My Lady Conquers

' Author of "For the Love of Lady Margaret," Etc. BY WILLIAM THOMAS WILSON.

banner; no more will we feast together with light and cheer. Some
there are of you who found a last
sweet sleep upon that stricken field,
and you lie to-night in unknown
graves 'neath the green sod of old
England.

A few short months only-but what change! Such were my thoughts, when with

e gust of snow and sleet, the door creaked open, and there stood upon the threshold that very gentleman of whom I had mused—George Carlisle.

It was then with keen eyes that I scanned his face, as I returned his greeting. Long, sharp, it was but a step to the stable, of a thinker; one who might devise any daring scheme, and having devised, would have the courage to carry held high revelry there to-night; every the total control of the way. I stopped at the house where my Irish tay. They held high revelry there to-night; every the house where the courage to carry held high revelry there to-night; every the house where the courage to carry held high revelry there to-night; every held high revelry there to night.

"Deliga to step high the heavy lock. A moment, and the door came open, and the fashion of the day, hung upon his came out a veritable roar, as they shoulders, and his deep-set dark eyes shoulded out the chorus of some drink-

these things in my mind, and a faint sneer passed over his "What? Afraid to ride with me "What? Afraid 60 ride with me to Colrax Hall? Or perhaps you fear that the eyes of the fair maid will not fall upon you, when they behold my doublet. For shame! to think the lady so fickie. Or if you will but step into you room, I will exchange clothes with you, and then you can ride fitly caparisoned."

The thought and his manner stirred my blood like fire. But I answered calmly enough:

The third main body of our rear puard, and with four commentes of Irish foot, had been deputed to wasted Cromwell's Ironaldaes who were in winter quarters—only a few miles away.

Dark thoughts were mine as my blood like fire. But I answered come and go upon the weather-stained walls of that old tuvern. Our arms defeated: our king about to become an exiler our heat men and nobles gentlemen lost upon the miles are worth of the crown, watched see the total not be come an exiler our heat men and nobles gentlemen lost upon the miles of Marsden Moor; what wonder that we who in disaster as in prosperity eith cline to the tortune of the crown, watched each older with an eagle sye, to detect the Jesast sign of delevably to the King.

I had never had cause to suspect as a gentleman, and in council chamber, as upon the stricken field, had shown himself ever brave and intrepid. Some-there were of my commander with his fellows, had smiled and said that "twas the fair face of the weetest maid in England which cambetween us, and that were it not for his gray eyes of Edith Colfax, would be boon companions.

Mayhap twas that which made my mind turn to him that night, as the wind whisted around that old tavern, deserted save for myself, and the wind whisted around that old tavern, deserted save for myself, and the wind whisted around that old tavern, deserted save for myself, and the wind whisted around that old tavern, deserted save for myself, and the wind whisted around that old tavern, deserted save for myself, and the wind whisted around that old tavern, deserted save for myself, and the wind whisted around that old tavern, deserted save for myself, and the wind whisted around that old tavern, deserted save for myself, and the wind whisted around that old tavern, deserted walls tell, ould they but speak—tales of was and courage. "If does not matter," he answered so this wind wind whisted around that old tavern, drawn the supplemental to the condition of the trailore on the more will we feat to go the supplemental to the cou

Why did Carlisie want me to ride with him to Colfax Hail? Was it a plot to enable Cromwell to descend upon my men, or was it some dark scheme of his own to decoy me into the hands of the Roundheads, or having gotten me out into the storm, to lead me where I could be put out of his way without trouble?

The commendation of the head—that provoking little head with its crown of shining hair.

I call her name, and from out of the years passed, dear, dead years, she comes, and with her the glowing fire of youth. There opposite ahe stands, and smiles back at me—that smile so sweet, so true; again those frank and smiles back at me—that smile so the commendation of the head—that provoking little head with its crown of shining hair.

shoulders, and his deep-set dark eyes met mine with a gaze, which, it seemed to me, was not without a trace of defant confidence.

But it was his dress that struck me as being strange at that time and place. His doublet was of light hus silk, richly trimmed and adorned, and his great lace collar hung haif way down his shoulders, while a gold chain was fastened around his neck, the horse of some drink-little expected to see two gallants to-night."

Leaving Carlisle outside to tether the horses, I stepped into the great hall, and bending low over that little white hand, I carried it to my lips.

"Sweet lady, 'its long since I have worth ten years of prayer to them," seen so fair a vision. And though his great lace collar hung haif way down his shoulders, while a gold chain was fastened around his neck, the bright metal sparkling and gleam-changed so quickly, that I could the bright metal sparkling and gleam-care suppress a smile, as I bade him.

She laughed at me right royally, as should out the chorus of some drink-little expected to see two gallants to-night."

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Sweet lady, 'its long faced fools. In faith, we would the horse, lady the worth ten years of prayer to them."

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and the content is hand at her heese the content in head at the heese the content in head at the heese the content in head at the heese the hind he has been at the content in head at the heese the hind he has been at the content in head at the heese than a series of the head of the heese than a series of the hind heese the hind he hind heese the hind heese the hind heese the hind he hi

mind to leave you outside, for you have made enough noise to frighten us out of our wits," and she smiled down teasingly at us, the candle is her hand lighting up the darkness behind her, and framing, as, is some dark wood, the smiling face of the lovely lady.

From out of the long dead past there arises before me, as if it were yesterday, that face, so fair—so sweet. The cheeks, pink and dimpled; the red lips with the sweet smile; the round throat with its deep curves; that proud slender little figure, one little shoe just peeping out from under-neath her dainty skirt. The tantalize ing toss of the head—that provoking little head with its crown of shining hair.

d quickly, yet softly, down the ball. Several flights of steps we ascendible, the lady gliding along on the toe, her skirts held tightly in one and; I sword in hand, at her heels, y mind vainly endeavoring to solve is strange mystery.

smile upon his face.

"Oh, Captain! had we but some few —be war gone.

Years have I crossed, and score like yourself, we would not now be an outlaw in our broad kingdom."

as quest of snow and sleet, the door creakead open, and there stood upon the threshold that very gentleinan of this way without trouble?

But I was always somewhat of a tatallet; if death sought me, he could him, for I verily believe that I would him, for I verily believe that I would not a seasily among my men, as pleasing diversion from my black thoughts.

"What!" he cried. "The gallant Larden? And not a sign of a peticoat! I vow I would have soon expected to see the King limself, as you in this deserted hole."

His mail was frank and hearts, as he shook my hand, but somehow his works rang false upon my ear. He had apoken too quick as he stood the peed door, as though the peed door, as though the peed door, as though he had expected to find me there.

To wait go?" he said.

"You will go?" he said.

"You shall nawer to me this that she deport the region of the way to through the peed of the region of the way then the way to thought to rise, carried away with the heavy lock. A few shout the same night losing it.

It may be the peed of a set the same is shook my hand, but somehow his works rang false upon my ear. He had apoken too quick as he stood the peed door, as though he had expected to find me there.

The way in the treasure and the same that the same sign of the same light losing it.

It may be the peed of the peed door, as the wind the same sign of the control of the same light losing it.

It was then to where the white again though and stay without trouble?

But I was always somewhat of a tatallet, if death sought me more.

But was link the best at me—that single shood look-light. It stretch forth my hands and call her name—"Edith:"

I speck light. I stretch forth my hands and call her name—"Edith:"

I stretch forth my hands and call her name—"Edith:"

I should be at Colfax. Had I but four division in the attention, or perish, in the attempt, as becoming my blood." And at the thought, his wees land, and o

threshold.

"Deign to step inside, fair sirs," she cried, with mock humility, although a cried, with mock humility, although a loyal adherents. Your Majesty, and loyal adherents. Your Majesty, and loyal adherents. sword in hand descend upon these long faced fools. In faith, we would teach them a lesson that would be

stones of the court-yard; a hoarse word of command; then a great crash, mingled with the sound of splintering word-they had rammed the hall

The Highlander had hastily fastened the door of the room again, and now he was dragging the table over

King himself, did not disdain to join in the work, while the heavy tread grew steadily nearer, as the Roundheads systematically searched room after room.

In ten minutes we had a very fair fortification for such short notice, and viping my hot brow. I rested a moment from my labor. A loud shout from in front of us, and paering over our wall, who should I see but my quandom friend, George Carlisle.

An instant thus he tooked at me in slience, and then he raised his voice.

cloak, as the King turned the corner

score like yourself, we would not now be an outlaw in our broad kingdom."

"Tis but for the moment. Your Majesty," I cried. "Your loyal servants will not see you driven forth thus by this long-faced Cromwell and his traitor crew."

He laughed, a little sadly, at my vehemence, as he seated himself in the great chair, and fell to idly drumming upon the table with his long, slim fingers. A moment he sat thus, his brow drawn in a half frown, as though he had forgotten my very existence. Then he looked up again, a rare smile upon his face, and his gaze wandered past me to where the white maid stood shyly waiting.

"Falth, sweet lady, had I but four "You were with the king."

fow exclamation of the Highlander, told me that the enemy was about to sweep down upon us. "Edith, for had all waited respectfully your father's sake-for my sake-She stood an instant undecided and then I had time for no more, for in a rush of gleaming steel the Round-

heads were on us.
A great fellow had sprang at a long faced fools. In faith, we would teach them a lesson that would be worth ten years of prayer to them," and he laughed grimly.

"Sire-2." I began imploringly.

But he cut me short imperiously.

"No!" he cried. "The time is not yet ripe for it. Until then I can do not not construct the property of the trooper went down, almost severty.

chain was fastened around his neck, changed so quickly, that I could the bright metal sparkling and glearing as the firelight feel upon it.

He had noted perhaps the fail which crossed my face, as I beheld thim so garbed at the free which crossed my face, as I beheld thim so garbed at last the room and seated himself by the fire.

"Why not, my dear captain" he face, "Why not, my dear captain" he fall, which a succe a one who had not rather face. "Why not? We have but a few bright metal sparkling up his face, "Why not? We have but a few bright metal sparkling up his face, "Why not? We have but a few bright metal sparkling up his face, "Why not? We have but a few bright metal sparkling up his face, "Why not? We have but a few bright metal sparkling up his face, "Why not. my dear captain" he fall, as a sparkling and great the fair Edith before I set sail.

"Yu leave Engiand then?" I asked as I acated myself opposites, and spread out into the dark sparkling and great the fair Edith before I set sail.

"Yu leave Engiand then?" I asked as I acated myself opposites, and spread out into the dark may fair words, rowed that he place, and castend myself opposites, and spread out into the darkness, in the transport may fair words, as I seated myself opposites, and spread out into the darkness, the sail as I swall she he dark seen Lady Edith Colfax, there this so gallant a gentleman, for the blase. "In truth, we should keenily opposites, and spread out into the darkness, the sail as I swall she he dark seen Lady Edith Colfax, there this so gallant a gentleman, for the blase. "In truth, we should keenily opposites, and she may fair words, and as the may arrived, and gathering my weather-stained cloak about the carried as a special carri ed in two by the keen blade,

thrill of exultation, as you hear the quick clang of steel on steel, and see the glaring eye of the foe bent upon your destruction, cannot know the great joy which filled my heart that night, as with the keen Celtic hound beside me, we drove the foemen back.

The red glare of the tapers upon
the wall, which flared and streamed

broken and draggind. And as I dish of the folkings of a mails on the advantage of a brave aparament, in a grant changer in one of the read of the control of the seemed to me that the color in the seemed to me that the color in the seemed to me that the color in the cheeks of the mail deepend for instant, as she resturated Carlisies esting, but she gave me seem time thing, and is still, but the seemed to me that the color in the seemed to me the seemed to me that the color in the seemed to me that the color in the seemed to me the seemed to



my departure." He smiled, a little scornfully, as he met my thrust. "Fool not yourself, my gallant Cap-tain, George Carlisle shall yet live to be the greatest of England, after the grasses have grown over you many a year.

"It may be true," I answered stead-fastly, as I lunged at him, "and if so, it is best that I should go out now. For whenever England can find no better than yourself to put in highest places, then evil must be the imes and scant the material." The shaft struck home, for he writhed in sudden shame, and from some of the men around him there burst a rour of laughter. Plainly these rude soldiers, fanatics though they were, little relished their com-panionship with a traitor to his King.

But as I opened my lips to jeer at him the end came, for my feet slip-hall, and put the whole company of ped in the pool of blood which had Cromwell's men, including George flowed from the body of the man whom Carlisle, to the sword after a brief I had slain, so that I staggered blindly an instant.

And that Charles himself wrote me A smile was on Carlisie's face and

lay quiet, her head upon my shoulder. soil and will not, until that day, now Quickly I laid her upon the floor, and not long distant, when they shall lay kneeling beside her, the horrified men my cold body in the last, long sleep. around me standing aghast, I wrung, "Edith!" I cried. "Edith, speak to for I shall die an exile in a strange me, dear."

Slowly those great eyes re-opened and gazed into mine, while the red night losing it.
torrent of blood spurted from the Yet I know that somewhere begaping wound. Then she spoke soft-ly, so soft that bending low I could scarcely hear her words.

lessly, those great rude sobs that tear the heart, where naught stretches before save despair and tears. Ethe spoke again: "Dear, you will

remain with the King until the end."
"Yes," I answered painfully—"until
the end." And bending low with
both her little hands, now so cold, in
mine, I pressed my lips to that sweet

She lay thus a moment, with my arms around her, and then her eyes tumbled and before the rat wandered beyond me, to where the withdraw it was crushed to deat horror stricken Carlisie leaned upon tween the nut and the ground.

his sword, a few paces away. Raising her head, she spoke again—for the last time—and her voice had all the sweet, mollow ring as of yore.
"I have conquered," she said calmly. And thus my lady lay stin and

quiet, and with her there passed out life and hope.

The birds have never sung as sweetly since that dark hour, when with breaking heart I knelt beside that cold figure, in that blood-stained hall. The sun has never shone as brightly. for I know that somewhere back in old England there lies 'neath the green turf that sweet maid, and that never more upon this earth shall I look again into those brave true eyes

of gray. What matters the rest? How my wild Irish, led by Corporal Hall, whom old Sir Philip and the King had met and sent to my rescue, burst into the

A smile was on Carlisies meet and well beloved Henry raising his arm, he lunged forward.
"So I am to triumph at last!" he Could the sonorous words, even though written by majesty itself, bring the maid?

cried exultantly.

Then there came a quick flutter of skirts. There was flung around my neck the softest arms, and Lady Edith Colfax received the sword full in the breast.

An instant thus she hung in my arms, her light hair just brushing my arms, her light hair just brushing my arms, her light hair just brushing my arms, and I have drawn sword in a contact word and had but breast.

An instant thus she hung in my Years have flows since that dark arms, her light hair just brushing my night, and I have drawn sword in a face, the soft breath against my check, and then I felt her body relax, and she are the foot upon English never have I set foot upon English and then I felt her body relax, and she are the foot upon English never have I set foot upon English and then her head upon my shoulder.

> land, after having won a great ure, the love of my lady, and the same yond life's little span, far removed from all its petty cares and struggles, I shall meet again that dear maid. whose deep gray eyes once gazed into

my own, as with a light almost divine, she murmured those few sweet words. T have conquered." The End. Rat's Strange Death.

Ceylon Observer. A cocoanut was brought to me just as picked up in a Colombo garden, with the head of a big rat fixed into the nut, the rat being not long dead. Clearly the rat was up a tree nib-bling at, or rather being we'll into the nut, nearly full size, when the nut tumbled and before the rat could withdraw it was crushed to death be-

