## THE LOYALTY OF

By CINTON ROSS.

Author of the Countess Bettina; Etc.

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When William Douglas, the Dissent- and bring the book that I may con the

When William Douglas, the Dissenter, came to Locheven, in answer to his aunt, Lady Douglas' summons' he held the Lady o' the Scots, the Romanist, a wanton.

Yet for all that the Queen of the Scots had forfeited her sovereignty and was the instrument of Romanish intrigue against the peace of Scotland, he fett a certain awe when he first accompanied Ferguson, the keeper, to do his cousin George Douglas' office as hefore her.

And this one, an enticing with family pride strong and with shame over his kness, he was determined pewitched.

The book that I may con the point.

"That you may, Master Douglas."

So he followed him out of the guard-toom to the door of his chamber, that the keeper threw open, putting the lantern he carried on the floor, while he from the candle was shot back to the youth's eyes by the flaming key. The pistol in Ferguson's belt caught him under the beily, and rising, he pulled it out, placing it on the board above the fire-place. With sudden impulse Douglas reached toward it; but turning he slammed the door, that made clamber, that the keeper threw open, putting the lantern he carried on the floor, while he from the candle was shot back to the pistol in Ferguson's belt caught him under the beily, and rising, he pulled it out, placing it on the board above the fire-place. With sudden impulse Douglas reached toward it; but turning he slammed the door, that made claws the instrument to from the carried on the floor, while he from the candle was shot back to the pistol in Ferguson's belt caught him under the beily, and rising, he pulled it out, placing it on the board above the fire-place. With sudden impulse Douglas reached toward it; but turning he slammed the door, that made when they search that you are in the introduced the moments until the door opened, and the Queen and her lady were in the counter Toom. "Forgive me, Master Douglas."

"But I remain!" said Mistress Seton" "Till not leave you!" "You must, Your Grace, hasten!" "Forgive me, Master Douglas." "The open claws the door opened, an

y hate or love or indiffer-as was to see this charmushing with excitement; las' hand, caught him by the back, quisite fair, it was of clear palcasting him with one thrust into the the eyes underlined with a ciling. Her figure was dainticorner. The pistol, by fortune's power, was not discharged. The thick walls, the closed door, kept the scuffle d, and showed its slender pro-through the folds of the unheard. Ferguson gazed at him in a ch was of some gray stuff, heap in the corner, as he might be e. She wore no jewels, save some worm.
"Tis you, master, following George

on a ribbon at her throat. tty lady ,like any other, the gentleman decided, and yet degentleman decided, and yet degentleman decided, and yet degentleman decided, and yet decided with the spoke sense. Douglas had yet be metimes changing so rapidly He spoke sense. His plight could not be and thought she was more.
sing with a yawn she faced
worse. A frenzy of unreasoned rage possessed him. And Ferguson's conand thought she was more. saw she was of medium looked gracious and amia-He knew not how suddenly he was of medium a manner that had exactly on his feet, how he had sprung on the man, bearing him to the floor, and caoking him. The fellow could not cooking him. The fellow could not cook in the following him to the floor, and caoking him. The fellow could not cook in the fellow coul her voice confirmed—a woman's with a maiden's quality. oked the lady that might be sad in morning, with the old zest of gaiety by noon. He felt she was noting him carefully, and under her lashes was seeing him all, body and soul. He

thought of what the preachers of Knox's following declared her—"Jezebel," "the heathenish creature," "2 Yet, after his second visit in the duty of page, he began to say to him-self, "Surely she is a pleasant lady who has been much belied."

But there were other moods, when she paced the room's length no longer a charming gentlewoman, with the courtesies of the court, but more some caged tigress, ready, if the bars were but down, to rend and tear, looking cravingly into the open out of her window, where birds and men seemed to her to do as they listed. Then, some-times, keeper and page did not see her at all, only heard from the next room, sobs, when Mistress Seton or Mistress Jane Kennedy would very civilly dismiss them.

Yet perhaps at breakfast the morn ing after, the Queen would appear with a laughter-filled face, although her eyes might be hollow, and her suggested the effort to force

the hours he had in a skiff on the lake, Seizing a deerskin from the bed, he or to the castle chaplain who told his cut it into thongs with the huntingcongregation again and again the tale knife. kind, the dreariness of this life, the tied his feet. At the moment his eyes flames and the devils that await us is opened. He had not choked his breath the more painful future.

her linen from the village.

William Douglas, on the castle terrace that afternoon training a falcon, free the Queen, or die for it. Farewell heard below the keeper's gruff cry, "A too neat-ankled laundress by half!" closely muffled, Mary for, though, Stuart's foot had betrayed her. Yet, for all her disappointment at failure, and the sarcastic gibes Lady Douglas cast at her then, the dejected prisoner carried herself with the simple dignity of adversity. No circumstances did so much to change William Douglas en-Hardly more than lad, the Queen may have read it in his eyes. Did she, she appeared to be looking beyond him, or to notice him no more than the blocks of the flooring. Nor did her ladies, who before, having no one else, had thought him worth an occasional smile, now seem to be aware of his presence. Finally he found their conduct, and particularly that of the Queen, aln ost unenduring, although ral enough. He was decided to drop a note into the Queen's lap as he passed, but that was too ky and might only lead to his being removed from his post. Thinking over the riddle, at last one object came to right." have a fascination, its possession dearer than ambition or love or forson had at his girdle, and then our young gentlemen of the Douglases bevor with the keeper, tried the art of a player, maligned the Queen to the keeper's delight while inwardly cursing him, used the canting phrases Scot apothecary but now brought it from

should knife him behind.

Following out this wish to be near til near 10 o'clock with this Irish-Scot the Queen's apartment. No one can The watch was passing. He could hear keeper, who was expounding some the pass you.' ological point, Douglas agreeing with him, the time devouring with his eyes reassured. of scurrying clouds, which the moon would break, sending which he unlocked, closing the outer an occasional shine across the guardand knocking at the inner door. Again great hall, turning away into the pasan occasional shine across the guardroom floor.
At last the keeper became drowsy,

declaring he would go to bed. "But I could show this more clearly to you, Master Douglas, if I had my

of Knok's sremons "If you'll suffer me,I will go to your chamber with you, Master Ferguson,

"God help us! Ask not my meaning, out wake her!" "Master, what treachery is this? I'll

ot open. Then, Mistress, you waste my life. Ie heard the Queen interrupting. 'What's this, Seton?"

"I don't comprehend, Your Majesty what treachery they now are at." Douglas whispered through the key ole: "Oh, your Grace, I'm here to free you. I've gagged and bound the keeper and stolen his keys. We have out a moment to try for the open. If we are caught, I shall be killed, and you! I beg, Your Grace, hasten!,

by the window where, at her companion, Mistress Seton, had not dreamed of such an action. Its had not dreamed of such an action. Its

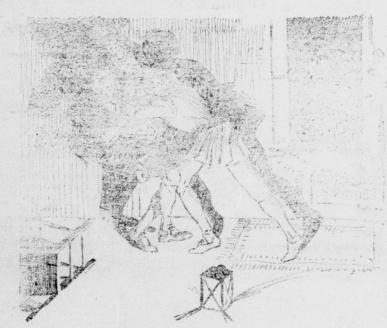
Closing the outer door, the Queen came after. Half-way on the stair, he stopped her, while walking down, as if with great boldness, he threw back the door below.
"Jock," to the guard.

He closed the door, lest Jock should see the Queen; and put the key in the

"I have delivered the drug." "Yes, Master. But is it not strange that Master Ferguson came not him-

"Strange it is," said Douglas, fumling at the lock. "This key will not turn. Will you try it, Jock? The jamb

As he turned to the lock, Douglas was some great lady. If—uncry out; his eyes, staring Douglas in put the lantern on the floor, and whip-types were bluish pencilings, the face, seemed to start from their ping out his knife from the scabbard, n her face the least suggestion of she still had a certain girlishness the lantern uight. Had he choked him



He Sprang at the Man

And in this wise did Master William to death? He did not pause to query, fellow fell over, while a stream of blood Douglas come to know and think dif-ferently of this Princess, never seeing bunch of keys. As they fell, rattling distorted face came before him afterher alone, scarce noticed by her or her on the floor, Ferguson groaned, mov- ward o' nights. But he had no other ladies, and always under the keeper's ing convulsively. Quickly Douglas un-eye. But he carried thought of her to his sport with the men at arms, or to With one thong he found his complete wickedness of man- hands behind his back; with the other Not the first that's been shed for me entirely out of him; "thank the God Now about this time the Queen at-tempted to escape by donning the gar-las muttered.

laundress who brought "I'vethe keys, old psalm-singer," said he. "Don't stare at me or struggle. My plight is desperate; I must Master Ferguson."

Ferguson's eyes showed desperation. Douglas wondered for a moment how Lis frenzy had the sense to choke him. By no other way could he have kept him from outcry, or, indeed, mastered herself, for her voice became dry and him. If he had waited for a plan, he hard. never should have done what he did. the Stuart princess always had in face Ferguson rolled about the floor, mak-

ing the moan of pain-bearing despair. jed every turn during the weeks, when, Taking the keys, Master Douglas seeking a means of aiding her? Every picked up the lantern with the other nook and cranny? hand, opened the door, closed and locked it, and dropping the keys in his down the passage to the great hall, pocet, strode down the corridor into where he opened the door, which creak the great hall. Instead of turning to ed on its hinges. He dared not close it his chamber, he opened the door to the behind, but went on, the narrow slits corridor of the North Tower. Some- of the walls guiding. The door to the thing like the frenzy poets tell of seem- corridor of the postern-gate, he opened ed to guide. He closed this door be- more carefully. It did not creak as the hind, locked it, and followed the nar- other. He took the Queen's hand lest row passage to the farther entrance, where the sentinel, who'd been sleeping on the floor, sprang up, with star ing eyes and gasping voice

"Not I. Master. You saw not a

I'm not blind," "A man may grow weary, master "He may get a dozen lashes."
"Ay, Master, but you'll not tell."

"It's my duty. But I'll try to for-Lady Douglas' order, to earry ug to the Queen, who is ill. The

In evidence of authority, he displayplace at the keeper's girdle, unless he doltish amazement. Pushing him a-

side, Douglas unlocked the door. "Now. do you remain here by the he stirred. open door, while I ascend the tower to At the door to the hall were steps,

"Not a soul, Master?" said he, as if not guess his presence in the gloom,

he knocked. At last, after a space was Seton's voice:

"Who may be there at this hour?" "I-Mistress,-Will Douglas." "You, Master? What want you?" "Word with the Queen. "Her Majesty has retired." "I must see her."

The door was pushed back, and she

"Are you hurt?" Douglas thoght she would faint. 'The blood!-the fearful blood!

"Your Grace."

Poor Jock lay in a heap on the floor his life blood still spurting Douglas took the mantle from the Queen, and wrant it around her

"Mind him not." He tried to support her, for now he was resolved they should get away.
"No, Douglas, I can walk as easily as you for freedom's sake. But the

poor wreeth. He brings so many memories.

"We'll go, Master. Lead on. He knew the way. Had he not stud-

So he led as easily as it were day

she should stumble.

The place was as still as the death he had wrought in the passage to the North Tower. But at the gate he was made to pause, having left the keys in breath, he cursed. And here the Queen, terest, forgetting he had no right to crucifi in that moment of perilous waiting ask. showed the Stuart spirit.

"But no blood, Douglas, even though they take us," she added as she but him take that danerous walk back "I came from Master Ferguson, by In the passage was the gleen of the y Lady Douglas' order, to earry a lantern, and the dead men in his blood. - he with whom he oft had thing, the jeering, blood, face. Back again!"

voices, a scurrilous jest. Yet they did and the clangor of their boots on the Lantern in hand, he went up the paving was going with a closing door, stairs to the door of the apartment, and their laughter over the good story.

sage to the postern-gate.

The key creaked in the gate, and they shore, where, pushing a way through of the ministry of the New Church and locked behind. The glare of the moonshine over the terrace and the expanse of the moor, reaching then up water troubled Douglas. Any one who to the enclosure of the Deerhound. "Oh, God, we are poor sinners indeed!" water troubled Douglas. Any one who to the enclosure of the Deerhound. listened could picked them out with a

the skiff, which he saw was exactly moor because we where he had left it. A ladder at this to meet any one.' point led to the landing. And while eh would have helped her, the Queen limed down as easily as she were a girl. She knew full well to her capure meant a captivity more odiou

han before, while to him, death.

When he pushed the boat the pebles rattled enough to have aroused he castle. He gave the Queen his hand, out she leaped in without aid. As the noon was hid by scurrying cloud, and och and castle held fast in mist and hight. Douglas settled to the oars. Then at last the Queen's voice came to

bewitched.

Seronson whispered under his are, Master Douglas, and be the Lord. If she were Queen ever was the wicked woman. Those her arts have slain of those her arts have slain of the process.

The was determined a "Eh, what's that, Master Douglas?"

"They'll believe it. I like your wit, mistress," said Douglas.

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"That she has wit, Master Douglas it inded, which not only had given the means of escape, but which now could hold the pursuit. They bid that an interest in my fortune may curse you, too. I hate to leave you, too. I hate to leave you, before they could be after them. No before they could be after them. No below of John Knox and bouglas.

"They'll believe it. I like your wit, mistress," said Douglas.

"They'll believe it. I like your wit, mistress," said Douglas.

"They like your dance which hard fascinated him. Dear key ring was it inded, which not only had given the means of escape, but which now could hold the pursuit. They would be forced to batter down a door bouglas, maybe have redienced in the your dance which hard fascinated him. Dear key ring was it inded, which not only had given the means of escape, but which now could hold the pursuit. They would be forced to batter down a door bouglas, maybe have a look of John Knox.

"In ever suspected. Forgive me! I shall reward you if I escape. God for bouglas, maybe have a look of the every outer gate at Loch Leven was on that key-ring which had fascinated him. Dear key ring was it inded, which not only had given the means of escape, but which not only had given the means of escape, but which not only had given the means of escape, but which not only had given the means of e those her arts have slain her."

'If it please you, Master Ferguson, by the window where, at her

There was no premeditation. He

'If the castle keys?"

There was no premeditation. He

There

long; nor strange that he had held it up before the Queen's eyes gleefully, ng in the French tongue. Her foolhardiness would have dismayed him. The keys, the mad desire to her lightly.

had not dreamed of such an action, and her companion's shoulder, and, and then hung to suddenly raising her face, she kissed him. The keys, the mad desire to her lightly. foolhardiness would have dismayed him. The keys, the mad desire to have them, possessed him like one of and worn, was framed by win hair, that morning elessly in long folds over elessly in long folds over the keys, sirrah!" said Douglas.

"Are ye mad?" he gasped.

"The keys, sirrah!" said Douglas.

"The keys, sirrah!" said Douglas.

"The word of the devile to him day, rusted in the service of loyalty. What cared he now for the firing of the gun of Loch Leven, or the spent balls splashing over their bow.

"I have one to settle below, Mistress." said he, noting her in the canunder an hour. The gates of that fortress were as well made as any in all

Pulling on, Douglas found all at once his arms hurting much. For, in some way,—likely in struggle with the keeper,—it had been wrenched. Every stroke made it twinge. Finally he began to have a certain joy in resisting the pain, which was the pleasure of endurance. The firing continued. But they could only conjecture the position of the boat in that welcome gloom and they began to find they were wasting powder. Douglas could imagine his aunt, her gown hastily thrown on, spending her rage. She had trust-ed him, and he had been untrustworthy, but for the Queen.

"To the Edinboro' road! Do you now the landing there?"
"Well, Your Grace."

'And the sign of the Deerhound?" "A half-mile in."

"A good Scot mile, master. Our friends are there, I had the word in

the laundress' linen." By this time hard pulling had brought them close to the shore, where he trusted to the sedges to shadow them. He thought to follow the shore to a spot near the Edinboro' road. The obscuring cloud was passing. Bushes brushed the skiff's sides. He thought he knew the waters, but he found the boat scraping; it grounded. When, springing over and pushing out again, he took the oars the moon reached out, casting a sheen over the waves, that danced in a little wind. Loch Leven showed out darkly across water, where was not a boat. The only danger was from the noise of the guns having attracted a passing troop of the Regent. would it warn the Queen's friends that something was happening in the castle. Douglas thought he should have to

noting in the moonshine the outline of her figure, her disordered hair, from laughed.

"Have you not done that which the and the two others with travel-stained ich the cloak had fallen. Douglas?

Your Grace?

"How have you dared this?"

But, master, there is a king, my "Your grace, why should I side with

this lord, or that, or with Lord James Stuart, when you are Mary Stuart, the Queen in need?" You were taught, Douglas, I was a

iminal who have forfeited my right." I saw your Grace in distress I never once suspected you would to to this extreme. I thought you only page of the Douglases. I confess,

laster, and ask pardon." "Your Grace, it does not become o say such things to me. I have only one as others.

"But they never have. Your cousin tried, but failed.

"I may."
"We will not consider failure yet. "We will not consider failure yet.

But lest I never may have chance again, master, I wish to explain to you again, master, I wish to explain to you share a learned the world to themselves. The moon-all, we like to show best our proveress, shine makes the earth so different a our cleverness, our bravery, or all. So these charges. I cannot think you would believe them entirely. To you, bouglas, I would speak, although it is.

A stone wall marked the earth so differ place. A man makes love under moon, to hate her under the sun.

A stone wall marked the earth so differ.

For a moment she paused, while the bushes bent under the wind, the oars dipped, a wild fowl called from the be at the Deerhound?"

from the French court, where pleasure is almost duty, to austere Scotland, where of late some have held it sin.

door. Knock thrice. To him asking "Get me ladder with which to scale the wall, and you will understand I am no liar. Hurry, fools! The ladder, I tell "Yet something may have gone." Many aspired to this princess' favor, and love. If I—this girl Queen—was thoughtless, I at first intended no evil. Queen. thoughtless, I at first intended no evil.
When I found my mistake, I hated those I had tricked with fancies. Darnley, whom I thought a hero, after all, was imbecile; Rizzio, but a sentimental may find how our fortune may be at was imbecile; Rizzio, but a sentimenthe inn.

He had known this mood in the casthe when she would not see the keeper.

"Those who have helped me," she went on more gently, "shall have return the image high, "I pray thee remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray thee remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray thee remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray thee remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray thee remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray thee remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray the remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray the remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray the remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray the remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray the remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray the remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray the remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray the remember James, my son, Return the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I pray the remember the image high," in the image high, "I

landing prudent.

The Queen trudged on with her bunmusket. But he laughed since he had dle light-heartedly to appearance as senters, Master? They'd make light the east, the stirring of men and we

the keeper's keys, which held Loch a servant lass who may be out with of our ancestor's faith. Are we, poor, men along the way for their morning

be at the Deerhound."

Leven locked. But no time could be lost. They must go down to the bank to the skiff, which he saw was exactly moor because we there are less likely and thrust it again into her bosom.

meet any one."
"Yes, I have no weapon, Your Grace."

She held out her hand, which he press ed to his lips, and turned to scale the "Your knife—" she began.
"I left it," said he; "hum, hum, in ock, the guard."
"Your knife—" she began.
"I left it," said he; "hum, hum, in that might happen.

"He spoke thoughtlessly, and, as has been the case with us all a thousand times, would have given anything to have had the words unsaid. For his companion lost her gaiety with the word. Her voice had a sob.

"My friend, don't bring to me the past and its dead."

He felt the lout, and tried to murmur some poor apologetic explanation, until she interrupted with laughter.

"No, you cannot make me saddish. Across the moor we go, master."

And she led the way, humming a little French air.

"hum, hum, in thating to leave her so, fearful of all that might happen.

Dropping down on the farther side of the wall, he found himself in the stable yard of the Deerbound. No one appeared to be stirring, although lights were in the upper windows. About the corner of the house a train of light fell across the highway beyon, as if the front doors were wide.

Finding the rear door without difficulty, he knocked once, twice, thrice. There was no answer, although he fancied he heard voices, he again raised the knocker, which fell into its metal place with a far-reaching reso-

"How strange it is, that you who have been brave should tremble. Come, my master, a little farther, and we will be be greeted by the Earl of Moray's He did not answer, for he had fancied he saw shadows like those of men; befind the stone wall? Was

In the Passageway Was the Glan of the Lantern and the Dead Man in His Blood

with friends?" "Ay, but who knows who their bell style of dress. One stepped up to him And-you know, Your Grace, a bare cloak.

hand has small favor with bare steel."
"It's a Scot's hand, Master Douglas! A Scot brain. We'll have no more French tunes this night. I know a

better of your own people."

I fancy you who read may know that ancient song of the Douglases, a catching tune that renders a Douglas proud of his own. Through it all runs the clash of steel, and the cry that rendered the race warm for the fray. Now voice it came in a low tone from a lady's lips, and it gave this Douglas heart. He same political complexion. I, as you, had been shuddering at what he had serve the Queen, not Moray. done, but now again, with her voice, high, peering into his face. So curiously is bravery a matter of how the brain-or is it how the heart? A man makes love under the William Douglas.

A stone wall marked the enclosure

"You can trust those you expect to

"Yet, something may have gone

"And do you, Your Grace, remain he boasted.

"And Bothwell?" asked he in his inrest, forgetting he had no right to "Wait. Master!"

"Wait. Master!"

"Wait. Master!"

"Wait. Master!"

She took from her bosom a little gold ed, and he was over the wall, where

"I must pray, Master Douglas. For Lady O' the Scots. Eut she added:
"I fear no man! I am Queen! I will have blood for blood, eye for eye!"

"I would pray to Him, for He is greater than the Virgin, although likely she anderstands us women."

"Kneel not to me who owe much than the Virgin, although likely she anderstands us women."

he'd killed him! But—he had the keys at last. He must get away from that thing, the jeering, blood, face. Back

who without thee are but babes on a wood."

"She shall, for she will. And I am free, and in this bonnic land thousands are ready to die for us. Life is sweet as this brave air. Men still love me, and I may have some wit left."

The Queen talked thus to William Douglas because of her excitement, more than from any intention to make of him a confidant.

who without thee are but babes on a wood."

What matters a man's faith so much as his honesty? A long time yet has the world to learn that theology is naught more than a trickery of phrases. Her eyes were on him. Her could only conjecture. If William Douglas because of her excitement, image symbolized to help her, for all her faults, impressed him with a sort he had delayed the chase, yet now it were imprudent to tarry at the Deer-He reached a place where he thought of ardor of intreaty to Him. He had been man; had suffered, been perplexhound. Taking his hand, she stepped to ed. He could understand all, even the "I believe your are one of the Dis

bouglas thought he should have to skirt the lake under the bushes. It would have been the height of folly to have ventured into that open space, to invite the marksmen of Loch Leven, or to excite the interest of those in the vilage, for chance pasers on the highways.

He had ben pulling the skiff without a word with his companion, only noting in the moonshine the outline of her figure, her disordered hair, from laughed.

He had ben figure, her disordered hair, from laughed.

She in peril from he knew not whom? How easily all his effort up to this might be made naught. Nor were Lord Moray's men alone to be feared. There were hundreds of others during that unsettled period who might be at the Deerhound, inimical to the cause. You may believe it was almost in fright he heard again a rattling of the bolts. This time the chain was loosed, when laughed. others failed in? Are we not almost boots, but so closely muffled that he could not make them out, nor their

and cannon may not have stirred up? when he saw the eyes peering from the "Your question?"

"I pray you, Master, does the day

The other thrust back his covering "Will? Will Douglas! We heard the cannon at Loch Leven. And now you are here? with that question. Muffled as the speaker was, William Douglas could not be mistaken in the

"Ab, cousin," said he, "we are of th The other now was holding a lar

"Blood on your cuffs?" The presence of ones relatives may works. On that lonely moor, it was lead to the assumption of any bravade

"Killed a fellow who stood in my

way. "And you are from the Queen?" 'I came with the Queen. "Eh, boy! What's turned your

sense?" "A young girl, my Douglas, came door. Knock thrice. To him asking "Get me ladder with which to scale no liar. Hurry, fools! The ladder, I tell

"The fortune of war," assented the "You're in your cups, will boughts."
"I have done that you have failed-in,"

"Your Grace," he cried.
"Master Desiglas?" "The Queen's voice," siad he.

they found him kneeling before the

"We were your gaolers." He had bowed his head, if he had "Who have freed the prisoner.

Nor was it half an hour before the company was in the saddle, shouting

"God, and the Queen!" With the steady swing of cantering horses,—the lightening of the sky in Queen's fortress.

But in the heart of William Douglas was no gladness; and he wondered, for he had not succeeded?

Yet the Fate that makes hearts said. There shall be no success without a And he who was the envy of the

and he who was the envy of the court that rallied quickly under the Queen's banner, knew this, although men envied and the Queen favored and knighted him, as the Douglas whose reality atoned in degree for his rela-

ives. Queen o' the Scots was she again, the

color in her cheeks, gracious to all,—to win back that she had lost.

But this Stuart princess had small time to think of minor matters, when

cause of the service he had done found further distinction which was not to his heart. Yet a man cannot live with memories, although he may wish to

memories, afthough he may wish to die because of them.

And since he would forget, he tried to make love as well as to fight. In the little court was a Mistress Agnes Frazer—who did not disdain him; and the Queen, hearing of this sent for m.
"Ah, Douglas," said she, smiling

prettily, as she could; "I have heard of you and my maid, Agnes." But Douglas was silent. 'Are you embarrassed Douglas?" said she then, "that I should ques-

Yes, your Grace," said he sturdily "And why?"
"Because, your Grace, I have but tried to make love to Mistress Agnes; that I might forget."

"And why?" asked she, for they say she never was displeased at seeing the light that then was in his eyes. "Your Grace," said he, "I must ferget I'm unhappy, because no longer-can I stand between you and danger."

Then she twitted him on practicing a courtier's speeches, but noting him, she saw that same look causing her to turn away. Yet she was not displeas-But after this she avoided him so that he, thinking he had displeased her, was the more downcast and won-dered at himself, why he should be so.

But he found that Mistress Frazer could not shiften the heart, nay, even the battle field failed.

Then again, William Douglas took the chances others held foolishly desperate; yet, as is the way when men wish Him, Death did not seek him.

Death, seeking us all, seldom comes when He is called, for He too, seems to be ruled by mockery.

But there came a time when Death
was piqued at William Douglas always daring him. For after many days—when the loyal cause seemed again hopeless-William Douglas was sore wounded in the thigh, and was borne way among others to the castle where

the Queen chanced to be lodged. And one of her ladies came to the Queen, telling her among the wound ed in the battle was Sir William Doug-

And the Queen remembered and went into the room where he lay breathing hard.

Being told he must die, she kneeled down by him, and said softly, with tears in her eyes, that she was losing all her leal subjects who were more than the Crown of Scotland, when

Douglas opened his eyes on her.

He appeared comelliy boyish as if he were still in his promise; yet the Queen knew he had done her a strong man's service.

"Live, Douglas, for me, your Queen.
Happiness shall be yours. You shall marry the prettiest lady of my suite.

county. But he sighed, as with his hurt. "Your Grace, you're fairer than all the ladies of your suite, and the mem-

ry of that night with you is more than all the lands of Scot county.' And those who were there saw the Queen blush and say very softly, loyalty is like your loyalty." and bending forward she pressed her lips to his and said again, "Yes, no loyalty is like

yours;" and, rising, went away.

But when she heard that against all the predictions of the surgeons he had recovered, she was piqued and held his loyalty not so great. And Douglas was even sorry that he had not died them, for he had wished to die. Nor did the Queen remember that she had promised him all the lands of Scot county nor did he remind her; nor see her of

But, poor Queen, all of the Scot coun ties passed away from her, and she was a prisoner at the hands of Queen Eliza-

(CONTINUED ON THIRD P&GE )

## Impure Blood

Scrofula Breaks Out in Running Sores

The Poleon Porfactly Qured by Hood's Parsaparilla. "A year ago a sore earne on one of my roved to be a had as the

Hood's Sarsaparilla would like every

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