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## The Castle Comedy

By TEOMPSON BUCHANAN

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GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSI-SITY, CORONER FOR COUN-TY OF VICTORIA. Continued from page two. Office -Ridout-st., corner Kent and denly, then stopped as quickly and gripped the back of the bench to hold a craven.

himself behind the tree. "Sir John Wilmerding," the girl cried, 'my father shall"- But the man had swept too far past the point of reason to heed her warning.

"Yes, he shall know it, though 'twill break his proud heart. You'll beg in vain for an honest name then. Henry will be proud-all will be proud of you-a Percy, with a lowborn lover." May Percy suddenly became white like death, then burning rage and shame made her face like fire. Her eyes opened wide, her nostrils dilated.

She trembled and could not speak. The blood was all gone from under Dubarre's nails, and he held to the bench to keep himself from starting 7-52 forward. Now the girl came close to tone rang clamorous joy. With a pan-

"Do you presume, sir?" she almost whispered, so low and flerce the tone. "I don't presume," he cried, "I know, for I saw you in his room last nightthe room of that lowborn French jig

From the jig stepper, standing just out of sight beside the bench, came a low gasp of agony. He let go his hold, then quickly slipped out of his coat, dropping the garment upon the bench and laying his hat upon it. Next he leges, eye-glasses, spectacles etc., rolled up the right sleeve of his shirt above the elbow and stood upright Hours -9 to 5. Saturday everings, again beside the tree, waiting-tensely

May Percy was sneering now. "A brave lover, truly, to doubt the honor of his affianced wife!" Then her anger blazed out once more beyond all pp GPOSS, Dentist, Lindsay, Mem- bounds. "Now, I'll never marry youno, never! Never."

The tense listener behind the tree gave a great, heaving sigh of joy. That last made it all worth while to him. "You say well," sneered Sir John in turn. "Doubtless you thought it a

great joke to hide in his clock. I hope you confined your explorations of his apartment to the interior of the "Coward!" the girl cried, very white. An avenging shadow flashed from

the shrouding tree, like lightning. methods adopted and prices moder- Straight as a bolt it went. In three 12. Office over Post New Building. leaps Dubarre had reached his victim. May Percy gave a startled little scream. Wilmerding glanced that way. OR F. A. WALTERS, dentist, Lind- He turned in time to meet the French-Honor graduate of Toronto man's blazing eyes-in time to catch the slashing, open handed blow that sent the blood tingling to his cheeks. "Quick! Liar! Traducer of women, fight quickly, that I may kill be-

The words, rushing from Dubarre's lips, came tumbling, almost telescoping one another.

Sir John sprang back, red, angry and laid his hand on his sword. With accustomed gesture the Frenchman reached for his own, only to find himself unarmed. Then he cried again: "Quick! Quick! Give me a sword,

Wilmerding dropped his hand from the hilt with a sneering laugh. you think I'd fight you, you renegade, you lowborn French mountebank?" Dubarre was calmer now. "From

knowing how I shall dance the merrier at your burial, monsieur," he re-

"A sword, forsooth!" sneered John. "I'll give you a rope, and horse boys shall lay it on your back." The Frenchman sprang toward him. "Would you have me strangle you like a dog that is choked?"

The Englishman whipped out his weapon, "A step nearer and I'll you as one." Then, returning his sword to his scabbard, he changed his "I forgot I was dealing with servant. Here!" He drew some silver from his pocket and threw it toward Dubarre. "Take this, my man, and forget your spleen."

"For shame! For shame!" burst impassioned from May Percy's lips. you are a man, Sir John-an Englishman-give him a sword and fight." For the first time Dubarre took ap-

parent notice of her. "Thank you, mademoiselle," he said. Then as the three stood there Captain Thorncliffe and Mistress Courtleigh appeared coming along the path from the garden, and they were but the vanguard for the others. The captain's man-the courtly, daring, utterly reckwar trained senses quickly caught the tess "French Percy," who stood easy signs of strife. He reached the bench and graceful, poleed for the attack. just in time to hear Sir John exclaim, Still smiling, he watched Sir John's as he drew himself up, "I fight my preparation, and he did not look at

"What's this? What's this?" cried Thorneliffe, "Not a duel?" Dubarre turned to him. "Will you. captain, lend me your sword?" "To stick at my best friend? Not

much, Sir Frenchman." But still Dubarre pleaded. "I'll not disgrace it, captain."

May Percy and Ethel Courtleigh bad drawn together and stood silent, fearful, toward the rear, holding each other's hands. The men seemed to have forgotten their presence entirely. Sir John was bent on further humiliating his lowborn antagonist.

"French canaille touch the point of Captain Thorncliffe's sword only," he Unheeding, the Frenchman continued

to beg. "You, monsieur, are a soldier -a real soldier; I, too, have fought in the lowest current rates. The busi- the ranks. By the camaraderie of batthe principal of nervous the principal and interest repaid to will beg you lend me your sword for ed him, the impersonation of just one little lustant that I may force. They saluted. avenge a black insult."

Thorncliffe guessed the quarrel and the cause, but loyalty to his friend left

"Tis useless, Dubarre," he said. "You cannot fight him." The dancing master turned back with stinging invective on his enemy. "What rather to anticipate than meet Wilmeraccident of birth permits you to refuse ding's thrusts. He had no time to me, coward? The line of ancestors you thrust himself. And still Sir John hide behind would be the first to scorn you. Are you afraid to die? Come, throw away your sword and fight without it. I'll promise not to kill you."

Stung at last to anger, Wilmerding

"Possibly monsieur is afraid of the disgrace of being beaten by a dancing master. If so, I'll fight you secretly." "You'll fight the stocks in public," roared Sir John. "Coward!" muttered May Percy.

And then in a straggling rush the others came along the garden path. "Too base to retract a lie-too cowardly to fight! Mon Dieu-an English gentleman!" exclaimed Dubarre in absolute disgust as he turned to meet At the words Dubarre started sud- the rest. "Come-come all!" he cried. "Yes, come to see a Frenchman punish too.

"What's this?" exclaimed Sir Henry Percy. Sir John answered him. "Your French pet's crazy. I hinted that he could not dance divinely."

The English chorus came in strong at that. "Don't mind him, Sir John!" "Give him to the grooms!" "Let him cool his blood in the duck pond!" "Match your man 'gainst him single sticks. 'Twould be great sport!" The balked one was in despair. "If I were a gentleman!" he muttered. Wilmerding heard.

my peers." A look of supreme resolve sprang in Dubarre's eyes. "Monsieur fights his peers!"

ther-like spring the Frenchman was beside Captain Thorncliffe. An instant, and he had wrenched out the captain's



sword and was back before Sir John. The rest looked on, amazed. The man had moved almost too quick for wits to know, let alone hands to stop him. fore the sun stops to shine for shame Now he saluted his enemy. It was the sword salute of a French officer. "An English gentleman must fight

when his peer demands it!" cried the dancing master. In laughing delight he continued:

"Monsieur has asked the hand of a Percy in marriage. The Percys are anybody's peers. Only last night myself and these gentlemen here heard monsieur wish that he might have 'French Percy' at his sword point. Monsieur shall have that wish." He paused a brief instant and drew himself up proudly. "I am Percy Latapie, vicomte de St. Croix. I am 'French Percy." Again he stopped and saluted. "Now will monsieur fight?"

An instant amazement held the circle dumb, but in that brief space Sir John's sword was out. Now he rushed wildly, strong in the might of his double cause for hate. Deftly the Frenchman parried and sprang back. "Hold, mousieur-hold!" he cried.

you got enough so soon?" Dubarre laughed in his face.

"I wish to kill honorably, not murder, monsieur," he said, "If Sir John but remove his coat and scabbard. old dancing master grace he bowed-"then we can resume, and I promise monsieur not to be the one to cry 'Hold!' again.

Sir John looked his astonishment. "You are a gentleman," he blurted at last and turned to remove his coat.

Smiling, the other awaited him. A great change had come over this Frenchman. The clash of steel had quite transformed him. It was not the humble dancing master, with his profound grace, nor yet the eager, impetuous fire eater Dubarre, but a new May Percy at all.

On Sir Henry Percy's quick command the other girls had hurried for the house, but Mistress Percy merely shook her head, and after one look the father dared not order her to go. Silent and white she stood, watching the smiling man who had so proudly. so gladly, spoken his own death warrant for her honor. She knew 'twere best for him to die on Sir John Wilmerding's sword, for if he lived and Sir John fell naught but a spy's death

There had never been a thought of stopping the duel. The Englishman's buildeg hate and courage would not have permitted that. Only the watching men hoped and prayed that their countryman might win.

And now Sir John was ready. Strong. bulky, his face blood red from hate, he advanced, gripping his sword. Slender "Begin," said Captain Thorncliffe.

With a rush Wilmerding came forward. The Frenchman gave, Back and still farther back he was pressed, but like a swallow, darting in and out, this way and that, he kept the heavy Englishmen at bay. His sword seemed leaping, dodging here, there, everywhere and all the while laughlug with the eager abandon of a boy.

sprang at him, then paused. Dubarre John's objective point. Slowly, carefully, he forced Dubarre toward it. Hemmed in against that bench his legs could not save him. Sir John must win. The Frenchman seemed to fall into the tran. Now he was scant three feet from the bench. Anxions, breathless, the crowd bent forward, waiting for English victory. Alone an allen was about to die.

"The bench, Gaston! The bench!" The warning cry burst from May Percy's lips without her knewing. Wilmerding heard it and, baffled, thrust the harder. Dubarre heard it Ten minutes later a slight, soot be-

"Thanks, mademoisetle," he cried gayly, and between two quick parries leaped backward upon the bench. "The jumping jack tricks help, monsieur." he laughed.

Wilmerding was too terribly in earnest to talk. With tigerish savagery he still pressed in. His sword, bate aimed, was as a white streak of mirror flashed sunlight playing too fast for eye to follow about his victim. His anger had grown to murder lust now. And all the while, poised lightly on his unstable foothold, the Frenchman jok-"Then I'd kill you like one. I fight ed and played with death. A dozen times he seemed touched. Half a score more, his fate on a hostile sword point was scarce an inch away, but after each good thrust he never failed to cry, "Well done, M. Anglais!" then laugh at his opponent.

> Half a dozen Englishmen prayed that each thrust might end it. Only a girl, white, fascinated, was watching one face smiling amid a flashing halo of sword blades and murmuring over and over to herself: "God help him! God help him!" With a last rush Sir John came on.

Dubarre sprang lightly over the back of the bench to the ground, and then they were fighting across a barrier. "Monsieur is so impetuous," protested the laughing Frenchman,

For reply the other rushed after him around the bench. And now the Frenchman was quartering back to the crowd again. He twisted and turned so as to face them, and then, for the first time, over Wilmerding's shoulder Dubarre saw May Percy's face. That glance changed everything.

"Pardon, pardon! I did not think! he cried, as though to no one, but one did understand. Then "French Percy" -not Dubarre-took up the fight. The blades slipped past until the hilts kissed, and Sir John gave back. And now, straight through the midst of his friends, "French Percy" drove the Englishman. The avenger's sword was as lightning, fearful and appalling, that would not be denied. He had ceased to laugh, Helpless, Sir John gave, wincing, from a million points that threatened him. Back, back they went. "French Percy" feinted low, then high and low and high again. The lightning flash drove in. A white blade licked red through the big Englishman's neck, and Sir John fell.

In the pause that followed naught could be heard but the low sobbing of His sword red, "French Percy" faced

them all. Then, with a bitter sneer, he threw down his weapon. "Now, take me to your hangman."

CHAPTER XI.

OR three hours Wellington's spy and his assistant had remained shut up in a room of the White Falcon inn. Jacques Fourney still paced angrily across from wall to wall, while, Jean, the weaker of the two, utterly dejected, had thrown himself down on the floor in one corner. From there he now cursed bitterly at the crop eared fool of an innkesper and then bemoaned his own fate. Fourney stopped in his hurrled walk

to berate his cursing comrade. "For the love of heaven, Jean, be quiet, and let us make some plan

"Get out?" ejaculated Jean. in God's world can we get out of this hole he's tricked us into? If you had

Wilmerding checked, snarling, "Have not left your pass in that coat the Frenchman's fool wore off, we had not been stopped."

"We brought the signet ring, clear proof of 'French Percy's' presence. A good exchange, I think it," protested

"But 'French Percy' will have found that pass, taken the alarm and gone while we are waiting for the idiot downstairs to send for soldiers to take us," Jean argued.

"The more reason we must work our way out by morning. I'll fix it." And Fourney began again to walk.

The White Falcon inn was but a scant five miles from the castle. When they slipped from Dubarre's room that night, the spies had made straight for the inn. It was after 10 o'clock when they got there and doors were closed tight. With difficulty they aroused the place, and the sleepy landlord stood aghast at two strange wayfarers who wanted horses at that time of night. They were dirty and torn and scratched from walking through the muddy fields. Ill looking customers any one would have called them. Then mine host caught sight of pistols ill concealed, and that decided him.

"Highwaymen who have lost their mounts," he thought. No, they could not have horses. He kept none for hire there, he said. Fourney begged, pleaded, insisted, all in vain. It was the king's business they were on, he urged. The loyal innkeeper pursed up his lips and asked for proofs, Fourney could show nothing. His only credentials were in the coat left at the

Mine host became in turn obstinate. sulky, suspicious. At last, angry, the chief spy drew a pistol, promising great rewards, but threatening dire vengeance if the horses were not forthcoming. Then mine bost seemed to yield and straightway invited them into the house to drink a bottle of wine. while the grumbling hostler stumbled sleeplly out to prepare horses for the "noble gentlemen." Mine host lured the unsuspecting travelers into an upstairs room while he went for the wine. He was gone so long that Fourney started after him, only to find the oak door barred on the outside. Thus were the spies trapped. In the morning mine host, as he informed them through the door, would send for the soldiers "to seize and hang the highwaymen."

The soldiers were fifteen miles away. They would not reach the inn perhaps for thirty hours. By that time "French Percy" might have escaped. It be-

Fourney stopped suddenly in his hurried walk about the room. "Jean I have it!" be exclaimed a

darted to the fireplace. The prison evidently had been once chamber for important guests. Though now dismantled of fine furniture, its size and the big open fireplace showed the quality.

"Can you make it?" asked Jean. Fourney, the small one, shook his bead. "I'll try." And without more

grimed figure crept cautiously along the ridge pole of the White Falcon. The roof sloped down to a low kitchen,



A slight figure crept cautiously along the ridge pole of the White Falcon.

Carefully Fourney slipped over the roof down that way. 'His stockinged feet made no noise on the old shingles. Soon he had reached the lowest spot. It was a short eight foot drop to the soft grass below. The kitchen window stood invitingly open. Through it the spy crawled quickly. Then, with all the daring and skill of his calling, he snaked through the inn toward the upstairs room where his assistant was still confined.

Secure in his belief that the highwaymen could not break through barred windows and oaken doors, mine host had gone to sleep. The country lout he left to watch the prisoners' door snored loud enough to drown the slight noise made by Fourney raising the bar from place. Now the comrades were reunited. They lifted the stable key from the sleeping hostler and started downstairs. Then some grim humor made Fourney pause.

"Inside," he whispered. Returning, the spies picked up the sleeping man carefully and bore him within the room. He only moaned a bit in his slumber. When the door was safely barred again they crept down through the house and out of the kitchen window. Not a soul had been disturbed. A number of horses stood within the stable. They picked the two best and led them out just as the moon was

"We'll reach the garrison about daybreak," said Fourney as they started. On through the black night the pair rode, hard as horses could drive, for this was the king's business. Five, seven, ten, twelve miles of country road were passed over. The horses had begun to flag now, but under the magic of the whip trees and fields went by almost as fast as at first. Then the brown road unwound before them for

a straight last dash. Madly they urged on the race. The day was almost In that gray, dead hour of the early dawn a yawning sentry shifted his musket and wondered "where was hidden in the clock. that relief." Then horses' hoofs in wild rac pounded along the country road. Alert, the sentry sprang to the charge.

"Halt!" The sudden challenge rang out clear. "'French Percy's' ours!" spoke Fourney to Jean.

"Halt, there!" sounded the second "All right. We surrender!" answered Fourney.

rent off accidentally. CHAPTER XII. NTER!" cried Dubarre, as there came a knock at his prison

As he rode forward his tired horse

stumbled and the pistol in his bolster

There was the sound without of a heavy bar being raised, the big doors swung open, and Sir Heary Percy stalked in. The Vicomte de St. Croix arose and bowed deeply. "Ab, The prison was the old waiting

chamber at the castle. They called it

the waiting chamber because of an ancient story that in the Roundbead days the Percy then at the head of the family retired to this room, swearing never to smile again or to move forth until the king over the water should come to his own. And that old Percy held to his oath and lived in that room, keeping always a weather eye open for the Roundhead invasion. And there one morning they found him dead. And so they called it the waiting chamber. At any rate, the room, with its barred, single stained glass window, its dark furnishing and somber hangings, well fitted the legend. It was in this waiting chamber that a later generation of Percys had confined this second conqueror, who had come to his own from "over the water." Sir Henry Percy stood in the middle

of the floor, embarrassed. "I've come to see you," he said at last. His cousin smiled. "To lead me forth to the hangman? Truly, I'm

honored." More embarrassed than ever, the blunt old squire held out his hand. "No, to thank you for your noble, though misguided, defense of my daughter May. They've told me of it." It was the Frenchman's turn to be

cousin's hand. "Why, sir, he put a breath of insult upon an angel."

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"Tut, tut, my boy!" answered Sir Henry hastily. "'Twas but a lovers' quarrel, and since no great harm came of it I can the more rejoice, for it showed you can't hurt the old stock. You can't ruin a Percy, even if you make him a Frenchman. That's why I am glad." And he slapped the dancing master on the shoulder right heartily.

St. Croix was not so enthusiastic. 'Harm enough for me," he said. "Sir John dead, I am to be hanged."

The squire only laughed delightedly. "No, no!" he cried. "Your sword passed through the fleshy part of his neck. The hilt struck him in the face and knocked him senseless. Zounds, man, you did thrust hard! But now John is not much the worse and able to be about with his neck bound up and a splitting head. And as for me"-he paused to poke Dubarre in the ribs slyly-"I've come to get you out of

To hold a chance for life before a man condemned to certain death is dangerous. Even the hardened "French Percy" gave a great gasp of joy. "Me, free! Ah, monsieur-cousin-

I do not understand?" he cried. Sir Henry was himself affected. "It means," he blurted huskily, "I could not let so plucky a Percy hang. Even if he is part Frenchman by birth, he must be a Percy true to run such risks to see his family home. And Captain Thorncliffe set the other story straight." Then the old squire went on to tell how Captain Thorncliffe had explained

ing caught, and only to save him had (Continued next. week.)

that May's woman wit saw through

the disguise of her cousin; that she

came to warn him and was near to be-

Tough Fare. In a New Zealand town one of the municipal candidates, a pronounced Scotsman, had received a present of a huge Scotch thistie, which at the me ment happened to be lying on the table of his committee room. A friend, entering, withdrew suddenly, with the remark: "I beg your perdon. I didn't know you were at luncheon."

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