

fifty English and Gascon barons, knights, and courtiers.

"There sits the prince," whispered Sir John Chandos as they entered. "He on the right is Pedro, whom we are about to put upon the Spanish throne. The other is Don James, whom we purpose with the aid of God to help to his throne in Majores.

The prince had observed their entrance, and, springing to his feet, he had advanced with a winning smile and the light of welcome in his eyes.

"Welcome to Aquitaine, Sir Nigel Loring and Sir Oliver Buttesthorn," said he, "Nay, keep your knee for my sweet father at Windsor. I would have your hands, my friends. We are like to give you some work to do ere you see the downs of Hampshire once more. How many have you in your train?"

"I have forty men-at-arms, sire," said Sir Oliver.

"I have forty men-at-arms, sire," said Sir Oliver.

"And I have one hundred archers and a score of lances; there are also three hundred men of the White Company who wait for me on this side of the water upon the borders of Navarre."

"We hope to see you both in the banquet-hall anon," rejoined the prince. He bowed, and Chandos, plucking Sir Oliver by the sleeve, led them both away to the back of the press of courriers.

The young ruler had sat listlessly upon his stool with the two puppet monarchs enthroned behind him, but of a sudden a dark shadow passed over his face, and he sprang to his feet in one of those rusts of passion which were the single blot upon his noble and generous character.

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"How now, Don Martin de la Carra?" he cried. "How now, sirrah?" What message do you bring to us from our brother of Navarre?" The new-coner to whom this abrupt query had been addressed was a tail and handsome cavalier who had just been ushered into the apartment. "Are the passes open to us, or does your master go back from his word pledged to me at Libourne no later than last Michaeimas?"

"It would ill become my gracious master, sire, to go back from promise given. He does but ask some delay and certa, a conditions and hostages.

"Conditions! Hostages! is he speaking to the Prince of England, or is it to the bourgeois provost of some half-captured town? Conditions, quotha? He may find much to mend in his own condition, ere long. The passes are, then, closed to us?"

"Nay, sire."

"They are open, then?"

"Nay, sire, if you would but....."

"Enough, enough, Don Martin," cried the prince. "It is a sorry sight to see so true a knight pleading in so false a cause. We know the doings of our Cousin Charles. We know that while with the right hand he takes our fifty thousand crowns for the holding of the passes open, he hath his left outstretched to Henry Trastamare, or to the King of France, all rendy to take as many more for the keeping them closed, I know our good Charles, and he shall learn that I know him. He sets his kingdom up to the best bidder, like some scullion farrier selling a giandered horse. He is...."

"My lord," cried Don Martin, I cannot stand here to hear such words of my master. Did they come from other lips I should know better how to answer them."

"Your bearing and your words, Don Martin, are such as I should have looked

I should know better how to answer them."

"Your bearing and your words, Don Martin, are such as I should have looked for in you. You will tell the king, your master, that he hath been paid his price, and that if he holds to his promise he hath my word for it that no scath shall come to his people, nor to their houses or gear. If, however, we have not his leave, I shall come close at the heels of this message without his leave, and bearing a key with me which shall open all that he may close. Where is my Lord Chandos? Ha, Sir John, I commend this worthy knight to your care. You will see that he hath refection, and such a purse of gold as may defray his charges, for indeed it is great houor to any court to have within it so noble and gentle a cavalier."

"But I have tidings for you, my lords and lieges, that our brother of Lancaster is on his way for our capital with four hundred lances and as many archers to aid us in our venture. We shall then join the army at Dax and set our banners to the breeze once more."

A buzz of joy at the prospect of immediate action rose up from the group of warriors. The prince smilled at the martial ardor which shone upon every face around him.

warriors. The prince same at a care around him.

"It will hearten you to know," he continued, that I have sure advices that this Henry is a very valiant leader, and that he has it in his power to make such a stand against us as promises to give us much honor and pleasure. It is certain, also, that the brave and worthy Bertrand du Guesclin hath ridden into France to the Duke of Anjou, and purposes to take back with him great levies from Picardy and Brittany. We hold Bertrand in high esteem, for he oft before been at great pains to furnish us with an honorable encounter. What think you of it, my worthy Captal? He took you at Cocherel, and, by my soul! you will have the chance now to pay that score."

The Gascon warrior addressed winced a little at the allusion, nor were his countrymen around him better pleased, for on the only occasion when they had encountered the arms of France without English aid they had met with a heavy defeat.

"There are some who say, sire," said the bare are some who say, sire, "said the bare are some who say, sire," said the bare are some who say, sire, "said the bare are some who say, sire," said the bare are some who say, sire, "said the bare are some who say, sire," said the bare are some who say, sire, "said the bare are some who say, sire," said the bare are some who say, sire, "said the bare are some who say, sire," said the bare are some who say, sire, "said the bare are some who say, sire," said the bare are some who say, sire, "said the bare are some who say, sire," said the bare are some who say, sire, said the s

that Gasceny is too small a cock to crow so lustily."

"The smaller cock, my Lord Audley, may have the longer apar," remarked the Captal de Buch.

"May have its comb clipped if it makes over-much noise," broke in an Englishman.

"By Cur Lady of Rocamdour!" cried the Lord of Mucident, "this is more than I can abide. Sir John Charnell, you shall answer to me for those words."

"Freely, my lord, and when you will," returned the Englishman carelessly.

"My Lord de Clisson!" cried Lord Audley, "you look somewhat fixedly in my direction. By St. Stephen, I should be right glad to go further into the mainer with you."

"And you, my Lord of Pommera," said Sir Nigel, pushing his way to the front, "it is in my mind that we might broak a lance in gentle and honorable debate over the question."

For a moment a dosen challenges flashed beckward and forward at this sudden bursting of the cloud which had lowered so long between the knights of the two nations. Furious and gesticulating the Gascons; white and cold and snearing the English, while the prince with a half-smile glanced from one party to the other, like a man who loved to dwell upon a flery scene, and yet dreaded lest the mischief go so far that he might find it beyond his control.

"Friends, friends!" he cried at last, "this quarrel must go no further. The man shall answer to me, be he Gascon or English, who carries it beyond this room. I have overmuch need for your swords that you should turn them upon each other. Sir John Charnell, Lord Audley, you do not doubt the courage of our friends of Gascony."

"Not I, sire." Lord Audley answered. "I have seen them fight too often not to know that they are very hardy and valiant syntlemen."

"And so say I." quoth the other Englishman: "but, certes, there is no fear of our forgetting it while they have a tongue in their heads."

"Nay, Sir John," said the prince, reprovingly. But you hear, my lords of Gascony, that these gentlemen had no thought to throw a slur upon your bonor or your valor, so let all anger fade from your mi

While the prince's council was sitting.
Alleyne and Ford had remained in the outer hall, where they were soon surrounded by a noisy group of young Englishmen of their own rank, all eager to hear the latest news from England.
"How is it with the old man at Windsor?" asked one.
"And how with the good Queen Philippa?"
"How of England, my lads of Loring?" said a squire named Humphrey.
"I take it." said Ford, "that it is much as it was when you were there last, save

"Nay: Tranter first laid band upon his head," said Harcomb. "How may you, Tranter? The matter may rest where it stands?"

"My name is known in these parts," said Tranter proudly. "I can let pass what might leave a stain upon another. Let him pick up his glove and say that he has done amiss."

"I would see him in the claws of the devil first," whispered Ford.

"You hear, young sir?" said the peacemaker. "Our friend will overlook the matter if you do but say that you have acted in heat and haste."

"I came here at the beck of my master," answered Alleyne, "and I looked on

"I came here at the beck of my master," answered Alleyne, "and I looked on every man here as an Englishman and a friend. This gentleman hath shown me a rough welcome, and if I have answered him in the same spirit he has but himself to thank. I will pick the glove up, but, certes, I shall abide by what I have done unless he first crave my pardon for what he hath said and done."

Tranter shrugged his shoulders. "You have done what you could to save him, Harcomb," he said. "We had best settle at once."

"So say I," cried Alleyne.

said Norbary.
"You have carried yourself well," cried several of the older squires.
"For my part, I have no wish to slay this young man," said Tranter, wiping his brow.

"Here is your pourpoint, Edricson," cried Norbury. "Throw it over your shoulders, that you may have at least one dry garment."

"And now away lack to the abbey," said several.

"One moment, sira!" cried Alleyne, who was leaning on Ford's shoulder, with the broken aword, which he had pickes up, still ciutched in his right hand. "My ears may be somewhat dulled by the water, but I have not yet heard this gentleman crave pardon for the hault which he put upon me in the hall."

"What! do you still pursue the quarrel?" asked Tranter.

"And why not, sir? I am slow to take up such things, but once afoot I shall follow it while I, have life or breath.

"Ma fol! you have not too much of either, for you have not too much of either, for you are as white as marble, said Harcomb bluntly. "Let it drop, sir for you have come very well out of it."

"Nay," said Alleyne, "this quarre! is none of my making, but, now I am here. I swear that I shall never leave this spot until I have that which I have come for so ask my pardon, sir, or choose another glairs and to it again."

The young squire was deadly white from his exertions, both on the land and in the water. Seaking and stained, with a smear of blood on his white shoulder, and another on his brow, there was still in his whole pees and set face the samp of an inflexible resolution. His opponent's duller and more material mind qualled before the fire and intensity of a higher spiritual nature.

"I had not thought that you had taken it so amiss," said be awkwardly. "It was but such a jest as we play upon can be to ther, and, if you must have it so, I am sorry for it."

"Then I am sorry too," quoth Alleyne warmly, "and here is my hand upon It."

"And the none-ment horn has blows three times," quoth Harcomb. By my troth! Master Ford, your friend here is in need of a cup of wine, for he hath drunk deeply of Garonne water. I had not thought from his fair face that he had stood to this matter so shrewdly."

"His master also, as I understand, in a very rentie and courteous gentleman." "

(To be Continued Next Week.)

A strong decoction of common poke root, mixed with an equal quantity of black molasses, boiled to a syrup, and spread upon bread, is sure and sudden cockroaches. They eat it greedily and die.

PIPLOMAT'S WIFE MEDDLING.

President Roosevelt wrote in reply that he would like to see the archishop of St. Paul a cardinal and spoke very highly of the archishop's public services and breadth of view, but he declared he could not become involved in any matter of church politics, and he pointed out to Mrs. Storer how improper it would be for him to advocate the selection by the Pope of any person for any place.

Mrs. Storer, it is averred, made use of the expression of the President that he would like to see the archishop trade a cardinal, and caused it to come to the attention of high dignitaries in such a way that it appeared to be the wish of the President that the action should be taken.

President Roosevelt wrote to Vienna expostulating, and calling attention to his original note, in which he said he would like to have Archbishop freland elevated, but could not meddle in such affairs, and he pointed out that the qualification had not been made use of in connection with the apparent indorsement of the proposed new cardinal. Other questions arose, and the administration found itself embarrassed in other ways, and the final result was that the connection of Mr. Storer with the diplomatic service ceased.

The Emperor of the British Empire has 54,000,000 white subjects. The ramainder are black, brown and yellow.

The paving blocks of some of the streets of Warsaw are made of com-pressed straw.



## What Does This Mean?



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Fresh Blood

upon the wall of a house where a great crime had been committed, stared you in the face, could you explain their meaning?

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"THE PRINCE OBSERVED THEIR ENTRANCE WITH ALIGHT OF WELCOME IN HIS EYES."

that perchance there is a little less noise there."

"And why less noise, young Solomon?"

"Ah, that is for your wit to discover."

Pardieu! here is a paladin come over, with the Hampshire mud still sticking to his shoes. Le means that the noise is less for our being out of the country."

"How re we to take this, sir?" asked the ruffling squire.

"You may take it as it comes," said ford carelessly.

"Stint it, Humphrey," said a tall squire with a burst of laughter. You will have little credit from this gentleman. I perceive. Tongues are sharp in Hampshire, sir."

"And swords?"

"Hum! we may prove that. In two days' time is 'e vepres du tournoi when we may see if your lance is as quick as your wit."

Cocherel, and, by my soul! you will have the chance now to pay that score."

The Gascon warrior addressed winced a little at the allusion, nor were his countrymen around him better pleased for on the only occasion when they had encountered the arms of France without English aid they had met with a heavy defeat.

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"Mil very well. Roger Harcomb," cried a burly, bull-necked young man, whose source shoulders and massive limbs told of exceptional personal strength. "You pass too lightly over the matter. We are not to be so easily overcrowed. The Lord Loring hath given his proofs; but we know nothing of his sources, save that one of them hath a rulling tongue. And Low of von, young sir?" bringing his heavy hand down on Allevor's shoulder.

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Close to the bank of the Garonne there lay a little tract of green-sward. The river ran deep and swift up to the steep bank. Here the two combatants drew their swords. In such combats, as well as in the formal sports of the tilting-yard, Tranter had won a name for strength and dexterity. On the other hand, Alleyne had used his weapons in constant exercise and practice for every day for many months, and being by nature quick of eye and prompt of hand, he might pass now as no mean swordsman. An unequal fight it seemed to most: but there were a few, and they the most experienced, who saw something in the youth's steady gray eye and wary step which left the issue open.

"Hold, Sirs, hold!" cried Norbury, ere blow had been struck. "This ger, leman to the surface of the current was to make their way out of the current was but to hold his head above water and to make their way out of the current was sufficiently and the current was swift and strong and good swimmer as he was, it was no easy task which Alleyne had set himself. To clutch at Tranter and to seize him by the hair was the work of a few seconds, but to hold his head above water and to make their way out of the current was

"Hold. Sirs, hold." cried Norbury, ere blow had been struck. "This ger.:leman hath a two-handed sword. a good foot longer than that of our friend." "Take mine. Alleyne!" said Ford. Nay, friends." he answered. I under-stand the weight and balance of mine own. To work, sir, for our lords may need us!"

Tranter's great sword was indeed a mighty vanuare in his favor. The weapon he held straight up in front of him with blade erect, so that he might either bring it down with a swinging blow, or by a turn of the heavy blade he might guard his own head and body. A further protection lay in the broad and powerful grand which crossed the hilt, and which grand which crossed the hilt, and which was furnished with a deep and narrow notch, in which an expert swordsman at the bus of congratulations and of

ful strokes for his late forman.

Yet the current was swift and strong, and, good swimmer as he was, it was no easy task which Alleyne had set himself. To clutch at Tranter and to seize him by the hair was the work of a few seconds, but to hold his head above water and to make their way out of the current was another matter. Then at last, amid a shout of joy and praise from the bank, they slowly drew clear into more stagnant water, at the instant that a rope, made of a dozen swordbelts linked together by the buckles, was thrown by Ford into their hands. Three pulls from eager arms, and the two combatants, dripping and pale, were dragged up the bank, and lay panting upon the grass.

John Tranter was the first to come to