old seaport. Some way out from the town a line of pessoners, creyers, and other small craft were rolling lazily on the gentle swell. Further out still lay a great merchant ship, high-ended, deep-waisted, painted of a canary yellow, and towering above the fishing boats like a swan among ducklings.

"By St. Paul!" said the knight, "our od merchant of Southhampton hath not played us false, for methinks I can see our ship down yonder. He said that she ould be of great size and of a yellow

"By my hilt, yes!" muttered Aylward is yellow as a kite's claw, and would carry as many men as there are pips in a

his eyes with his hand. "And I can men-at-arms in yonder boats which betwixt the vessel and the shore, methinks that we are very welcome here, for already they come forth to meet should order them or will you?

zens, and women had indeed swarmed out from the northern gate, approached them up the side of the moor, waving their hands and dancing with joy, as though a great fear had been rolled back from their minds. At their hend rode a very large and solemn man with a long this and drawing like He ware a first man with the solemn man with a long forty men, with two-score archers. Twochin and drooping lip. He wore a fur tippet round his neck and a heavy gold chain over it, with a medallion which dangled in front of him.

"Welcome, most puissant and noble lord!" he cried, doffing his bonnet. "You

see in me the mayor and chief magistrate of the ancient and powerful town of Lepe. I bid you very heartily welcome, and the more so as you are come at a moment

when we are sore put to it for defence."
"Ha!" cried Sir Nigel, pricking up his
ears.
"Yes, my lord, for the town being very
ancient, and the walls as old as the town,
it follows that they are very ancient too.
But there is a certain villianous and bloodthirsty Norman pirate knight Tete-noire,
who, with a Genoan called Tito Caracci,
commonly known as Spade-beard, hath "Yes, my lord, for the town being very ancient, and the walls as old as the town, it follows that they are very ancient too. But there is a certain villianous and bloodcommonly known as Spade-beard, hath been a mighty scourge upon these coasts. Indeed, my lord, they are very cruel and black-hearted men, graceless and ruthless. They have come in two great galleys, with two banks of oars on either side, and great store of engines of war and of men-at-arms. At Weymouth and at Portland they have murdered and ravished. Yesterday morning they were at Cowes, and we saw the smoke from the burning crofts. To-day they lie at their ease near Freshwater, and we fear much lest they come upon us and do us a mis-

'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 yonder," said Sir Nigel; "it would be a very
strange thing if any ship were not a warship when it had such men as these upon
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 walked 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 leave, I have no doubt that you are skilled in land fighting and the marshalling of lances, but, by my soul! you will find it another thing upon the sea. I am master-shipman 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 blithe to have so fair a task before us. I think, good master-shipman, that you and I may win great become in the and I may win great honor in this mather, and I can see very readily that you are a brave and stout man."

"I like it not," said the other stur-ly. "In God's name, I like it not! yet Goodwin Hawtayne is not the man to stand back when his fellows are another master."

The throng moved on, until at the very gate it was brought to a stand by a vondrously stout man, who came darting forth from the town with rage in every

feature of his rubicund face.

"How now, Sir Mayor?" he roared, in a voice like a bull. "How now, Sir Mayor? How of the clams and the scallops?"

and man, as early as we may, many do you muster, Sir Oliver?"

"Three-and-forty. I shall have work for every man of them ere the sun set. It is lair, my intention, if it seems good to you, to try a venture against these Norman and Genoese rovers."

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 drouned into the deep waist of the yellow cog, where rows of stalls stood ready for their safe keeping.

Beaulieu. At early dawn they passed across the broad, sluggish, reed-girt stream—men, horses, and baggage in the flat ferry barges—and so journeyed on through the fresh morning air past Exbury to Lepe. Topping the heathy down, they came of a sudden full in sight of the old seaport. Some way out from the as many as fifty thousand men in the port of Orwell, with their horses and their baggage, all in the space of four-and-twenty hours. So urgent was Sir Nigel on the shore, and so prompt was Goodwin Hawtayne on the cog, that Sir Oliver Buttesthorn had scarce swallowed his last scallop ere the peal of trumpet and clang of naker announced that all was ready and the anchor drawn. In the last heat which left the shore the two comboat which left the shore the two com-manders sat together in the sheets, a strange contrast to one another, while under the feet of the rowers was a litter of huge stones which Sir Nigel had ordered to be carried to the cog. These once aboard, the ship set her broad mainsail, the breeze blew, the sails bellied, over heeled the portly vessel, and away she plunged through the smooth, blue

"It is well," remarked Terlake; "for methinks, my fair lord, that we are not the only ones who are waiting a passage to Gascony. Mine eye catches at times a flash and sparkle from among yonder houses which assuredly never came from shipman's jacket or the gaberdine of a burgher."

"I can also see it," said Alleyne, shading his eyes with his hand. "And I can manage are so which as a specific point of the field of chivalry and prove yourselves to be very worthy and valiant trance into the field of chivalry and prove yourselves to be very worthy and valiant. "By St. Paul!" said Sir Nigel garly, yourselves to be very worthy and valiant squires. And now, Sir Oliver, as to our dispositions: would it please you that I

A tumultuous crowd of fishermen, citiens, and women had indeed swarmed claim to know as much of war as the

score men, with my own men-at-arms and squires, will serve as a poop-guard. Ten archers, with thirty shipmen, under the master, may hold the waist, while ten lie aloft with stones and arbalests."

Meanwhile there had been bustle and

sel. The archers stood in groups about the decks, new-stringing their bows and testing that they were firm at the nocks

I can catch a glimpse of the topmasts of the man are of the poopguard. Thornbury, Walters, Hackett, and in the throat, was writhing and splutguard. Thornbury, Walters, Hackett, and in the throat, was writhing and splut-Baddlesmere, you are with Sir Oliver on the forecastle. Simon, you bide with backward he had loosed the spring, and

the deck, for such was Sir Nigel's order.
Near the prow was planted Sir Oliver's spear, with his arms—a boar's head gules upon a field of gold. Close by the stern stood Black Simon with the pennon of archers and seamen at the sight, answered

appears to have the head of an Ethiop

upon it."

"Tis the badge of Tete-noire the Norman," cried a seaman-mariner. "I have seen it before, when he hafried us at Winchelsea. He is a wondrous large and strong man, with no ruth for man, woman or beast. They say that he hath the strength of six; and, certes, he hate strength of six; and, certes, he hato e crimes of six upon his soul."
"By St. Paul!" said Sir Nigel, "what

Hawtayne.

"They will lay us aboard on either quarter, my lord," cried the master.
"See how they stretch out from each other! The Norman hath a mangonel or a trabuch upon the forecastle. See, they bend to the levers! They are about to

"Aviward," cried the knight, "pick your three trustiest archers, and see if you can-rot do something to hinder their alm. Buttesthorn with his men-at-arms had Methinks they are within long arrow swarmed down from the forecastle, while

from the great wooden catapult, leaving two of their number to discharge it. One in a scarlet cap bent over it, steady-One in a scarlet cap bent over it, steadying the jagged rock which was balanced on the spoon-shaped end of the long wooden lever. The other held the loop of the rope which would release the catch and send the unwieldly missile hurtling through the air. So for an instant they stood, showing hard and clear against the white sail behind them. The next redean had fallen forward."

Quietly and promptly the men took their places, lying flat upon their faces on the deck, for such was Sir Nigel's order.

Near the prow was planted Sir Olivar's



HORDLE JOHN FORCED THE HUGE PIRATE'S ARM SLOWLY BACK

ered the Southampton mariners, hairy "Lie low," cried Aylward, motioning and burly men, with their jerkins thrown with his left hand. "They will learn off, their waists braced tight, swords, wisdom. They are bringing forward mallets, and pole-axes in their hands. Their leader, Goodwin Hawtuyne, stood Their leader, Goodwin Hawtayne, stood upon the poop and talked with Sir Nigel, casting his eye up sometimes at the swelling sail, and then glancing back at the two seamen who held the tiller.

"Pass the word," said Sir Nigel, "that no man shall stand to arms or draw his bow-string until my trumpeter shall sound. It would be well that we should seem to be a marghant ship from South.

seem to be a merchant-ship from South-ampton and appear to fiee from them."
"We shall see them anon," said the master-shipman. "Ha! said I not so? There they lie, the water-snakes, in 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."

master-shipman. "Ha! said I not so? There they lie, the water-snakes, in Freshwater Bay; and mark the reek of smoke from yonder point, where they have been at their devil's work. See how their shallors pull from the land! They have been at their devil's work. See how their shallops pull from the land! They have seen us and called their men aboard. Now they draw upon the anchor. See them like ants upon the forecastle! They stoop and heave like handy shipmen. But, my fair lord, these are no niefs. I doubt but we have taken in hand more than we can do. Each of

these ships is a galeas, and of the largest and swiftest make."

scallops?"

"By our Lady, my sweet Sir Oliver," cried the mayor, "I have had so much to think of, with these wicked villians, so close upon us, that it had quite gone out of my head."

"Nay, Sir Oliver, Sir Oliver!" cried Sir Nigel, laughing, "Let your anger be appeased, since instead of this dish you come upon an old friend and comrade."

"By St. Martin of Tours!" shouted the fat knight, his wrath all changed in an instant to joy, "if it is not my dear little game rooster of the Garonne. Ah, my sweet coz. I am right glad to see you. What days we have seen together."

"The clams and scallops shall be ready within the hour," the mayor answered. "T had asked Sir Oliver Buttesthorn to do my humble board the honor to partake do my humble board the honor to partake and sending the white flakes of foam in at it of the dainty upon which we take a spatter over her decks. On her tarsome little pride, but in sooth this alarm of pirates hath cast such a shadow on my which had already hoisted sail and were with that I am like one distrait. But I trust, Sir Nigel, that you will a so partake of none-meat with me?" Sir Nigel "I have over-much to do," Sir Nigel answered, "for we must be aboard, horse answered, "for we must be aboard, horse which trusted to sails alone. High and the bull trusted to sails alone. High and were wift the pirate galleys, like two fierce some little pride, but in sooth this alarm board quarter lay the two dark galleys, of pirates hath cast such a shadow on my which had already hoisted sail and were swift the pirate galleys, like two fierce lean wolves which have seen a lordly and unsuspecting stag walk past their

"Shall we turn, my fair lord, or shall we carry on?" asked the master-shipman, looking behind him with anxious eyes.

of Loring. In the waist gath-Southampton mariners, hairy by a yell of rage from their pursuers. Suthampton mariners, hairy "Lie low," cried Aylward, motion shield and mantlet. We shall have some pebbles about our ears ere long.

The three vessels had been sweeping swiftly westward, the cog still well to the front, although the galleys were drawing in upon either quarter. To the left was a hard sky-line unbroken by a sail. Alleyne stood by the tiller, looking backwards, the fresh wind full in his

"What was that?" he asked as a hiss ng, sharp-drawn voice seemed to whispe in his ear. The steersman smiled, and pointed with his foot to where a short, heavy cross-bow quarrel stuck quivering in the boards. At the same instant the man tumbled forward upon his knees, and lay lifeless upon the deck, the blood-stained feather, of a second bolt jutting out from his back. As Alleyne stooped to raise him, the air seemed to be alive with the sharp zip-zip of the bolts, and be ould hear them pattering on the deck like apples at a tree-shaking.

"Keep them in play, Aylward, with ten of your men," said Sir Nigel. "And let ten of Sir Oliver's bowmen do as much for the Genoese. I have no mind as yet to show them how much they have to fear from us." The master-shipman looked at the knight with a troubled face.

"They keep their distance from us," id he. "Our archery is over-good, and

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 threw up their hands and fell prostrate upon the deck.

"They still hold aloof!" cried Haw

"Then down with two more!" shouted their leader, "That will do. Ma foi! but they come to our 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 curried beat of a hundred cars. Down pirates swooped.

n heavy clusters they hung upon the orecastle all ready for a spring-faces white, faces brown, faces yellow, and faces black; fair Norsemen, swarthy Italians, fierce rovers from the Levant and fiery Moors from the Barbary States, of all hues and countries, and marked solely by the common stamp of a wild-beast ferocity. Rasping up on either a cowith oars trailing to save them from snauping, they noured in a living torrent with horrid yell and shrill whoop upon

merchantman. But wilder yet was the cry, and shriller still the scream, when there rose up from the shadow of the cog's silent bulwarks the long lines of the English bowmen, and the arrows whizzed in a deadly sleet mong the unprepared masses upon the

One moment Allevne saw the calley's poor crowed with rushing figures waving arms, exultant faces; the next it young Master Terlake, and nine archers.

goshawks on a heron. Is there not some was a blood-smeared shambles, symbol or device upon their sails? bodies piled three deep upon each other, "That on the right," said Edricson, the living cowering behind the dead to shelter themselves from that sudder storm-blast of death. On either suce the seamen whom Sir Nigel had chosen for the purpose had cast their anchors over

the sides of the galleys. man, the galleys' decks, but from either side hath the rovers had poured down into the waist, where the seamen and bowmen were pushed back and so mingled with their foes that it was impossible for their "It is the red cross of Genoa. This Spade-beard is a very noted captain, and it is his boast that there are no seamen Norman and Italian staggered and recied with and no archers in the world who can on a deck which was cumbered with compare with those who serve the Doge bodies and slippery with blood.

The giant Tete-noire, towering "That we shall prove," said Goodwin above his fellows and clad from head to awthyne. swinging a huge mace with which he struck 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 threescore Genoese men-at-arms close at his heels.

"Seventeen score paces," said the archer, running his eye backward and forward. "Ly my ten finger-bones! it would be a strange thing if we could not notch a mark at that distance. Here, Watkin, of Sowley, Arnold, Long Williams, let us show the rogues that they have English bowmen to deal with."

The three archers named stood at the further end of the poop, balancing themselves with feet widely spread and bows drawn, until the heads of the cloth-yard arrows were level with the centre of the inght. Alleyne, as in duty bound, kept his eyes ever on his lord and pressed forward close at his heels. Often had as heard of Sir Nigel's prowess and skill with all knightly weapons, but all the tales that had reached his ears fell far short of the real quickness and coolness of the man. It was as if the devil was of the man. It was as if the devil was of the man. It was as if the devil was of the man. It was not the proposed to the man. It was not the man the poop that had reached his ears fell far short of the real quickness and coolness of the man. It was as if the devil was of the man. It was not first the proposition of the man are the proposition. Sir Nigel, with his three squires, Black Simon, Aylward, Hordie John, and a drawn, until the heads of the cloth-yard in him, for he sprang here and sprang arrows were level with the centre of the stave. "You are the surer, Watkin," said Aylward, standing by them with shaft upon string. "Do you take the rogue with the red coif. You two bring down the man with the head-piece, and I will hold myself ready if you miss. Ma foi! they are about to loose her. Shoot, mes garcons, or you will be too late."

The throng of pirates had cleared away from the great wooden catapult, leaving the rogue was a him from the side. him might find him six paces off ere he could bring it down. Three pirates had fallen before him, and he had wounded Spade-beard in the neck, when the Norman giant sprang at him from the side with a slashing blow from his deadly mace. Sir Nigel stooped to avoid it, and with a slashing blow from his deadly mace. Sir Nigel stooped to avoid it, and at the same instant turned a thrust from the Genoese swordsman, but, his foot slipping in a pool of blood, he fell heavily to the deck. Alleyne sprang in front of the Norman, but his sword was shattered and he himself beaten to the deck by a second blow from the ponderous weapon. Ere the pirate chief could repeat it, however, Hordle John's iron grip fell upon his wrist, and he found that for once he was in the hands of a stronger man than himself. Then came in truth a battle of giants, such as is seldom witnessed. Fiercely the Norman strove to disengage his weapon, cursing angrily in French at being thwarted by such an unlo for antagonist. But Hordle John, with a bull's bellow, bending his great muscles to the unwonted task, forced the huge pirate's sword arm slowly down and back-ward. Terribly the Norman struggled, hurling his whole weight against his oppenent in an endeavor to break the vice-

like grip which held him. Back and forth they flung and surged, until, with a quick movement, ...ordle John put forth a fierce effort, twisting and forcing farther back the Norman's arm until with a sharp crack, like a breaking stave, it turned limp in his grasp and the mace dropped from the nerveless fingers. In vain he tried to pluck it with the other hand. Back and back still the Saxon bent him until, with aroar of pain and of fury, the giant clanged his full length upon the boards, while the glimmer of a knife before the bars of his helmet warned him that short would be his shrift if he moved.

Cowed and disheartened by the loss of their leader, the Normans had given back and were now streaming over the bul-warks on to their own galley, dropping a dozen at a time, on to her deck. But the fight had taken a new and a

strange turn upon the other side. Spade-beard and his men had given slowly back, hard pressed by Sir Nigel, Aylward, Black Simon, and the poop-guard. Foot by foot the Italian had retreated, his armor running blood at every joint, his shield split, his crest shorn, his voice fallen away to a more gasping and croak-ing. Yet he faced his formen with dauntless courage, dashing in, springing back, sure-footed, steady-handed, with a shim-mering point which seemed to menace three at once. Beaten back on to the deck of his own vessel, and closely fol-lowed by a dozen Englishmen, he dis-engaged himself from them, ran swiftly down the deck, sprang back into the cog once more, cut the rope which held the anchor, and was back in an instant among his crossbownen. At the same time the Genoese sailors thrust with their oars against the side of the cog, and a rapidly widening rift appeared between the two

"By St. George!" cried Ford, "we are

"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 sen. 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 could 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
lerd! Well struck, Aylward! See too.
Black Simon, how he storms among the
shipmen! But this Spade-beard is a
sellant warrior.

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

"Up!" roared John. "It was but a feint. He bears him back. He drives him to the side. Ah, by Our Lady, his sword is through him!

The death of the Genoese leader did indeed bring the resistance to an end. Amid a thunder of cheering from cog and

from galleys the forked pennon fluttered upon the forecastle, and the galley, sweeping round, came slowly back.

The two knights had come aboard the

cog, the shipman walked the deck, a peaceful master-mariner once more.
"There is sad scath done to the cor.
Sir Nigel," said he. "Here is a hole in
the side of two ells across, the sail split

the side of two ells across, the sail split through the center, and the wood as bare as a friar's poll.

"By St. Paul! it would be a very sorry thing if we suffered you to be the worse for this day's work." said Sir Nigel.

"But how fares it with you, Edricson?"

"It is nothing, my fair lord." said Alleyne, who had now loosened his bassinet, which was cracked across by the Norman's blow. Even as he spoke, however, his head swirled round, and he fell to the deck with the blood gushing from the deck with the blood gushing from his nose and mouth.

"He will come to anon," said the knight, stooping over him and passing his fingers through his hair. "I have lost one very valiant and ventle scuire this day. How many men have fallen?"

"I have pricked off the tally." said Aylward. "There are seven of the Winchester men, eleven seamen, your saulre

"And of the others?"

must be done.

"How, Sir Knight?" he cried in broken English. "What do you say?—to hang— the death of a dog. To hang? "It is my vow," said Sir Nigel shortly.

"From what I hear, you thought little enough of hanging others." "Peasants, base returiers!" cried the other. "It is their fitting death. But to hang—the Seigneur Andelys—a man with the blood of kings in his veins—it

Sir Nigel turned upon his heel, while two seamen cast a noose over the pirate's neck. At the touch of the cord he neck. At the touch of the cord he snapped the bonds which bound him, dashed one of the archers to the deck, and, seizing the other round the waist, sprang with him into the sea.

"By my hilt, he is gone!" cried Aylward, rushing to the side. "They have sunk 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 debonnaire cavalier."

ocbonnaire 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 running 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 away of basis darting hither masts, the swarm of boats darting hither and thither on the bosom of the broad. curving 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

"I trust, Aylward," said Sir Nigel, coming upon deck, 'that the men are rendy for the land. Go tell them that the boats will be for them within the hour."

The archer raised his hand in salute, and hastened forward. In the meantime Sir Oliver had followed his brother knight, and the two paced the poop to-

Once more, Sir Oliver," said Sir Nigel, looking shoreward with sparkling eyes, "do we find ourselves at the gate of honor, the door which hath so often led us to all that is knightly and worthy. There lies the prince's banner, and it would be well that we haste ashore and

pay our obeisance to him.

The horses both of knights and squires were speedily lowered into a broad lighter, and reached the shore almost as soon as their masters. Sir Nigel bent his knee devoutly as he put foot on land, and taking a small black patch from his bosom he bound it tightly over his left

eye, "May the blessed George and the mem-"May the blessed George and the hem-ory of my sweet lady-love raise high in my heart!" quoth he. "And as a token I vow that I will not take this patch from mine eye until I have seen something of this country of Spain, and done such a small deed as it lies in me to do. And this I swear upon the cross of my sword and upon the glove of my lady."

War, which had wrought evil upon so many fair cities around, had brought rought but good to this one. As her rench sisters decayed she increased, for here, from north, and from east, and from south, came the plunder to be sold and the ransom money to be spent.

In front of the minster and abbey of

St. Andrew's was a large square with priests, soldiers, women, friars, and burghers, who made it their common center for sightseeing and gossip. Amid the knots of noisy and gesticulating townsfolk, many small parties of mounted knights and squires threaded their way toward the prince's quarters, where the huge iron-clamped doors were thrown back to show that he held audience

became aware of a remarkable individual who was walking round the room in their direction. As he passed each knot of cavaliers every head turned to look after him, and it was evident, from the bows and respectful salu- hot controversy is expected to ensue.

tations on all sides, that the interest "They are all dead—save the Norman knight who stands behind you. What would you that we should do with him?"

"He must hang on his own yard," though of a great age, for his hair, which said Sir Nigel. "It was my vow and must be done." 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 flerce hawk-like face was clean shaven like that of a like face was clean shaven like that of a priest, save for a long thin wisp of white mustache. That he had been handsome might be easily judged from his high aquiline 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 torn from the socket, that there was little left to remind one of the dashing young 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 chivalry—Chandos, the stalatess knight, the wise councillor, the valiant

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

"My fair and dear lord," said the

"My fair and dear lord," said the knight, returning the warrior's embrace. "I have indeed come back to you, for where else 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 companions, Nigel, for since you have tied up one of your eyes, and I have hid the mischance to lose one of mine, we have but a pair between us. Ah, Sir Oliver! you were on the blind side of me and I saw you not.

So saying, he led the way to the inner

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 Next Week.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

The scenes of the story are laid in the lith century. Hordie John. of the Chiercean Monastery, fires from the Abber of Resultion, guilty of cartain sections character brought against him by a number of the monak Another of the lay-heathron. Alegen kil riceon, takes his departure in accordance with his father's will, designating that he should, when he became 31, go forth fur one year to choose for himself his future calling. In satinces he goes to vieit his heather, the Sacinan of Minstead, whose regulation is unavory. At high Alley ne seeks a road-side inc. where he meets Hordie John, and Samkin Aylward an English archer just back from the French war. All you finds his hrother in Minstead woods quarveing with a heautiful damest. He resures her, thereby galiding the Secman's sensity. The molden, learning that he intends to Jefn his uniquanious at Christichiuch, where dwells his Nigel, leaves him lang hingly without teiling him her name. He rejoins his companions and the region of the region of the supparent bodils weakness but quickly changes his supparent bodils weakness but quickly changes bear, there Alleyere meets his companion of the woods.

To Whom Does Taft Refer?

Secretary Taft said of a certain domineering statesman:

"He fills me with dread. They quail 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. There was no reply.

"I rang again. "Still no reply.

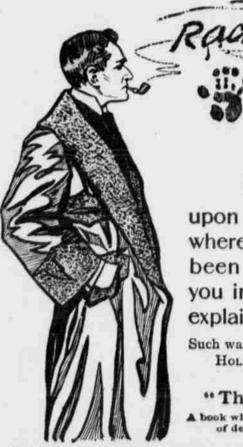
"And again and again and yet again rang, and finally a waiter appeared. "This waiter was a robust man of stern and forbidding aspect.

"'Did you ring?' he said in a rumbling bass voice. "'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 Almanac" are largely quotations from classical authors. A

What Does This Mean?



If these puzzling things, roughly displayed in 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?

Such was the problem which Sherlock HOLMES had to solve in his first chronicled adventure

"The Study in Scarlet" book which made CONAN DOYLE the first of detective writers in the world.

In Holmes' next adventure, he was confronted by the cabalistic image in "The Sign of the Four"

These two, the first and best of the Sherlock Holmes novels, 300 pages of reading, bound elegantly in a single big volume in illuminated cloth board (Harper & Bros.' regular \$1.50 linen imperial edition), sent postpaid with this coupon for

50 CENTS

Here is a chance to get two of the most intensely interesting of adventures in a most beautifully printed and bound edition for just one third price.

FREE WITH THIS BOOK. A handsome, copper photo-engravure of sherlock Holmes, printed on heaviest enameled paper, suitable for framing. Be sure and use this Coupon, sending 50 cents in Stamps, Coin or Money Order.

7	HARPER	& BROS., Fra	anklin Square, N. Y. City.	
me				
8	treet		***************************************	
wa			State	