

The ISLE of the WINI By S.R. CROCKETT . Pictures by G.A. SHIPLEY

Symonolis of Previous Chapters,
the large of the Bible to learn, and beat me page of the Bible to learn, and beat me arranged for such a contingency, and then I will go back and kill—well, you are a devili" cried Umphray Spurbelow. "You are a devili" cried Umphray Spurbelow. "Mary"—who can blame her for doing what she did, that is rising hastily and throwing her little flowered petitical the curtain which covered the little window have done." Umphray Spurbelow. "But the freachery. I will therefore first shoot that his whole dament of the that his whole dament me arranged for such a contingency, and then I will go back and kill—well, you mother, who knew no harm and thought mother. They take his body curtain which covered the little window have done." Umphray Spurbelow. "So saying he turned away and lifted the curtain which covered the little window have done." Have the form the follower of the stiff, differing only as lower or louder.

So when, the rig Philip has witnessed the crime. He tells his grandfatter's chief tenant, Humphrey Spursy, such Spursary succeeds in baving the real murdower brought to position. He is, sentenced to be hanged, his woman accomplice to be transported. Myserciously Philip Stansfield escapes the gallows, seeks out his wife, linds her her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Abercairh for care, leaving her taken away to Abercairh for care, leaving her sack, young Philip, in charge of Spursary and in the company of little Anna Mark, from whom he leavan that in some ways girls are worth quite as much as loys. For example, in the time of the cattle droving, when Marcer Spursary bought his winter beast in them out. Still beat Philip in beights to cut them out. Still long before the dawn." they are excellent triends; even though she but him at her studies in the echool to which they go together. John Standeld, Philip's law-yer unde, brings in a new teacher, Dominie Blugrose, a small man, with wonderful eyes thereby after his coming the countryside is shocked and thrilled with a number of bloody and impacerious markiest, evidently for the sake of robbers. Husiness calls flumphers Eparway from home. In his absence a laig precking case, purporting to be full of fine Spanish wool, is delivered to Will Bowman, Humphrey's clerk. He pulse it in the wearing cheel. That night Philip, glaying about, sees skining through the grace or a sounder discretion. "But now, sir, we must to business," he went on in a more natural tone of volce. "I perceive you are weary of my conversation—though I would have you know, sir, that it has been very generally approven by better judges than yourself. But now let us make count and reckoning, draw our bills, and give mutual discharge like two reasonably honest men." calls Will Bowman, who counts three, then stabe the packing case with a small sword. Blood flows. They open the case, and find Downle Hingrose insite, apparently dend, Soon after the house is attacked by robbers, whem Bingrose had meant to let in. They are beaten off, but afterwards Phillip's mother returns to let him agend the bouldars at New Milns. Returning from a day's wisht to New Milns, Phillip balls in with Sari Mark, Anna's grypsy father,
who, under prevents of showing him Sir Harry
Morgan's tressure, makes him a prisoner. Anna
made out his plight, and leads Humphrey Spurway on his track. Spurway, with Howman and
Anna, find him, but are captured by Philip
Stampfield and the pirate way of the Corne. Stansfield and the pirate crew of the Corra-

CHAPTER XXIV.

He thrust the miniature back into the pocket where he had found it. Umphray pocket where he had found it. Umphray stood silent, eyeing his snemy as calmiy as though he had been striking a bargain with him in the market-pince.

"Bring the boy this way." said Saul Mark. One of the salious selzed me by the collar and gave me into the grasp of the supercarge.

"Now, listen," he said, "If, as you pass

through the streets, you speak above a whisper my orders are to throttle you? And, as a warning, he tightened his fingers on my throat till I payed for breath. The last I saw of the terrible limekin behind Provost Gregory Partan's house was my father setting down the lantern on the edge of the varying cave, in which

the edge of the yawning grave, in which he designed to place the body of my benefactor. Cimplinay Spurway.

Phillip Stansfield stood facing Umphray Spurway in the provosts lime-kiin, and this chapter tells the story of what befell between them. The hands of the Englishman were ited still behind his back, and as the last retreating feetiten was heard Philip Stansfield stood facing Umphray Spurway in the provost's lime-kiln, and this chapter tells the story of what befell betweet them. The hands of the Englishman were lied still behind his back, and as the last retresting feotstep was beard seconding the darksome passage which leads out into Gregory Partan's close. Captain Philip Stansfield lifted the lanters from the floor on which it had been set and held it close to the face of his victim. There was no size of features and in the case of his victim. There was no size of features and in the case of his victim. There was no size of features and in the case of his victim. There was no size of features and the case of his victim. There was no size of features and the case of his victim. There was no size of features and the case of his victim.

ple of pintols, one on either aide of him, so as to be ready to his hand in case of

any attempt at escape.

With equal philosophy the prisoner cheyed. The stone trough, (or, as Captain Stapanield called R, grave) was hollowed perhaps four feet in the rock. Umphray disposed his great bulk as best he could. He sat down with his feet hanging into the trough his back leaning against the the trough, his back leaning against the dusty wall of the kin, and looked at his enemy with as much nonchalance as it he had been a outsomer come to buy wov-en night for the English market.

Caprain Stansfield opened the carch of the lantern and measured the candle with his eye. Then he pulled a handsome gold watch from his fob and consulted the

dist. We have here candle for a good couple We have here candle for a good couple of hours, and about the same time ere day steals upon us. I think we can settle all quarrels and sink all differences long ere that. Mr. Spurway. Yet there are a goody array of both. You have long had the top hold, six, and now, when it is my turn, I wish you to be certified that with that measure ye mere, it shall be measured to you again. Abol Master Englishman, I also an eith at holy writ. I was tred also am glib at holy writ. I was tred on the catechisma sporter and longer. For I was a child of grace, and in my father's bouse had many advantages such as were hidden from your popish and pre-latio eyes. Why, can you even certify me that you know the very beginning of knowledge? Do you know What is the

Well enough d'd Umphray Spurway know the first question and answer of that marvelous collect of dectrine, the that marvelous collect or that marvelous collect or make any reply the fudged it meliess to make any reply the full to the man who had already declared his intention of heing his murked his world. "The a sad confession for the husband of one wife to make, but a man never knows to what chance he will come in this world."

you may say to me alter my good con-

Caption Stansfield hold up his hands in pretended horror. "Bear, dear?" he cried: "well I knew that little was to be expected of a sec-latist and toulisment, yet living in a lard of groups privilege and almost within cry or Massers Polen, Reinvich, Shirlds and

ster on market day. "Hissphemy is no or-nament to any man's conversation!" Philip Stansfeld clapped his hands. "Spoken this time like Peden himself.

rest is accidental—this alone essential, in-evitable, uncontrovertible—man's chief and only end, as indeed I hope to prove to you long before the dawn."

approven by better judges than yourself. But now let us make count and reckoning, draw our bills, and give mutual discharge

like two reasonably honest men."

"Most willingly!" said Umphray Spurway, nodding in his turn.

"Most willingly!" said Umphray Spurway, nodding in his turn.

"Against me, sir," said the captain of the Corramantee, preparing to check the items upon his there." Two have the following:

upon his fingers, "you have the following; oblige by correcting me if I am wrong: Philip Stansfield, Dr., to Umphray Spurway, Cr.

"We will say, in round figures, 10 guin-eas. I am an easy man. And now for the per contra: the per contra: Umphray Spurway, Dr., to Philip Stapsfield, Cr.

Captain Stansfield maintained his grave and practical method of speech through all this enumeration of figures, and at the close he turned to Mr. Spurway, who was listening like a man at a play that does

set and held it close to the face of his victim. There was no sign of fear or yielding there, only the Yorkshireman's usual calm mastery over time and circising to his feet, "and, besides, what call have you are any man to say that only with such do I trouble to deal. I will have you not entrapped my wife's attached by the door. The will find the edge of the grave very comfortable. You can lean your back against the wall. So! I will content me here by the door."

And so saying Philip Stansfield seated himself with his shoulders square to the little door which led into the pawage 5-hind, and with great care disposed a couple of pistols, one on either side of the least you were an honest tradesman, Master Spurvay.

Master Spurvay. And the door, Me, whom doubtless she also looked for, she could not attempt to turn round, or two things will have you not chased me with dogs to avert. There!"

With a sharp-edged dagger he severed the cope, and the next moment the iron door clanged and the boils shot without with a rasping sound. Umphray Spurvay at the door of the sheepfold stood over clanged and the boils shot without with a rasping sound. Umphray Spurvay at the door of the see, but she ran giadly enough downstairs to open, the door; for she doubted not but happen which you would give your life to avert. There!"

With a sharp-edged dagger he severed the cope, and the next moment the iron down counters with a rasping sound. Umphray Spurvay at the door, Me, whom doubtless she also looked for, she could not attempt to turn round, or two things will happen which you would give your life.

With a sharp-edged dagger he severed the cope, and the next moment the iron door clanged and the boils shot without with a rasping sound. Umphray Spurvay at the door, Me, whom doubtless she also looked for, she could not attempt to turn round, or two things will happen which you would give your life.

With a sharp-edged dagger he severed the cope, and the next moment the iron door clanged and the boils shot without with a rasping sound. Umphray Spurvay at the door, Me, whom doubtless she also looked for, she could not be open the door, Me, whom doubtless she also looked for, she could not be open the feet of the see, but she ran giadly enough doubtless she also lo

the vents of the lanthorn having been guttered up. He took out a pocket knife and coully opened them with the lesser blanc. Then he shut the little door again and put the lantern back again on the floor. His eye fell on Umphray's cloak which Saul Mark had flung down as he

I have too long deferred."
He went over to where Umphray sat, and the brave Englishman made up his mind that his latest hour was come. But Captain Stansfield only thrust his hand again into his breast pocket and drew

out the miniature.

"I will return this." he said. "to the original. There is a right indefeasibly vested in a husband to prevent other men carrying about his wife's picture in their bosoms like so many pieces of holy cross. The custom offends allike against religion and morality. I will give this into my wife's hands, and, lest I be denied entrance, I will equip me for the pur-

He drew Umphray's cloak about him

passive as marble.
"For God's grace, kill me and be done with it," he said: "let your unhappy wife alone. Has she not suffered enough? Kill me and end this farce."

Philip Stansfield watched his enemy of record privious and almost within error of Masiers Peder. Retwish, Shides and their follow. I had hoped for a humber entire the follow. I had hoped for a humber with their follow. I had hoped for a humber with the follow. I had hoped for a humber with the follow. I had hoped for a humber with not be. For a man of the world. Umphray, your methods are crude? I have a better plan. I will be absent an hour-fire and again. What is effective captured was plated by the check of the door had been a followed by at the Englishmen's head.

"I will be a led blierly as he examined the primate."

And he would blierly as he examined the primate.

"Many are called but few chosen." O.

Master Sparway, the benefits of a careful.

But if bot, and your brakes are still understand the roof at second the primate.

"Many are called but few chosen." O.

Master Sparway, the benefits of a careful.

He ctopped before that little house at the corner of the Vennel. (It is a change-house now, and I had a glass of very de-cent Hollands there the last time I was in Abercairn.) He seemed well enough acquainted with the locality, for, after standing a while in the shade contemplating the house from the other side of the

and forth all night long to look for me, and perchance also to watch for the return of Umphray Spurway. And so, now, rising gladly from the bed upon which, all sleepless, she had cast berself down, she approached the window.

The lattice was ajar that she might the lattice was ajar that she might the lattice was a caster of our returning

better hear the clatter of our returning fortesteps. She could hear a voice calling her in a whisper. It made her heart beather in a whisper. It made her heart beather has young Will Lucy had done in Great Marlow, but still it beat.

more careless assurance than Gregory Partan himself.

He cropped before that little house at the corner of the Vennet. (It is a change-house now, and I had a glass of very decent Hollands there the last time I was in Abercalra.) He seemed well enough acquainted with the locality, for, after wanding a while in the shade contemplate. He stooped and detached the little square in the house from the other side of the warfed key from the chain, knowing of old

Se, long afterwards, she told me.
"Drink," he bade her, "I have much to say to you which you must hear and answer. And the time is short."

Now, if you have been much about the world and in perious places, of course it is no news to you that though voices differ as much as faces, whispers are all glass again with a kind of patience not alike and cannot be distinguished in the

in Abercairn.) He seemed well enough acquisited with the locality, for, after without reinstance of the winding a while in the shade contemplating the house from the other side of the war, Philip Stansfield stepped across and topsed a handful of pebbles up at a window behind which a dim night light burned. My poor mother had been back and forth all night long to look for me, was opened.

Comprehendingly at the man who had been about his Susinass without reinstance in the relative square without reinstance and her little square without reinstance and her little square in the secret of the catch. Then he went to the cupboard in the corner, from which there always came a pleasant smell of the cupboard in the corner, from which there always came a pleasant smell of ginger spice and honeycomb as often as it commed particide—a felox. By wife was never truly my wife. Alone and desperate the results and the standard of the current of the corner, from which there always came a pleasant smell of ginger spice and honeycomb as often as it.

was opened.

"Ah!" he cried, "you are as of old, Mary.

Tou keep the bottles well supplied. I hope his taste in Hollands is as good and sound in the was."

never truly my wife. Alone and company of smoother. I shot at the man and I wounded for the man company me over glas, you shall have no cause to regret it. You will travel in the company of your son."
"What?" cried my mother, starting to

her feet; "you have not stolen him away?"
"He is on board my ship out there in

the bay," said my father, quietly, "What more fitting than that we should all seek a new land and a new life together?" "Oh, cruel-cruel," mounted my mother, "to take from me my boy-my little lad

"I presume you will admit that he is mine also—my boy, my little lad, and the rest of it," said Captain Stansfield, with some heat. "Now, I put it to you plainly. If you accompany us your son shall go as an honored passenger. He will sleep in your cabin. He will dine at my table, and when we arrive in the country to which my thoughts are tending, both you and he shall be handsomely provided for if not—"

He paused long enough to give my mother time to gasp: "What will you do with my boy? You would not kill him?" "That were equally useless and unprofitable," said my father. "I would sell him for a slave in the plantations. There are

many that would give 66 gelden guineas for so handsome a lad!"
"You would not-you could not-such things are not possible!" cried my moth-

"Nevertheless." said Captain Stansfield, "they are done. There are a score of younglings out in the ship yonder who will bring their price when we touch the shores of Carolina, all honestly come by, too, and to be sold for honest gold. It is a lawful trade, winked at by the gov-erument and protected by the magis-"I cannot go-Oh, I cannot! Why tor-

ture me?" moaned my mother, rocking herself to and fro in her chair. "I have here something that play prove a more powerful argument than the slavery of your son," he went on with more grimness. "What think you of this pretty

And he tossed into her lap the miniature And he tossed into her lap the miniature of herself which he had taken from out of Umphray Spurway's pocket. At sight of it my mother gave a shrill little cry, knowing by instinct whence it had come. For it was a copy of one in her possession which had been lost for a time and then again recovered. Caleb Cluckaberry had averred that he had found it on clearing out the Vett house.

clearing out the Yett house.

"Whose is this?" she murmured. "I know nothing of this."

"So he said," my father went on, calmly, "It was taken by the hands of your husband out of the breast of Umphray Spurway. Tour heart can tell you if you know any research who should went

know any reason wh he should wear against his beart the picture of a mar-ried woman. But that skills not. Suffice It that I have left the man shur up in a safe and secret place not far from here, and unless you put a covering upon your head and accompany me on board my ship atraightway. I will go back and slay this man for the shame he has done mine honor in the person of my wife. I promise it before God!"

ancient gear, he found a riding cost of his own (for women can never suffer to destroy ctothing). He put it on, and the two stole out into the broadening twilight of the new day, my father carrying my mother's bundle under his arm. It was characteristic of Philip Stane-field that in the streets of the town

where his person had once been so well known, and which was now garrisoned by a troop of soldiers, he walked as on his own quarterdeck, his head erect and his hat set with an air. The sourish black hold of the hunted man was quite gone, and though the old cruelty leaped up on occasion, yet, from this time forth he walked and carried himself with no com-

non noblisty.

As they went down the quay my mother said, tremblingly, her mind doubtless on the strong place behind her where Umphray Spurway was concessed: "You have not killed him, Philip?" And the Christian name, spoken in such a manner and in such circumsta might have softened a heart of stone.

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HE LIFTED THE GLASS AS HIGH AS HIS HEAD, WITH A GESTURE NOT WHOLLY IRONICAL.

when I do no more than offer you a with a rapling sound. Umphray Spurcharging a just debt? I thought that at least you were an honest tradesman, might as well have flung himself against the place, over-least you were an honest tradesman, might as well have flung himself against Master Spurway, and knew how to pay the walls of a cavern. The solid masonyou, Philip Stansfield." the Englishman replied. "My life is in your hands. If you choose to murder me here and now-well, it is within your power."

Captain Stansfield looked about the dunction. The candle was flickering a little uttered up.

tern when he overset it, the door being loose on its hinges. Umphray blew cautiously yet regularly upon the fading red, and after an anxious nt had the satisfaction of seeing the flame start again and the candle burn

which Saul Mark had flung down as he entered. His broad, soft-brimmed hat was lying beside it. A thought came into his head, and he clapped his paim upon his knee with a loud smack.

"I have it." he said: "this will suit all parties—you, because it will enable you to discharge your obligations, me, because it gives me the opportunity to pay a visit I have too love, deferred."

There before him, close by the edge of the wall, was the pistol his enemy had left him to blow his brains out with, and there on a term some out with, and there on a term some of newspaper was a little pinch of black priming powder. Philip Stansfield had been as good as his word.

CHAPTER XXV.

Husband and Wife.

Meanwhile along the sea front of the town of Abercairn Philip Stansfield, wrapped in Umphray Spurway's cloak, strode fearless and unafraid. A light or two dimpled among the shipping, but being in safe harborage most watches had taken the ship's lantern below to play cards with, or set beside them while they

Captain Stansfield did not go directly to my mother's house. Instead he made for the exact point at which Provost Parian had first paused among the barrels of the quay. But this man did not walk softly and with delicate observance, like that worthy chief magistrate. He rather stamped atong, cursing as he stubbed his toe against a hooped cask which had been left sitting on its end behind several larger punchedns. And when at last he came to edge and heard the sea lapping under him on the quay edge, he did not whisper nor whistle "The Baille of Mickleham's Coo." On the contrary, he called out

"Is the pirougue there?" "Aye, aye, sir!" came the answer from

elow.
"Is all ready aboard?"
Aye, sir, all ready to cast off and be over the bar in 20 minutes so soon as you over the sar in 37 minutes as soon in you are aboard!"

"Abide, then, and be wary," he answered, "I have yet one mere touch to try ere I come. But I shall be with you in half an hour."

Aye, aye, captain, we will wait." Having settled this matter of discipline, Philip-Stansfield walked briskly eastward. Before him a pale bar of uncolored light lay across the horizon, outlining the hills higher up the Firth and fading into the of morning twinkled. This was the yet far-off promise of the day. Capthin Stanafield had need of haste. Yet upon

with having dene the like to the father that begat me?" said Philip Stansfield, with his hand on the low iron dow, and there, in the dim filtering light of stars, and the lucent reflection from beside it a little priming powder. Come hither if you please, Mr. Umphray Spur and is seen as we saw the long cloak, and with your back to the door my blood is cold? Devil take you, sir, have you not entrapped my wife's affections that were so precious to me? Have you not made my own son hate me? Have you not made my own son hate "I am a man of my word," said Captain over her night gear. She ran to the win- from the prying eyes of neighbors. He

had listened to it before till he was weary, but his ear caught a gladness and youth in it now that had never been there when he knew it.

"Umphray!"-the answering whisper came now from just behind the panel-"Umphray, is that you?"
"Mary!" Still in a whisper.
The chain rattled down, and there in

"Walt only a little—there in the sitting chamber, and I will bring down the light. You can tell me all your good news then! I am sure you have found him—that he is

on his way home!" For, at the sight of Umphray in her house in the dark morning hours, my mother had grown conscious of her bare

But she sped her tollet, and came down the stairs anon with a candle in her hand, dimpling and smiling like the girl she hath remained to the last. When she came to the door, and saw it yawn black before her, she felt the heart best within her again-yet not as one afraid, but rather

pleasurably. Then she entered crying after her fash-lon. "Tell me of the boy-you have found him-you bring me news of him-"

And then all sudden her speech was

cut off as the light of the candle fell on the tall dark figure which stood resting an elbow upon the little mantelboard where the foreign shells were. The steeple-crownd hat was thrown upon the table, and the countenance which looked down upon her was not the kind Englishman's, but that of Philip Stanefield, her husband—that face which most of all things

in the world she feared.
"What-what-what!" she gasped. And she clutched at a pretty neckerchief of a cherry hue which, with pardonable co-tear and horror. He went on:

"That is, I hope to convice the service and the service that the se

cherry hue which, with pardonable coqueity, she had fastened about her neck
with a little gold brooch wrought in pattern like a bracken leaf, and with a bexil
of green stone which Umphray had given
her, very precious.

And if Captain Philip Stansfield had not
reached his hand across and taken the
candle out of her nerveless fingers, she
would have dropped it to the ground. But
he set it quietly on the table beside the
piliful small work basket, with which, indeed, my mother was ever playing, but
never completing any great works.

"Sil down, Mary," he said, "and he
pleased to compose yourself. If you do
not exhibit all the gratitude and Joy ustually expected from a wife upon her husband's return after a long absence—neverhath been deduced the portion due to you of morning twinkled. This was the yet band's return after a long absence—never-ing-off promise of the day Capthin theless, I forgive to My own behavior according to my Lord Advance Stair's Stangaleld had need of hosts. Yet upon gives me no right to be everiged. It is the streets of Abercalin he walked with that the key of the schnapps cupboard, as well as brother John's motety. I shall

spread upwards, and then calmly dropped the blind again. "Drink it now, Mary!" he said. And with her habitual obedience my mother

took the glass and drank.
"And I also-after you-to your service madam, and that we may prove better He lifted the glass as high as his head

with a gesture not wholly ironical, and drank the raw spirits down like so much spring water. Then at last my mother's lips formed the word that had been on them ever since she had seen Philip Stansfield looking down at her from the angle of the

"Zou are a murderer!" she whispered hoarsely, as if to herself. And again she repeated with yet greater horror on her face, "A murderer." Captain Stansfield chrugged his shoul-

"Umphray, is that you?"

"Mary!" Still in a whisper.

The chain rattled down, and there in the black of the doorway my mother stood, the night wind blowing her white gear about and the pretty girlish tangle of her hair.

The dark figure wrapped in Umphray Spurway's cloak went past her, and the door was shut. The chain was lifted into place.

"Walt enly a little—there in the sitting that is a rude man in those At all events. I was a rude man in those days, daned with strong drink and the just of the fiesh. What I have suffered I blame no man for—except myself. And I forgive all who bore testimony against me

I have risked my neck to reckon, And I have reckoned?" Then, again, my mothers lips formed words, spoken hoursely and with effort, but still intelligible words.

"You have not killed him?" she asked. "You plead for him," he went on, smil-ing bitterly. "I cannot call to mind that you ever pleaded for me when I was in greater straits. But—there, that also is a bygone. Let us be triende, Mary, so far as we can. I have not killed blim, and if you will see eye to eye with me, I promise you my hand shall never kill him!

only watched him as the mouse may eye the ravening monster between whose curved claws it lies helpless. "I have no long time to waste, Mary," he went on, possing himself easily against the little table, which creaked under his weight; "I must hasten and get aboard. And I hope not alone. You must come with me, Mary!"

My poor mother could say no more, but

My mother was not more terrified than

will come_I will come!" cried my "I will come—I will come!" cried my mother. "I will not let my son be soid into captivity. I will go with him:"

"How touching is the love of a mother for her only child!" said my father, thrusting the minature into his pocket and again lifting the blind.

"It is growing light." he suid. "Here. Mary, take this cloak. Put the hood over your head and wrap yourself well in it. The air is shrewd and bites. Have you anything you wish to bring with you! If so, make it into a bundle. I will come and help you. Take few clothes or adornments. There are plenty of both where you are going." And so, tulking all the while and as it were encouraging her, Captain Stansfield made my mother put her necessities together and take her little money out of the drawer in the secretaire where it always lay, as he well knew, Lastly, he went to another cupboard, and there, along old flources, women's gowns and MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO. 48