## THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL, PORTLAND, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1, 1911

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## CHAPTER I Brethren of the Road



ISMAL in appearance, the painted sign over the mean doorway almost obliterated by time and weather there was nothfhg attractive about the "Punch-Bowl" tavern in Clerkenwell. It was hidden away at the end of a narrow alley, making no effort to vaunt its existence to the world at large. and to many persons, even in the near neighborhood, it was entirely unknown. Like a gentleman to whom debauchery has brought shame and the desire to conceal himself from his fellows, so the "Punch-Bowl" seemed an outcast among taverns. Chance visitors were few, were neither expected nor welcomed, and ran the risk of being told by the landlady, in terms which

there was no possibility of misunderstanding, that the place was not-for them. It was natural, therefore, that a certain air of mystery should surround the house, for, although the alley was a culde-sac, there were stories of marvelous escapes from this trap even when the entrance was closed by a troop of soldiers, and it was whispered that there was a secret way out from the "Punch-Bowl" known only to the favored few. Nor was an element of romance wanting. The dwellers in this alley were of the poorest sort, dirty and unkempt, picking up a precarious livelihood, pickpockets and cutpurses-"foysters" and "nyppers" as their thieves' slang named them; yet through all this wretched shabbiness there would flash at intervals some fine gentleman, richly dressed, and with the swagger of St. James' in his galt. Conscious of the sensation he occasioned, he passed through the alley looking strangely out of place, yet with no uncertain step. He was a hero, not only to these ragged worshipers, but in a far wider circle where wit and beauty moved; he knew it, gloried in it, and recked little of the price which must some day be paid for such popularity. The destination of these gentlemen was always the "Punch-Bowl" tavern.

Neither of a man, nor of a tavern, is it safe to judge only by the exterior. A grim and forbidding countenance may conceal a warm heart, even as the unprepersessing "Funch-Bowl" contained a cozy and comfortable parlor, Tonight, half a dozen fine gentlemen were enjoying their wine, and it was evident that the landlady was rather proud of her guests. Buxom, and not too old to forget that she had once been accounted pretly, she still loved smartness and bright colors, was not averse to a kiss upon occasion. and had a jest-coarse, perhaps, but with some wit in It-for each of her customers. She knew them welltheir secrets, their love episodes, their dangers; sometimes she gave advice, had often rendered them valuable help, but she had also a keen eye for business, Her favors had to be paid for, and even from the handsomest of her customers a kiss had never been known to settle a score. The "Punch-Bowl" was no place for empty pockets, and bad luck was rather a wrime than an excuse. When it pleased her the land-lady could tell many tales of other fine gentlemen and known and would never see again, and sho he had known and would never see agal always gave the impression that she considered her former customers far superior to her present ones. Perhaps she found the comparison good for her besiness since she spoke to vain men. She had become reminiscent this iniscent this evening. The very night before he was taken he sat where "The very night before he was taken he sat where you're sitting," she said, pointing to one of her customers, who was seated by the hearth. "Ah! He made a good end of it did Jim o' the Green Coat; kicked off his boots as if they were an old pair he had done with, and threw the ordinary out of the cart, saying he had no time to waste on him just then. I was there and saw it all." "There was silence as the concluded her glowing There was silence as she concluded her glowing Tale. Depression may take hold of the most careless and light hearfed for a moment, and even the attrac-tion of making a good end with an opportunity of spurning a worthless ordinary cannot always appeal. The landlady had contrived to make her story vivid. and furtive giances were cast at the individual who occupied the sent she had indicated. There suddenly appeared to be something fatal in it and ample reason a man might congratulate himself for being ed elsewhere. The occupant was the least conseated elsewhore. The occupant was the least con-cerned. He had taken the most comfortable place in the room; it seemed to be rightly his by virtue of his dress and bearing. He had the grand air as having mixed in high society, his superiority was tactity admitted by his companions, and the landhady had addressed herself especially to him, as though knew him for a man of consequence. When the time comes you shall see me die game, Bhe knew too, I warrant," he laughed, draining his glass and passing it to be refilled. "One death is as good as another, and at Tyburn it comes quicker than to those who lie awaiting it in bed." "That's true," said the landlady. "That's true," said the landlady. "I should hate to die in a bed," the man went on. "The open road for me and a quick finish. It's the best life if it isn't always as long as it might be. I wouldn't forsake it for anything the king could offer me. It's a merry time, with romance, love and adventure in it, with plenty to get and plenty to spond, with a seasoning of danger to give it plquancy a gentleman's life from cock-crow to cock-crow, and not worthy of a passing thought is he who cannot make a good end of it. Id sooner have the hangman for a bosom friend than a man who is likely to whimper on the day of reckening. Did I tell you that a reverend bishop offered me fifty guineas for my mare the other day?" "You sold her?" came the question in chorus. "Sold her?" No! I told him that she would be of COPYRICHT, ISI, BY THE NCL. LRICAN CO

## "He found himself a prisoner, bound hand and foot."

but a poor show. There flashed past me a splendid horseman, man and beast one perfect piece of harmony. The moon was near the full. I saw the neat, strong lines of the horse, the easy movement of the rider, and I could see that the mask which the man wore was brown. This happened two years ago, out beyond Barnet."

"And without that brown mask no one knows him," said the man who had first spoken of him. "He has been met on all the roads, north, south, east and west-never in company, always alone. He never fails, yet the blood-feasters have watched for him in vain. Truly, he disappears as mysteriously as the devil might. He may go to court. He may be a well-known figure there, gaming with the best a favored suitor . where beauty smiles. He may n have been here among us at the 'Punch-Bowl' winnout our knowing it."

"It is not impossible." Gentleman Jack admitted, smiling a little at the other's enthusiasm.

"I envy him," was the answer. "We seem mean beside such a man as Galloping Hermit."

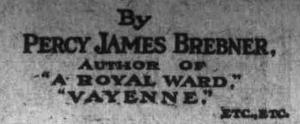
"I do not cry 'Yes' to that," said Gentleman Jack, just in time to prevent an outburst from the land-

Beside her sat an elderly woman who seemed to be enjoying herself exceedingly and appeared to find especial relish in Judge Marriott's remarks. The more brutal they were the more witty she seemed to think them.

As sentence was pronounced the girl fose to har feet and turned to go. In truth, it had been no wish of hers to come. The judge, the people, the whole atmosphere sickened her. She longed to get away, to feel the fresh air upon her cheek, and in her anxiety to depart she took no particular trouble to make sure that her companion was following her. There was a hasty crushing on all sides of her; as she was carried forward she became conscious that she was alone, that she was being stared at and commented upon by some of those who were about her. She ought not to be there, she felt it rather than knew it, and was painfully aware that people were judging her accordingly. One man spoke to her, and in her effort to escape his attentions she contrived to thrust herself into a corner of an outer lobby, and walted

"Can 1 be of service?"

For a moment she thought that the man she had escaped from had found her, and she turned indignantly. The steady gray eyes that met hers were eyes to trustshe felt that at once. This was quite a different person. He was young, with a face grave beyond his years, and a sense of strength about him likely to appeal to a woman.



these. The hour that did not hold some excitement in it wearied her and made her petulant. Her husband, dead these ten years, had been among the enthusiastic welcomers of Charles at his restoration, and his wife had from first to last been a well-known figure in the court of the merry monarch. That she was no beauty, rather than because she possessed any great strength of character, probably accounted for the fact that she enjoyed no peculiar fame in that dissolute company. As she could not be the heroine of an intrigue, it pleased her to consider herself too great a dame for such affairs, and she was fully persuaded that she might count her lovers by the score, even now, had she so desired. As she had no very definite character, so she had no real convictions. Charles was dead, and James was king. Many changes were imminent, and Lady

was king. Many changes were imminent, and Lady Bolsover was waiting to see in which direction the wine blew. Her nature, perhaps, was to hate Puritans and all their ways, but, if necessary to her own well-being, she would easily be able to love them and curse all Catholics. She was not really bad at heart, but she was a strange companion for Barbara Lanison. Some few months ago Sir John Lanison of Ayling-ford Abbey, in Hampshire, Lady Bolsover's brother and Barbara's uncle and sole guardian since the death of her parents, had suggested that his sister abould take charge of his ward for a little while. Practically she knew nothing of London, he said, and it was time ahe did. Sir John declared that he did not want it to be said that he had hidden his niece away at the Abbey so that no man should have a chance of seeing her. He had known prettier women, but ahe was well enough, and where her face falled to attract her ample fortune would. would.

"She's got more learning than is needful for a girl, to "She's got more learning than is needful for a girl, to my mind," he told his sister; "but that kind of nonsense will be knocked out of her as soon as she understands her value as a woman. Send her back with all the corners rounded, my dear Peggy-that is what I want." Lady Bolsover had done her best, but the result was not very satisfactory. Barbara had convictions which her aunt was powerless to undermine, and seemed to set such value upon herself that no man was able to make the slightest impression on her. She had barely refrained from laughing outright at the compliments of recognized wits, and half a dozen gallants with amor-ous intentions had been baffied and put to shame. Lord Rosmore, whose way with a woman was pronounced ir-resistible, had declared her adorable, but impossible, and Judge Marriett had promised Lady Bolsover a very handsome gratuity if she could persuade her niece te

and Judge Marriott had promised Lady Bolsover a very handsome gratuity if she could persuade her nices to favor him and become his wife. Barbara Lanison could not be unconscious of the sensation she caused a woman never is but she some-times studied the reflection in her mirror, and tried to discover the reason. Quite honestly she failed. She was not dissatisfied with the reflection; in its way it was

"Sold her? No! I told him that she would be of little use to him, since no one but myself could get her up to a coach." four impudence will be the death of you, John."

laughed the landlady. That, seems a fairly safe prophecy," answered Gentieman Jack-for so his companions named him-"still, I've heard of one bishop who took to the road in his leisupe hours. He died of a sudden fever, it was said, but, for all that, he returned one night from a lonely ride across Hounslow Heath, and was most invious to conceal the fact that somebody had put a builter into him. My bishop may have become ambi-ficits-indeed, 1 think he had, for he had intellect encursh to understand my meaning and was not in the Then we naw yet welcome him at the Punch-

Bowit's said one man "So far, this house has enter-Bowit's said one man "So far, this house has enter-tained no one higher in the chirch than a Fleet parson, I see no sin in drinking the hishop's good health and wishing him the speedy percession of a horse to match big condition." his ambition.

his ambition." "Any one may serve as a toast," said another; "but could a hishop be gool company under any circum-stances, Ultak you?" "Gad! why not?" asked Gentleman Jack. "He'd special als time trying to square his profession with his conscience may!... and when a man is reduced to that, bishop of no bishop, there's humor enough,

The health was drunk with laughter, and the air of of depression which had followed the landlady's recital disappeared like clouds from an April sky.

Each one had some story to tell, some item to add to the accumulated glory of the road. "Aye, it's a merry life." said the man who had had doubts about the bishop's company, "and the only drawback is that it comes to an end when you're set the top of your success. The dealers in blood money mayor bunt a men down until he's worth his cull price." at the top of your success. The dealers in blood mone never hunt a man down until he's worth his full price

"And isn't that use best time to take the last ride?" exclaimed Gentleman Lack. "Who would choese to grow old and be forgotten? What should we do sitting stiffly is an affichalt, wearing alippers because boots hurt our poor swollen feet? What should we be without a pair of legs strong enough to grip the saddle or with eyes too dim to recognize a pretty woman, lack-ing fire to fall in love, and with lips which had lost their zest for kissing?"

"But we come to that last ride before we lack any-thing-that's the trouble," was the answer. "Not always," said another man, "Galloping Hermit

was feared on all the roads before L had stopped my first coach, and he is still feared today." The speaker was young, and he mentioned the name of the notorione highwayman with a kind of reverence. "They say he's the devil himself, and that's why he's

never been taken," said another. "Did\_any of you e

see him?" "Once," And they all turned quickly toward the man who spoke. Ms mars had gone lame, and I had dismounted in a copre to examine her, when there was the quick, rhythmic sheat of hoofs at a gallon across the turk. I was alert on my own ac-count in a moment, grouching sown among the under-growth, for with a lame anting I could have made

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lady, who appeared to fancy that the quality of her entertainment was being called in question. "The brown mask conceals a personality, no doubt, but before we can judge between man and man we must know something of their various opportunities. Were he careful and lucky, such a man as my bishop would be hard to run to earth. Galloping Hermit is careful, for only at considerable intervals do we hear of him. The road would seem to be a pastime with him, rather than a life he loved. For me, the night never comes that I do not long to be in the saddle, that I do not crave the excitement, even if there be no spoil worth the trouble of taking. This man is different. He is only abroad when the quarry is certain. True, success has been his, but for all that the fear of Tyburn may spoil his rest at night, and when he gets there we may find that the brown mask concealed a coward after all.

Had you seen him that night as I did you would

not say so," was the answer. "I like speech with a man before I julge his merits," said Gentleman Jack, rising from his chair and flicking some dust from his sleeve. He appeared to resent such slavish admiration of Galloping Hermit -perhaps because he felt that his own pre-eminence was challenged. It pleased him to think that his name must be in every one's mouth, that his price in the crime-market must for months past have been than any other man's, and he was suddenly humor with the frequenters of the "Funch-He threw a guinea to the landlady, told her out of humor Bowl. to buy a keepsake with the change, and passed out with a careless nod, much as though he intended never

to come back into such low company. The landlady stood fingering the guines, turning it between her finger and thumb, rather helping her reflections by the action than satisfying herself that the colo was a good one. "I believe we've had Galloping Hermit here to-

"I believe we've had Galloping Hermit here to-night," she said suddenly. "It was unlike Gentleman Jack to talk as he did just now. Mark my words, he wears a brown mask on special occasions, and thought by sneering to throw dust in our eyes. It's not the first time I have considered the possibility, and jm not sure that I won't buy a brown silk mask for keepsake and slip it on when next I see him coming in at the door. That would settle the ques-tion."

tion." She had many arguments to support her opinion, She had many arguments to support her opinion, reminded her customers of many little incidents which had occurred in the past, recalling Gentleman Jack's peculiar behavlor on various occasions. Her argu-ments sounded convincing, and for an hour or more they discussed the question. The opportunity to test her belief by wearing a brown slik mask never came, however, for that same night Gentleman Jack was taken on Hounslow Heath. A stumbling horse put him at the mercy of the man he sought to rob, who struck him on the head with a

he sought to rob, who struck him on the head with a heavy fiding-whip, and when the highwayman recovered consciousness he found himself a prisoner, bound hand and foot. He endeavored to bargain with his captor, and made an attempt to outwit him, but, failing in both efforts, he accepted his position with a good grace, determined to make the best of it. Newgate should be proud of its latest resident. For a little space, at any rate, he would be the hero of fashionable circles, and go rate, he would be the hero of fashionable circles, and go to his death with all the giamour of romance. He would leave a memory behind him that the turnkeys might presently make stirring tales of as they drank their puri at night round the fire in the prison lobby. The highwayman's story concerning the bishop, quickly went the round of the town, and a wit declared that at least half the reverend gentlemen went trembling in their shows for far of their name being meutioned

in their shoes for fear of their name being mentioned. The story, and the wit's comment, served to raise the curiosity of the fashionable, and more than one coach stopped by Newgate to set down beauty and its escort on a visit to the highwayman. But a greater sensation was pending. Who first spread the report no one knew, but it was suddenly whispered that this man was in reality no other than the notorious wearer of the brown mask. When questioned he did not deny it, and his evident pleasure at the mystery which surrounded him went far to establish the story. For every person interested in Gentleman Jack, a dozen were anxious to see and speak to Galloping Hermit. Every tale concerning him was recalled and retold, losing nothing in the retelling. Men had rather envied his adventurous career, many women's hearts had beat faster at the mention of his name, and now the most abound theories regarding his real personality were seriously discussed in coffee that the king himself would intervene to save him from

the gallows. For a long time, no trial had caused such a sensation, and Judge Marriott, whose ambition it was to be tion, and Judge Marriolt, whose ambition it was to be likened to bis learned and famous brother, Judge Jef-freys, rose to the occasion and succeeded in giving an excellent imitation of the bullying methods of his idol. This was an opportunity to win fame, he argued, and he gave full play to the little wit he possessed and ample license to his undeniable powers of vituperation and blasphemy. Newgate was thronged, and the prisoner bore him-

self gallantly as a man might in his hour of triumph. It was a great thing to be an object of interest to states-men, scholars and wits, and to win smilles and tears from beauty. His eyes traveled slowly over the sea of faces, and rested for a little while upon a young girl. Her eyes were downcast, but he thought there must be tears in them, and for a moment he was more inter-ested in her than in any one else. Why had, she come? She was different from all the other women about her.

"I am waiting for my aunt, Lady Bolsover," she said, the color mounting to her cheeks under his steady gaze, and then, suddenly anxious that he should not think evil of her, she added: "I did not want to come. It was horrible."

"Your aunt must have missed you," he said, glancing round the almost empty lobby, for the crowd had poured out into the street by this time. "If you have a coach waiting, may I take you to it?"

"Oh, please-thank you."

The crowd was dense in the street, and their prog-ress was slow, but the man forced a way for her. His face gave evidence that it would be dangerous to throw a jest at his companion. There was a general inclination to give him the wall as he

went. "I am glad you did not come here willingly," he said suddenly, as though no other thought had been in his mind all this time. "This is no place for a woman.

"Indeed, no. I am wondering why a man should be here either." "Galloping Hermit once did me a kindness. I

"Galloping Hermit once did me a kindness. I would like to repay the debt." "But how? What could you do?" "I could not tell. Something might have hap-pened to give me an opportunity." it did not, still, i shall see him presently. Perhaps, I may yet be able to do him some small service." "Oh, I hope so, poor man," she answered. "There is the coach, and my aunt. She will thank you." Lady Bolsover, who was talking to Lord Rosmore, did not appear agitated, but she hurried forward when she caught sight of her niece.

she caught sight of her niece.

"My child, 1 have been consumed with anxiety, and-

"This gentleman-" the girl began, and then "stopped. The man had not followed her as she went to meet her sunt. He had disappeared.

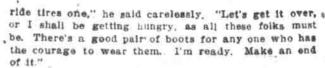
There came no intervention on the prisoner's be-half in the days that followed, nor did he set up any plea for his life on the ground of knowing of plots against the king's majesty. This would be to shirk the day of reckoning, and he had boasted to his comthe day of reckoning, and he had boasted to his com-panions at the "Punch-Bowl" that they should see him play the game to the end. He would fulfill this promise to the letter. He had ridden up Holborn Hill scores of times, seeking spoil and adventure on Hounslow Heath or elsewhere; he would journey up it once more, and pay the price like a gentleman. It would be no lonely journey; there would be excite-ment and triumph in it. He had lived his life and enjoyed it: he had allowed not him to be the the second in the ment and triumph in it. He had lived his life and enjoyed it; he had allowed nothing to stand in the way of his desires; he had pressed into a few short years far more satisfaction than any other career could have given him. Why should he whimper be-cause the end came early? It would be a good end to make, full of movement and color. He knew, for had been a spectator when others had taken that urney, and he was of more importance than they journey, and he was of more importance than they journey, and he was of more importance than they were. The whole town was ringing with his fame. Why should he have regrets? Beauty and fashion came to visit him, and one man came to thank him for some former kindness, a trivial matter that the highwayman had thought nothing of and had forgotten.

It came that last morning, a fine morning flushed with the new life of the world that trembles hesitat-ingly in the spring of the year, and steeps the hearts of men and women with stronger hope and wider ambition, such a morning as draws a yell over past failures and disappointments, and floods the future with success and achievement. It seemed a pity to with success and achievement, it seemed a pily to have to die on such a morning, and for one moment there was regret in the highwayman's soul as he took his place in the cart. The next he braced himself to play his part, for there were great crowds in the streets, waiting and making holiday. All eyes were turned, watching for the processien, for was it not Galloping Hermit who came, the notorious wearer of the brown mask, the hero of wealth and squalor alike, the man whose deeds had already passed into legend? No one thought of him as Gentleman Jack, not even his companions of the "Punch-Bowl," who were in the crowd to see him pass; not the landlady, who had come to see the last of him, and stood at the end of the journey, waiting and watching. By the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church there was a pause. A woman, one of a frail sisterhood, yet strangely pretty and innocent to look upon, held up a great nosegesy to the hero of the hour, and as he have to die on such a morning, and for one

strangely pretty and innocent to look upon, held up a great nosegay to the hero of the hour, and as he took it he bent down and kissed her. "Don't let another's kiss make you forget this one too soon," he said gayly, and her lips smiled while there was a sob in her throat. "The cart jogged on agein, and at intervals the man buried his face in the flowers. This was his hour, and if he had any fear or regret, there were no over keen abough to hote the fact.

cyes keen shough to note the fact. Tyburn and its fatal tree were in sight across a surging crowd. Even at the last moment the king might intervene, it was whispered, and there were some who looked for signs of a swift-coming messa-ger. But the cart cause hearer, slewly and surely; the same round the wallow was been clear with the surely; the space round the gallows was kept clear with diff-culty, and there was no sign of hurrying reprieve. This was the end of the game! Now was the great test of courage. He was too great a man to indulge nall things to prove it.

small things to prove it. "Two been used to riding in the night; a morning



And the landlady at the "Punch-Bowi" that night drank to his memory, declaring that he had died game, as was fitting for a gentleman of the road.

## CHAPTER II Barbara Lanison

S THE coach rolled heavily homeward toward St. James' Square, Lady Bolsover speedily recovered from her anxiety concerning her niece; she did not even reprimand her for getting lost in the crowd, and seemed to take no interest whatever in the gentleman who had come to the rescue and had not waited to be thanked. He could have been no person of consequence, or he would not have neglected the opportunity of bowing over her hand. She talked of nothing but the trial and the excellent manner in which her friend Judge Marriott had conducted it. Some of his wittleisms she remembered and repeated with such excellent point that her niece shuddered again as she had done when they fell from the judge's lips.

"It was altogether horrible," said the girl. "I wonder why you made me go."

"Judge Marriott's wit horrible!" exclaimed Lady Bolsover. "Pray do not say so in company, or you will be taken for a fool."

"I meant the trial-the whole, thing. Why did We go?"

"Would you be altogether out of fashion, Barbara?" "Such fashion, yes, I think so.

"Ah, that's the drawback of living in the country," was the answer. "All one's morals and manners smell of the soil, and a woman's attainments are limited to the making of gooscherry wine and pie-crusts. I was of that pattern myself once, but, thank heaven! I married wisely and escaped from it. You must do the

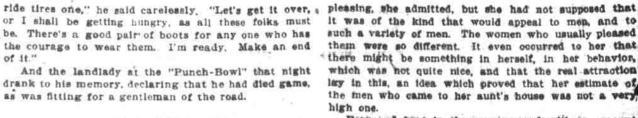
married Wistra.' "Indeed, I am not sure that I want to, and yes am grateful for the reservation," said Lady ver, "or I should be compelled to think that all my care of you during these last few months had been wasted." Bolsover,

Oh, no; I have learnt many things-many things "On, no; I have tearnt many tasts, that it was good for me to know. I have seen men and women who seem to live in another world to the one I have knowledge of, a large and most interesting world truly, yet not altogether to my tasts. Is it not a strange world that can enjoy what we have winessed today?" today

must confess I enjoyed Judge Marriott hugely,"

"I must confess I enjoyed Jadge Martiott hugely." "Was the answer, "and the prisoner was a man, I'll say that for him. I almost regret not having had the honor of heing stopped by him. I grant you he was interest-ing, and played his part gailantly." "Doomed to die on the gallows! Do you call that playing a part?" "My dear." and Lady Bolsover touched the girl's arm, "did I not know your ancestry I should imagine your father a scurvy Puritan and your mother a kitchen wench given to long hymns and cant of a Sunday. Are you sure this cavaller of yours was not some miserable enivoler who found time to favor you with a sermon' He disappeared so hastily that it would seem he was ashamed of himself." The girl did not answer, and if the color came into her checks at the memory of what the man had said to her, Lady Bolsover was too anumed at her own conjec-ture to notice it. There are those who are so intent upon living thus

There are those who are so intent upon living that y have little time to think. Lady Bolsover was of they



"Passed out with a careless nod, much as though he intended never to come back into such

low company."

Born and bred in the country, and with an amount of learning which her uncle considered unnecessary, she had prejudices, no doubt, and possibly had a standard of female beauty in her mind which her own reflection did not satisfy. That she was mistaken in her own estimate of herself was certain, or the men would not have been so assiduous in their attentions. Perhaps she admired dark women, and the reflection which smiled at her out of the depths of the mirror was fair. The eyes were blue-that blue which the sky shows in the early morning of a cloudless day, and there was a suggestion of tears in them-the tears which may come from much laughter rather than those which speak of sorrow. There was a touch of gold in the fair hair which was inclined to be rebellious and surl into little lovelocks about her neck and forehead. The skin was fair, with the bloom of perfect health upon it, and the little mouth was firm, the lips fresh as from the Miss of a rose. There was grace in all her movements, that unstudied grace which tells of life in the open air and freedom from restraint; and in thought and word and deed conventionality had small interest for her. It was hardly wonderful that Lord Rosmore should pronounce her adorable, or that Judge Marriott should forget that his youth was a thing of the past. Indeed, she had come

her adorable, or that Judge Marriott should farget that his youth was a thing of the past. Indeed, she had come as a revelation to the men whose lives were made up or court intrigue and artificiality. Terhups another reason why Barbara Lanison found it difficult to understand the sensation she remained entirely unto that her heart and affections remained entirely unto that her heart and affections a quick insight into character. She was not to be ability led, and if she did a good many things in her a quick insight into character. She was not to be easily led, and if she did a good many things in her a quick insight into character. She was not to be easily led, and if she did a good many things in her a quick insight into character. She was not to be applied and if she did a good many things in her a quick insight into character. She was not to be easily led, and if she did her to be good many things in her a provide the man who had been good many things in her there was a point beyond which no persuasion of against her will she had been taken to the friel of the provide the man who had come to her rescue the here was shown by her eager desire to explain her presence to the man who had come to her rescue the here was shown by her eager desire to explain her presence to the man who had come to her rescue the here was shown by her eager desire to admit failure with regard to her plans concerning her nices, in the crowd. It would probably have annoved had been route. If in one sense Lady Bolsover had to admit failure which more counted on all sides, and her house if it is a dozen men who had flattered her sufficiently as a first step toward her good graces, she had provide diver the failer of the planes of the provide the provide the dozen men who had flattered her sufficiently as a first step toward her good graces, she had provide the nearth of her plane and the bears for the heig too definitely honest. If was therefore the heiger bo definitely honest. If was therefore presenter to do her best with her hieles on

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

