

spurred cock and new-hatched chicken! Thy fighting days may soon be over."

"Hadst asked me in the name of charity I would have given freely!" cried Alleyn.

"Young fool!" he cried, holding the woman still by his side, though every line of her shrinking figure spoke her abhorrence.

"Stand off my land!" the man said fiercely, heedless of the blood which trickled freely from his fingers.

"You are the Socman of Minstead!" Alleyn said, and the son of Edric the Socman, of the pure blood of Godfrey the thane, by the only daughter of the house of Alric, whose forefathers held the white-horse banner at the fatal fight where our shield was broken and our sword shivered.

golden hair, his fierce blue eyes, and his large, well-marked features, was the most comely man whom Alleyn had ever seen; and yet there was something so sinister and so fell in his expression that child or beast might well have shrunk from him.

"This way!" the woman whispered, in a low eager voice. "Through the bushes to that forked ash. Do not heed me! I can run as fast as you, I trow."

"Why did you not kill him?" "Kill him? My brother?" "And why not?"—with a quick gleam of her white teeth.

"I am already sad in heart for what I have done," she said, sitting down on the bank, and sinking his face into his hands. "God help me! all that is worst in me seemed to come uppermost."

"Surely, sir," said Alleyn, speaking in as persuasive and soothing a way as he could, "if your birth is gentle, shelter, there to wait until the page's return. By the grace of the Virgin and the help of my patron St. Magdalen, I stopped short ere I reached his door, though, as you saw, he strove to hale me up to it."

house, blowing the while upon a shrill whistle. "Come!" gasped the woman. "Fly, friend, ere he come back."

They ran together to the cover of the woods. As they gained the edge of the brushwood, Alleyn, looking back, saw his brother come running out of the sun gleaming upon his hair and his beard.

Alleyn, still standing in the stream, glanced down at the graceful pink-and-white figure, the curving of raven-black hair, and the proud, sensitive face, which looked up frankly and confidently at his own.

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"IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW, SHAME FOREVER UPON YOUR MANHOOD."

black hair was gathered back under a light pink coil, her head poised proudly upon her neck, and her step long and springy, like that of some wild tireless woodland creature.

The two walked swiftly across the meadow to the narrow bridge, he in front and she a pace or two behind. There they paused, and stood for a few minutes face to face, talking earnestly.

"You have a warmer greeting than this for me. There are but two boughs left upon this old Saxon trunk." His elder brother dashed his hand aside with an oath, while an expression of malignant hatred passed over his passion-drawn features.

"You have a right to know it, if you have lost a brother's favor through it. This man has been a suitor for my hand, less as I think for my own sweet sake than because he hath ambition, and had it on his mind that he might improve his fortunes by dipping into my father's strong-box—though the Virgin knows that he would have found little enough therein."

to take to my heart. Alas! that I should still be so weak." "Weak!" she exclaimed, raising her black eyebrows. "I do not think that even my father himself, who is a hard judge of manhood, would call you that."

"Nor can I marvel at that," said she, with a little tinkling laugh. "You came in as the knight does in the jongleur's romances, between dragon and damsel, with small time for the asking of questions."

"You have no wish, then, to hear my story?" said she at last. "Nay," said he eagerly, "I would fain hear it."

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Will Manufacture Own Pennies. Uncle Sam will make his own pennies in future. The treasury has taken over the business from private concerns, which for many years manufactured these small coins for the government, and intends for all time to come to turn them out with its own machinery.

The treasury has always stamped its own pennies with the design of the Indian's head and the wreath on the reverse enclosing the words "One cent"; but the coins, lacking only this finishing touch, have been made for many years in Waterbury, Conn., whence they were shipped in the shape of "blanks" (otherwise known as "planchets") in strong wooden boxes.

They used to cost the government, in this form, only twenty-four cents a pound, whereas to-day, owing to the rise in the price of copper, they cannot be manufactured, even when homemade, for less than twenty-nine cents. A pound of blanks represent 146 pennies.

If a cent a pound be added for the expense of stamping them with dies, it will be obvious that Uncle Sam is able to manufacture 486 pennies for a dollar—a very profitable enterprise, inasmuch as he disposes of that number for \$4.86.

During the last year the treasury minted 80,719,163 pennies, of which New York State absorbed about 15,000,000, the demand from Illinois being next in point of size, while Massachusetts was third and Pennsylvania fourth. To make this number of cents required 525,228 pounds of copper, 16,586 pounds of tin and 11,257 pounds of zinc, the two latter metals entering into the composition of these coins to the extent of three per cent. and two.

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