

You speak the fancies from your hair... You do not count the power of time...

Some day I shall not feel, as now... I shall not think of my light crown...

I know how long your loving hands... I will linger in these glossy braids...

—Lorraine Perry.

HOLMBY HOUSE.

As he fed and watered them, and littered them carefully down, and patted the good animals...

But Hugh being still unmarried, which sits so well upon the elegant young man...

Faith, too, although a Puritan, had no objection to make the most of those personal charms...

Honest Dymocke, with a mysterious grin, whispers Faith; and the waiting-maid, who is convinced she has won a convert...

"The sooner the better, Master Dymocke," observed this seductive dame, "in allusion to the departure of her solemn admirer...

"By your leave, good Mistress Faith," answered Dymocke, "this is a subject I should not care to enter upon...

"Journey, good luck!" exclaimed the waiting-maid, clasping her hands in well-learned adoration; and where she was about to take me, Master Dymocke...

"Welcome, young one," said George, in his deep tones; "welcome to the city in the plain. It is a good town, and you will see to-night."

"And well pleased my lady will be!" burst out Faith, clapping her hands. "And a sweet pretty couple they make as does one's heart good to see."

"Like will to like, as you observe, and it is vanity," replied Dymocke, without moving a muscle of his countenance...

CHAPTER XII. MERTON COLLEGE. Old Oxford never looked more picturesque

and beautiful than late on an autumnal evening of the year of grace 1643...

he had adopted in the great struggle of the day. He was a true cavalier and a characteristic type of the party to which he belonged.

So Mary Cave being a Cavalier, of course Humphrey Bosville was a Cavalier too (here are reasons for political as well as for other sentiments).

It was indeed a gay and gorgeous assemblage, and could not fail to strike every one so preoccupied as Bosville with interest and admiration.

Harry Jermyn stood by, apparently not too well pleased. Handsome Harry Jermyn, who never had been distinguished by that epithet had not been a Queen's minion.

Bosville returned his greeting warmly, and questioned him eagerly as to the numbers of the Cavaliers. Elizabeth's advisers showed the desponding view which he had entertained of the success of his party.

"My master's youth and inexperience in the ways of womanhood would make him a bad guide without myself to counsel and assist him," was the reply; "but take comfort, Mistress Faith, for your lady's sake, at least."

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But Humphrey was torn by none of these doubts and misgivings as to the side which

mind, she saw in her victim a glorious instrument in the Cause—the Cause for which Falkland had died, the Cause for which she had vowed her life, her energies, her all!

"We cannot fail," she said, "with such men as these on our side. See, Captain Bosville, look around you, the nobles of England are gathered here to-night, and there is not one of them that will not risk his all, ay, and lose it, too, contentedly, for the King. You men are strangely prejudiced, but added, looking up at him with a smile, she added, "and under all circumstances, I am very devotedly attached to the King."

"And does not perseverance deserve to be rewarded?" asked he, with a somewhat faltering voice. "If man will devote himself to duty, he will be rewarded."

"I said not that, Captain Bosville," she replied, but her countenance never changed color, and her eyes never drooped, as they would once have done at words like these.

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was no mist centre around which grouped themselves the proudest, the bravest, the noblest, the most enthusiastic aristocracy that ever failed to save a sovereign.

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to men of the sword. Sir Ralph Hopton, maimed and disabled, scorched and scarred by the explosion of a powder-barrel at the Battle of Lansdowne, and only just capable of hobbling on crutches to pay his respects to the King, stood close to the Prince's elbow and the drum of battle vanished, and the reality of war became more tangible as the two stanch, keen soldiers plunged into a deep and interesting discussion on the one absorbing interest of their lives.

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