yours come?" he exclaimed, "Here

again, gave vent to a heavy laugh.

"What do you expect to happen in the

Gwent?" he asked. "It's as dull as

"I don't know so much about that,"

put in suddenly a man on the other

side of the room whom, from his gen-

eral air, I took to be a miller. "There's

something as I heard of lately that was

The spokesman drew all eyes upon

"What's that, Mr. Llewellyn?" asked

Montgomery looked incredulous.

The miller enjoyed the importance

"I heard something queer happened

at the castle last week," he said at last,

"What's that?" asked Montgomery.

have taken her in. She's left the cas-

"What did she say?" asked Wen-

"I don't exactly recall the right of

it," the miller confessed, with a hasty

sense of shame. Montgomery looked

"A girl that was in service there told

him. The surface of our deep com-

ditch water."

pretty exciting."

the innkeeper.

posure stirred and ruffled.

"Pooh!" he said disdainfully.

seeing that his news must out.

leisurely refilled his pipe.

CHAPTER I. T was in August of the year 188that I turned the corner, as it were, into the strange history I am now to relate. The Welsh marches had been entirely unknown to me until at a point in an idle tour of the west of England I fell upon the little town of Raymond and brought up at 7 in the evening at the Swan hostelry that occupies a corner of the irregular triangle constituting the market place. The country in that part is full of swelling hills and valleys, soft and exhilarating of air and clothed with a

river Ray is called in the countryside, rolls westward across the county, broken by tracts of fertile fields lying under grain and pasture, and descends upon the black hills of the mining district beyond. At Raymond, which stands upon the hither side of the river, we are yet in England proper and upon the margin of a more open country. The town itself is small and neat and wears its air of respectable antiquity very haughtily.

great vesture of wood. The great

Gwent, as the forest across the little

The inn, which was itself among the most venerable buildings in the small town, was comfortably served by a very brisk landlord of middle age. It had kept, so to speak, a precarious continuity with antiquity and in the main scheme had changed but little during the 300 years which had passed

at me and, seeing a smile in my eye, since its erection. burst out laughing. "But I know it The hostelry was much too large for was about a burglary," said the miller its present uses, but for all that wore promptly and with courage. no air of neglect in the inhabited cham-"I'd like to hear about the burglary," bers. My own rooms were marked by homely comfort, and I was waited upon said some one. "The man that keeps the inn therelike a prince of the blood. After a rude the-what's that inn?" went on the milland wholesome country dinner I sought distraction in the taproom with my pipe and a heterogeneous company of "The Woodman," answered Monttownsfolk. The landlord was in some kind a president at this symposium, which consisted for the main part of a few of the smaller shopkeepers. There was Mr. Jones, for example, "Caught whom?" said Montgomery whose name I had noticed upon a shop impatiently.

front as I rode through the High street.

found him something of a bore, and

with my other neighbor. The landlord

himself kept his seat before the long

table, smoking his long pipe with the

peace of a man whose business is end-

ed for the day, and now and then dis-

charging a glance in my direction. He

lowed by a heavy tramp of feet ap

strutted a tall young fellow, with his

"Y'ome in." says the innkeeper, very

"Oh, hang your ceremonies," says

the newcomer, but with no touch of ill

humor, "and give your best attention

to my order, Wendover!" And, clap-

ping his hat more firmly on his head,

He drank the glass of whisky which

the barman served and then fell into a

"Come in," says the innkeeper.

lence, but rather with a savage air of

curiosity, at myself. He was of a ruddy

color and quite young, and something

in his bearing rather than in his dress

marked him out from the rest of the

he rapped loudly upon the table.

despises his neighbors.

ted the miller, "but he frightened them This man fixed upon me early in the evening, and poured his confidences off. They were after the plate that the into my ear. He was a hay merchant, and he had no dearer ambition than to my girl." establish his business in Bristol. He "He's a queer old customer," interfound Raymond too mean for his aspiring temper, and the Mecca of his prayers was Bristol. I confess that I

"Well, he didn't catch them," admit-

posed one of the company, seeing, as we all saw, that we should get no further interest out of the miller. Our attention broke up. was glad to exchange commonplaces

"You're right," nodded his vis-a-vis and replaced his pipe in his mouth. "May I ask what castle you are dressing the miller.

"Ivor castle, sir," said he civilly. the hills," explained the landlord.

was, I discovered, a traveled man for those parts, and had the reputation of "As you talk of this burglary," said a smart fellow. Indeed, he compared Montgomery, breaking in rather rudewell with the duller rustics who surly, "I'd like first to know what they rounded him. The placid air of the tapwere going to find in the castle. Every room was in some ways little more diverting than the solitude of my chamber, but that was soon to pass. Pres-

ently there came a great noise, folproaching from the outer bar, and in side them without side that at work ! save she was woke up by a noise going hat upon one side, and a Jaunty air of on, and then she went to sleep again, one who knows his own worth and nutting her head under the blankets. and that the manservant-I can't bring back his name he told her next day friendly, but with a certain air of conthat the thieves had tried to get in." "Plenty of room, Mr. Mont-"Humph!" ancered Montgomery, who gomery, sin and a good evening to had plainly drunk too much to be an

> much of a tale." "If it's true it's true," said the mile looking man.

easy companion. "I don't call that

"Who the devil asked your opinion? retorted the lad brusquely. The mild man shifted in his chair, but mustered courage to ask if a man might not express his sentiments upon a point of general interest.

"That's true, anyway," assented Montgomery, with a foolish laugh. It was clear that he had taken enough to be quarrelsome if the opportunity should rise, and unfortunately he chose to turn his bantering gaze upon my sour and peevish neighbor.

"Well, Mr. Jones," said he, "and how's hay?" "How's crops, my young gentleman?"

says Jones in his surly fashion. "Crops," said Montgomery in a bawl "crops is as they should be-seasonable. Here's to crops, gentleman, and also to hay," and he fell into his chair seat and stared without any trucu-

laughing abominably. I could not say if this was part of an elaborate jest, conceived by a maudlin brain, or whether he had really been taken with an unreasonable fit of anger; but, whether of accident or of purpose, he filled up his glass forward

"Gentlemen!" cried the landlord, in

Montgomery stood, his red face some-

tered under his nose with a show of

passion that was not quite English,

and at this moment, when it seemed

"I think, sir," said I, addressing

Montgomery, "you will admit that you

have used this worthy gentleman very

ill, and if I were you, sir, with your

On that he stared at me for some sec-

onds, and then, plumping the empty

glass on the table, he broke into a

"All right," he said; "very sorry.

beg his pardon," and muttering some

indistinct apologies he resumed his

sheepish laugh.

company. But above all his great size and muscular appearance were noticebetween his fingers, and the dregs flew able. "Who is that?" I asked as soon as out and spattered the hay merchant's . Montgomery's eyes had wandered face. from me.

"He's no better than he should be." my neighbor answered. "For all his grand airs, he's but little better than a pauper. And that's where your blood what vacant and grinning broadly, while his sallow faced victim, who had comes to in the end." got upon his feet, gesticulated and stut-

The landlord, who was close by me noting my interrogation with a busy eye, leaned forward and supplemented this disparaging information in a whis-

"One of the best families in the pected and a fracas precipitated, an Gwent, sir," he murmured, "though his impulse took me, and I myself interestate is no more than a yeoman's now-

adays. Times are against property on the border." And, having delivered this statement, he drew himself back ery, with the object, as I conceived, of youth and spirit at my back, I would exhibiting a local celebrity to his guest. "Anything doing out your way, sir?" he inquired.

The youth turned his eyes upon him in a lackluster gaze and then, emptying his glass, hammered on the table

"Why the deuce don't that man

seat, sitting somewhat silent for a good time afterward.

But that was my introduction to the lad, an introduction none too favorable, of which he began at once to make use, for he crept close to me, moving from chair to chair, when a chance served him, and, being emboldened by the liquor he had drunk, struck up a lively conversation with me. In the end he was exceedingly merry, and was shaking me heartily by the hand, and invited me to drive out to his farm in the Gwent with a good deal of unusual warmth and vehemence, but I managed at last to make my escape, and that without giving him offense.

It was yet early, but the taproom had lost its humors for me, and I was have I ridden in ten miles for the sight | for bed. In my room I spent an agreeof a human face and the taste of good able hour, idly considering my guide-Scotch, and- That's right." He gave books and determining a date for my his order and, observing Wendover return to town. Upon the map I made out the site of Ivor castle, of which there had been talk, also of Montgomery's farm, which he had described to me. They both lay in the Gwent, as that great reach of forest in the marches is called.

CHAPTER II.

AIN had fallen in the night, and a sweet savor of earth commingled with the summer air when I opened my door and looked forth upon the courtyard. The landlord gently deprecated the events of the previous evening, offering, as it might be to a fastidious guest, an apology for a headstrong young scape-

"They're not like us of the eastern and seemed inclined to prolong it. He counties, sir," says he. "They're a bit Welsh hereabout. It's a contamination, to my way of thinking. But, there, all sorts of blood go to make a nation, and that's the truth." But he volunteered a few additional

particulars about Montgomery. my missus," went on the miller. "We "Not a bad sort, sir, at heart, but he's running to seed here. He's taken a main fancy to you. That I could spy at a look. But it's a poor prospect for him, with land dwindling away to nothing, and Llanthony is a shabby house for a young gentleman as he should be."

Llanthony, it appears, was the name of Montgomery's paternal estate in the Gwent. And, in fact, it was for this Gwent that I was bound this morning. The prospect of those rolling hills attracted me with some force. I had an appetite for the wilderness of that back country, unscarred, as I learned, by the track of any railway. It was in a way virgin, at the least a property private from the world. As I struck "Aye, that's it. He was servant to across the Ray and directed my horse the castle-the girl said-and he caught toward the long red slope of the ascent I looked back upon the little town and discovered it wrapped in mountain humors.

Llanthony, according to my host, lay at the back of the first hill, some four miles from Raymond, but as the estate old gentleman keeps, so the man told was not my particular aim, and, if it had been, I had no one to guide me, I roamed indefinitely through byways over a circuit of the upper Gwent and finally drew up in the village of Llanellan about the hour of lunch. This village lay a mile or so from the more open districts of the Gwent and within the privy borders of the great forest itself. It would have been easy to throw speaking of?" I ventured to say, ad- the reins upon the horse's neck and to wander, lost in the abysms of that wilderness, for the villages were scattered "It lays in the Gwent, sir, back of at a great distance and the habitations of the settlers were at long intervals. It was somewhere about 5 in the afternoon, and as I rode down into a spaclous valley a few miles from Lianelian, that the monotony of this desultory one knows there's nothing to be got journey was broken by an event of A pretty brook rippled through the

the miller came to bay. "I don't know | wood and was crossed upon a rude suddenty lame, and I had dismounted on the further edge of the stream to examine his boof when I heard sounds as of a struggle in the close brake to my left, and upon that a shrift shout as of one crying for assistance. Leaving the bar without further ade, for he was of mild mettle, I jumped into the copse and ran toward the noises, shouting as I went to encourage the warfarer who was calling for aid.

The cries had already ceased, but crackling and brushing in the undergrowth still directed me, and, bursting through the furze and brier, I came out very suddenly upon the verge of the little brook and almost fell over the form of a man who lay doubled upon the earth. As I stumbled and shifted to regain my balance I had a glimpse of a lithe, lean bodied fellow vanishing precipitately into the copse. But obviously it was to the victim that I must first turn my mind rather than to any fugitive assailant. He was a man, as I guessed, of some sixty years or more, very bald of the head and under the middle stature. Across his white and shining forehead was a streak of ceeded. blood, which drew from me an exclamation as I helped him to his feet. "It is not mine," said he, with a com-

placent smile. "I go better prepared than my years would suggest." "No bones broken?" I inquired. He shook his head, leaning upon my

arm and breathing painfully. "A bruise or two, and no wind in m belly-no more. I was a fool to have forgotten my pistol."

The words recalled me to the though of the runaway, to whom I attributed this scurvy trick upon an old gentle-

"What was the cause?" I asked. "Some highway thief?"

"Hardly that," he remarked thought fully, and pulling forth an ancient snuffbox with deliberation, "No. could scarcely describe him as that." I made a motion to withdraw, recollecting hastily that it was my duty to ascertain some tidings of the ruffian,

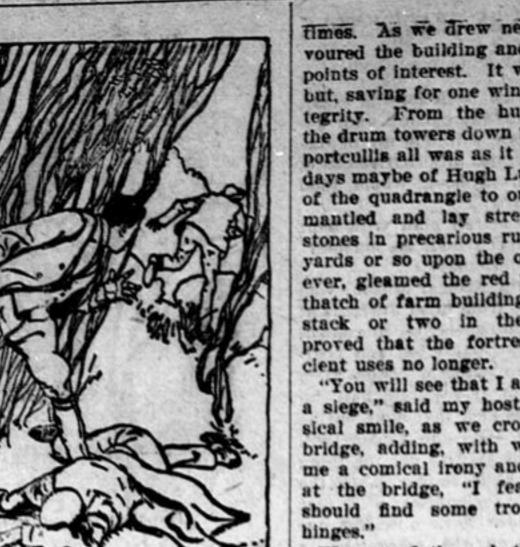
but the old gentleman, observing my

as if some retaliation was to be ex- intention, put his hand upon my shoul-

"I would not worry," said he suave ly. "It is of small consequence as i happens. Now, had you come up a mo-

ment later," he continued, regarding me with a faint smile, "I could hardly have put a limit on this business, but as it is"-"Surely," I broke in shortly, "you wil

have the brute arrested if you can recognize him again?" "Recognize him?" murmured the ele gentleman, snuffing gently and with an air of consideration from his fingers. "Yes, I dare say I should know him, but I am sure you will allow me to



I had a glimpse of a lithe, lean bodic

manage this affair my own way. have stood the racket, you know. though I heartly acknowledge you have acquired a certain claim to attention. It is very good of you," he said politely, and then, "Yes, I think should know him again-if we metwhich is of course extremely improbable," he concluded, with a twinkle in his eyes.

Now, the self possession of this old fellow, with his air of imperturbable courage, puzzled me hugely and in a manner was very disconcerting. He had taken the outrage, which had ev dently been committed upon his person, with such mildness, even with amiability. I could scarce credit my senses to see him discoursing there, with his snuff between his fingers, so pleasantly and broadly, of the event. He seemed quite unruffled, though his body still panted with the efforts of his struggle. "Is your watch safe? I suppose it

was robbery?" I said, feeling somehow rather mean and cast down by the unexpected situation.

"Thank you, quite safe," he replied, without troubling to ascertain. "Yes, quite safe. Certainly I must suppose it to have been robbery-yes, robbery,

His air was so abstracted that I took leave to doubt his sanity; but, after all, it was no business of mine if he was foolishly disposed to mercy, and one needs but little imagination to conceive of a dozen deep reasons for an assault save the plain motive of theft. He turned to me presently as I was upon the point of withdrawing.

"I am at a loss to know," said he, laboring over his words and speaking very deliberately, "what devil of folly pursues men that they will hazard all on a piece of carelessness, a wanton whim or just mere indifference or idleness. I cannot say"- He paused as we emerged upon the road. "This must be your horse, then, a good, serviceable animal, that would have warmed my heart thirty years since. I cannot say," he resumed, clutching gently at my arm, "that my adventure today was due to any other cause than that of mere carelessness." He paused again, surveying my horse with apparent interest. "In the first place, should not have been so far from home; secondly, I should not have been without my revolver; thirdly, I should have used my stick harder when I got home. a concurrence of negligences which made my fate almost a certainty but for your arrival," he added as a polite afterthought, squeezing my arm.

I confess that I was utterly at a loss what to make of him and was incline to interpret him for a mild innative but we proceeded along the roadways with the bridle of my horse over m arm. He attit clung to me, discounting quietty in a melodious voice upon hi views of life and the philosophy w should darive from it, while I historical for the most part, in stience. But a ?? waiting for a quarter of an hour th latter part of which time was sneut a semewhat laborious ascent, we can out upon the summit of a little hill of in the splendid livery of same

surmounted by what seeme. distance to be the ruins of a cust Here the old gentleman came to a h ceasing simultaneously of his chatte and looked toward the building. "I am fully conscious, Mr. -: I don: think I caught your name, Mr. "-

"Greaterex." I told him. "Thank you," said be. "I am fall conscious, Mr. Greatorex, that I at under a deep obligation to you for you great service this afternoon. Great orex! There are, if I remember arigat Greatorexes in Hampshire."

I explained that we were cadets o. that family. He bowed his acknowl edgments of my explanation and pro

"Hospitality tells me that I can do no less than offer you the opportunity of refreshment for yourself or"-his eyes dwelt abstractedly upon my horse-"for your animal. But I am reluctant to press the offer upon you, seeing that it is very probable you have ridden far"-be was observing poor Jupiter's sanks-"and are still far from your destination."

His eyes interrogated me, but with no rude curiosity, rather as if they offered a remark which I might consider a question or not, as I chose. I answered frankly.

"I am staying at the Swan, in Raymond, and to say truly"-I laughed-"I am not quite sure how far I am from the town or in what direction it

lies." "In that case," he said urbanely, but with a sense of satisfaction, as I imagined, "my reluctance vanishes. You are some seven miles from Raymond. and my house is here." Without more ado we resumed our

walk and, entering an avenue of limes, came next upon an iron gateway set in a high brick wall. It was of very anclent workmanship, but as nothing to the house itself, which came directly into full view as soon as we had passed the entrance. It lay some 300 yards back, approached through a patch of park grown with grass and interspersed with noble trees. My first impress had not been wrong. It was nothing less than the ruins of a small castle. one of those fortalices reared by the border barons against the inroads Weish barbarians in the Plantagene

times. As we drew near my gaze devoured the building and took in many points of interest. It was quite small, but, saving for one wing, in perfect integrity. From the huge masonry of the drum towers down to the most and portcullis all was as it had been in the days maybe of Hugh Lupus. The wing of the quadrangle to our left was dismantled and lay strewn with huge stones in precarious ruin. A hundred yards or so upon the other side, however, gleamed the red roof and heavy thatch of farm buildings, and a round stack or two in the neighborhood proved that the fortress kept its an-"You will see that I am able to resist

a siege," said my host, with a whimsical smile, as we crossed the drawbridge, adding, with what seemed to me a comical irony and looking down at the bridge, "I fear, though, should find some trouble with the

We passed through the arch of masonry and into the courtyard within, where the old gentleman speedily summoned a man and gave him charge of my horse. And here again I noticed that further appearances testified to the use of the castle as a farm. From a scrutiny of this pleasant aspect I was aroused by my host, who, pausing as he pushed open a huge oaken door, turned to me suddenly.

"I am extremely remiss, Mr. Greatorex," he exclaimed with a gesture of apology. "You have not yet the style of your grateful host. My name is Kesteven, and this is generally known as Ivor castle."

All this was conceived in the most formal and eccentric temper, and doubtless had it not been for the strange interest of his habit and conduct I might not have consented so meekly to be his guest, for it was now time for my homeward journey. However, I must, it appeared, sit and drink with him a glass of sherry in his library, a large and ancient room with a very fine display of oaken shelves and paneling.

A little later I excused myself, and rese for departure. For a minute or two he appeared to have fallen into abstraction, and then, glancing at me quickly, he regarded me with a steadfast, inquiring gaze.

"Mr Greatorex," said he, "you are a young man. I begin to think that we should find much in common. You will permit the question? Are you mar-

I assured him that I was not. nodded, as if this were satisfactory news. "Nor am I," he answered, "bu very probably for another reason. philosophy, but I am reminded that you have seen nothing of a house which is of some historical interest, and which I should esteem myself happy to show you. Is it necessary that you should return to your Swan this evening?"

The invitation in the query took me of half drunken farmers." aback, for, eccentric as my host unthis proffer of hospitality. Yet there was certainly no pressing reason for my return, and here, at least, I should have more congenial company than in my miscellaneous taproom. I replied something to the effect of this thought. "Good!" said he, brightening a little. "You are kind to cheer a solitary, I can even promise you a bottle of champagne if you are young enough. If you will allow me I will call my house-

but, pausing with his hand upon the rope, looked at me gravely. "I should be doing you wrong, Mr. Greatorex," he said, "if I were not to let you know that by consenting to be my guest tonight you are conferring upon me a great favor. You blace me

keeper." He rose and went to the bell,

under a particular obligation." t told him, laughing, that the obliga-"Na" said be. "I fear that my mean:

ing is not plain. Let me say this have a particular reason for wishing Four companiouship tonight." I bewed politely and offered some

conventional reply, though this deep air of mystery puzzled me. "You are a strong man, Mr. Greate-

rex." he continued, surveying me seriously. "I must tell you that I have no one sleeping in the house save my bousekeeper and a maid. The man you saw, who took your horse, sleeps in a cottage at Llanellan." He paused. was unfortunate enough to lose my valet a month ago and so far have been unable to fill his place.'

some fear of his lonely condition. Possibly he dreaded an attack by his late assailant. Suddenly, too, ran into my if the bottom of the moat be counted. memory the scene in the taproom on the previous night, the miller and his long pipe and his story. There was stonework, as I have said, had fallen that same tale that should have been exciting about a burglary. And here I were habitable here. The detritus of was in Ivor castle.

a little. Was it burglars?

one side and the meadows of the park on the other. It was a great chamber to contain but two people, but somehow the black oak of the walls and the general air of the uphoistery prohibited the thought of discomfort. These walls were not vacant, nor this space, but tenanted, if one considered duly, by a concourse of illustrious faces and high stepping ghosts. Upon this point, as i happened, I was not long left in curiosity, for Mr. Kesteven was in the mood to confide the history of the cas-

tle to me. He was a oweer creature, partaking, as it seemed to me, of the most diverse and incongruous emotions. Constantly he would set me wondering upon his statements, striving to pick some order in their apparent confusion. One moment quite a sounding pride rang in his pompous annunciation of the titles of some great noble, while the next I was driven to suppose by very clear signs that he displayed nothing but a pitiful contempt toward the whole prejudice of race and family. The man struck me as wearing a mask, and that a mask of such severity and primness as to offer very few secrets to his company. And even at his moments of most spacious frankness I was never able to determine the

depth of its genuineness. He fetched me out some wines, giving me a generous choice, but himself drinking but sparingly.

"No, thank you; I have never smoked," said he in reply to my offer of a cigar. "Will you not smoke yourself, Mr. Greatorex? And pray try that port. I understand it to be of a particular year." He insisted gently upon dropped softly into his chair.

Suddenly he rose and going to a window threw it open and leaned forth. I heard somewhere from the deep recesses of the old house a clock striking the hour of 1. Mr. Kesteven closed the casement and turned to me.

"I fear, Mr. Greatorex," he said, with a smile, "that I have fetched you here under false pretenses, but at least you



HEYER

He threw open the window and leaned

cannot expect you to take part in my have saved an old man from his own company, which is, after all, somewhat dull fellowship." "No," said I, echoing his smile. "I

have been myself preserved from the hard chairs of a very crowded taproom and the quarrelsome attentions

"Come, come," said he genially, "you doubtedly was, I had not anticipated must not give the Swan a villainous reputation." "Oh, it was not I," I answered lightly, keeping up the triviality, "but a

young gentleman of the Gwent." Mr. Kesteven ceased to smile. "May I ask his name?" he asked. "Montgomery, I believe, but I under-

stand we are sworn friends now, so that no harm is done." "Montgomery!" he repeated slowly. "Yes, I have heard the name-a very

young and thoughtless man," and he regarded me with a certain reflective-But it was not of Montgomery thought when I went to bed, but of the

window and the silence of the night, with the moonlight striking on Kesteven's head. Why had he thrown open the easement and discharged me, so to say, from my obligation as police man? For that was how I interpreted Ais Words.

CHAPTER III.

PORE breakfast I had the opportunity to make a narrower inspection of the castle as it appeared from without. morning was fine, the air of those hills delicate and stimulating, and the sunlight struck the woods and valleys with a golden glory. Smoking a cigarette, I strolled round the edifice, surveying with admiring eyes the details of the design. The entrance by the portcullis lay between two solid drum towers, very formidable to look on. The battlements, which were extremely plain and by no means perfect, the machico-I began to understand. He was in lations being worn into great chasms here and there, stood two stories away from the base of the castle, and three Upon the one side of the irregular square which the buildings made the into disrepair, and, indeed, no rooms centuries had flowed over into the "If you are thinking of that scoun- courtyard, and the stones were heaped dre!!"- I began. "Surely the police"- in a solid accumulation and overgrown He interrupted me with a smile. with masses of huge Irish ivy. The "The police, Mr. Greatorex, are seven southern face of the castle was, so to miles from Ivor castle. But pray do speak, but a hill of rock. It was at the not misunderstand me. I shall be in- junction of the southern and western finitely obliged by your company. It's walls that the keep stood, itself raised long since I had an intelligent conver- some twenty feet above the level of the sation. But I would not detain you if battlements and the termination of the you had any scruples about staying." habitable portion of the fortress. To I laughed. "Not I!" said I. "I will most, which was some ten feet deep, stay and gladly." And in truth I meant was grown upon with grass, and its it, for the adventure interested me not sides were covered with blackberry and furze and divers wild creepers. It was in the dining room that we Completing my circuit of the castle, I spent the evening. This was a long, struck upon a stream which ran in a low roofed chamber occupying the full body through the park and, reachground floor and opening with win- ing the verge of the woodland, leaped dows upon the cobble courtyard on the suddenly into a torrent and scattered into a waterfall down the steep face of the hill. While I was wandering upon the margin, watching the tide and swirl of the tiny eddies with lazy satisfaction. I encountered my host, who greeted me courteously.

"You are admiring my little brook," he said. "Yes, it is pretty, but prettier in the copses below, where I think you must have observed it yesterday. Here it runs very gravely; below it is a noisy vagabond. You see it has uses here." "You draw your water here?" I ask-

ON THE C.P.R.

. Mumford tells how Psychine cured him after the Doctors gave him up

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption." The speaker was Mr. A. E. Mumford, six teet tall, and looking just what he is a husky healthy farmer. He works his own farm near Magnetawan, Ont.

"I caught my cold working as a fireman on the C.P.R." he continued. "I had night sweats, chills and fever and frequently coughed up pieces of my lungs. I was sinking fast and the doctors said there was no hope for me. Two months treatment of Psychine put me right on my feet and I have had no return of lung trouble

If Mr. Mumford had started to take Psychine when he first caught cold he would have saved himself a lot of anxiety helping me from the decanter and then | and suffering. Psychine cures all lung troubles by killing the germs-the roots of the disease.

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

ed, fascinated with the primitive idea. "Not unusually," he replied, "but there is a well within the castle, doubtless from the same springs. Yet the brook rendered a more important service in my predecessors' times." I looked at him inquiringly. He

smiled. "Let me see," he resumed, "if I can

give you ocular proof. It should be here." He stopped and, dipping his stick into the water, poked among the pebbles of the stream. "Ah, here it is! I think I have it!" He looked toward the castle, above the battlements of which now flamed the morning sun, They rose some fifty yards away. "There is a connection with the most by means of a conduit," explained Mr. Kesteven.

I uttered an exclamation of delight and vowed that I must explore farther. Assenting graciously, he led the way toward the house and, letting himself gently down the sloping bank, walked, peering about him, along the bottom of the moat. "You will find it overgrown, no doubt," he said. "But your eyes are better than mine. It is ten years since I looked for it."

I searched amid the trailing creepers and presently discovered the mouth of the conduit. It was of thick stone and mortar and from its appearance must have been of very ancient construction. But the opening was choked with earth and grass and probably had been so for centuries. I said as much to Mr.

Kesteven. "No." he returned, "I think not. I believe my predecessor in the tenancy of the castle had it opened some fifty years ago, and flooded the most for his own amusement. I understand that the experiment was quite successful and entertained a party of guests, one of whom," he added dryly, "fell into the water and was only rescued with some difficulty. But you shall make better acquaintance with our neighborhood after breakfast. I assure you. Mr. Greatorex, it is worth your study, and this castle of mine is by no means

I was quite at his disposal for a stroll later in the morning and upon that occusion got his first knowledge of the topography of the Gwent, a knowledge which as you shall bear t was stad enough to profit by at a liftle later period. And here I may set for it in a few words the character of that country which was destined to be so strangely connected with my fortunes. The castle stood upon a little eminence toward the higher parts of the hills and looked down toward the east upon a long, broad valley as upon its special domain. This valley, which was some three miles long and little more than a mile across, was inclosed by undulating hills and enveloped in a dense growth of forest. Two roads ran from the castle toward the east downward. one upon either side of the ravine. One of them - not that by which I had mounted on the previous afternoonwe took upon this walk together.

We had gone about a mile or rather less upon this road when we came upon the first signs of life. The country was but sparsely peopled, but here, at any rate, was some remote and faithful settler. The inn-for such it wasbore the name of the Woodman and was, as I conceived, of the sixteenth century at least. It was small, but the outbuildings attaching to it rambled away into the forest behind. The sign swung, creaking, on a green patch of grass before the door. As we doew near, a man lounging in front of the inn suddenly drew his pipe from his mouth and touched his hat.

"Good morning, Hood," said my companion quietly, pausing and leaning on his stick. "These are very pleasant days for us all."

"They are, sir," responded the man.

He was of middle height, with a great appearance of activity in his sinewy body, and his thin dark face bere a habitual expression of polite deference. It was as if his air apologized for not already interpreting your unuttered wishes. I understood the reason the next moment

in a friendly way toward the man. "You have heard me speak of Hood," said he, with a faint smile. "He was the valet I mentioned, whom I lost a month back. A month, isn't it, Hood?" "Yes, sir; just a month-four weeks and three days, that is," replied the

Mr. Kesteven, turning to me, nodded

man respectfully. (Continued next week.)

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