

spurred 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!" cried Alleyn. "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 common robber and a scourge to the country."

The outlaw sank his club. "The Socman'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 you. If you are the Socman's brother you are one of the right side, I warrant for all your clerical dress."

"His brother I am," replied Alleyn. "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. "I'll have I had from them, and I'll have them. I am a good friend to my friends, and, by the Virgin, an evil foe to my foes."

"And therefore the worst of foe to myself," said Alleyn. "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 sword to spread out into a broad green lawn, 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 second field sloping up to a long, low-lying wooden house, with thatched roof and open squares for windows. Alleyn gazed across at it with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes—for this, he knew, must be the home of his fathers.

Alleyn was roused, however, from his pleasant reverie 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 drooping over his shoulders. By his side walked a woman, tall and slight and dark, with lithe graceful figure and clear-cut, composed features. Her jet-

golden hair, his fierce blue eyes, and his large, well-marked features, he was the most comely man whom Alleyn had ever seen; and yet there was something so sinister and so fell in his expression that child or beast might well have shrunk from him. His brows were drawn, his cheek flushed, and there was a mad sparkle in his eyes which spoke of a wild, untamable nature.

"Young fool!" he cried, holding the woman still to his side, though every line of her shrinking figure spoke her abhorrence. "I rede you to go on your way, lest worse befall you. This little wench has come with me, and with me she shall bide."

"Liar!" cried the woman; and, stooping behind her, she suddenly bit fiercely into the broad brown hand which held her. He whipped it back with an oath, while she tore herself free and slipped behind Alleyn, covering 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 vile rats, poking and prying into other men's concerns, too crafty to fight and too lazy to work."

"Is this your land, then?" gasped Alleyn.

"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 this day to stand in the path of one whose race have been the advisers of kings and the leaders of hosts, ere ever this vile crew of Norman robbers came into the land, or such half-breed hounds as you were let loose to prowl 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 Eddric the Socman, of the pure blood of Godfrey the thane, by the only daughter of the house of Alric, whose forefathers 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 roads. Begone, I say, and meddle not with my affairs!"

"If you leave me now," whispered the woman, "shame forever upon your manhood!"

"Surely, sir," said Alleyn, speaking in as persuasive and soothing a way as he could, "if your birth is gentle,

house, blowing the while upon a shrill whistle.

"Come!" gasped the woman. "Fly, friend, ere he come back."

They ran together to the cover of the brushwood. Alleyn, looking back, saw his brother come running out of the house again, with the sun gleaming upon his hair and his beard. He held something which flashed in his right 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 sapling. Alleyn followed close at her heels, with some 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 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 up almost out of breath, she suddenly thrust herself down upon a mossy bank, between two holly-bushes, and looked raptly at her own dripping feet and bedraggled skirt.

Alleyn, still standing in the stream, glanced down at the graceful pink-and-white figure, the curves of raven black hair, and the proud, sensitive face, which looked up frankly and confidently at his own.

"Why did you not kill him?" "Kill him? My brother?" "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, too." She shook her clenched white hand as she spoke, and her lips tightened ominously.

"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 upon me most. Another instant, and I had smitten him; the son of my own mother, the man whom I have longed



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shelter, there to wait until the page's return. By the grace of the Virgin and the help of my patron St. Magdalen, 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 avenge me, and I shall not to him that I shall look for vengeance. Some day, perchance, in just or in tourney, some knight may wish to wear my colors, and then I shall tell him that if he does indeed crave my favor there is wrong unredressed, and the wronger the Socman of Minstead. So my knight shall find a venture such as bold knights find, and my debt shall be paid, and my father's name shall be and one rogue the less in the world."

Will Manufacture Own Pennies.
Uncle Sam will make his own pennies in future. The treasury has taken over the business from private concerns, which for many years manufactured these small coins for the government, and intends for all time to 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 cent"; but the coins, lacking only this finishing touch, have been made for many years in Waterbury, Conn., whence they were shipped in the shape of "blanks" (otherwise known as "planchets") in strong wooden boxes. They used to cost the government, in this form, only twenty-four cents a pound, whereas to-day, owing to the rise in the price of copper, they cannot be manufactured, even when homemade, for less than twenty-nine cents. A pound of blanks represent 146 pennies.

If a cent a pound be added for the expense of stamping them with dies, it will be obvious that Uncle Sam is able to manufacture 486 pennies for a dollar—a very profitable enterprise, inasmuch as he disposes of that number for \$4.86.

During the last year the treasury minted 80,719,163 pennies, of which New York State absorbed about 15,000,000, the demand from Illinois being next in point of size, while Massachusetts was third and Pennsylvania fourth. To make this number of coins required 525,228 pounds of copper, 10,586 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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"IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW, SHAME FOREVER UPON YOUR MANHOOD."

black hair was gathered back under a light pink cap, her head poised proudly upon her neck, and her step long and springy, like that of some wild tireless woodland creature. Alleyn stood in the shadow of an oak standing by her with parted lips, for this woman seemed to him to be the most beautiful and graceful creature that mind could conceive of. Such had he imagined 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 up.

The two walked swiftly across the meadow to the narrow bridge, he in front and she a pace or two behind. There they paused, and stood for a few minutes face to face, talking earnestly. Alleyn had read and heard of love and of lovers. Such were these, doubtless—this golden-haired man and the fair damsel with the cold proud face. Why else should they wander together in the woods, or be so lost in talk by rustic streams? And 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 conjecture. The man's face, and the square, blocking the entrance to the bridge, and throwing out his hands as he spoke in a wild, eager fashion, while the deep lines of his stormy face gave at times into accents of menace and of anger. She stood fearlessly in front of him, but twice she threw a swift questioning glance over her shoulder, as if 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 do, and yet loath to hold back from one who might need his aid. So intent were they upon each other that neither took note of his approach; until, when he was close upon them, the man threw his arm roughly round the damsel's waist and drew her toward him, she straining her lithe supple figure away 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 other.

"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!"

"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 Alleyn. "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

there in the more reason that just manners should be gentle too. I am well persuaded that you did but jest with this lady, and that you will now permit her to leave your land either alone or with me as a guest. If she should need one, through the wood. As to birth, it does not become me to boast, and there is sooth in what you say as 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 say as much."

"Yet can I," said Alleyn, smiling; "for indeed I also am the son of Eddric the Socman, of the pure blood of Godfrey the thane, by the only daughter of Alric of Brockhurst. Surely, dear brother," he continued, holding out his hand, "you have a warmer greeting than this for me. There are but two brought 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 monk-ridden and craven in spirit to answer but a rough and ready word, and shoveling, with all his faults, had a man's heart; and there were few who could look him in the eyes on the day of his anger. But you, a young rat, on yonder field where the cows graze, and on that other beyond, and on the orchard hard by the church. Do you know that all these were squeezed out of your dying father by greedy priests, to pay for your upbringing in the cloisters? I, the Socman, am shorn of my lands that you may survive Latin and eat bread for which you never yet did a hand's turn. Knave, my dogs shall be set upon you; but meanwhile, stand out of my path, and stop me at your peril! As he spoke he rushed forward, and, throwing the lad to one side, caught the woman's wrist. Alleyn, however, as active as a young deer-hound, sprang to her aid and seized her by 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 the maid."

There was a ring in his voice and a flash in his eyes which promised that the blow would follow quick at the heels of the word. For a moment the blood of the long line of hot-headed thanes was too strong for the soft whisperings of the doctrine of meekness and mercy. He was conscious of a fierce 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 teaching which had held it so long. The Socman sprang back, looking to left and to right for some stick or stone which might serve him for weapon; but finding none, he turned and ran at the top of his speed for the

to take to my heart. Alas! that I should still be so weak."

"Weak!" he exclaimed, raising his black eyebrows. "I do not think that even my father himself, who is a hard judge, would call you that. But it is, as you may think, a very pleasant thing for me to hear that you are grieved at what you have done, and I can but re-joice that we should go together, and you should make your peace with the Socman by handing back your prisoner. It is a sad thing that so small a thing as a woman should come between two who are of one blood."

Simple Alleyn opened his eyes at this little sport of feminine bitterness. "Nay, lady," said he, "that were worst of all. What man would be so careful and thrall as to fall you at your need? I have turned my brother against me, and now, alas! I appear to have given you offence with my clumsy tongue. 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 choice of either. Come," she went on, springing to her feet, and smoothing down her rumpled frock, "let us walk through the show together, and we may come upon Bertrand with the horse." If poor Troubadour had not cast a shoe, we should not have had this trouble. Nay, I must have your arm."

"You have no wish, then, to hear my story?" said she at last.

"Nay," said he eagerly, "I would fain hear it."

"You have a right to know it, if you have lost a brother's head through it. This man has been a sutor 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 wooing, nor in sooth would I. On that he swore a vow against us, and as he is known to be a pious 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 young winged heron, and page Bertrand and I rode on, with no thoughts but for the sport, until we found ourselves in Minstead woods. Small harm then, but that my horse Troubadour trod with a tender foot upon a sharp stick, rearing and throwing me to the ground. Then away ran Troubadour, for he knew I was on his hand, but with so many courteous words besides, and such gallant bearing, that he prevailed upon me to come to his house for

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
The scenes of the story are laid in the 14th century. Herle, the brother of the Chatterton Abbot of Beaulieu, dies from the monastery brought before him by the monks. The same day, another of the lay-brothers of the monastery, Alroy, who has been in the woods for a year, according to a promise of his father's, will be sent to the monastery. Alroy, a young man of twenty-four, is sent to the monastery to visit his brother, the Socman of Minstead, who is a most unwelcome one. At nightfall Alroy seeks shelter in a roadside inn, where he meets Herle's son. He is very much interested in the man, and he tells him that he is a visitor to the monastery. Herle's son, who is a young man of twenty-four, is very much interested in Alroy, and he tells him that he is a visitor to the monastery. Alroy, who is a young man of twenty-four, is very much interested in Herle's son, and he tells him that he is a visitor to the monastery. Herle's son, who is a young man of twenty-four, is very much interested in Alroy, and he tells him that he is a visitor to the monastery. Alroy, who is a young man of twenty-four, is very much interested in Herle's son, and he tells him that he is a visitor to the monastery.

The Story of Mary.
Charles R. Barnes, in the New York World.

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

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

Mary wept and wept and wept,
And then a piggie got;
The piggie died of tummy ache—
It's banded 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.

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

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

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