lest they come upon us and do us a mischief."

"We cannot tarry," said Sir Nigel, riding toward the town, with the mayor upon his left side; "the Prince awaits us at Bordeaux, and we may not be behind the general muster. Yet I will promise you that on our way we shall find time to pass Freshwater and to prevail upon these rovers to leave you in peace."

"We are much beholden to you!" cried the mayor. "But I cannot see, my lord, how, without a warship, you may venture against these men. With your archers, however, you might well hold the town and do them great scath if they attempt to land."

"There is a very proper cog out you der," said Sir Nigel; "it would be a very strange thing if any ship were not a warship when it had such men as these upou her decks. Certes, we shall do as I say, and that no later than this very day."

"My lord," said a rough-haired, darkfaced man, who waiked by the knight's other stirrup, with his head sloped to catch all that he was saying, "by your leave, I have no doubt that you are skilled io land fighting and the marshalling of lames, but, by my soul! you will find it.

leave, I have no doubt that you are skilled in land fighting and the marshalling of lansees, but, by my soul! you will find it another thing upon the sea. I am mastershipman of this yellow cog, and my name is Goodwin Hawtayne. I have sailed since I was as high as this staff, and I have fought against these Normans and against the Genoese, as well as the Scotch, the Bretons, the Spanish, and the Moors. I tell you, sir, that my ship is over-light and over-frail for such work, and it will but end in our having our throats cut, or being sold as slaves to the Barbary heathen.

"I also have experienced one or two gentle and honorable ventures upon the sea," quoth Sir Nigel, "and I am right bitthe to have so fair a task before us. I think, good master-shipman, that you and I may win great honor in this matter, and I can see very readily that you are a brave and stout man.

"I like it not," said the other sturdily. "In God's name, I like it not! And yet Goodwin Hawtayne is not the man to stand back when his fellows are for pressing forward. By my soul! be it sink or swim, I shall turn her beak into Freshwater Bay, and if good Master Witherton of Southampton like not my handling of his ship, then he may find another master."

The throng moved on, until at the very gate it was brought to a stand by a

every man of them ere the sun set. It is my intention, if it seems good to you, to try a venture against these Norman and

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since I was a high as this staff, and have fought against these New will as the Scotch, the Fretons, the Spanish, and the Moors. I tell you, sir, that my ship is ore-light and query flow a law of the Moors of Leging. In the waster shifted the Moors of Leging. In the waster shifted the Southampton mariners, hairy ore-light and query flow on a varyer or throats cut, or being sold as slaves to the Brabary heatten.

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my intention. If it seems good to you, to try a centure against these Norman and Genoese rovers."

CHAPTER XII.

Leaving the lusty knight and the Mayor of Lepe, Sir Nigel led the Company straight down to the water's edge, where long lines of flat lighters swiftly bore them to their vessel. Horse after horse was slung by main force up from the barges, and after kicking and plunging in empty air was dronned into the deep waist of the yellow cog, where rows of stalls stood ready for their safe keeping.

Int.

"Shall we turn, my fair lord, or shall we carry on?" asked the master-shipman, looking behind him with anxious eyes. "Nay, we must carry on, and play the part of the hebbless merchant."

"But your pennons? They will see that we have two knights with us."

"Yet it would not be to a knight's honor or good name to lower his pennon. Let them be, and they will think that we have two ship for Gascony, or that we bear the wool-bales of some mercer of the Staple. Ma foi! but they are very swift! They swoop upon us like two

they will not close. "I think I may trick them," the knight answered cheerfully, and passed his order to the archers. Instantly five of them there up their hands and fell prostrate upon the deck.

"They still hold aloof!" cried Hawtane. "Then down with two more!" shouted their leader, "That will do. Ma foil but they come to out lure like chicks to the fowler. To your arms, men! As he spoke a roar of voices and a roll of drums came from either galley, and the water was lashed into spray by the hurried beat of a bundred oars. Down the pirates swooped.

In heavy clusters they hung upon the forecastle all ready for a spring—fages white, faces brown, faces yellow, and faces black: fair Norsemen, swarthy Italians. Serce rovers from the Levant and fery Moors from the Barbary States, of all hues and countries, and marked solely by the common stamp of a wild-beast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on either a could be ast ferecity. Rasping up on eith

was a blood-smeared shambles, with mouses piled tares deep upon each other, the living covering behind the dead to shelter themselves from that sudden sours-blast of death. On either side the seasons whom Sir Nigel had choose for the purpose had eact their anchors during the sales of the galleys.

Fore and aft the archers had cleared the galleys decks, but from either side the rovers had poured down into the salet, where the season and townen were pushed back and so mingled with their fose that it was impossible for their courredes above to draw string to nelp them. It was a wild choos where axe and sword rose and fell, while tanglishmen, Norman and Italian singuered and recised on a deck which was cumbered with bodies and slippery with blood.

The giant Tete-noire, towaring above his fellows and clad from head to foot in plate of proof, led on his boarders, swinging a huge mace with which he atruck to the deck every man who opposed him. On the other side, Spade-beard, a dwarf in height, but of great breadth of shoulder and length of arm, had c a road almost to the mast, with three-score Genoese men-at-arms close at his heels.

But help was close at h. Sir Oliver Ruttesthorn with his men-at-arms had

"When the state of the state with the state of the state

widening rift appeared between the two vessels.

"By St. George!" cried Ford, "we are cut off from Sir Nigel."

"He is lost," gasped Terlake. "Come, let us spring for it." The two youths jumped with all their strength to reach the departing galley. Ford's feet reached the edge of the bulwarks, and his hand clutching a rope he swung himself on board. Terlake fell short, crashed in among the oars, and bounded off into the sea. Alleyne, staggering to the side, was about to hurl himself after him, but Hordle John's heavy hand dragged him back by the girdle.

The vessels were indeed so far apart now that the Genoese coull use the full sweep of their oars and draw away rapidly from the cog.

"Look! Look! but it is a noble fight!" shouted big John, clapping his hands. "They have cleared the poop, and they spring into the waist. Well struck, my lord! Well struck, Aylward! See too, Black Simon, how he storms among the shipmen! But this Spade-beard is a gallant warrior.

"dv Heaven, Sir Nigel is down!" cried

gallant warrior.
"By Heaven, Sir Nigel is down!" cried

the squire.

English. "What do you say?—to hang—the death of a dog. To hang?

"It is my vew," said Sir Nigei shortly. "From weat I hear, you thought little enough of hanging others."

"Peasants, buse roturiers?" cried the other. "It is their fitting death. But to hang—the Seigneur Audelye—a man with the blood of kings in his veins—it is incredible."

Sir Nigei turned upon his heel, while two seamen cast a nonse over the pirate a neck. At the touch of the cord he mapped the bonds which bound him, dashed one of the archers to the deck, and, seising the other round the waist, sprang with him into the sea.

"By my hill, he is gone!" cried Aylward, rushing to the side. "They have sonk together like a stone.

"I am right glad of it," answered Sir Nigel; "for though it was against my vow to loose him, I deem that he has carried himself like a very gentle and ucbonnaire cavalier."

It was on the morning of Friday, the eight-and-twentieth day of November, two days before the feast of St. Andrew, that the cog and her two prisoners, after remaing before a northeasterly wind, and a weary tacking up the Gironde and the Garonne, dropped anchor at last in front of the noble city of Bordeaux. With wonder and admiration, Alleyne, leaning over the bulwarks, gazed at the forest of masts, the swarm of boats derting lither and thither out the bosom of the broad, curring stream, and the gray, crescent-shaped city which stretched with many a tower and minaret along the western shore. Never had he in his quiet life seen so great a town, nor was there in the whole of England, save London alone, one which might match it in size or in wealth.

"I trust, Aylward," said Sir Nigel, coming upon theek, "that the men are

was fall and as straight as the though of a great age, for his hair, which carried from mader his hairs velocit cap of maintenance, was as white as the new fallen snow. Yet, from the swing of his stride and spring of his step, it was clear that he had not yet lost the fire and activity of his youth. His fierce haws like face was clean shaven like that of a prise, save for a long thin wisp of white mustache. That he had been handsome night be easily judged from his high equiline nose and clear-cut chin; but his features had been so distorted by the seams and scars of old wounds, and by the loss of one eye which had been lorn from the socket, that there was little left to remind one of the dashing young knight who had been fifty years ago the fairest as well as the boldest of the English chivarry—Chandes, the stainless knight, the wise councilior, the valiant warrior.

knight, the wise councilior, the valuant warrior.

"Ha, my little heart of gold!" he cried, darting forward suddenly and throwing his arms round Sir Nigel. "I heard that you were here, and have been seeking you."

"My fair and dear lord." said the knight, returning the warrior's embrace. "I have Indeed come back to you, for where clae shall I go that I may learn to be a gentle and a hardy knight?"

"By my troth, said Chandos with a smile. "It is very fitting that we should be companione. Nigel, for since you have tied up one of your eyes, and I have had the mischance to lose one of mine, we have but a pair between us. Ah. Sir Oliver! you were on the hilled side of me and I saw you not.

So saying, he led the way to the inner chamber, the two companions treading close at his heels, and nodding to right and left as they caught sight of familiar faces among the crowd.

(To be Continued Nest Week.)

Secretary Taft said of a certain

quali before him. They can't call their souls their own in his presence. Altogether, he makes me think of a

walter I once met in the West.
"In a small Western town, many
years ago, I put up at the Palace
Hotel.

"There was no water nor towels in my room, and I rang.

"And again and again and yet again
I rang, and finally a waiter appeared.
"This waiter was a robust man of
stern and forbidding aspect.
"'Did you ring?' be said in a
rumbling bass voice.
"'I did it appeared."

"'I did,' I answered.
"'Well, don't do it again,' said the

waiter, with a menacing scowl, as he

Prof. Mustard, of Haverford College, claims that Ben Franklin's maxims in "Poor Richard's Almanae" are largely

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