## Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,

CHAPTER XIII.

HE next morning the sun rose red and hot above the hills. Not a breath of air stirred, and a close sultriness pervaded the atmosphere. Laborers going to their work mopped their brows and looked anxiously at the clear, deep blue arch of the heavens for a glimpse of a cloud that might perchance grow larger as the day advanced and spread itself before the burning sun, but above the horizon not a speck of white could the eye discover.

Josiah Taunston, his homespun shirt of linen thrown open at the neck and his broad brimmed hat pulled down over his eyes, came through the woods with quick strides, his feet crunching down the dry twigs with a crackling sound as he walked. A young robin, having injured its wing in falling out of the nest, fluttered and chirped in his path, and the mother bird, frantic, called sharp, shrill instructions from a tree near by. With an imprecation Josiah kicked the maimed bird out of his path, killing it, and strode on without even a backward look. Nor did he appear to see the mother bird, who in her pain and anguish swooped up and down wildly in all directions, or to hear her shricks of agonizing sorrow. Matters of importance having taken

up his time, it was late in the day, almost at the hour of noon, when Taunston, homeward bound, reached the spring brook that ran by the door of old Adam Browdie, the goldsmith, Removing his hat and wiping the beads of perspiration from his heated face, he knelt upon the bank and, making a receptacle of the hollow of his hand, proceeded to quench his thirst. The goldsmith, having observed him from the window, hastened toward him with a pewter mug.

"Good morrow, Master Taunston. Happen thou'lt not get enough in thy hand." he said. "Hot days make dry throats."

"Thank thee, Adam."

Taking the mug, Josiah filled it and raised it to his lips, draining the last

"I had a tankard of ale at the tavern, but that papist of a Frenchman, who doth intrude himself here a-dangling after my cousin, Margaret Mayland, with an eye, I trow, to the possession of her estate, lounged about the rooms with such an air of insolent effrontery. walked past me once or twice so close he fairly trod upon my toes, acting, forsooth, as if he desired me to take open offense at his bad manners, clanked his sword and appeared so anxious for all to admire his suit of gaudy finery that I was a'most vomited with disgust, and man, I could scarce get breath until I had put a

distance between us." The goldsmith, evidently busy, had resumed his seat on his bench and was followed closely by Taunston, who now on the subject of his favorite grievance was not inclined to go on his way until he had unbosomed himself to his neighbor; so, taking a lounging position in the doorway, he prepared to go on with a recital of his wrongs when suddenly he made a sharp exclamation, his glance having fallen on a finely wrought chain of gold from which was suspended a small cross that was being forged together by the skillful hands of the goldsmith.

Adam raised his eyes to his visitor's face in surprise. "Hath pain, Josiah?" "Nay." he answered sternly, "but anguish for thee, Adam, that thou in thine ignerance hath been induced to handle a charm of evil magic such as thou holdst in thy hands." "This necklet evil?"

The goldsmith, having completed his task, held up the chain in bewilder-

"This? Why, 'tis the property of thy beauteous cousin, Mistress Mayland," he answered, "who left it with me more than a fortnight since; but, mine arm being stiff with a sprain I received the day it came, I had ne'er a chance before to mend it."

"Ha, ha!" Taunston laughed discordantly. "I' truth, 'tis no wonder thou hast sprains," he said, with deep significance, "when thou doth keep such devil's implements about thee. Thou'lt have worse than sprains an thou takest not more care, good neighbor."

At the ominous words and manner of his visitor the goldsmith's face paled, and his jaw dropped as he stared at him, aghast. Almost unconsciously he laid the chain down.

"What meanst thou?" Josiah shook his head sadly and le his long face grow longer as he said: "Oft and many a time have I reasoned with Margaret Mayland against the wearing of that idolatrous emblem, urging her that it would do her harm,

but she, ever o'er headstrong, would

not heed me, which fact I much ceplore. My mother, a woman widely known for her wisdom, asserteth that from the day our cousin brought that cross among us we have been sorely beset with misfortunes. First the drought. We have ne'er had rain since the big storm. How can planted seed grow? And then the disease among the sheep. Our lambs most all ha' died. Ah, lackaday, 'tis a great loss to a hardworking, saving man!"

He sighed drearily. "An', Adam, I repeat it, woe to us all the day that accurst cross was brought to this village!"

The goldsmith, possessing even more perstition held by his neighbors, glanced | pression." fearfully about him, moving farther along the bench from the cross and | Margaret smiled. chain, and Josiah, seeing the impression he was making, continued with siah Taunston and his mother doth ing the cave on the other side of the solemn emphasis:

verse with a French peddler, a dealer in magic charms, who told me on his oath that crosses of gold were known among men o' his trade to be possessed of devils and to bring harm to all who touched them."

Author of "In Love and Truth"

So great was the superstition of that period, so firm the belief in charms, black art and magic, that the goldsmith, almost evercome by the knowledge of his danger, fairly trembled with apprehension.

"Lord, ha' mercy! I'll-I'll send the wicked gewgaw home by Christopher," he said, "an he comes in from the

After an interchange of a few more words Josiah proceeded on his way, and old Adam was left alone in his



Christopher."

room, that was half kitchen, half workshop. At first he walked about nervously, casting timid glances at the golden trinket on the bench, now glittering in the warm embrace of a sunbeam that had fallen on it; then, as if forcing himself to sudden and brave determination, he stood erect, found a piece of paper, laid it on the bench and procured a pair of tongs, with which he lifted the chain and cross, placing them upon it. His hands trembled. Adam's face was white and his breath came in gasps as, barely touching the by"edges of the wrapping, he hastily made it into a small parcel.

"Other pains I ha' had!" he muttered. "An' all the while I was thinking that my lumbago came from cold! Ah. woe. woe! Such evil days as we ha' fallen on! Good Lord, ha' mercy, I pray, an' keep us safe."

CHAPTER XIV. NDER a tree that spread its leafy branches over the grass that stretched out before the house the young mistress of the Mayland farm, wearing a dress of thinnest white linen, sat with her lover on a wooden bench. Both were silent, La Fabienne watching with interest the endeavors of a young robin that was struggling with a large ground worm and Margaret absorbed in her own thoughts, that seemed from the pensive and serious expression on her face to be far away and troublesome.

Although large clouds had spread themselves over the sky, obscuring the sun, the heat of the afternoon seemed to exceed that of the morning. Not a leaf stirred; the dogs lay motionless in the shade panting, and the air was close, surcharged with heat and heavy. Giles, passing with a wagon load of stones, touched his hat respectfully, calling to them that relief was in sight, as the clouds were forming for a thun-

"An' from the looks of you black cloud methinks 'twill be a heavy one, good Giles," La Fabienne replied; then, turning to Margaret, who at the interruption of her meditation had drawn a quick breath, half a sigh, half an expression of unpleasant thought, inquired, "Hath lightning terrors for

thee, sweet?" "Nay, not now, when thou art here," she said gently, laying her hand on his sleeve with a caressing touch, "but last night, Godfrey, I had a dream of evil omen that, I confess, hath disturbed me. I dreamt that enemies by stratagem took thee from me; then came telling me that thou wert in this place and that to taunt me. Wild eyed, my hair hanging down my back and giving loud piercing shrieks of distress, I followed their directions only to find upon my arrival that thou wert not there. Oh, Godfrey, 'twas an awful night! An' the terror of it hangs o'er

"Bon Dieu," he exclaimed, pressing the small hand affectionately, "how art thou changed from the gay, laughing Margaret who but lately dwelt in Paris! Away with such megrims, sweet! "Tis this dull village, filled with scowling Puritans, that weareth on thy

nerves, I do protest. I' truth ..... of life, but beshrew me.if I have ever tolerance and narrow minded bigotry listening to the conversations and ar- of the village. guments of these sorry wights I fain

age. So when I was dressed I crossed over to mine aunt's house to ask of her the remedy she hath for the malady. To my civil greeting she returned a Suddenly, with greater intensity, the surly nod, did not invite me to enter | wind rushed shrilly over the mounand replied that she knew of no cure for the trouble among my sheep unless it was constant prayer. Then she advised me with sneers and grim insinuations to ask God on my knees to lift | it for support and protection. He dared the evil out of my heart and to scatter | not move another step, and all thought the black and evil spirits that had to of reaching the cave was abandoned. all appearances obtained control of Another blinding flash, followed by two

"Talked she so to thee, sweet?" Sir there then no more! She hates thee because thou wilt not love Josiah!"

"And when I was going down the path," Margaret continued, "I met Hetty coming from the brook with the ewers, and when she stopped to give Hetty harm," she concluded sadly. For a time La Fabienne sat quietly,

maintaining an angry silence; then he asunder; flames shot up, were put out

away for the nonce and then come large tree staggered, then fell with a back for thee. But now, when I go, sharp noise of crackling branches that turn no more."

with clinging fingers. "there is a terror, an apprehension un- coin as it fell, striking against the rocks defined, hanging over me. The cold with a sharp, metallic sound, from his looks of these people weigh heavy on stiffening fingers. my heart. Take me with thee when

thou goest." "An thou say the word we go tomorrow," he exclaimed sternly, holding the small hand strongly in his own. "Right willingly would I, Godfrey, for without my dear father naught pleasant here doth hold me. But cares of the estate, the selection of a permanent overseer, which I find difficult; new buildings for the tenants, now construction, and many matters of importance to mine interests will keep me here a few weeks longer. Clothe thy soul in patience for that small time, dear Godfrey"-she lifted her

head quickly, smiling through her tears

-"an' when thou seest a solemn face

that doth depress thee"-"I'll think of thine, my winsome love," he interrupted happily, pleased at the change in her mood, "a face so beauteous to mine eyes that when remembrance of it shall flash across my mental vision I swear that all black horrors will disappear, melted away, verily, by the radiance of it."

"Thou flatterer, Godfrey!" Margaret exclaimed softly, her lips curving into a smile. "Such high sounding praises come easily to a courtier. Nay"-she raised her finger warningly-"swear not

One of the lads from the village coming around the corner of the house in their direction caused Margaret to pause, the unspoken words on her lips. Much embarrassed at coming upon the person of Sir Godfrey La Fabienne so unexpectedly, the boy hesitated, pulled his forelock bashfully, then stood still, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. Margaret, seeing his confusion, beckoned him to approach.

"What is thine errand, good lad?" "'Tis thy trinket, Mistress Mayland, that my gran'ther, Adam Browdie, the goldsmith, hath mended for thee, an'. with your leave, mistress"-timidly giving her the parcel-"he did instruct me to say that he would ha' mended it before had it not been for the inconvenience of a sprain."

La Fabienne, who had unfastened the wrapping, was now examining the workmanship critically.

"'Tis finely wrought and jointed to gether skillfully, Margaret," he said. "Here, lad." throwing Christopher a gold piece: "here's a coin for thy grandfather's trouble."

The boy, much pleased, caught the gold piece, doffed his cap and walked away. Just then a flash of lightning streaked the sky that by now was thickly covered with black clouds, followed by a low, rumbling sound of thunder, causing the boy to pause and look about him doubtfully.

Margaret, who had risen, called to him to remain; to go back and wait in the kitchen with the maids until the storm was over, but Christopher shook his head and, muttering that the goldsmith would be angry if he delayed. ran down to the turnstile, sprang over it and, hurriedly deciding that the path through the forest would be the quickest way home, plunged into the thicket. Hardly was he under the shelter of the trees when a pattering sound was heard, and the rain beat down in great drops. Then the wind rose in a wild fury, the tall trees bent and swayed, tussling with its rough strength, and the grass and vines were swept down even with the earth,

Christopher, holding his jacket close about him, with his cap in his hand, walked on quickly, inwardly congratulating himself upon the fact that he had been wise enough to seek the sheltered path through the woods instead of the open roadway that was unprotected by high trees. Little, sharp flashes of lightning appeared almost constantly, and the thunder was constant, low, threatening, ominous. Innocent of his danger and not understanding the harsh, growling sounds of warning from the heavens, Christoret," he continued more 'houghtfuily, pher proceeded on his way. Now the "a man whose lot hath been to be much | clouds had grown so thick and black at court as mine hath sees many sides | that the forest was almost as dark as night, and the rain fell in blinding torbefore encountered such ignorance, in- rents. Soon a sharp flash of lightning ran zigzag through the sky, then a as doth here exist. Ofttimes when clap of thunder louder than the report lounging about the inn and perforce of a cannon resounded from end to end

Christopher gave a wild scream of must call for another bumper in an ferror and stood still, uncertain whethendeavor to raise my sinking spirits | er to advance or go back. Although than the customary large amount of su- lest I do myself harm from sheer de- the forest was familiar playground to him, he appeared to lose his way and He laughed lightly at his jest, and staggered on blindly until, a long, vivid flash of lightning illuminating his path, "Then the manner of my cousin Jo- he found his bearings, and, remembergrieve me," she continued softly. "They precipice now near at hand, he resolv-"But, mind ye, we would not ha' given make their avoidance of me so plain, ed to seek safety and shelter there. blame to our cousin's headstrong per- and Hetty, whom I love, is forbid my With the wind and rain beating him sistency so readily had I not held con- house. Each day I receive an added backward, he climbed the steep ascent,

was so near it seemed to be playing brilliant light, and the dark clouds almost touched the tops of the trees.

The boy, pale with terror, on the edge of the precipice, wound his arms about the trunk of a tall oak tree, clinging to more in quick succession! The poor young lad, alone on this height in the Godfrey cried angrily. "Thou goeth midst of the awful disturbance of the elements, frantic with terror, sent forth scream after scream that the wind and rain defied human ears to hear above their boisterous noise and din. Then the clouds opened, showing light like the blast from a furnace, and-oh, me greeting her mother called to her God!-a peal of thunder so loud that quite wildly from the doorway to come | the village people with prayers on their on at once, as if she feared I would do lips fell on their knees, raising their white faces to heaven.

The tall oak tree was struck and rent by the heavy rifts of rain, and clouds "Margaret, methought once to go of steaming smoke filled the forest. The I'll take thee with me, and we'll re- drowned the sickening sound of the dull thud of Christopher's body as it Margaret slipped her hand into his fell lifeless from the edge of the precipice into the swirling, tumbling rapids "Godfrey, oh, my love," she whisper- of the angry waters below. Nor was ed, with tears standing in her eyes, heard the clanking ring of the gold

> CHAPTER XV. NOON the storm was spent, and the sun, weary of hiding its hot face, burst forth through the drifting clouds that even now were dark and moved away with low,

thunderous growls. Margaret, who, with Sir Godfrey, had remained in the sitting room of her house during the awful outburst of the elements, now rose from her seat and, crossing to the window, threw open the lattice, saying with a little shiver: "Heaven be thanked! 'Tis over, with no harm done. That last peal of thunder had a murderous sound that filled my soul with apprehension. God keep all travelers and dumb animals safe!" she added seriously.

La Fabienne came to her side. "If my bird is afraid of storms," he observed smilingly, "she should not have made her nest on the topmost peak of a mountain, so high that when the clouds grow angry and fall low she is perforce in the midst of the com-

"Godfrey" - Margaret turned her sweet, serious face to his-"thou knoweth that thy bird rests not lightly in her mountain nest. Although she is free to fly hither and thither as she listeth, there is an unpleasant constraint in all the air about her. Oh, bonny Paris," she exclaimed, throwing out her hand with a swift, dramatic gesture, "right willingly would I exchange the freedom of my village nest for captivity in a cage were it hung in thy bright streets!"

La Fabienne smiled tenderly at her earnestness as he encircled her with "Soon, sweet love, by my faith, thou wilt exchange!" he said. "Already a

cage, not of gilt bars, but a huge pile of stone and mortar, with doors and windows, is in readiness for thee. From it twou art ever free to come and go, the only bars that will ever seek to stay thee being these two arms that now intwine so lovingly about thee."

"And, prithee, happily will I stay close to their strong protection. my dear love," she cried, with said eagerness, "dost know how much this art to me? Who else in all this coworld have I? I love thee, God. regi-For answer he clasped her closer t his heart.

Soon steps were heard and, look. from the window, they saw Lett Taunston, a white sunbonnet in in hand, running up the path. With cry of pleasure, Margaret advance. meet her and, taking her hand, led i. into the room.

"Hetty! Stranger! Welcome!" cried gayly. "Methought thou has forsaken thy cousin."

Hetty made a shy courtesy to i. Fabienne, who bowed in his most seed ly fashion, and said in a low, breading voice. "Mother hast grown signification stern of late, dear Margaret, and for bids me to visit thee, for what reason I know not."

The smile on Margaret's face faded. "An' thou didst come now with he consent?" she asked.

"Nay, sweet cousin. In the cool of the morning mother rode down the mountain to Brother Haggott's, there to spend the night, so"-with a little toss of her head and a light laugh-"methought not to lose the chance to get a glimpse of thee unknownst to her." "I' truth, sweet"-Margaret stroked her soft hair fondly-"an thy disobedience is discovered 'twill put thy people against thee sorely."

Hetty sighed. "I wot not why my mother is so hard with me. Happen I put a small flower in my hair she is greatly angered. Dost think such ornament sinful, Margaret?" she asked wistfully.

Her cousin smiled, and La Fabienne broke into a hearty laugh of amuse-"Poor little Mistress Hetty!" he ex-

"Didst never have other pleasure than singing psalms in the "Nay, unless 'tis walking home from prayers o' nights," she replied inno-

Then, as he laughed again, this time more loudly, Hetty became conscious, blushed and hung ber head. The sight

of her pretty confusion touched Sir "Here, Margaret, string thy lute," he cried, "and Mistress Hetty and I will tread a measure."

Margaret, smiling, touched the cords gently, and La Fabienne, bowing low, offered his hand to Hetty, who when she understood his meaning shrank back in alarm, with white face and parted lips.

must refuse thee. In our belief dance

"I must refuse thee."

ing is a sin that sends the soul to eternal punishment, for so our preacher hath ever taught us, and my brother Josiah would cast me out of the house an he heard I indulged in such prac-

Sir Godfrey, inclining his head courteously, walked away, and Margaret threw down her lute, interposing hastily to cover Hetty's embarrass-"What ails thee, man, that thou would

ask a Puritan maid to dance? Thou must excuse him, Hetty, as he knows not the pious customs of our mountain people. Come, dear Godfrey, read to us from thy new volume of Will Shakespeare. 'Twill delight sweet Hetty, who hath great love for poetry, and as for me," she added, with a smile, "thou knowest the sound of thy voice is ever music in mine ears." In reading and pleasant converse the

afternoon passed so rapidly that was after milking time when Hetty bethought herself of the lateness of the hour. Hurriedly saying her farewells, she ran down the roadway to the fence, sprang over the stile and went hastily in the direction of the pasture, where the cows, unaccustomed to such irregularity, had assembled at the gates, bellowing low plaintive calls for

Breathless and panting, Hetty let down the bars and, picking up a stick, proceeded to urge the cattle to a greater rate of speed than was usually necessary. If her mother had returned unexpectedly she was lost! Frightened at the thought, she gave the last cow in the line a sharp prod with the stick, who, not accustomed to such rough treatment, looked back at her reproachfully, then galloped awkwardin the barn, it was a matter of a few moments to collect the pails and stool for milking.

Other evenings Hetty sat down to this occupation cheerfully, usually singing lightly to the accompaniment of the soft sound of the milk streaming into the pail, but tonight the task was distasteful to her. She took her seat with a jerk and exclaimed irritably when the cow, in order to brush a fly from its back, whisked its tail across her face. "Keep still, thou old beldam cow! Dost think I want mine eyes ness. scratched out o' my head?" Although under the skillful manipu-

lations of her hands the pails filled rapidly. Hetty's thoughts were not upon her occupation, but were over the meadows at the Mayland farmhouse, with La Fabienne and Margaret. The poetical and romantic vein that ran deep in this girl's nature had been touched by the afternoon's entertainment. The handsome dress of Sir Godfrey and his gallant bearing, combined with the exquisite beauty of Margaret in her soft flowing gown of white linen. caused Hetty's little heart to ache with sympathetic yearning.

"Was ever seen such a bonny pair o' lovers?" she thought. "Such trust, such evidence of love in every action! Ah, lackaday, woe is me!"

She sighed hopelessly. "No lover more gallant than a Puritan farmer, and instead of a lute a milk bucket!" At last, her task finished, she carried

the heavy pails to the dairy. "Methought Sir Godfrey regarded me with a pleasant gaze," she said to herself as she rested on a churn near the

door. Then as a sudden thought seemed to strike her she raised her face quickly, her eyes beaming with brightness.

"An I had had the roses in my hair and had worn my new lace tucker, mayhap he would ha' admired me more," she said. "As 'tis, perchance, he might speak o' me to a comrade high in favor at the French court who would fall in love with his description and

come bravely here to woo me." The thought was so pleasant to the imaginative, romantic soul of little Hetty that, forgetting to pour the milk into the pans and set them away for the cream to rise, she sat on the edge of the churn, her head resting against the wall, lost in her rosy hued day dreams. With her hand in her imaginary lover's, who wore a suit of light blue velvet trimmed with silver braiding, she was just making a low courtesy before the king of France when her illusions were roughly dispelled by the loud, hearty voice of Simon Kempster, who having seen his adored Hetty enter the dairy, followed in her wake to have a chat with her. From the excessive heat and the exercise of carrying a sack of potatoes a long distance Simon's face was red and perspiring; his rough suit of homespun, unbuttoned at the throat, soiled and shabby, hung loosely on his sturdy figure, and his broad farming hat made of reeds was torn and broken at the edges. He laid down the sack and en-Startled from her brilliant dreams

by Simon's appearance, Hetty's thoughts fled from the court of the king of France and fastened themselves upon matters of the present, the most important of which were the full milk pails. Springing off the churn and returning Simon's pleased grin with an absent smile of greeting, she proceeded



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to fill the row of pewter pans with the

white foaming milk. Fanning himself with his broken hat, Simon watched her from his place at the door with admiring eyes. It occurred to him that Hetty had never before looked so pretty. The red color in her cheeks had heightened; her eyes were brighter; she held her little head higher, and in his estimation went about her homely task in the same manner as would have a queen. Lookly ahead of the others. The cows once | ing at her white throat, he thought of the silver heart lying on her fair bosom that he had given her and that she had received with so much pleasure - a sweet secret safe between him and Hetty-and his honest heart gave a

Stepping to her side, he asked her for a mug of milk. Hetty's pleasant afternoon and her consequent happy day dreams had left her in sort of an uplifted state. She wished good fortune to all and gave Simon the refreshment he demanded, with a smile of happi-

carried the first full pan to the buttery. "What a kind friend he hath ever been to me. There's many a lonely hour I would ha' spent without him. When my lord doth come and I ride away I shall not forget Simon. Happen anon I may have influence to have him made lackey at the court." Returning for another pan, with her

heart and mind full of her good intentions, Hetty bestowed a more than ordinary sweet glance of esteem and kindly feeling upon her visitor, whose heart, always full of love for her, ached now to bursting with fancied encouragement. Only when wearing his new churchgoing black suit, he thought, had she ever given him kinder glances; so, regardless of his untidy appearance, a bound. Blindly he turned and he clasped the astonished Hetty in his groped his way out of the house, not arms, and thoughts that for months had been filling his mind now took the form of words and sprang from his lins in sentences expressing his passionate love for her.

"Art gone daft, Simon? Ha' done, I tell thee!" she cried in angry surprise. light. struggling to free herself from his strong embrace.

"Hetty, say the word," he entreated. "Promise to be my wife. Plight thy troth with me." "Coward," she cried, "to hold a maid

against her will! Dost think I want a cowboy for a husband?" He loosed his hold and drew back as if stung, with staring eyes and a face

from which all color had gone. "Thou dost not love me, Hetty?" he asked solemnly. "An' all our sweet friendship is to go for naught?" "Love thee?" Hetty gave her head a

toss. "Whoe'er put thoughts of my loving thee into thine idle brain? Nav. silly. Look not so downcast," she cried, "an' take my best assurance that our friendship hath not been in vain for so dear I hold thee in my heart that but e'en now before thou spokest thy foolish utterances I was making plans for thine advancement." Unable to understand and much be

wildered, Simon watched Hetty as she airily lifted her skirts and, holding her head very high, walked up and down the dairy in imitation of a grand lady. "For thou knowest, Simon," she continued, with a patronizing nod, "methinks to marry a French courtier who will come anon on a white steed to woo me and take me back with him to Par-

en to do my bidding." "Hetty, what nonsense is this?" Simon cried in desperation. "What man is this thou lovest?"

"'Tis no man that I e'er seen as yet." Hetty continued her pacing up and

"But know this, Simon Kempster, that I'll ha' none of thee. Dost think I would bother with thy little scraggly farm when I can be mistress of a grand estate? However," she concluded condescendingly, her foolish little SAVED!

What a wonderful word to those who, for days perhaps have been adrift on the wide sea. How eagerly every sunrise they have scanned the hor zon

At last the morning dawns when their hopes are realized.
There is the gallant ship! They short and wave but heir parched throats can scarce utter a sould. Will she sight them? Yes, look! she alters her course and now in a few moments all their suffering will be

And to you also comes the glad morn. For months, even years perhaps, you have been firmly held in the grip of some disease. How eagerly you have sought relie! but all in value ow you are almost in despair.

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mind slightly troubled by the broken hearted expression in her companion's eyes, "think not that I will forget thee, Simon. Why, who knoweth but I may make thee overseer of one of my farms in the provinces. Think on that-thy bright future-with joyful anticipation, good Simon."

He came and stood before her with white, drawn face, depicting desperate

"Then thou hast meant nothing by any fair words thou might have spo-

"Fie. Simon," she giggled nervously, more affected than she knew by his seriousness, "out upon thy cross looks! Thy solemn countenance would give a body the megrims! Who said we could not be friends?"

Kempster turned his back upon her

and walked away. At the door he "By all this talk then thou doth mean that thou canst not love me-that

thou'lt never be my wife?" "Thy wife! A common farmer's "Poor Simon," she thought as she wife?" Hetty laughed a low, ripuling laugh of amusement. "Nay, good Simon, thou must seek thy mate among thine own farm loving kind. As for me. I will wait the arrival of my gallant courtier."

> "Hetty, hast forgotten the love verses?" His voice was entreating.

"The verses! Ha, ha!" She laughed again, this time more merrily. "To speak o' your silly rhymes as verses, forsooth! Why, body o' me, good Simon, thou shouldst buy a book of good Will Shakespeare's verses, an' then thou'dst know what poetry is, an' ne'er more speak again. I warrant thee, o' thy nonsensical rhyming."

Something must have snapped in Simon's heart, it went down with such seeing the sack of potatoes resting on the ground, tripped and almost fell over the house dog lying asleep in the shade and strode on with head downcast over the wet roadway, into the dull shadows of the approaching twi-

CHAPTER XVI. DAM, the goldsmith, waited late that afternoon for Christopher's return. Impatient at his delay and angry at the sight of the unfinished chores, he paced up and down the room restlessly, pausing at frequent intervals to look out of the doorway with nervous anxiety toward the forest footpath.

"'Tis passing strange," he muttered. "The lad's ne'er done the like before. If he'd a thought of fear I'd say the storm delayed him, but such things as thunder showers 'ud ne'er bother Christopher. Nay," shaking his head, "the lad's willful and careth not that the chores are undone." Just then a shadow fell across the

threshold. Adam came forward expectantly. "Ah, bless me, Mistress Taunston!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Methought

'twas Christopher. Happen didst see

that good for naught as thou didst come through the forest?" "I saw him not, good Adam," the dame replied, "but I walked rapidly, as I am in haste to reach the house of Sister Hemming, that my son brought me word an hour since had been visited by the Lord with an affliction of numbness, so I bethought me that my prayers and services might be of use is, there to set me up in a grand palace, with countless serving men and wom-

at the bedside. Did thy lad stray away?" "Twas after the hour of noon that I sent him to the Mayland farm with a trinket that I mended for the young mistress," he replied. "I' truth I would not ha' been in such good haste to send it had not thy good son Josiah warned me of possible evil contained in the

papist symbol of the golden cross." The woman threw out her hand in a nation at the rashness of the old man's act and, addressing him harshly with tragic earnestness, said: "Thou didst (Continued on page two)

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