WHITE COMPANY

By A. CONAN DOYLE-

**Proposed for the Post-Post Control of State of

"And would rather sit distrait by her oriel than ride gayly to the chase as all old. Methinks, Alleyne, it is this learning which you have taught har that has taken all the life and sap from ter, it is more than she can master, like a heavy spear to a light rider."

"Her lady-mother has so ordered it." said Alleyne.

"By our Lady! and withouten disrespect," quoth Terlake, "it is in my mind that her lady-mother is more fitted to lead a company to a storming than to have the upbringing of this tender and milk-white maid. Hark ye, lad Alleyne, to what is never told man or woman yet. I love the lair Lady Maude, and would give the last drop of my heart's blood to serve her. He spoke with a gasping voice, and his face flushed crimson in the moonlight.

Alleyne said nothing, but his heart seemed to turn to a lump of ice in his mouth.

"My father has broad acres," the other continued, "from Fareham Creek to the slope of the Portsdown Hill. There is filling of granges, hewing of wood, malting of grain, and herding of sheep as much as heart could wish, and I the only son. Sure am I that Sir Nigel would be bilthe at such a match."

"But how of the lady?" asked Alleyne, with dry lips.

"Ah, lad, there lies my trouble. It is a toss of the head and a droop of the eyes if I say one word of what is in my mind. "Twere as easy to woo the snow-dame that we shaped last winter in our castle yard. I did but ask her yesternight for her green vell, that I might bear it as a token or lambrequin upon my helm; but she flashed out at me that she kapt it for a better man, and then all in a breath asked pardon for that she had spoke so rudely. Yet she would not take sack the words, either, nor would she grant the vell. Has it seemed to thee, Alleyne, with a wild throb of sudden hope in his heart. "I have thought so, and yet I cannot name the man. Indeed, save mysel; and Walter Ford, and you, who are half clerk, and Father Christopher of the Friory, and Bertrand the page, who is lipere whom she sees."

"I cannot tell," quoth Alleyne, which h

