstick?" "Nay, nay," groaned the man sullen-

"I call on ye not to be deceived by a fair face, rich dress and a kindly manner! Such deep arts are ever employed by our worst enemy, Satan, when he hath his blackest crimes in meditation. Thou knowest, men, to whom I make inference? 'Tis the woman Margaret Mayland that I do publicly ac-

He paused for a moment to emphasize his words, then continued with a great seriousness, shaking his head in Drick Dust in Urine, Painful Micturithe manner of one who had abandoned all hope. "With prayer and protesta- atism, Impure Blood, pimples on the tions my good mother and I have urged Face, Sallow Complexion, Female this woman to change her ways, to de- Weaknesses or any Disease of the stroy the evil cross that is but a witch Kidneys and Bladder. Slightly laxmark invented by the devil for his pur- ative. poses, one touch of which will bring a 50c per box at all Druggists or by man to fell disaster. Men and broth- mail. ers," he cried, "she would not hear us! She coldly turned us from her door She-He Medicine Co., - Lindsay

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then in her wickedness set our when they rode wearily up to the sheep a-dying; but, being our kinspleased and expectant Elsbeth, who woman, we bore all patiently and said naught. Now, my judgment tells me that too much harm hath been done already. Here before ye all I repudiate woman. I renounce kinship to

The crowd, now having assumed much larger proportions, took up the cry of hate and bitterness. "Good man! Good man Josiah! He

doth renounce his cousin!" one cried. "Down, down with the woman who weareth Satan's cross!" said another. "We ha' borne too much a'ready!"

wiping his eyes.

at the stake-is the punishment our clergy and elders have ever meted out as of sufficient suffering to expiate this hideous crime." Then, seeing his listeners were

roused to an unusual height of fury, he cried in a louder voice: "My men, to the town house! Call the council for a meeting! We must act ere our own souls, caught in the talons of the devvoke God's vengeance."

way, followed by an excited throng of angry men.

whose reputation for piety and her well known willingness to offer spiritual consolation to the afflicted brought her to many bedsides of both sick and dying, had been at the cabin of the Widow Dawson, and as the sun was slowly sinking down below the hilltops she came through the forest on her way home. Hearing the sounds of approaching footsteps, she raised her last night an' died. The poor dame is head and saw approaching Margaret's prostrate and sweareth that black arts woman Elsbeth, who when she had advanced a few steps paused and, glancing about in all directions, called in shrill tones the little dog Biddy, that denly the mother was aroused by had evidently strayed away. If she saw Margaret's aunt coming toward the door. All of a tremble, she opened, her Elsbeth gave no sign of it. Withbut no one was there. Then, with a out ever having had an interchange of great noise, the lattice blew in, a white hard words there was a deep feeling of hatred lying in the hearts of these two women for each other, and, although on occasions they had met with civil greetings, an underlying spirit of enmity between them was apparent and had grown lately into such proportions that at their last meeting the women

So today, with her head held high and from his high place on his horse ad- a forbidding expression on her grim. countenance, Mistress Taunston approached. The path at that point was "The time hath come, good neigh- rocky and narrow, so that in order to proceed one of them had to stand dan-

(Continued on Page 3.)

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crime against God, the saints and the people!" proclaimed Josiah Taunston dramatically. "Such wickedness cannot be choked out. Burning-burning

Turning his horse's head, he led the

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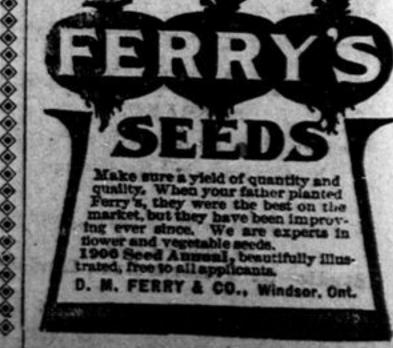
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