For the Love of Lady Margaret

A ROMANCE OF THE LOST COLONY

CHAPTER V.

I had been on the island three and the deep blue sea." onths, and as yet had found no cige as to why I was kept there, or was responsible for my detention, I was free in a sense. I wandered all around the country, and had visited the native settlement, from the mansion, some five miles as I called De Nortier's palatial had tramped over the island, which was about fifteen miles square; and had seen about all that there was to see upon it. But I had not been able to discover where the adventurer kept the treasure, which he took from the vessels that he scut-tled. I knew that the galleon on which Donna Carnova had been, was mden with treasure for the Spanish crown; knew that he had taken many other ships laden with gold.

My life went on much as usual, De Nortier had been gone for two months, but I saw no change in my condition, the servants were at my beck and call, always ready to wait upon me. I spent my days in roaming over the island, my nights in exploring the great house.

Somewhat discouraged I was, as I wended my way homeward, this Feb-The air was fresh was winter, and the people in Engwere wrapped in their great coats self in glee at the thought." and furs. I had spent the day hunting, and two natives who trotted in front of me carried the spoils of the day, a lordly stag; a third Indian carried my muskateen. The last three months had been spent profitably in a way; the-time had been passed in the open air, and my muscles were like steel. I could spend the whole day in the chase and at night be fresh, and untired. I had also devoted a good deal of my time to learning the language of the Indians and had gotten such 'a fair idea of it, that I could carry on an intelligible conversation.

But I was low spirited and downcast. Would I ever see England again and Margaret? At the thought I growned aloud, and the sound caused the Indians to look back at Shouting to them to go on, I quickened my footsteps and follow-They were rapidly getting out of speaking distance, breaking into a long swinging trot. they turned in among some trees, and were lost to my view

I resumed my train of thought What did Margaret think had come of me, or did she care? England I would fain see again. more than England, more than all else. I longed for a sight of her, I worshipped as the heathen worship the sun. She was my sun, As the captive longs for a sight of the sun, when show up for weary months in some deep dungeon, far below the prison walls, so I longed for one sight of the Lady. Margaret Carroll, and with it I would have

Tate answered, seemingly enjoying sparkling. The priest bent over to the fright of his companion, "but whisper to him. In my eagerness to back a pace or two, or be cut to not upon one condition, which I bear, I leaned forward further, furbless in a moment. But there over the edge of the ledge, and there a while ago, that the Darra Fortone with a test of the ledge, and the was exhausted, the end had come the ledge, and the moment. But the Darra Fortone with a test of the ledge, and the was exhausted, the end had come the ledge are that the ledge and the ledge and the same that the ledge are that the ledge and the ledge and the ledge and the ledge and the ledge are that the ledge are that the ledge are that the ledge are the ledge and the ledge are that the ledge are that the ledge are the l what said thee a while ago, that the Dame Fortune, with a twist of

face grim and stolld. The priest smiled,

BY WILLIAM THOMAS WILSON

and fiends fly away with them both through the bushes and rush down to perdition," the priest continued, his face flushing with anger. "Betwist them, I am between the devil and the deep blue sea."

Herough the bushes and rush down the bushes are rush down the bush "The count swear that burn me alive, if I so much as intimate to this fellow what I know about his imprisonment. The Eng-

lishman wilt kill me if I do not tell, and between them I know not what to do"; he finished in a wail of agony. Herrick still looked at him unmoved, I thought I could even discern, from where I lay, a faint trace of irony about his mouth. "And thou wouldst have lost thy

head," he rejoined, "If we had not come upon thee in the nick of time, one night three months ago." "What wouldst thou have?" Fath-

King's ransom. What could I do?" The seaman shrugged his shoulders. "What matters it is done, we saved of the blows. thee, and now what other strange Thou are like a cat, creeping silently about the house, thy paw in the cream of all."

"The count sighs for some lady ately, eveing his companion to see what effect this announcement would ruary evening. The air was fresh night I tell thee of, did I not hear and balmy, despite the fact that it him call out once, twice. Margaret him call out once, twice, Margaret, Margaret, and he chuckled to him-

I started in my hiding place, and lump of dirt dislodged itself and rolled down to where the villains sat. They started. Francis sprang to his haust himself with his fruitless effect in terror, "What is that?" he forts. Back he came upon the cried, and he peered uneasily up to where I crouched.

His companion kept his seat unmoved. "Art thou a fool," he said. herring.
"to be scared out of thy wits by a through moved. tod of dirt falling. Thou art even as if thou hadst seen a ghost," and he laughed at his allies fright. The priest resumed his seat,

gazing up to where I lay. Sir Thomas Winchester is after me in every breeze I hear," he muttered, as he reseated himself. "Calm thy mind," the seaman

joined, "he is safe at a supper long ocuvre met, easily without an effort, ere this, dreaming over the King's and how fresh I was, and knew that to the left; both yawned dark, wine," and he grinned.

"But what foolishness is this. The count yearning for some fair lady. Dost thou take me for a school boy. that I should believe this? Did he sible, if not, then by force. Faith: think'st he would pine over any

"All the same comrade, I saw him not penetrate, wring his hands, with my own eyes, wards, I pressed him. but three short months ago, and cry

Softly pushing them askie. I looked shall be no more silent than I, re-behind them. Below me I could see a light; that was where the people mediately upon his arrival, and tell thrill of fear, or was it only dread him what thou hast said to me Thou of the unknown, that filled my mind, knowest the charge," and he looked as I looked upon the change that carelessis at the other, as though he had been wrought by the hand, of

Sitting tracether, facing each other, a candle between them, were Herrick and the old priest. Father Francis and the old priest, Father Francis Herrick was talking and I bent forward to hear what he said.

"Yes, the captain has gone forward to meet him now They will come back together."

"A curse on them bein," Francis replied. "What are we care whether they come lack or not?" and lie leaned forward to peer at Herrick But the plicate's Lace was inscrutable. He straightened back with a sigh, and looked up to where I lay.

"It is a sname," the priest went on, "to keep so gallant a gentleman here in this hole. If he loves the maid, let him have her, and he hanged to him."

"Thou will sing a different tane, when I tell the count what thou hast said," Herrick answered, and he hanged back calmly against the "total cantella and the furies," cried the "I is as much as my life is worth."

"Hell and the furies," cried the "title as much as thy life is worth."

"It is as much as thy life is worth."

"To be thoughts to fine last foe. It is as he would crase the lines and wrinkles, that sorrow and care have wrought; Further than the cold might be that sorrow and care have wrought; Further than the cold might be contained the stand head of the sazed upletly, and leaning that sorrow and care have wrought; Further than the cold might be that sorrow and care have wrought; Further than the least of the sazed upletly, and leaning that sorrow and care have wrought; Further than the least of the sazed upletly, and leaning that sorrow and care have wrought; Further than the least of the sazed upletly, and leaning that sorrow and care have wrought; Further than the cold might be that sorrow and care have wrought; Further than the sazed upletly, and leaning the scale distinguished beauting the cold and main that sorrow and care have wrought; Further than the sold.

"The unsure missing heat this point to the least for." I had so hould impered to him, which are intended as the lines and would erase the lines and would erase the lines an

old rogue, his face white with terno; to tell me, boldly answered the
ror. "Thou wouldst not tell what I adventurer "Remember thou the tenAnd now his back was against the hear them throw

count was daft-crazy, why dost thou wheel, turned the propitious fates whether I would have spared his to me as my own. In London, sureaside. For even as I bent forward, life, I cannot tell; but fate, who ly, but I coud not for my life re-Prancis hesitated, then he answer- my ears strained to catch the slight-Prancis hesitated, then he answer-my cars strained to catch the slight- ever stands patiently at our side, member whose it was. Could I but ed. "Did I not see him walk the floor est whisper, the soft earth under me awaiting a favorable opportunity to peer out from my hiding place within agony only a few days ago, and gave way, and in a perfect avalanche interfere,

like the blast of a trumpet, the priest

er mould. With an oath, he whipped out his cutiass, and was upon me as sword and was on guard.

"I have against thee a goodly account to settle, Master Herrick," "The night wanes and we must said. to business."

"Aye," he cried, "I will rid the world of one rascal," and he pressed er Francis cried, "the fool had me upon me, thrusting, cutting, striking fuddled with wine, and offered me a with such fury, that had my blade not been a good one, it would have broken sheer off, from the very force

I let him come on, contenting mything hast thou seen the count do self with parrying his thrusts, for by and bye I knew that he would exhaust himself, and then I would force from him the secret of my imprisonment, for the priest had whispered love," the priest continued, deliber- it into his ear before I had rolled down upon them. Of Father Francis I had no fear. He would not bring have upon him. "Why even on the help to his comrade. No I knew him too well to think that he would fail to protect himself. It was to his interest that Herrick should be silenced, now that he knew so much, and he was too shrewd not to know what was best for his own interest. So I held my own and let him ex-

> Back he came upon me, striking down blow after blow with his blade, any one of which had it gone I could have run him through at any moment, for he left his whole breast exposed in his insane fury, but I merely waited; calmly, coolly meeting every thrust, parrying every cut with a wrist of steel. Five minutes passed, and the smile which at first had been upon his face, died away. The great beads of sweat began to gather upon his forehead.

he was rapidly exhausting himself. even before he thrust, and met him, parried his blade, and thrusting back ly I began to advance towards him, drew a coin from my pocket. If the knowest him if thou thrusting faster, faster, sur- Queen's head fell uppermost, I would would pine over any rounding him with a flaming wall of go to the right, if the reverse to the day I kept waiting for the old lord to steel which, try as he might, he could left. Backwards, back-

It was a grim wierd scene, shadows coming and going upon the neck to catch every word taht was the wick of the candle. Now we uttered, my mind in a tumult. Why were in the light, now in darkness, light. ow in some pris
If Steele had detention? Perhaps the pirate ever and thither, and the quick pant
lety, had he delivered better to lure Margaret from her ing of our hot breath.

moving forward. I looked would not give a farthing which the great destroyer? The cdim, seThe soft dirt on which I course he pursued rone features lovely with a beauty
came alougity to an end, and
Father Francis was moistening his not of earth, with that look of majesa sheer fall of different feet was discussed in the sheet feet was different feet was discussed in the sheet feet was different feet was differen

ror, "Thou wouldst not tell what I adventurer. "Remember then the tenhive said in jest?"

"Why not," answered the sailor,
"I could get a handful of gold for it."

"Herrick," the priest implored, his with fright, "ask what thou wilt, I will do anything, if thou wilt weep secret that I have said to but keep secret that I have said to but keep secret that I have said to els. "Thou makest my very blood that here only in jest," and he rose.

"And now his back was ngainst the wall, he could retreat no further. He turned in despair, as I have seen some hunted thing do when driven to its lair; as I have seen some lone wolf, when brought to bay by the hunters, and hope has fled; determined to strike one last blow, and then.

"Thou makest my very blood the portion of rank, too, evidently, for De Northand and the rose of the part of the world?"

"Thou wouldst not tell what I adventurer. "Remember thou the tender mercles of our captain? The Indian burned alive at the stake; the mutineer crucified; the slave branded with red not bronk, the could retreat no further. He turned in despair, as I have seen some hunted thing do when driven to its lair; as I have seen some lone wolf, when brought to bay by the hunters, and hope has fled; determined to strike one last blow, and then. these here, only in jest," and he rose, run cold. Lean forward and I will if need be, to go down with its face a noble in this part of the world? I not behold up whisper it in thy ear, the very walls to its foes, and its teeth clinched in have ears in this place."

What did not be the not of some good hound. The soon expected to see an elephant "Well, I will keep silent," the pi- Herrick leaned forward, his eyes adventurer sprang at me in such here as an English lord. The strangcry out as if in pain? Would a man of dirt, shrubbery and rocks, I rollink seems do that, think thee?"

"It may be that he has something upon his mind, that thou does not know of," the sailor replied, his the blast of the care of the matter out of my out detection I would soon find out of dirt. shrubbery and rocks, I rollink hands. For even as I drew back to send the matter by one home thrust, my feet slipped upon the stone and I saile a fold of the arras and looked out. There facing me, and looked ing, which rang through the cave, at my breast, a blow that would down at De Nortier, who sat opposite the care of the care of

for an instant. It was enough, Re-covering myself, I made one good lunge. He had on no armor, and the blade striking him run in the breast, right above the heart, passed clear through his body and stood out a foot behind his back. With a shout I was rising from the ground. Well he threw up his hands and dropped it was that I had on my light steel like a log, the force of the fall breast plate, for the blade coming wrenching the blade from his body, viciously down, struck full upon it, and I stood holding the dripping and glanced off harmlessly, or I sword in my hand, and looked down would not have been here to tell the upon him, as he lay upon the floor, tale. In an instant I had drawn my A slight shudder passed over his

body, one deep, long sigh came from his lips, and then he lay motioniess. That figure which but a short mo-ment before had been animated with hatred and thirst for my life, was now powerless to help or hurt me, Only a moment ago he had been a man, with a man's soul, had leved and sorrowed; had rejoiced and mourned, had toiled and striven, now he was but a lump of senseless clay. He had fought a good fight, he had his faults, but he was a man; peace

Picking up what remained of the

to his ashes,

candle from the floor, I walked back further into the cave. It seemed to me to be the work of nature, and at the further end a long, dark passageway led deeper into the earth I hesitated a moment, as I peered into it. Then I listened, but could hear nothing, so I plunged boldly into the tunnel, the candle in my left hand, my drawn sword before me in my right, its red blade still dripping. Stopping wiped the blood off upon my kerchief and passed on down the narrow Where it led I did not know, way. with what secret traps it was filled. It might be that I would learn the mystery of my captivity, at the end it might be that I would meet with such a fate as Herrick. home, would have split me like a Probably this tunnel led to some place where the pirates gathered to discuss the plans for their expeditions and forays, or it was possible that De Nortier had his treasure concealed somewhere within its dark depths, and even now these two men which I had seen had been sent to watch it. I must be careful or would walk full into their arms. I had walked perhaps a hundred feet, world. as he saw his every trick and man- when I stopped. Two paths diverged here, one to the right, the other Another little trick he tried, but I had long since passed out of the naplainly the work of man, for I could

bent over it as it fell. It had fallen and looking up at the golden candel-upon its face, and turning to the left, abre he sighed again." And what efout as I have told thee, the name white hare walls of the cave, lit up I passed on down the path about one fect had the title and estates upon Who could this Margaret by the gleam of one little candle, the hundred and fifty feet more. I stop- thy lady love?" asked De Nortier, All this time I was craning my sides, as the air from above flared from the top of the rock overhead, a Dunraven, the possessor of an anped again. Before me, shining down with a slight smile. Now we few yards away, there gleamed a clent title and lordly estates would darkness. light. Moving coutlously forward, I be a fit mate for any lady, barring aid the count cry Margaret? There The wind was rising outside, already blew out the stub of my candle, and none; even the Queen would not was but one Margaret, pure, inno- it walled and moaned, like the souls in a moment came upon a fight of stoop, did she unite her fate with so cent, sweet, as soon would I have of the lost. There was not a sound stone steps. Looking up I could see noble a line. What had become of Steele and expected a worm to raise his eyes to break the stillness that reigned that what had appeared to me to be a figure of the first stars, as that this throughout the cave, save only that:

on like my own? If Steele had reached England safely, had he delive are my message to my lady? What was the my lady? What would she say to such a greeding, and bring her here, to torture me with the skitch of her in his garden of the hought of houghts filled my mind, as I walke at briskly on to overtake my carriers.

These and many other at the would make away with me, and bring her here, to torture me with the skitch of her in his garden with the what had not make a walk with me, and the thought I ground my carriers.

The blow me, some one him had a way, the mansion from the windows of which the light and at the thought I ground my come in sight. Where could the sound come in sight. Where could the sound come from? I was near my somewhere. The moles seemed the come from? I was near my somewhere. The mansion come in sight. Where could the sound come from? I was near my stone from? I was ne

liantly lighted room. The same foldwalls; the same heavy, elegant fur-

golden goblets were there, from which De Nortier and I, and Futher Francis, had sipped the am-ber juice. I had not tasted such wine as that since the fat priest had had proved so near his undoing. De Nortier had sailed the next day. where, I did not know. The burly this evening in the cave, only Her- rest." flans had remained behind. I had already stepped into the

room, thinking to let myself out of the door and into the great hall, when the soft thud of approaching footsteps caused me to dodge back behind the friendly tapestry. A key grated in the lock, the door swung open, and I heard the tread of footsteps across the threshold. The key turned again, and the voice of De Nortier broke the silence. "Come. my dear lord, thou art safe here. Be seated pray." The noise of a couch pushed over the floor, and I could

I know not at that last moment, voice before? It sounded as familiar

at my breast, a blow that would down at De Nortier, who sat oppo-have finished me, but he was too site, a grin of pleasure upon his face, much exhausted to strike true. The sat the Viscount James Henry Hamp-The priest smiled, his wrinkles sprang up. With one spring like a much exhausted to strike true. The sat the Viscount James Henry Hampsephing. "Or perhaps it is more wild goat, he was upon the ledge blade slipped between my arm, which only one short moment hat he has upon his hands. A thous-

hear something of interest to me to night. Luckly this part of the room (I was in the furthest corner) was in the shadow, for the tapestry hing some six or eight inches from the wall, and I could could move stealthily behind it without being seen from the room. But the count was speaking. "No tear of that, my lord, I enquired from one of the servants as I came in, and he informed me that our prisoner had not returned from a long hunt. He is probably steeping in the hut of some native to-night. Have no fear, he cannot hear of thy arrival." And now he proceeded to fill one of the golden goblets with wine, and pushing it toward Hampden, and filling another for himself said, "Let us drink a toast in this rare old wine. What shall it be? I await thy pleasure," and he force to his feet and bowed.

The viscount hesitated, for a mo-

The viscount hesitated, for a mo ment he sat as if undecided, but the wine he had drunk before had mounted to his head, and he too arose to his feet and extended his glass. "I give thee a toast, he cried, his colorless cheek warming, "one for God's and men. Drink with me, to the fairest of earth's mortals, as devinely beautiful, and as innocent as an angel—one upon whose lightest word, all London hangs; to the Lady Margaret Carroll," and he drained the great golden goblet at a draught. "The Lady Margaret Carroll," rejoined the sea rover, lixing the gobiet to his lips, "May she be the bride of the bravest gallant," and he too drained his cup to the dregs.

The viscount still stood staring at him as the count finished his cup and sat it upon the table. "Yes," said he finally, with a frown, "May the bravest man win her," and following the example of De Nortier, he resumed his reclining position upon the couch.

"And now my lord," the adventur-"how tong since is it er continued. that thy noble uncle died, and thou didst come into the possession of the title and estate?'

"Ony a bare two months ago," answered Hampden, with a growl. I thought the old fool would never die. He hung on to the estates and title as though he thought that he could carry them in his doublet with him, when he passed out of this

I had thought that I would finally have to end his sufferings with my dagger, but he at last saved me that gloomy and mysterious before me. I trouble, the saints be praised." With a devout sigh at the thought of such read what was coming in his eyes, tural part of the cave, and this was sin and wickedness he put to his lips the goblet, that the count had refillsee upon its sides the mark of the ed, and drank off half of its contents pine for some maid, he would bestir laid open his cheek, the first time pick and shovel. Both ways looked at a gulp. Then purting it down once himself and take her, quietly if postate that I had drawn blod. Then slow-alike to me; hesitating a moment, I

not been for that, but from day to die. Each day we thought would be I tossed the coin into the air and his last, but he held on for months,

be proud to be Lady Dunrayen, wife of one of the greatest noblemen of England, but the foolish girl is as obbedchamber of De Nortier. I had stinate as a donkey. She would have never been in it before. It was the none of it, told me she would be my

lord, why not say the word? A dagen candelabra suspended- from the ger in the back, and thy rival would

"No," Duaraven said, stopping for same soft rugs and skins upon the a moment his aimless walk. "No, I floors, even the identical odor of reserve him for a more exquisite torflowers, tropical and sweet-scented, ture than that; he would not suffer, that I said. Upon a little table stood a bottle misery. But to see her in my arms, a ring of menace sounding in it of that same delicious nectar that I his successful rival, to have her cry had drunk before, even the very to him for aid, and he bound helpimpotent agony-agony wrings the soul. Ah, my friend, that would be revenge, indeed, such as I long for. Watch over him carefully. drunk with me, that night which I would not have him come to harm for an earl's ransom. Curse him. him to such a fate as this I will be Francis I had not seen since, until content, and not until then shall I

"And what are thy plans?" De Nortier asked, his hands still fingering listlessly the massive goblet. The cold gray eye,
"Can I trust thee?" he asked, sus-

piclously. The adventurer laughed sardoni-"Thou hast trusted me thus cally. "Thou hast trusted me thus far," he answered. "Have I played thee false in aught, that thou askest me this?"

"Forgive me," replied the lord. "Forgive me, but there hangs so much at stake that I fear to trust myself. Listen and thou shalt learn my plans and purpose," and drawing up a heavy chair to the table he seated himself. Filling up another goblet of wine, and drinking it down as though it were a thimble full he resumed.

"The lady will not yield to me. will give her but one more chance to freely, and of her own will, become my bride. If she still refuses to consent, then," a frown dark and omnious, passed over his face, "I will and by force carry her on board one of my ships, and then ho! for Eldorado. Yes," he sate, noticing the Where had I heard that look of astonishment upon the Spantook the matter out of my for even as I drew back to matter by one home thrust, slipped upon the stone and I. With a cry, he thrust full with a cry, he thrust full reast, a blow that would won at De Nortier, who sat oppo-

speak, but sat in silence. "And all own. I resumed my way on down this," he finally said musingly, "all the cavern for a gleam of light had this toll and blood and sweat for one caught my eye, far in front of me, woman, when a score as beautiful I drew cautiously nearer, it was the stand at thy elbow. Truly did some smoon shining down at the mouth of (Continued on Page Five).

drummed his fingers restlessly upon the table, his legs sprawled out be-fore him.

"Thou flatterest me, my friend, and underrate thyself. The lady would look twice before she refuse thee," and Dunraven looked at his companion. Truly they were a strik-ing pair, as they sat together, be-neath the candle light, and thou migh'st have searched Europe and not have found their match, for comeliness and martial bearing. Dunraven, with his broad shoulders, his striking face, his proud pose, brown hair and beard; the Spaniard more slender, but quicker, more agile, his jet black hair and beard gleaming like the wing of a crow in the light. They were a dangerous couple. De Notier was the leopard, restless, cunning, lurking, ready spring at a moment's warning, not so big ashis bulky companion. with muscles of steel. Dunraven, bigger, heavier, clumsier, but more pow-erful; the bear. Woe to the creature that he locked in his iron arms; he would crush the life from him, even

as a vise. They both now eat silent and mo tionless, wrapped in their own thoughts, neither breaking the deep silence that reigned in the room. Quick steps sounded upon the floor outside, a loud rap upon the door,

and then another.
"What is it?" De Nortler springing to his feet and catching up his sword, which lay upon the floor beside him.

"The sentry swears that he saw the gleam of the moonlight upon a sail, captain", a gruff voice answered.
"The fiends," cried the adventurer. Then turning to Dunraven, who had risen to his feet, he whispered rapidly, "Down the stairs into the passage way, quick. Wait for me there: I will join thee as soon as I can," and he stepped forward to unbolt the door Hampden dashed behind the tap-stry. "Where?" he cried; "What "Where?" he cried;

passage way?" and he looked at the floor about him. "I forgot." De Nortier answered Thou dost not know the secret," and crossing the room and pushing aside the tapestry, he knelt a moment upon the floor, and pressed his hand against it. There was a quick click, and slowly the trap door raised Hampden sprang through it. I held my breath, my unsheathed sword in hand. Surely they must see me; but no, they were too much engaged. De Nortier sprang up as soon as the trap door yawned open, and rushing and if thou wouldst live, come not over to the door, unlocked and opened it. It slammed to behind him, passed over me, and my knees knockand he ran down the hall, the sailor following.

In an instant I was through the opening beside me, sword in hand. My enemy was in my grasp, with none but the dead to interrupt us. One of us would come out, perself; how ever it ended the matter would be settled. If my land fell, I would have the ground to myself; if me; if I fell beneath his sword, it could not matter to the dead.

At the sound of my footsteps he, not knowing who it was that followed, quickened his own. The dim light through the trap door died out, ness. Guided by the sound of his feet. I ran on after him: I had no wish to fight under De Nortier's it only maidenly coyness, but used to interrupt us, I would wait until we got further on into the cavern, where we would be undisturbed. Several minutes passed; I judged that we were out of hearing, and raising my "Wny hurry, voice shouted? lord? The night is young yet, and we have much to settle between us. Walt for me but a moment, and I

I heard him stop in the darkness "Ha," he said, "speak of the devil open air again, where I cast myself and we hear his wings. So that was thou who ran down after me into this "No, I black hole; thou must have been behind the arras and have heard all upon my face. It must have been that pervaded the rest of the house, a blow, and he would be out of his men tell no tales," and he laughed, I thrust out in the darkness before

> me with my sword; he could not be far away by the sound of his voice but my blade only struck against the wall, the steel ringing, as though moved on down the tunnel. "Stop," I cried, "I have long wished to set tle several small matters with thee. stant, we will go out into the moonlight, and there we will cross blades "Why should'st I fight thee?" he

answered, his voice coming from in front of me, "the game is mine; did I wish thee knifed a dozen men stand ready to do it at my command. Why should'st I risk my tife? I do not wish to kill thee, for I reserve thee for a more delicious fate," and laugh, low and smothered, floated back to me. "Dog," I cried, my anger getting

the best of me-anger at the taunt;

anger that my sword could not reach

slip twixt the cup and the lip. I may not win my lady, but thou, at least, shalt not have her. Rather would I see her dead than meet such a fate. "When thou beholdest her resting peacefully upon my breast, my armi around her, my lips pressed close to hers, then, and not till then, will I be content. Fear not. Only a few more months and thou wilt behold her With a curse I rushed on down the dark passageway, prodding with my sword the walls, cutting the darkness of my ships, and then ho! for Eldorado. Yes," he said, noticing the
look of astonishment upon the Spaniard's face, "Sir Thomas Winchester
shall behold her my bride. When he
has suffered enough to satisfy me, I
will put him out of the way. We
will stay here until my lady becomes
will stay here until my lady becomes

In front of me wildly. Like a madman I dashed on until cracking my
head against the projecting stone, I
staggered back, fell at full length upon the floor and so was checked in
my mad career. Getting on my feet
again I called. No answer. "Dunraven," I cried, "where art thou?"

will stay here until my lady becomes in front of me wildly. Like a mad-

The Piot Thickens.

The next day after the death of Herrick, I set out again for the cavern, determined to find out, if possible, whether Lord Dunraven still lurked in the dark recesses; and also to follow the wight hand tunnel to its termination, for it might be that it led to some place from which I could escape. I strode up the hill again, and before pushing through the hedge, which acreened the mouth of the cave, I turned and looked about me. There was no one in sight, and so bending my head, I brushed aside the bushes and entered, lighting the candle which I had brought with me, I peered around.

The body of Herrick was gone, evidently some one had removed it since The Plot Thickens.

dently some one had removed it since last night, and so I passed rapidly down the passage, until reaching the place where the two paths diverged, I took the one to the right: with my candle over my head, I made my way down it. There was nothing unusual about the tunnel, it loomed about me, much as had the other. Its sides and floor were of white stone, which gleamed in the candle light. I had probably gone about two hundred feet when there came a sudden gust of wind, which blew my candle out. Now I was at a loss to account for this, as it felt more like an artificial gust then a subject one More tificial gust than a natural one. More as if some one with a great fan had created a breeze. Fumbling about I found my flint and steel, which I always carried with me, and striking it. I relit my light and looked around. There was no one in sight, and so pausing an instant, I started on my

steps when there came a second blast of wind, as sudden and unexpected as the first, and my candle blown out again, as silently and quickly as it had been before. Ex-asperated by this re-occurrence, I angrily struck another light, and as I did so the candle was snatched from my hand, and a low mocking laugh rang through the tunnel; sinister and cold it sounded in my ears, and at the noise I shrank back. I am not a superstitious man, I have seen too much of the world for that, but the flint and steel as I struck it, had lit up the cave around me for an was at that instant that the candle had been cought from me. been no human hand that had done this, for I could see distinctly around, and naught had touched my hand, only as I looked had the candle fall-

I had barely taken a couple

way again.

en from my fingers. Again and again I struck the flint and steel, and peered wonderingly about me. There was no trace of the candle anywhere, only the bare, cold wall of the cave could I see, as I stood with white face and shaking hand. The accents of a voice, sterr and low, from I knew not where, fell upon my ears. "Go back, go back, and if thou wouldst live, come not I had heard in no earthly language. It was as though I listened to the

upon my soul, as I stood there, and the craven fear, which I had never known before in all my life, on the smote me with is cold hand, Gone was my manhood and courage now, and I became as some old withered hag, crouched in the chimney by the fire. With a yell I turned and fied down that silent cavern, as though grim "death" himself were at my heels. Twice I dashed into the wall in the darkness and

fell, screaming at the top of me for sure, but I was up again in an instant, and with another wild yell, had resumed my flight. ment, and I was as though a mad man. I fancied I could see whit figures, with outstretched hands glaring eyes, awaiting me at every step. Screaming and yelling I rushed, and never once did I slacken pace, until in front of me I saw the light streaming through the undergrowth of the entrance.

Dashing up the embankment, I tore through the bushes and out into the flat and sobbed with thankfulness for the sunlight, and the calm blue sky above me, and the fresh air beating use of De Nortier's to frighten me from the cave, fearing that I would discover some of his secrets, or per-haps his buried treasure; and if it were a trick, it served its purpose well, for never from that day to this have I put foot again in that cavern Not for a barrel of gold would I tread again its dark recesses and feel that thrill of horror at the sound of that solemn voice. I sometimes now at night awake, trembing with fear, thinking I hear in my ears calm, majestic tones, the like which I have never again heard from the lips of man, . An hour after I had rushed from

the cavern I was standing on porch of the mansion, watching the ocean, as it roared and chafed against its sandy prison, as though it were some caged thing striving to be free. Two weeks had flown by since I had listened to Lord Dunraven's voice in De Norfler's chamber. Two weeks in which I had waited; my nerves keyed up to the highest pitch for the next move from my enemies but no sound came. My lord I had not seen since that night when he had disappeared in the cavern. It was as though he had vanished forever, but I knew that somewhere behind the scene, he was watching and the courtain could rise for the scene in the tragedy. De Nortier had said naught to me, though he must have known of Herrick's death, and of the fact that I now had discovered the secret of my captivity. He stil came and went as heretofore.

I heard the sound of footsteps behind me and turning I saw one of the Indian attendants called Jose. "What is it Jose?" I asked him, speaking in his own tongue.

tered.
"What is it count?" I asked.