purred cock and new-hatched chicken! Thy fighting days may soon be over."
"Hadst asked me in the name of charity I would have given freely!" common robber and a scourge to the

country. you. If you are the Socman's brother you are one of the right side, I war-

rant, for all your clerkly dress."

"His brother I am," replied Alleyne.
"But even if I were not, is that reason why you should molest me on the king's ground?"

"I give not the pip of an apple for king or for noble," cried the serf passionately. "Ill have I had from them, and ill I shall repay them. I am a good friend to my friends, and, by the Virgin, an evil forman to my foes."
"And therefore the worst of forman to thyself," said Alleyne. "But I pray you, since you seem to know him, to point out to me the shortest path to

my brother's house." He was following the track, his misgivings increasing with every step which took him nearer to that home which he had never seen, when of a sudden the trees began to thin and the sward to spread out into a broad green law, where five cows lay in the sunshine and droves of black swine wandered unchecked. A brown forest stream swirled down the centre of this clearing, with a rude bridge flung across it, and on the other side was a across it, and on the other star was a second field sloping up to a long, low-lying wooden house, with thatched roof and open squares for windows. Al-leyne gazed across at it with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes-for this, he knew, must be the home of his

Alleyne was roused, however, from his pleasant revery by the sound of voices, and two people emerged from the forest some little way to his right and moved across the field in the direction of the bridge. The one was a man with yellow flowing beard and very long hair of the same tint droop-ing over his shoulders. By his side

golden hair, his fierce blue eyes, and his large, well-marked features, he was the most comely man whom Alleyne had ever seen; and yet there was friend, ere he come back." nature.

"Young fool!" he cried, holding the The outlaw sank his club. "The Seeman's brother!" he gasped. "Now, by the keys of Peter! I had rather that hand withered and tongue was palsied ere I had struck or miscalled wench has come with me, and with me woman still to his side, though every line of her shrinking figure spoke her

she shall bide."
"Liar!" cried the woman; and, stooping her head, she suddenly bit fiercely into the broad brown hand which held He whipped it back with an oath while she tore herself free and slipped chind Alleyne, cowering up against him.

"Stand off my land!" the man said fiercely, heedless of the blood which trickled freely from his fingers. "What have you to do here? By your dress you should be one of those cursed clerks who overrun the land like vite rats, poking and prying into other men's concerns, too caltiff to fight and too lazy to work."

"Is this your land, then?" gasped Alleyne. "Would you dispute it, dog? Would

you wish by trick or quibble to juggle me out of these last acres? Know, base-born knave, that you have dared that the thief should have his booty and the honest man should sin if he strove to win back his own.'

"You are the Socman of Minstead!" "That I am; and the son of Edric the Socman, of the pure blood of Godfrey the thane, by the only daughter of the house of Aluric, whose fore-fathers held the white-horse banner at the fatal fight where our shield was broken and our sword shivered. My folk held this land from Bramshaw Wood to the Ringwood road. Begons. say, and meddle not with my affair."
"If you leave me now," whispered the

woman, "shame forever upon your manhood!"

cried Alieyne. "As it stands, not one farthing shall you have with my free will, and when I see my brother, the Socman of Minstead, he will raise hue and cry from vill to vill, from hundred to hundred, until you are taken as a which spoke of a wild, untamable to hundred. They can together to the cove- of the woods. As they gained the edge of the brushwood, Alieyne, looking back, saw his brother come running out of the house again, with the sun glemning upon his hair and his beard. He held something which flashed in his ri ht hand, and he stopped to unloose the

black hound.
"This way!" the woman whispered. in a low eager voice. "Through the bushes to that forked ash. Do not heed me; I can run as fast as you, I trow. Now into the stream-right in. over ankles, to throw the dog off. As she spoke, she sprang herself into the shallow stream and ran swiftly up the centre of it, with the brown water bubbling over her feet, and her hand outstretched to ward off the clinging branches of bramble or saping Albranches of bramble or sapiling Al-leyne followed close at her heels, with his mind in a whirl at this black wel-come and sudden shifting of all his plans and hopes. Yet, grave as were his thoughts, they would still turn to wonder as he looked at the twinkling feet of his guide and saw her lithe figure bend this way and that, dipping under houghs, springing over stores. under boughs, springing over stones, with a lightness and ease which made it no small task for him to keep up with her. At last, when he was al-most out of breath, she suddenly threw herself down upon a mossy bank, tetween two holly-bushes, and looked ruefully at her own dripping feet and bedraggled skirt.

Alleyne, still standing in the stream, clanced down at the graceful pinkand-white figure, the curve of raven-black hair, and the proud, sensitive face, which looked up frankly and confi-dently at his own.

"Why did you not kill him?"
"Kill him?" My brother?"
"And why not?"—with a quick gleam

"And why not"—with a quick gleam of her white teeth, "He would have killed you. I know him, and I read it in his eyes. Had I had your staff I would have tried—aye, and done it, to." She shook her elenched white hand as she spoke, and her lips tight-

ened ominously.
"I am already sad in heart for wha I have done," said he, sitting down on the bank, and sinking his face into his hands. "God help me! all that is worst in me seemed to come upper-most. Another instant, and I had smitten him: the son of my own walked a woman, tall and slight and "Surely, sir," said Alleyne, speaking dark, with lithe graceful figure and in as persuasive and soothing a way clear-cut, composed features. Her jet- as he could, "if your birth is gentle, mother, the man whom I have longed



old only in scaled packages and never oose out of a " scoop."

A grocer may recommend a loose coffee at so much a pound. He is all right. He means well. If he handled the coffee

But he does not!

He may know something about coffee.
He may think he does, but let that pass. He buys it loose! From whom? You yearly roast amounts to the hundred lon't know-if you did it would not million pounds? sean anything. He trusts the man be mys it from-maybe a salesman, maybe a wholesaler, maybe a little local roaster. It does not matter. What do they know about coffee? More than the grocer? Perhaps.

Where do they get their coffee? Where does it come from? Whose hands touched it last? Where had they been?

They can't tell Java from Brazilian by he looks after it is roasted, and it takes a man, expert by years of practical experience, to select sound, sweet green coffee of high cup ment; and another man with the knowledge and experience

shelter, there to wait until the page's By the grace of the and the help of my patron St. Magda-len, I stopped short ere I reached his door, though, as you saw, he strove to hale me up to it."
"But your father?"

"Not one word shall I tell him. You do not know him; but I can tell you he is not a man to disobey as I have disobeyed him. He would average me, it is true, but it is not to him that I shall look for vengeance. Some day, perchance, in joust or in tourney, some knight may wish to wear my colors, and then I shall tell her that plors, and then I shall tell him that if the does indeed crave my favor there is he does indeed crave my favor there is wrong unredressed, and the wronger the Soeman of Minstead. So my knight shall find a venture such as bold knights love, and my debt shall be paid, and my father none the wiser, and one rogue the less in the world." Then down the glade there came a little green-clud page with laughing eyes, and long curis floating behind him. He sat perched on a high bay horse, and held on to the bridle of a spirited black paifrey, the hides of both

spirited black paifrey, the hides of both glistening from a long run.

"I have sought you everywhere, dear Lady Maude," said he, in a piping voice, springing down from his horse and holding the stirrup, "Troubadour galloped as far as Holmhill ere I could catch him. I trust that you have had no hurt or scath?" He shot a questioning glance at Alleyne as he

'No, Bertrand," said she, "thanks to this courteous stranger. And now, sir," she continued, springing into her saddle, "it is not fit that I should ave you without a word more, ave acted this day as becomes a knight. King Arthur and all his Table could not have done more. It may be that, as some small return. my father or his kin may have power to advance your interest. He is not rich, but he is honored and hath great friends. Tell me what is your purpose, and see if he may not aid it."

"Ains, lady' I have now no purpose. I have but two friends in the world, and they have gone to Christchurch, where it is likely I shall Join them."

"And where in Christchurch?"

"At the enstle which is held by the

"At the castle which is held by the brave knight. Sir Nigel Loring, con-stable to the Earl of Salisbury." To his surprise she burst out alaughing, and spurring her paifrey, dashed off down the glade, with her page riding behind her. Not one word did she say, but as she vanished amid the trees she half turned in her saddle and waved a last greeting. Long time he stood, half hoping that she might again come back to him; but the thud of the hoofs had died away, and there was no sound in all the woods but the gentle rustle and dropping of the leaves. At last he turned away and made his way back to the highroad— another person from the light-hearted boy who had left it a short three

hours before.
(To be Continued Next Week.)

Charles R. Barnes, in the New York World.

Mary had a little lamb; One day it got the croup; She sold it to a packing house— It's now canned ox-tall soup.

Mary had to have a pet; She bought a cuming cow, Which died of splitting headaches soon; It's country sausage now.

Mary wept and wept and wept.

And then a piggle got;

The piggle died of tummy ache—
It's boacd ham, like as not.

Mary saw the packers make
A fortune from her pets,
But she could hardly clear enough
On them to pay her debts.

Don't take scoop coffee when you want to proportion and blend for uniform re- from us direct. Send us \$1.80, Arbuckles' ARIOSA Coffee, which is subts in the cup. First they must have capress money order, and we will send to proportion and blend for uniform recapress money order, and we will send to proportion and blend for uniform recapress money order, and we will send to proportion and blend for uniform recapress money order, and we will send the supply to preserve uniform quality. Arbuckles buy more coffee than any four other concerns in the world com-bined, and their coffee is the most uni-

orm. Then the roasting. "The Brazilian Ambassador tells me himself, from the tree to you, you might that coffee-roasting is an art," was the court testimony of a world famous chemically. Where are artists more likely to find employment—manipulating a little roast-cr or in the Arbuckle mills, where the

> Don't take scoop coffee, but buy a package of Arbuckles' ARIOSA. Take t home and keep the bean intact until ready to use. We hermetically seal each bean after roasting with a coating of fresh eggs and granulated sugar to closthe pores and preserve the flavor. A lit-

> tle warming makes it easy to grind and develops the flavor. Coffee deteriorates if exposed to the air—it also collects dust and absorbs impurities. That is why you should "BEWARE OF THE SCOOP."

If your grocer will not sell you the

strong wooden box, transportation paid to your freight station. Price fluctuates and cannot be guaranteed for any period. You cannot buy as good coffee for the money under any other name or loose by the pound. More—the coffee will come in the original packages bearing the signature of Arbuckle Bros., which entitles you to free presents—10 pounds
—10 signatures. New book with colored
pictures of 97 beautiful useful presents
will be sent free if you write. You can

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will be sent free if you write. You can write first and see the book before you

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

The treasury has always stamped its own pennies with the design of the Indian's head and the wreath on the reverse enclosing the words "One ent"; but the coins, lacking only this finishing touch, have been made for nany years in Waterlouvy, Conn. whence they were shipped in the shape 'planchets'') in strong wooden boxes. They used to cost the government, in this form, only twenty-four cents a ise in the price of copper, they cannot be manufactured, even when homemade, for less than twenty-nine cents. A pound of blanks represent 146 pennles.

If a cent a pound be added for the expense of stamping them with dies. will be obvious that Uncle Sam Is able to manufacture 486 pennies for a dollar—a very profitable enterprise, masuruch as he disposes of that num-

er for \$4.86. During the last year the treasury minted 80,719,163 pennies, of which New York State absorbed about 15,-600,000, the demand from Illinois beus next in point of size, while Massachusetts was third and Pennsylvania fourth. To make this number of cents required 525,228 pounds of copper. 16,586 pounds of tin and 11,257 pounds of zinc, the two latter metals entering

into the composition of these coins to the extent of three per cent, and two.

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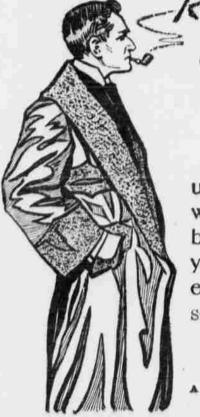
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"IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW, SHAME FOREVER UPON YOUR MANHOOD,

ined the angels, but here there was something human, which sent a tingle and thrill through his nerves such as no dream of radiant and stainless spirit had ever yet been able to conjure

meadow to the narrow bridge, he in front and she a pace or two behind. There they paused, and stood for few minutes face to face, talki There they paused, and stood for a few minutes face to face, talking earnestly. Alleyne had read and heard of love and of lovers. Such were these, doubtless—this golden-bearded man and the fair damsel with the cold proud face. Why else should they wander together in the woods, or be so lest in talk by rustle streams? And yet as he watched uncertain whether yet as he watched, uncertain whether to advance from the cover or to choose some other path to the house, he soon came to doubt the truth of his con-The man stood, tall and nare, blocking the entrance to the bridge, and throwing out his hands as he spoke in a wild, eager fashion, while the deep tones of his stormy while the deep tones of his stormy voice rose at times into accents of memore and of anger. She stood fear-lessly in front of him, but twice she threw a swift questioning glance over her shoulder, as of one who is in search of aid. So moved was the young clerk by these mute appeals, that he came forth from the trees and crossed the meadow uncertain what to may snive! Latin and eat bread for her shoulder, as of one who is in squeezed out of your dying father by search of aid. So moved was the young clerk by these mute appeals, that he came forth from the trees and crossed the meadow, uncertain what to do, and yet loath to hold back from one who might need his aid. So intent were they upon each other that neither you; but meanwhile, stand out of my and the meanwhile. waist and drew her toward him, she straining her lithe supple figure away as active as a young decrete. and striking fiercely at him. The maid, however, had but little chance against her assailant, who, laughing loudly, caught her wrist in one hand while he drew her toward him with the

"The best rose has ever the longest thorns," said he. "Quiet, little one, or you may do yourself a hurt! Must pay Saxon toll on Saxon land, my proud Maude, for all your airs and graces."

ful and graceful creature that mind boast, and there is sooth in what you could conceive of. Such had he imag- say as to the unworthiness of clerks, but it is none the less true that I am as well born as you."

"Dog!" cried the furious Socman, there is no man in the south who can

"Yet can I can I," said Alleyne, smiling; for indeed I also am the son of Edric the Socman, of the pure blood of Godfrey the thane, by the only daughter of Aluric of Brockenhurst. Surely, dear brother," he continued, holding out his hand, "you have a warmer greeting than this for me. There are but two boughs left upon this old Saxon trunk." His elder brother dashed his hand

aside with an oath, while an expression of malignant hatred passed over his passion-drawn features. "You are the young cub of Beaulieu, then?" said he. "I might have known it by the sleek face and slavish manner, too monkoon ridden and craven in spirit to answer the back a rough word. Thy father, shaveling, with all his faults, had a man's heart; and there were few who loon, could look him in the eyes on the day of his anger. But you! Look there, of rat, on yonder field where the cows were they upon each other that neither took note of his approach; until, when took note of his approach; until, when the man threw. As he spoke he rushed forward, and, the lad to one side, caught the other arm, raising his iron-shod staff as he did so.

"You may say what you will to me," he said between his clenched teeth— "it may be no better than I deserve: but, brother or no, I swear by my hopes of salvation that I will break your arm if you do not leave hold of

he maid.

There was a ring in his voice and a flash in his eyes which promised that "You boor!" she hissed. "You base, underbred clod! Is this your care and your hospitality? I would rather wed a branded serf from my father's fields. Leave go, I say—Ah, good youth, Heaven has sent you. Make him loose me! By the honor of your mother, I pray you to stand by me and to make this knave loose me.

"Stand by you I will, and that blithely," said Alleyne. "Surely sir, you should take shame to hold the damsel against her will."

The man turned a face upon him which was lion-like in its strength and in its wrath. With his tangle of the word. For a moment the blood of the long line of hot-headed than os trong for the soft whisperings of the doctrine of meekness and mercy. He was conscious of a flerce wild thrill through his nerves and a throb of mad gladness at his heart as his real human self burst for an instant the bonds of custom and of the damsel against her will."

The man turned a face upon him which was lion-like in its strength and in its wrath. With his tangle of

black hair was gathered back under a light pink coif, her head poised proudly upon her neck, and her step long and springy, like that of some wild tireless woodland creature. Alleyne stood in the shadow of an oak staring at her with parted lips, for this woman seemed to him to be the most beauti-

are grieved at what you have done, and I can but rede that we should go back together, and you should make your peace with the Soeman by handing back your prisoner. It is a sad thing that so small a thing as a woman

of all. What man would be so caltiff and thrall as to fail you at your need? I have turned my brother against me, and now, alas! I appear to have given ou offence also with my clumsy ongue. But, indeed, lady, I am torn both ways, and can scarce grasp in my mind what it is that has befallen." "Nor can I marvel at that," said she, with a little tinkling laugh. "You came in as the knight does in the jongleur's romances, between dragon and damsel, with small time for the asking of questions. Come," she went on, springing to her feet, and smoothing down her rumpled frock, "let us walk through the shaw together, and we may come upon Bertrand with the horses. If poor Troubadour had not cast a shoe, we should not have had this trouble. Nay, I must have your

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

my father would have none of his woo-ing, nor in sooth would I. On that he swore a vow against us. and as he is known to be a perlious man, with many outlaws and others at his back, my father forbade that I should hawk or hunt in any part of the wood to the north of Christchurch road. As it chanced, however, this morning my little falcon was loosed at a strong-

hould come between two who are of Simple Alleyne opened his eyes at

this little spurt of feminine bitterness, "Nay, lady," said he, "that were worst

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

Synopsis of Preceding#Chapters.

The scenes of the story are laid in the 14th centur Hordie John, a lay brether of the thetereian M mastery, Abbey of blantien likes from the monaster after being found gonly of section sectous charp brought against him by a number of the monaster hording against him by a number of the monastery. Alloyer Editeon, takes his departure accordance with a provision of his father's widestimating that he should, when he became twenty years oid, go forth for one year to choose for his soft his future calling. In sadiess he wanders for the monastery to visit his brother, the Somman Minstead, whose reputation is a meet unisvery on At nightfall Alleyns seeks shelter in a road-side is where he meets Hordle John. He is, very much, between the meets Hordle John, He is, very much a Herdle John offering to join the White Company, which Aylward is enlisted; if he does not throw that they wand engages in a wrestling bout with the bowns Hordle John offering to join the White Company, which Aylward is enlisted; if he does not throw the latter. The other in torn wagers a feather bed. After couple of unsuccessful trials, Aylward secreeds to trick in throwing the grant Hordle John, who thus bound to join the White Company.

The Story of Mary.

Mary hought an ailing sheep—
She knew it was a sin—
And when it died she promptly called
An undertaker in.

This precious pair embalmed the sheep And hold it all for each. The folks who bought it of them said: "What lovely corned-beef hash!"

The undertaker and the girt
Decided then to hitch:
They organized a packing house,
And, gee, but they are rich!