

SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Sweetest to the sweet."—Hamlet.
"I am going to London in the morning. Can I do anything for anybody?" asks Sir Guy at exactly twenty minutes past ten on Wednesday night. "Madre, what of you?"
"Nothing, dear, thank you," says the Madre lazily enough, her eyes comfortably closed. "But to-morrow, my dear boy! why to-morrow? You know we expect Archibald."
"I shall be home long before he arrives, if I don't meet him and bring him with me."
"Some people make a point of being from home when their guests are expected," says Miss Lilian, pointedly, raising demure eyes to his.
"Some other people make a point of being ungenerous," retorts he. "Florence, can I bring you anything?"
"I want some wools matched: I cannot finish the parrot's tail in my crewel-work until I get them, and you will be some hours earlier than the post."
"What! you expect me to enter a fancy shop—is that what you call it?—and sort wools, while the young woman behind the counter makes love to me? I should die of shame."
"Nonsense! you need only hand in the envelope I will prepare for you, and wait until you receive an answer to it."
"Very good. I dare say I shall survive so much. And you, my ward? How can I serve you?"
"In a thousand ways, but modesty forbids my mentioning them. *An reste*, I want bonbons, a new book or two, and—the portrait of the handsomest young man in London."
"I thoroughly understand, and am immensely flattered. I shall have myself taken the moment I get there. Would you prefer me sitting or standing, with my hat on or off? A small size or a cabinet?"
Miss Chesney makes a little grimace eminently becoming, but disdains direct reply. "I said a young man," she remarks, severely.
"I heard you. Am not I in the flower of my youth and beauty?"
"Lilian evidently does not think so," says Florence, with a would-be air of intense surprise.
"Why should I, when it suits me to think differently?" returns Lilian, calmly. Florence rather amuses her than otherwise.
"Sir Guy and I are quite good friends at present. He has been civil to me for two whole days together, and has not once told me that I have a horrid temper, or held me up to scorn in any way. Such conduct deserves reward. Therefore I liken him to an elderly gentleman, because I adore old men. You see, Guardy?" with an indescribably fascinating air, that has a suspicion of sauciness only calculated to heighten its charm.
"I should think he is old in reality to you," says Florence: "you are such a child."
"I am," says Lilian, agreeably, though secretly annoyed at the other's slighting tone. "I like it. There is nothing so good as youth. I should like to be eighteen always. But for my babyish ways and utter hopelessness, I feel positive Sir Guy would have beaten me long ago. But who could chastise an infant?"
"In long robes," puts in Cyril, who is deep in the intricacies of chess with Mr. Musgrave.
"Besides, I am 'Esther Summerston,' and he is 'Mr. Jarndyce,' and Esther's 'Guardy' very rightly was in perfect subjection to his ward."
"Esther's guardian, if I remember correctly, fell in love with her; and she let him see"—dramatically but spitefully—"that she preferred another."
"Ah, Sir Guy, think of that. See what lies before you," says Lilian, coloring warmly, but braving it out to the end.
"I am sure you are going to ask me what I should like, Guy," breaks in Cyril, languidly, who is not so engrossed by his game but that he can heed Lilian's embarrassment.
"Those cigars of yours are excellent. I shall feel obliged by your bringing me (as a free gift, mind) half a dozen boxes. If you do, it will be a saving, as for the future I shall leave yours in peace."
"Thank you: I shall make a note of it," says Guy, laughing.
"Do you go early, Sir Guy?" asks Lilian, presently. She is leaning back in a huge lounging-chair of blue satin that almost conceals from view her tiny figure. In her hands is an ebony fan, and as she asks the question she closes and uncloses it indolently.
"Very early. I must start at seven to catch the train, if I wish to get my business done and be back by five."
"What an unearthly hour for a poor old gentleman like you to rise! You won't recover it in a hurry. You will breakfast before you go?"
"Yes."
"What a lunch you will eat when you get to town! But don't overdo it, Guardy. You will be starving, no, but; but remember the horrors of gout, do And who will give you your breakfast at seven?"
She raises her large soft eyes to his, and, unfurling her fan, lays it thoughtfully against her pretty lips. Sir Guy is about to make an eager reply, when Miss Beauchamp interposes.
"I always give Guy his breakfast when he goes to London," she says, calmly yet hastily.
"Check!" says Cyril, at this instant, with his eyes on the board. "My dear Musgrave, what a false move!—a fatal delay. Don't you know bold play generally wins?"
"Sometimes it loses," retorts Taffy, innocently; which reply, to his surprise, appears to cause Mr. Chetwoode infinite amusement.
"Whenever you do go," says Lilian to Sir Guy, "don't forget my sweetmeats: I shall be dreaming of them until I see you again. Have you a pocket-book? Yes? Well, put down in it what I most particularly love. I like chocolate creams and burnt almonds better than anything in the world."
Cyril, with dreamy sentiment, "How I wish I was a burnt almond!"
Miss Chesney, viciously, "If you were, what a bite I would give you!"
Taffy, to Sir Guy, "Lilian's tastes and mine are one. If you are really going to bring lollipops, please make the supply large. When I think of burnt almonds I feel no end hungry."
Lilian, vigorously, "You shan't have any of mine, Taffy. Don't imagine it! Yes,

terday you ate every one Cyril brought me from Fenston. I crossed the room for one instant, and when I came back the box was literally cleared. Wasn't it a shame? I shan't go into partnership with you over Sir Guy's confections."
Taffy, sotto voce, "Greedy little thing!" Then suddenly, addressing Sir Guy, "I think I saw your old colonel—Trant—about the neighborhood to-day."
Cyril draws himself up with a start and looks hard at the lad, who is utterly unconscious of the private bombshell he had discharged.
"Trant!" says Guy surprised; "impossible. Unless, indeed," with a light laugh, "he came to look after his *protegee*, the widow."
"Mrs. Arlington? I saw her yesterday," says Taffy, with animation. "She was in her garden, and she is lovely. I never saw anything so perfect as her smile."
"I hope you are not *epous* with her. We warn everybody against our tenant," Guy says, smiling, though there is evident meaning in his tone. "We took her to oblige Trant,—who begged we would not be inquisitive about her; and literally we are in ignorance of who she is, or where she came from. Widows, like cousins, are dangerous," with a slight glance at his brother, who is leaning back in his chair, a knight between his fingers, taking an exhaustive though nonchalant survey of the painted ceiling, where all the little loves and graces are playing at a very pronounced game of hide-and-seek among the roses.
"I hope," says Florence, slowly, looking up from the *rara avis* whose tail she is elaborately embroidering,—the original of which was never yet (most assuredly) seen by land or sea,—"I hope Cononel Trant, in this instance, has not played you false. I cannot say I admire Mrs. Arlington's appearance. Though no doubt she is pretty,—in a certain style," concludes Miss Beauchamp, who is an adept at uttering the faint praise that damns.
"Trant is a gentleman," returns Guy, somewhat coldly. Yet as he says it a doubt enters his mind.
"He has the name of being rather fast in town," says young Musgrave, vaguely; "there is some story about his being madly in love with some mysterious woman whom nobody knows. I don't remember exactly how it is,—but they say she is hidden away somewhere."
"How delightfully definite Taffy always is!" Lilian says, admiringly; "it is so easy to grasp his meaning. Got any more stories, Taffy? I quite begin to fancy this Cononel Trant. Is he as captivating as he is wicked?"
"Not quite. I am almost sure I saw him to-day in the lane that runs down between the wood and Brown's farm. But I may be mistaken, I was certainly one or two fields off, yet I have a sure eye, and I have seen him often in London."
"Perhaps Mrs. Arlington is the mysterious lady of his affections," says Guy, laughing, and, the moment the words have passed his lips, regrets their utterance. Cyril's eyes descend rapidly from the ceiling and meet his. On the instant a suspicion unnamed and unacknowledged fills both their hearts.
"Do you really think Trant came down to see your tenant?" asks Cyril, almost defiantly.
"Certainly not," returning the other's somewhat fiery glance calmly. "I do not believe he would be in the neighborhood without coming to see my mother."
At the last word, so dear to her, Lady Chetwoode wakes gently, opens her still beautiful eyes, and smiles benignly on all around, as though defying them to say she has slumbered for half a second.
"Yes, my dear Guy, I quite agree with you," she says, affably, a *propos* of nothing unless it be a dream, and then, being fully roused, suggests going to bed. Whereupon Florence says, with gentle thoughtfulness, "Indeed yes. If Guy is to be up early in the morning he ought to go to bed now," and, rising as her aunt rises, makes a general move.
When the women have disappeared and resigned themselves to the tender mercies of their maids, and the men have sought that best beloved of all apartments, the Tabagie, a sudden resolution to say something that lies heavy on his mind takes possession of Guy. Of all things on earth he hates most a "scene," but some power within him compels him to speak just now. The intense love he bears his only brother, his fear lest harm should befall him urges him on, sorely against his will, to give some faint intimation to all that is puzzling and distressing him.
Taffy, seduced by the sweetness of the night, has stepped out into the garden, where he is enjoying his weed alone. Within, the lamp is almost quenched by the great rays of the moon that rush through the open window. Without, the whole world is steeped in one white, glorious splendor.
The stars on high are twinkling, burning, like distant lamps. Anon one darts madly across the dark-blue amphitheatre overhead, and is lost in space, while the others laugh on, unheeding its swift destruction. The flowers are sleeping, emitting in their dreams faint, delicate perfumed sighs; the cattle have ceased to low in the far fields; there is no sound through all the busy land save the sweet sighing of the wind and the light tread of Musgrave's footsteps up and down outside.
"Cyril," says Guy, removing the meerschaum from between his lips, and regarding its elaborate silver bands with some nervousness, "I wish you would not go to the Cottage so often as you do."
"No? And why not, *tres cher*?" asks Cyril, calmly, knowing well what is coming.
"For one thing, we do not know who this Mrs. Arlington is, or anything of her. That in itself is a drawback. I am sorry I ever agreed to Trant's proposal, but it is too late for regret in that quarter. Do not double my regret by making me feel I have done you harm."
"You shall never feel that. How you do torture yourself over shadows, Guy! I always think it must be the greatest bore on earth to be conscientious,—that is, over-scrupulous, like you. It is a mistake, dear boy, take my word for it,—will wear you out before your time."
"I am thinking of you, Cyril. Forgive me if I seem impertinent. Mrs. Arlington is lovely, graceful, everything of the most

desirable in appearance, but—" A pause.
"Après?" murmurs Cyril, lazily.
"But," earnestly, "I should not like you to lose your heart to her, as you force me to say it. Musgrave says he saw Trant in the lane to-day. Of course he may have been mistaken; but was he? I have my own doubts, Cyril," rising in some agitation,—"doubts that may be unjust, but I cannot conquer them. If you allow yourself to love that woman, she will bring you misfortune. Why is she so secret about her former life? Why does she shun society? Cyril, be warned in time; she may be a —, she may be anything," checking himself slowly.
"She may," says Cyril, rising with a passionate irrepensible movement to his feet, under pretense of lighting the cigar that has died out between his fingers. Then, with a sudden change of tone and a soft laugh, "The skies may fall, of course, but we scarcely anticipate it. My good Guy, what a visionary you are! Do be rational, if you can. As for Mrs. Arlington, why should she create *dissension* between you and me?"
"Why, indeed?" returns Guy, gravely. "I have to ask your pardon for my interference. But you know I only speak when I feel compelled, and always for your good."
"You are about the best fellow, going, I know that," replied Cyril deliberately, knocking the ash off his cigar; "but at times you are wont to lose your head,—to wander,—like the best of us. I am safe enough, trust me. 'What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?' Come, don't let us spoil this glorious night by a dissertation on what we neither of us know anything about. What a starlight!" standing at the open casement, and regarding with quick admiration the glistening dome above him. "I wonder how any one looking on it can disbelieve in a heaven beyond!"
Here Musgrave's fair head makes a blot in the perfect calm of the night scene.
"Is that you, Taffy? Where have you been all this time?—mooning?—you have had ample opportunity. But you are too young for Melancholy to mark you as her own. It is only old folk like Guy," with a laughing though affectionate glance backward to where his brother stands, somewhat perplexed, beside the lamp, "should fall victims to the blues."
"A fig for melancholy," says Taffy, vaulting lightly into the room, and by his presence putting an end to all private conversation between the brothers.
The next morning Lilian (to whom early rising is a pure delight, running down the broad stone stairs, two steps at a time, finds Guy on the eve of starting, with Florence beside him, looking positively handsome in the most thrilling of morning gowns. She has forsaken her virtuous couch, and slighted the balmy slumber she so much loves, to give him his breakfast, and is still unremitting in her attentions, and untiring with regard to her smiles.
"Not gone!" says Lilian, wickedly: "how disappointed I am to be sure! I fancied my bonbons an hour nearer to me than they really are. Bad Guardy, why don't you hurry?" She says this with the prettiest affectation of infantile grace, accompanied by a coquettish glance from under her sweeping lashes that creates in Florence a mad desire to box her ears.
"You forget it will not hasten the train five seconds, Guy's leaving this sooner than he does," she says, snubbingly. "To picture him sitting in a draughty station could not—I should think—give satisfaction to anyone."
"It could"—wiffully—"to me. It would show a proper anxiety to obey my behests. Guardy," with touching concern, "are you sure you are warm enough? Now do promise me one thing,—that you will beware of the crossings; they say any number of old men come to grief in that way yearly, and are run over through deafness, or short sight, or stupidity in general. Think how horrid it would be if they sent us home your mangled remains."
"Go in, you naughty child, and learn to speak to your elders with respect," says Guy, laughing, and putting her bodily inside the hall-door, from whence she trips out again to wave him a last adieu, and kiss her hand warmly to him as he disappears round the corner of the laurustinus bush.
And Sir Guy drives away full of his ward's fresh girlish loveliness, her slender lissome figure, her laughing face, the thousand tantalizing graces that go to make her what she is; forgetful of Miss Beauchamp's more matured charms,—her white gown,—her honeyed words,—everything.
All day long Lilian's image follows him. It is beside him in the crowded street, enters his club with him, haunts him in his business, laughs at him in his most serious moods; while she, at home, scarce thinks of him at all, or at the most vaguely, though when at five he does return she is the first to greet him.
"He has come home! He is here!" she cries, dancing into the hall. "Have you escaped the crossings? and rheumatism? and your old enemy lumbago? Good old Guardy, let me help you off with your coat. So. Positively, he is all here,—not a bit of him gone,—and none the worse for wear!"
"Tired, Guy?" asks Florence, coming gracefully forward,—slowly, lest by unseemingly haste she should disturb the perfect fold of her train, that sets off her figure to such advantage. She speaks warmly, appropriatingly, as one's wife might, after a long journey.
"Tired! not he," returns Lilian, irreverently: "he is quite a gay old gentleman. Nor hungry either. No doubt he has lunched profusely in town, 'not wisely, but too well,' as somebody says. Where are my sweeties, Sir Ancient?"
"My dear Lilian,"—rebukingly,—"if you reflect, you will see he must be both tired and hungry."
"So am I for my creams: I quite pine for them. Sir Guy, where are my sweeties?"
"Here, little cormorant," says Guy, as fondly as he dares, handing her a gigantic bonbonniere in which chocolates and French sweetmeats fight for mastery; "have I got you what you wanted?"
"Yes, indeed; best of Guardys, I only wish I might kiss my thanks."
"You may."
"Better not. Such a condescension on my part might turn your old head. Oh, Taffy," with an exclamation, "you bad greedy boy! you have taken half my almonds! Well, you shan't have any of the others, for punishment. Auntie and Florence and I shall eat the rest."

"Thanks," draws Florence, languidly; "but I am always so terrified about tooth-ache."
"What a pity!" says Miss Chesney. "If I had toothache, I should have all my teeth drawn instantly and false ones put in their place."
To this Miss Beauchamp, being undecided in her own mind as to whether it is or is not an impertinence, deigns no reply. Cyril, with a gravity that belies his innermost feelings, gazes hard at Lilian, only to acknowledge her innocent of desire to offend.
"You did not meet Archibald?" says Lady Chetwoode of Guy.
"No: I suppose he will be down by next train. Chesney is always up to time."
"Lilian, my dear, where is my fourth knitting needle?" asks auntie, mildly. I lent it to you this morning for some purpose."
"It is up-stairs; you shall have it in one moment," returns Lilian, moving towards the door, and Sir Guy muttering something about getting rid of the dust of travel, follows her out of the room.
At the foot of the stairs he says,—
"Lilian."
"Yes."
"I have brought you yet another bonbon. Will you accept it?"
As he speaks he holds out to her an open case, in which lies a pretty ring composed of pearls and diamonds.
"For me? Oh, Sir Guy!" says Lilian, flushing with pleasure, "what a lovely present to bring me!" Then her expression changes, and her face falls somewhat. She has lived long enough to know that young men do not, as a rule, go about giving costly rings to young women without a motive. Perhaps she ought to refuse it. Perhaps auntie would think it wrong of her to take it. And if there is really anything between him and Florence—? Yet what a pretty ring it is, and how the diamonds glitter! And what woman can resign diamonds without a struggle?
"Will auntie be vexed if I take it?" she asks, honestly, after a pause, raising her clear eyes to his, thereby betraying the fear that is tormenting her.
"Why should she? Surely," with a smile, "an elderly guardian may make a present to his youthful ward without being brought to task for it."
"And Florence?" asks Lilian, speaking impulsively, but half jestingly.
"Does it signify what she thinks?" returns he, a little stiffly. "It is a mere bauble, and scarcely worth so much thought. You remember that day down by the stream when you said you were so fond of rings?"
"No."
"Well, I do, as I remember most things you say, be they kind or cruel," softly.
"To-day, though I cannot explain why, this ring reminded me of you, so I bought it, thinking you might fancy it."
"So I do: it is quite too lovely," says Lilian, feeling as though she had been ungracious, and, what is worse, proudish.
"Thank you very much. I shall wear it this evening with my new dress, and it will help me to make an impression on my unknown cousin."
She holds out her hand to him; it is the right one, and Guy slips the ring upon the third finger of it, while she, forgetting it is the engaged finger, makes no objection.
Sir Guy, still holding the little cool slim hand, looks at her fixedly, and, looking, decides regretfully that she is quite ignorant of his meaning.
"How it sparkles!" she says, moving her hand gently to and fro, so that the light falls upon it from different directions.
"Thank you again, Guardy; you are always better to me than I deserve." She says this warmly, being desirous of removing all trace of her late hesitation, and quite oblivious of her former scruples. But the moment she leaves him she remembers them again, and, coming down-stairs with Lady Chetwoode's needle, and finding her alone, says, with a heightened color, "See what a charming present Sir Guy has brought me."
"Very pretty indeed," Lady Chetwoode says, examining the ring with interest.
"Dear Guy has such taste, and he is always so thoughtful, ever thinking how to please someone. I am glad it has been you this time, pussy," kissing the girl's smiling lips as she bends over her. So that Miss Chesney, reassured by her auntie's kind words goes up to dress for the reception of her cousin Archibald, with a clear and therefore happy conscience. Not for all the diamonds in Christendom would she have concealed even so small a secret as the acceptance of this ring from one whom she professes to love, and who she knows trusts in her.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Curious Mission.

A newspaper correspondent at Washington professes to have found at the American capital a certain merchant who believes that he has a mission, which is nothing less than the release of souls that are suffering punishment after death. His report of an interview with this person is a most curious contribution to the literature of modern spiritualism. The merchant, we are told, a partner in one of the largest business houses in the city, "a man of large brain and splendid physique," whose "tone and manner are those of the well-balanced man of affairs." It was in the private office attached to his counting room that he told, "without emotion," the story of his expeditions to the place where the souls are confined. The work, he said, was done by two persons, neither of whom could accomplish anything alone. "Operating together, the one maintains his hold on this life while the other penetrates hell, sees and reveals. Then the former, receiving the report, directs the work of release through the latter." The soul of Guiteau, Garfield's assassin, was the latest to gain freedom through the ministrations of this powerful pair. It was found in a place of punishment which the releasing agent vividly describes, but not until the spirit of the murderer's mother had consented to assume a large measure of responsibility for her son's evil life were the Washington merchant and his associate able to do anything for him. Then he was made free and was started on his "progress through the spheres." "I remain conscious," said the calm man of business in the counting room, "with my reasoning faculties alert. My companion, who is highly sensitive, passes into a bodily condition of total ignorance of what is transpiring. The soul of my companion leaves the body and goes into hell, as it is called. It seems to me sometimes as if my astral body goes with the soul and advises and encourages on the spot in this work of release."

The two releasers "came not long ago" to the spot where a murderer who had been banged was confined. The disembodied soul of the merchant's partner could do nothing in this case because in life he had expressed the opinion that the scoundrel deserved his punishment on the gallows. The merchant pleaded, he says, with his associate: "I argued that the punishment of the spirit had been sufficiently prolonged. I pleaded for the forgiveness of the murderer in the mind of my companion. The forgiveness was granted mentally. Then the power came to the soul to lift the latch and to bring out the spirit of the murderer. The spirit was started on its way through the spheres."
The rascal was hanged twenty years ago for a peculiarly atrocious murder. "The opinion my companion had expressed at the time," said the merchant, "and had never changed, was a barrier which prevented the release of Fletcher's spirit by us." It appears that the two agents have not always been successful.
"Once we failed utterly. It was in the case of the spirit of a thief. He had released other spirits of thieves, forty or fifty of them, and had sent them on their ways rejoicing. We came to this one, and it positively refused to accept our offered help. It said it had been put there, and there it must stay. It argued that there could be no change for the better, and we were obliged to leave it. At another time when we released a number of thieves we found the spirit of a mere child. It seemed too bad to leave the spirit of the child unattended after the release. So we led it a long distance until we came to a mountain side. There we saw a cottage, and in front of it the spirits of three or four women. One of these women sprang up as soon as she saw the little spirit. She recognized her offspring. We left them together, she is to guide the child-spirit in its onward course."
At another time the companion of the merchant was compelled to tear down a wall of masonry before the spirits of several persons could be released. "Those poor spirits," said the merchant, "could hardly thank us enough for what we had done."
The merchant would not permit the correspondent to publish his name. "If my name," said he, "should appear in connection with this matter, I should be overwhelmed with letters. I could not possibly attend to the requests which would be made. By long study and investigation I have arrived at the knowledge of this peculiar power. I am trying to do all the good I can with it. I am giving to it what time I can spare." Is it not curious that a "well-balanced man of affairs," endowed with "a large brain and splendid physique," and firmly believing that he not only has power to release souls suffering punishment after death, but has frequently exercised this power, should be willing to give any part of his time to the affairs of ordinary mundane business? Would it not be reasonable to expect that he would at once give up his counting room, his clerks, his interest in commerce, and his customers and devote all his work to the vastly more important work which his curious power, as he believes, enables him to do? Do the condition of his books and accounts, the orders of his patrons, the market quotation of supplies, or any other matters connected with worldly shopkeeping deserve a moment's thought in the mind of a man possessing this tremendous power, if they prevent him from exercising that power in the way described so clearly by him for the edification of the readers of our contemporary in St. Louis?

The World's Granary.

"If the horse could stand it," said S. A. Cowbothan, a well-known resident of Winnipeg, recently, "a man could leave Winnipeg and ride 1,000 miles west and north-west over a level prairie before he would be obstructed by the mountains. This gives an idea of the great territory lying west of Winnipeg, which, to the Eastern man, seems away out of the world. The soil of this prairie produces the finest spring wheat grown anywhere, and the enormous plain I've just mentioned will in a few years be the great granary of the world. Eastern people have a misty idea of our expansive territory. We are just commencing to grow wheat compared with a decade hence, though our crop two years ago was 30,000,000 bushels. We have but little snow, and in the many years I resided in Manitoba I never saw the tops of the bright prairie grass covered. Cattle fairly roll in fat, and we are becoming a great cattle country. While most of our settlers are from across the water, yet the number from the Western States is yearly increasing. We have no wild west frontier scenes. There are no settlers killed over disputed claims, as has been an every-day story in the West for years. Our homestead laws require three years' residence of six months each. Land may be pre-empted, too. Gold has been discovered in wonderfully rich quartz deposits a few miles east of Winnipeg, and paying mills have just been erected by Minneapolis capitalists. I predict a 'rush' to the Lake of the Woods district next year. Winnipeg has 35,000 inhabitants and is a thriving city. Our winters are cold, but we do not mind them. The atmosphere is dry and the days are clear, murky weather being almost unknown."

Gambling in the Middle Ages.

Gambling was the curse of the noble, as it has always been the curse of every class trained to win and to desire, but with scant outlet for its energies. The knights in winter gambled pretty nearly all day. We remember how the Servitor of Milan, entering a castle in the morning, finds in the hall two knights playing chess, so absorbed that they do not see him.
"When Easter comes," says the knights to Milan, "we will recommence our tournaments," but until Easter there is no rival to their game of chance except the eternal game of love.
Ches was the baccarat, the poker of the middle ages. In vain the King forbade it in 1369, in 1393, and both before and after, with every game of hazard. But who was to enter the snowed-up country castles to tell tales of knights and ladies playing the forbidden game? The women were almost as bad as the men. "Never play chess save for love," says the Knight de la Tour to his daughters, "ne soyez jamais grant joueuses de tables." And he proceeds to tell them melancholy tales of land, of money, and of woman's honor spent over the to enterprising board. But, alas, good knight, the days are ill to pass in winter time.