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By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ.

CHAPTER XX.

HE dogs tied in the yard at the Mayland farm jumped and barked at the sounds of a man's footsteps approaching as Margaret, opening the door again, stepped out into the moonlit night. Now her appearance was entirely changed, for thrown about her was a long cloak of quilted white silk reaching to the ground, and a hood of the same material covered her soft hair and cast a shadow over the radiant face that was aglow with happiness at the sight of the newcomer. proceed to Paris.

"Thou laggard!" she exclaimed, going to meet La Fabienne, with hands outstretched. "Didst take thee all of several hours to don thy best attire, foolish Godfrey?" He regarded her with looks of ad-

niration and content. "Aye," he replied, "full well canst thou call me that name in earnest, buy it. bright eyes, where aught doth concern thee!"

At his words, as if from the return of some unpleasant remembrance, the smile on Margaret's face faded, and, pressing the hand more firmly that still held hers, she led La Fabienne to the middle of the roadway, where there was no shade of trees and where the bright moon, now higher in the sky, hovered over them, casting its radiance down with effulgent sympathy, illuminating them. Throwing back her hood, she raised her head with a sudden, swift motion, and there was an expression of intense seriousness on her face.

"Godfrey," she asked entreatingly, "is my look baleful? Have I wickedness in my glance? Are mine eyes With a suppressed exclamation of

anger La Fabienne encircled her with his arm.

"Thy glance wicked!" he exclaimed passionately. "Thine eyes evil! Nay, pure soul, rather are they like two stars of heaven, pure and holy, leading men to better thoughts and deeds. More are they like the sun, brightening and warming all that they do rest upon. Damme, but thy question doth cause , my choler to rise! Hath any man dared to affront thee? Who spoke of thy looks?"

"'Twas an hour or two since," Margaret began softly. "I was standing



"Are mine eyes evil?" yonder by the sundial, near the path that leads through the pasture from the Taunston farm, when one of the village women, walking through, came upon me. For a few seconds she stood still and stared at me, then, throwing up her arms, ran from me, crying wildly: 'God's protection, 'tis the witch! I ha' not live up to thy standard; that I may looked into her eyes! I will be stricken fail to fill thy life so full of happiness of the devil!' Godfrey, tell me what it as I hope now and pray God I may all doth mean."

Her lover's face reflected the serious-

"Sweet, this foolish nonsense hath gone to greater measures than I had ever thought it would," he said. "Thy cousin's influence is strong in this com- like thee. Of thy imperfections I know munity and the superstitions of the naught. Thou art part of me. Withpeople so great that it takes but little out thee I would die. When, dear tattling to make great stories and to Godfrey, thou art near me, 'tis then have them all believed. It is that foul the sun doth shine, an' when thou'rt fiend Josiah Taunston's scheme to set gone all is gray, dull and dark, an' all against thee, so that thou wilt be naught is bright until thou dost come forced to abandon thine estate. Then when thou art gone, as next of kin, he tirely. I come to thee willingly to be would ride in and take possession."

Sir Godfrey's face grew dark. "The dastard keeps out of my way, or from the very bitterness I hold in my heart against him I would long since have run him through," he said. "But I will deal with him before 1 leave, for I have sworn that no man may speak evil of thee and live."

"Godfrey!" Margaret's eyes were filled with sudden terror, "promise me that thou'lt not anger him, for any tilting of words between ye, so hot is each against the other, that a conflict would ensue that might end in-death. Smile"-she swept her hand with affected gayety over his frowning countenance-"chase that angry look from off thy face, and now under this bright moon, with the breeze stirring so softly, think only that thou art with me and that tonight is ours."

He drew her closer to him, and they paced slowly up and down under the shadows of the trees.

"Margaret, methinks to journey forth ready to go with me, sweet?"

At the unexpected announcement a deep flush spread over Margaret's countenance, extending to the roots of her

"Ready to go with thee, Godfrey?" she repeated questioningly. "Aye, love, as my wife," he replied in a voice touched with emotion, "as

my adored, deeply cherished wifethat is how I will take thee, sweet!" For answer she raised her face to his, and they kissed each other. "I will go with thee, Godfrey," she

said simply. and seemed to shed a brighter luster steps they both paused. on the scene as, pacing slowly up and down, the mistress of the Mayland

ATTITION OF THE PROPERTY OF TH farm and her lover, talking in low voices, made their plans and arranged for their departure. As there were no servants about the place, Elsbeth taking care of the house and Gaston doing the work among the animals, there was no chance of their intended departure being known. It was La Fabienne's idea to rise before the sun and, with Elsbeth and Margaret, ride down the mountain, leaving the estate charge of trusty Gaston. By fast riding they could reach London before the dawn of another day and would go at once to the house of La Fabienne's sister, the Lady Grenville, where they would be married and then

> Margaret saying, with a little shiver, that she would never care to visit Cragenstone again, Sir Godfrey said that they would offer her estate, including house and animals, to a land dealer he knew in London at such low figure that he would not refuse to

> "For thy cousin can have naugh that doth belong to thee," he announced, with decision.

Their final arrangements being made, their conversation drifted to other matters.

"How truly doth the Scripture speak, dear Godfrey," Margaret said gently, "where it saith that 'one day telleth not what another day bringeth forth. When thou didst come I did not think to go back with thee. Methought thou would come again for me."

"Margaret, tell me truly, had the conditions been happier, had thy stay here been more pleasant, could thou have let me ride down the mountain without thee?"

"Ah, Godfrey," she replied, with a little fluttering sigh, "I am such a weak woman and so overfond of thee that hadst thou wrung a consent from me to let thee go I wot when I saw thy back turned toward me I would fain forget my promise and in my loneliness and despair run after thee, throw myself in the roadway at thy horse's heels and cry to thee to take me with thee to sunny France, to Paris, the city

La Fabienne laughed a joyful, ringing laugh as he clasped her to his heart. "Sweet, when I set foot in this village and saw the set of churls about where thou hadst taken up thy dwelling I resolved when I would begone to take my sweet love with me. Didst think, Margaret," he cried, with sudden passion, "that I would leave thee, my tender flower, raised under the rays of the warm sun of France, to wither away and perish on this bleak mountain? Nay, love; too close I hold thee in my heart!"

The wind rose and blew colder through the trees. Drawing her cloak closer about her, Margaret clung to her lover's arm.

"'Tis a solemn night. Margaret," he said whimsically, "thou and I alone together on this high mountain top, miles away from those who love us and in reality among a band of evil wishers and enemies-we two, with our troth plighted and our wedding day so near at hand! Is't not enough to make a man stop to consider when he is on the brink of such a serious undertaking? Sweet Margaret," he continued seriously, pressing her hand, "knowing so well thy worth, seeing thy marvelous beauty and having a fine understanding of thy high character, I tremble lest, imperfect man that I am, I may

Margaret laughed a sweet, low, hap-

"Hath finished, foolish Godfrey Then hear mine answer to thy drivelings! In all the world I love no one again. An', Godfrey, I trust thee enthine own dear wife, to care for thee, to do thy bidding, to go with thee where'er thy fortunes take thee, hand in hand and heart to heart, and to love

thee, Godfrey, until death us do part." "Speak of naught that can part us sweet Margaret." he cried, with eager "Let us talk only of bright hopes, long life, happiness, joy and

"Happiness, joy and love!" she re

peated softly. Suddenly on their ears fell the sound of the steady tramping of many feet. Both drew apart and listened attentively. An officer's voice giving a , sharp command was brought to them through the dense stillness of the night by the light wind, and soon they could see across the fields, the full moon illuminating the steel helmets that they wore, a small band of soldiers on their way to the village. Margaret looked at her lover in questioning amazement, and La Fabienne, his face expressing quick suspicion, uttered an exclamato London in three days. Canst be tion and, running down to the stile watched the soldiers until they turned

> the corner and disappeared. come me." "If 'tis as I think," he muttered, "the villian hath me! I had no thought he appearance of the utmost satisfaction would dare aught against us. I have and good humor. played the fool! Margaret," he cried, going to her with quick strides, "melow, and becomes thy dashing style," thinks at the sight of soldiery that he said, "that methinks 'twere a pity there may be fighting hereabout, so to deprive thee of it. Thou may keep would take thee from here speedily. On it and welcome." the morrow be ready ere the sun ris eth, thou and Elsbeth, and we will ride threw open the lattice. away, without further lay. Fare Such holes as they have cut out to let

well, dear love. God keep thee." He threw his arms about her protect The moon rose higher in the heavens ingly as he led her to the door. At the

"Margaret," be said seriously, "thou

saidst erstwhile thou trusted me

Didst mean it, sweet?" "Godfrey, I trust thee."

maid entering with the ale, he turned "These are dark times, Margaret, darker mayhap than we know," he said, "but whatever cometh, if things go not our way, trust me. Know that thou art in my heart before all else. And now farewell again. I have business in the village and must give my parting instructions to Gaston."

Margaret's eyes were filled with tears at her lover's earnestness, and as he attempted to leave her she clung to him, sobbing bitterly.

"Godfrey, thy words are ominous," she cried. "Thou knowest something of evil portent. A feeling of fear hath

fallen on my heart." "Take courage, love. Parbleu, Margaret Mayland showing fear of these dull village wights! Didst not hear my promise, sweet, that on the morrow we'd begone before the village is them."

As her head still drooped on his shoulder and she did not reply, he re-

"Didst thou not bear me, Margaret?"

She raised her head, and, although there was an expression of strength and resolution in her eyes, her lips "Aye, I heard thee, and at sunrise dressed for the journey thou wilt find

me at the door. God be with thee, Godfrey. "In a few short hours we will ride away," he said, with affected gayety. "Farewell again, and once again farewell," embracing ber tenderly, "And

now, so much I have to do, perforce I

ing it, he walked quickly down the path toward the forest, and when he today?" reached it he had to grope his way to keep from stumbling, for the moon went under a cloud, and a dark shadow fell athwart the mountain.

CHAPTER XXI. T the Sign of the Red Heart La Fabienne found a scene of unusual excitement and commomotion-soldiers just arrived and moving about jesting among themselves or calling roughly for bed and supper; the busy landlord cursing and giving angry, excited orders to a simpering housemaid, and horse boys, agape with admiration of the scarlet coats, glittering cuirassiers and helmets of the newcomers-for soldiery was an unusual sight in Cragenstonewere hurriedly piling hay in the corners of the large, low roofed kitchen for the men to sleep upon. Catching a glimpse of Sir Godfrey making his way through the throng to the foot of the narrow staircase, his host ran after him and, touching him on the shoulder, whispered anxiously, "My lord."

La Fabienne paused. "I have been forced to put the young officer in charge of these men into thy room for the night," the innkeeper said. "He will not annoy thee, sir. We ha' spread a rough pallet in the rades?" farthest corner, an' thy man Gaston hath consented to lie in the stable for the night."

The excited man rubbed his hands together propitiatingly.

anger that he felt, La Fabienne said

breath, send me a tankard of ale.

The landlord, whose mind was great-

feeling that stirred him by forcing a

calm exterior, paused, thinking deeply,

great anxiety showing itself on his

"'Tis well, good landlord, that thou

didst give me the proper man, who

happen hath a taste for home brew that

taken in quantities enough may loosen

"If my suspicions are correct, that these

men have been sent here to get evi-

dence against Margaret upon Josiah

Taunston's representations and then to

take her into custody, by my faith, to-

morrow at sunrise is not one hour too

early for us to ride away. Fool, fool

that I have been to treat the deep laid

schemes of that villian with such con-

tempt! Diable! Almost-almost, I say,

the net he threw did catch us in its

A few steps brought him to his room,

and, throwing open the door, he saw

by the flickering light of the candle a

man of about twenty-five years of age,

a dandified looking fellow, with weak

blue eyes and light hair, strutting

proudly up and down the room in the

riding suft that Sir Godfrey had

thrown off before his visit to Margaret.

The officer, being a man of lower stat-

ure than La Fabienne, the long leather

boots reached fairly to his hips, and his

sword, that he had just adjusted, clank-

ed against them as he walked. At the

sudden appearance of their owner he

fell back against the wall, with pale

face, hanging jaw and a look of great

La Fabienne entered with easy famil-

iarity, giving the discomfited captain,

who at once began to tug at his boots

in a desperate endeavor to get them

"Pardon, my lord. I long have want-

ed such a suit," the fellow explained in

great confusion, "an' I but took the

opportunity, without meaning offense,

of seeing how the fashion would be-

La Fabienne regarded him with an

"And so well it suits thee, good fel-

"By the mass, but it's warm in here!

the air in one can hardly get his hand

The soldier, who had accepted the

suit with many expressions of pleasure

abashment on his countenance.

off, a word of friendly greeting.

will drink in my room tonight."

hastily.

countenance.

"My business in the village," he said lowering his voice and looking toward "Thou'rt ever generous, my lord, the door apprehensively, "hath a deal and readier with thy gold than most, of secrecy about it, as my first and so I would not offend thee, although there are some as say thy presence in most important instructions were to my house doth bode me evil," he venhold converse with no one but the members of the council." tured to add. Suppressing the inclination toward

Sir Godfrey rose and, bringing the jug of wine, commenced to ply the The man is fairly caught. But if the man with liquor, laughing and jesting wretch had knowledge of the hardmerrily as he did so.

"Say no more, good host. The man may lie in the corner for aught I care, weary from his long day's march and and the worst I wish him is that he whose face was red from excess of attempting escape through the forest. may rest easy on his pallet," he condrinking, cried that he had had enough By blood and nails, it was an awful cluded indifferently as he walked and must keep his senses, as he and ordeal, an' but for the fact that it was "When thou canst get thy his men were under orders to rise daybreak.

"Uds daggers!" he continued unles ly relieved, after profuse bows withhis breath, with a drunken brigh, " drew hastily, and Sir Godfrey, alone on the witch escapes any other way tu: the dark, crooked stairway, where up i' the air astride a broomstick I is there was no need of hiding the deep the king's favor." "Thy business here concerneth

> witch?" his companion questione carelessly. The captain was hiccoughing slight

> ly, and he reeled and almost fell : he tugged at his boot.

"Beshew me, yes. Such devil's war. and devil's luck as hath been mine this day doth keep me cursing. his tongue," he said under his breath. long weeks we have been buried in Sterndorf, an' just as we were expecting instructions to go back to London we were ordered here to capture some old beldam who hath beedoing serious pranks and stirring w devils in the community."

"An old woman!" La Fablenne loo! ed up eagerly. "Hast thou her name

The captain fumbled among his papers and, drawing forth a sheet of parchment, spelled out with difficulty the name-"Margaret Mayland, accused by Josiah Taunston and Adam Browdie," he read slowly. "And so thou takest the witch at

daybreak?" La Fabienne observed lightly. "What reason for such haste. good fellow?" "I know not the reason of such haste,

good sir. Diable! A soldier asks not reasons, but obeys orders." La Fabienne yawned. "Thy tale, forsooth, bath a touch of



His companion took the tankard. of excitement for the morrow," he said. "Hast not a similar document,

Walking to the small window, he captain? Of what portent is that?" "This other paper?" The man lowered his voice. "Prithee, 'tis a warrant for the arrest and custody of some Frenchman she hath bewitched, or is an accomplice to the old hag in her bedevilment, I wot not which. My information is but vague."

He stretched out his arms and ruband gratitude, now approached La Fabed his eyes sleepily. "Methinks be doth live with her at the house. Our orders, however, are to about suddenly, drew himself up to his

bienne, but at that moment, a house-

highest stature and strutted before her

Smiling at his airs, his companion

took the tankard, bade the girl bring

up another, and, inviting his new ac-

quaintance to drink with him, they sat

"Art fond of ladies, good sir?" the

captain inquired, with a roguish shake

of his blond head. "I warrant that

wench was not ill looking, barring the

It being his turn, he lifted the tank-

ard and after taking a long draft

held it on high, exclaiming with dra-

John Bingall hath, a slow eye for

matic emphasis, "Whate'er of faults

fair lass can ne'er be counted amongst

The housemaid returning with the

second order, he waved his hand to-

ward La Pabienne with a graceful mo-

"Women! Let

Sir Gosfrey echoed his companion's

beisterous laughter with an appear-

ance of great enjoyment as the maid.

blushing and simpering, left the room.

sounds speciale being the loud breath-

ing of the coldiers, who lay about on

"From Sterndorf," he answered, with

"Beshrew my heart! But this coun-

try must ha' been intended for wild

beasts with claws instead of human

beings with only hands and poniards.

Our orders came to march at once

across the footpath over the mountain,

and cutting our way none will ever

thou found the Sign of the Red Heart

to rest at ere thou pursued the rest of

thy journey," his companion observed

"Oh, we have reached our destina

tion," he said. "We have business in

"I' faith, a stranger just arrived, as

am, hath had little chance to hear of

the happenings round about," La Fa-

bienne observed carelessly. "But this

sober peopled village looketh not like

a warring center. Here, good fellow,

finish thine ale," he cried as the of-

ficer, opening his mouth to speak, was

about to ask him a question, "so that l

can offer thee some red wine that

have in yonder flagon on the table. So

thou'rt not on thy way to join com-

The captain finished his ale as di-

rected, and the empty pewter tankard

came down on the bench with a ringing

The captain glanced up quickly.

this village on the morrow."

"'Twas well when so weary that

By sew the house below had fallen

quietness, the only

drink to the ladies, Sir Roommate."

down on the bench together.

wart on her chin."

head, cried gayly:

darkening face.

take the woman first." The soldier, having loosed his tongue by his many and frequent potations, continued with an air of mysterious secrecy. "I' truth, if they attempt to escape they will find that all the roads leading from the village are guarded." "Ha! Is't so?"

La Fabienne's manner betrayed such ill concealed astonishment and agita tion that had his companion's senses not been dulled the fact would not have escaped his notice.

"Aye, comrade, by Puritans heavily armed and with orders to take them dead or alive. So, I ween, the poor devils' case bath not much of hope in it." By the uncertain light of the candle La Fabienne's face looked extremely white. Rising suddenly, he untied the lace bow at his throat.

"Come, let's to bed, good captain. must rise with thee at the dawn!" he tion and, still holding the ale above his cried boisterously. "Methinks 'twere rare sport to see a witch taken. What punishment is meted out to such?" "'Sdeath, hanging or burning," the

other replied carelessly. "Of a surety the king will interfere La Fabienne's hand trembled as he unbuckled his sword.

"Nay!" the officer cried hastil, "Thou'rt wrong there, friend! The king bothers not his head with such small kind as dwell hereabout. Why, his "Thy men rest beavily and breathe majesty's as variable as a woman, goas if greatly fatigued," La Fabienne ing from one side to the other as often observed after further conversation of as the wind changeth. Just now he's Putting her inside the door and clos- a light nature regarding the captain's all for the papiats, an' if there is pet theme-women, "Didst march far thing he is more against than another it is witchcraft. Uds blood! At the last burning at Sterndorf the woman's brother appealed to him, and the king sent word back that they could all burn each other up an they so willed for aught he would interfere, and 'twould be a good riddance when 'twas over. He's changeable, but as a rule thou canst count on his not interfering

and such crawling, climbing, tearing at a witch burning." "God's pity!" exclaimed La Fa blenne under his breath. Then he continued hastily, seeing the man had grown more communicative, "The witch, methinks myself, 'twere well to capture, but the Frenchman of whom thou spokest, what want they of him?" "It seemeth he hath great influence both at home and abroad," the captain whispered, looking furtively at the

closed door. "If they can hold him safely in prison until the woman is tried and executed they will let him go, or mayhap prefer charges against him and bring him to trial also." He threw himself down wearily on the pallet of straw in the corner.

"Poor devil!" observed La Fabienne lightly. "But 'tis ever the way of those that consort with evil. Marry The wretch is fairly caught in the trap these God fearing Puritans have set for him."

His companion grunted a sleepy re

"If 'tis as thou hath stated, that all the roads are stoutly defended but the footpath through the mountain forest"-La Fabienne eyed the man narrowly-"the witch's accomplice, happen he got wind of his intended arrest, hath small hope of escape."

of enjoyment; then, raising up in hed

on his show, he said: "My lord, 'tis truth thou speakest, ships my men and I have endured to-At last the captain, who was very day he would prefer the hanging that the people have in store for him to as difficult to retrace our steps as to proceed, my fellows would have refused to advance. A curse on this scraggy top notch of nowhere!" he cried, "Tomorrow, our work done, we march down you mountain road to London, or I'm but half a man and

know not mine own will!" As his companion did not reply or seem inclined to hold further converse, the captain stretched himself out on the pallet at full length and, throwing an arm up over his head, was soon

sleeping soundly. La Fabienne waited, making sure that the prostrate man was unconscious of all else but his dreams, then threw himself hopelessly into a chair and let the pent up feelings in his heart break through the quiet mask he had worn on his face, and an expression baffled and desperate took its place, while under his breath he cursed himself roundly for his stupid lack of foresight and his contempt for Josiah Taunston's plotting. Springing to his feet, he paced lightly up and down the room like one bereft. Once he paused at the aperture and looked long in the direction of the Mayland farm, the tops of the tall trees in the forest being all that was visible, then strode flercely across the room again as if unable to contain his emotions. Unlocking a chest that stood in the corner, he removed from it to his person a bag of gold and a brace of pistols, put on his hat and cape and noiselessly buckled on his sword.

"If I allowed her to attempt the forest she would die." he said under his breath, "and if I told her of my intention she would not let me go alone, Oh, God, 'tis hard!" He shook his head hopelessly.

The candle, now burned down to the edge of the socket, threw weird, smoky rays on La Fabienne's white face as he seated himself, in great perplexity and sore distress, upon the wooden bench.

"Margaret, oh, my love! God help me! There is no other way," he said after a few moments' consideration, and as his bent head fell forward on his hands the candle near him spluttered and went out as if in very sumpathy for his sorrow and despair. Rising, he groped his way to the door, down the stairway and out of the house so silently that no one, not even the innkeeper, sleeping in his chair by the chimney place, heard him or knew that he had gone.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE next morning at the earliest hour of dawn, before even the birds had wakened, when the only light on the earth was that received from the rising sun's reflection on the sky, Margaret Mayland, dressed in her riding habit of crimson cloth, moved about the house, busily making her preparations for departure. "'Tis strange, Elsbeth," she said as

she finished fastening a large, square locker, "that Gaston is not here. Hath thou the saddlebags packed? Methinks by now the horses should be fed and & readiness for our journey."

Elsbeth drew her breath sharply. "Twill be a glad hour when thou an' I are far away from this domain," she said. "Since we came here, sweet, I ha' been defiant, ever scornful o' the sneers of the people and their sinister glances, but this morning I woke from my fitful sleeping with terror in my heart and a dreadful fear that these villagers, led by thy cousin, would seek to wreak their hatred and intolerant vengeance

Margaret patted the older woman's shoulder reassuringly.

"Thou'rt overworked, Elsbeth, hath the megrims as a consequence." she said. "Why talk of fear when we have a strong protector so close at hand? Hast thou yet to learn, foolish old woman, that Sir Godfrey is a man to put dependence on? Last night when he left me he said, 'Trust me, Margaret.' and he needed not mine assurance to know that I did so with all my

ng out anxiously toward the village. "The hour of dawn is full upon us," she said solemnly, "an' neither thy lov- low murmurs of curious interest as er nor his servant is approaching. Hap- the startling sound of the officer's loud pen he meant the morrow, aweet?" Margaret frowned impatiently.

break, and he did not mean any other pointing in her direction and calling time," she said crossly, "Mark me, a loudly; "'Tis she, the witch! The La Fabienne would ne'er break his devil's beldame! Take her, good offiword to any one, much less to the wo- cer, an' thou'lt be doing God's work!" man he loves. See, Elsbeth," she cried a moment later, "the sun is only just and heard the angry accusations of the above the mountain tops. 'Tis but now crowd the pallor on Margaret's face the break of day! They'll come anon!" The women moved about, completing from shock and surprise. their arrangements with nervous haste,

bors to listen for sounds of approaching horses' feet. Suddenly Elsbeth clutched her companion's arm. "Hist!" she whispered. "What strange sounds fall on mine ears!

Dost not hear voices loud calling an' the tramp of many feet?" hallway that commanded a better view

face with her hands. met my cousin Josiah and in his just anger hath killed him!" she moaned. The other stood looking out of the ret.

ered against the wall, covering up her

window hopelessly. "Elsbeth, say that thou doth see my Godfrey riding this way unmolested!" Margaret cried tearfully.

"I see thy cousin Josiah, an' methinks 'tis the old elder who is the judge or superior in the council on The captain laughed a drunken laugh horseback advancing toward this house," Elsbeth announced dully, "an' a party of soldiery surrounded by a throng of excited people do follow them. They are turning in this gateway, Margaret!" the woman fairly shrieked as she turned and threw her arms about her young mistress. "Hide, sweet; mayhap 'tis thee they want. Bolt the doors an' bar the windows!

Refuse them admittance!" Margaret's face was white and star-

Elsbeth, calm thyself. Cease thy maunderings," she answered sternly. "I bide! Margaret Mayland bide her face as though she had done wrong! Shame on thee, Elsbeth! Rather bid me throw open wide the door." "Margaret, sweet babe Margaret,"

the old woman cried, almost beside herself with fear and apprehension, "then take off the cross thou wearest that doth anger them."

At these words Margaret raised her head haughtily and drew away from the woman, but Elsbeth clung to her

"Remember that I have loved thee so that thou hast ne'er missed thy mother!" she cried. "Thou hast told me so, sweet, many times when 'twas thy mood to be tender. Margaret, for the care I have given thee I demand a return. Take off the cross that doth anger them!" The noises outside came nearer,

growing louder. Margaret stooped and kissed the sobbing woman on the fore-"And have I not loved thee, too, Elsbeth?" she asked as she pushed her

gently from her. Heavy tramping on the steps was heard, then a loud rapping on the door.

Margaret's eyes gleamed strangely. "Go, Elsbeth, throw open wide the door," she said. "Bid our visitors en-

"Nay, nay, Margaret, I cannot go!" Elsbeth crouched down in the corner on a chair, trembling as with a fit of

"Open, in the king's name!" It was a man's voice shouting. Then he knocked again louder, this time with his sword hilt. Scarce had he ceased when the door was swung back on its hinges, and a young woman, more beautiful than he had ever seen before, with long skirts of red cloth trailing about her and the rose tinted rays of the early morning sun falling on her yellow hair and showing the dazzling whiteness of her skin, stood before him on the threshold and gazed at him, then over his shoulder at the soldiers and throng of curious, excited people with quiet severity.

who knocks so rudely at my and doth bid me open?" she said. The captain of the guard, who had his papers in his hand, looked about him uncertainly; then a gleam of ardent admiration came into his eyes, pulling his hat off to the ground, with

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Quebec Man tells how the Great Consumptive Preventative was an all-round Benefit

"My wife took La Grippe when she was n Ottawa," says R. N. Daf se of Northfield Farm, Que., in an interview. "She got a bottle of Psychine and after using it for a few days she was quite well. I took a cold and am using it and am getting all right. I think Psychine is one of the best tonics

on the market to-day. There you have the whole matter in a nutshell. La Grippe and colds are among the forerunners of consumption. This man had one, his wife had the other.

Psychine not only cured both but it built them up so that their bodies are strong enough to resist disease. All seeds of comsumption are killed by

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

Elsbeth walked to the window, look- profuse bows. The soldiers at attention awaited orders, whose crying and hooting had sunk to rapping fell on their ears, now at the sight of the mistress of Mayland "Godfrey said this morning at day- farm began to gesticulate wildly, As she saw the menacing actions deepened, and she trembled slightly

Then, collecting herself with a mighty from time to time pausing in their la- effort, she spoke again to the officer: "What duty brings thee to my door,

good captain?" The captain, squaring his shoulders, strutted before her conceitedly, thensaid in pleasant tones, with an insinuating smile of admiration, "I amcommanded, fair lady, by order of the Both hastened to an aperture in the king, to take into custody the person" -here he paused to look over the scrollof the road and gates. For a moment of parchment he held in his hand-"of they looked on with beating hearts; a woman, one Margaret Mayland, ac-

then Margaret, uttering a groan, cow- cused of the crime of witchcraft." At that moment old Elsbeth appeared in the doorway behind Margaret, ber "Oh, God's pity! If Godfrey hath befrilled cap awry and her eyes red with weeping. The captain, observing her, made another low bow to Marga-

"With your permission I will enter and take her now," he said. "Men, for-

The soldiers, with swords clanking, came up the steps. Margaret did not move, for, having caught sight of her Jousin, Josiah Taunston, grim, exultant, Colemn, astride his high horse in the middle of the gathering, she was gazing at him with an expression of re-

proachful sternness. "Gracious mistress"-the captain laid his hand upon her arm-"it will be necessary for me to take this woman. In the king's name I ask thee to allow me

to enter." She drew away from his touch with a

quick gesture of offended dignity. "Why shouldst thou enter, man, when she whom thou hast come to take stands at thy side?" she said.

"Thou, mistress!" The captain fell back a step or two in his surprise.

"'Tis no wonder that thou doth stare at me incredulous, with open mouth." she said bitterly. "Yea, I am Margaret Mayland, and a woman most unjustly accused." "Prithee, captain," cried Elder Wil-

liams, the chief councilor, who had been whispering aside with Taunston. "do thy duty with more speed. Happen thou stay longer thou'lt fall under the spell of the woman, and, instead of performing the king's work, thou'lt be doing pranks on the green! More haste, Thus sternly admonished, the captain replaced his helmet and, motioning to

his men to come closer, said: "Marga-

ret Mayland, in the king's name I de arrest thee for the black crimes of witchcraft and connivance with the devil. I am under orders to see thee safely in a cell in the town prison, there to await trial for these charges, and it is my duty to command thee to come with me now." As the captain spoke Margaret listened immovable, with pale face and flashing eyes, and when he had finished, as if she could no longer restrain her indignation at the outrageous in-

justice, brushed him aside with a sweeping gesture of her hand and, walking through the soldiers to the top of the steps, stood looking defiantly at the concourse of people before her. The sun, now higher and brighter in the heavens, fell upon her warmly, and the gold cross on her bosom gleamed brightly in its rays.

"Ignorant churls! Ingrates! Poltroons!" she cried, with scornful anger. "Dost know 'tis Margaret Mayland that ye do attack? Cowards, to bring a band of soldiery to take one weak woman captive! But know now and think well before ye act that the woman whom ye do accuse is not defenseless, but hath a strong protector close at hand in the person of Sir Godfrey La Fabienne!" Here she was interrupted by much

derisive hooting and the loud shovts and laughter of the crowd. Disregarding the disturbance, she continued: "Mark me well, then, and beware, for I warn ye that a punishment

brought to bear by powerful influence and he advanced toward Margaret, at two courts will be dealt out to those who seek to injure me! Ignorant, de-(Continued on page two)

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