



MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER.

BY A. R. H. HARRIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF THOMAS WINGFIELD.

I, Thomas Wingfield, was born here at Ditchingham and in this very room where I write today.

Now, my grandfather was greatly minded even to superstition, and, strange as it may seem, having only one son, nothing would satisfy him but that the boy should be made a priest.

It was believed both by my grandfather and the prior that the true cause of my father's contumacy was a passion which he had conceived for a girl of humble birth, a miller's fair daughter who dwelt at Waingford Mills.

Thus it chanced that when he had sailed from Yarmouth a year and six months there came a letter from the abbot of the monastery in Seville to his brother, the prior of St. Mary's at Bungay, saying that my father had fled from the monastery.

Two more years passed away, and then came other news—namely, that my father had been captured; that he had been handed over to the power of the holy office, as the accursed inquisition was then named, and tortured to death at Seville.

And in the end it became clear that this belief was not ill founded, for on day, three years after the old man's death, there landed at the port of Yarmouth none other than my father, who had been absent some eight years in all.

My mother used to call me her little Spaniard because of my swarthinness—that is, when my father was not near, for such names angered him.

Now, when I was 18½ years old, on a certain evening in the month of May, it happened that a friend of my father's, Squire Bozard, late of the hall in this parish, called at the lodge on his road from Yarmouth, and in the course of his talk let it fall that a Spanish ship was at anchor in the roads laden with merchandise.

"Holy Mother, grant that it be not he!" My father also looked frightened and questioned the squire closely as to the man's appearance, but without learning anything more.

That night my mother never slept, but sat all through it in her nursing chair, brooding over I know not what, as I left her when I went to my bed.

"I have never laid down, Thomas," she answered. "Why not? What do you fear?"

"I fear the past and the future, my son. Would that your father were back." About 10 o'clock of that morning, as I was making ready to walk into Bungay to the house of the physician under whom I was learning the art of healing, my father rode up.

"Kiss me before you go, Thomas," she said. "You must wonder what all this may mean. One day your father will tell you.



"Kiss me before you go, Thomas," she said. "You must wonder what all this may mean. One day your father will tell you.

"If it be a man who flings it, he had best keep out of reach of this," I said, laughing and shaking my thick stick.

"And remember the other proverb, mother, 'Strike before thou art struck,'" I answered and went. I never saw her again till she was dead.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMING OF THE SPANIARD.

And now I must go back and speak of my own matters. As I have told, it was my father's wish that I should be a physician, and since I came back from my schooling at Norwich—that was when I had entered on my sixteenth year—I had studied medicine under the doctor who practiced his art in the neighborhood of Bungay.

From our earliest days we children, Bozards and Wingfields, lived almost as brothers and sisters, for day by day we met and played together in the snow or in the flowers. Thus it would be hard for me to say when I began to love Lily or when she began to love me, but I know that when I first went to school at Norwich I grieved more at losing sight of her than because I must part from my mother and the rest.

Thus things went on till this day of my mother's death. But before I go further I must tell that Squire Bozard looked with no favor on the friendship between his daughter and myself, and this not because he disliked me, but rather because he would have seen Lily wedded to my elder brother, Geoffrey, my father's heir, and not to a younger son.

Now, when I had attained 19 years I was a man full grown, and, writing as I do in extreme old age, I may say it without false shame, a very handsome youth to boot. I was not overtall indeed, measuring but 5 feet 9½ inches in height, but my limbs were well made, and I was both deep and broad in the chest.

"You have risen early, mother," I said.

was wary, was coal black. In my deportment I was reserved and grave to sadness, in speech I was slow and temperate and more apt at listening than in talking.

On this sad day of which I write I knew that Lily, whom I loved, would be walking alone beneath the great pollard oaks in the park at Ditchingham hall.

Now, it chanced that on this afternoon I was hard put to it to escape to my tryst, for my master, the physician, was ailing and sent me to visit the sick for him, carrying them their medicines.

He was very tall and noble looking, dressed in rich garments of velvet adorned by a gold chain that hung about his neck, and, as I judged, about 40 years of age.

By the time that I had finished these observations my feet had brought me almost to the stranger's side, and for the first time he caught sight of me.

"What, you speak Spanish, young sir?" he said, starting, "and yet you are not a Spaniard, though by your face you well might be. Carama, but it is strange!"

"It may be strange, sir," I answered, "but I am in haste. Be pleased to ask your question and let me go."

"Pardon my words; they were well meant, and perhaps you may come to learn their truth. I will detain you no more. Will you graciously direct me on my road to Yarmouth, for I am not sure of it, having ridden by another way, and your English country is so full of trees that a man cannot see a mile?"

"I walked a dozen paces down the bridle path that joined the road at this place and pointed out the way that he should go, past Ditchingham church.

"What is my name to you?" I answered roughly, for I disliked this man.

"I am not ashamed of my name," I said. "It has been an honest one so far, and if you wish to know it it is Thomas Wingfield."

"This must be the man," I said to myself, and then I said no more, for he was on me, sword up. I saw the keen point flash toward me and sprang to one side, having a desire to fly, as being unarmed except for my stick, I might have done

without shame. But spring as I would I could not avoid the thrust altogether. It was aimed at my heart, and it pierced the sleeve of my left arm, passing through the flesh—no more.

And that was what chanced in this case, though how it came about exactly I cannot tell. The Spaniard was a fine swordsman, and had I been armed as he was would doubtless have overmatched me.

Now, I pondered on what should be done with the villain, it chanced that I looked up through a gap in the fence, and there, among the Grubswell oaks 800 yards or more away, I caught sight of the flutter of a white robe that I knew well, and it seemed to me that the wearer of that robe was moving toward the bridge of the "watering," as though she were weary of waiting for one who did not come.

"No, I said; 'I am no foreign murderer to kill a defenseless man. You shall away to the justice to answer for yourself. The hangman has a rope for such as you.'

"Then you must drag me thither," he groaned and shut his eyes as though with faintness, and doubtless he was somewhat faint.

"Why did you do that, Thomas?" she said in a low voice. "I did it because I love you, Lily, and do not know how to begin the telling of my love. I love you, dear, and have always loved, as I always shall love you."



I thrashed him till my arms were weary. And, moreover, this one had earned good payment for his behavior. Surely, thought I, he might wait awhile till I had done my lovemaking, and if he would not wait I could find a means to make him do so.

"Now, here you stay," I said, "till I am ready to fetch you," and I turned to go.

"I do not know, Lily, and yet I can guess. I am sure, sweet, that he wishes you to take my brother Geoffrey and leave me on one side."

"You are very young to talk thus, Thomas. I am also young, I know, but we women ripen quicker. Perhaps all this is but a boy's fancy, to pass with boyhood."

CHAPTER III. THOMAS TELLS HIS LOVE. Having made the Spaniard as fast as I could, his arms being bound to the tree behind him, and taking his sword with me, I began to run hard after Lily and caught her not too soon, for in one more minute she would have turned along the road that runs to the watering and over the bridge by the Park hill path to the hall.

"This must be the man," I said to myself, and then I said no more, for he was on me, sword up. I saw the keen point flash toward me and sprang to one side, having a desire to fly, as being unarmed except for my stick, I might have done

mingled some touch of reverence. "Oh, it is you, Thomas," she said, blushing as she spoke. "I thought you were



Having made the Spaniard as fast as I could.

not—I mean that I am going home, as it grows late. But, say, why do you run so fast, and what has happened to you, Thomas, that your arm is bloody and you carry a sword in your hand?"

"I have no breath to speak yet," I answered. "Come back to the Hawthorns, and I will tell you."

"I have not looked to see. I have had no time to look."

"Take off your coat, Thomas, that I may dress the wound. Nay, I will have it so."

"Why did you do that, Thomas?" she said in a low voice. "I did it because I love you, Lily, and do not know how to begin the telling of my love. I love you, dear, and have always loved, as I always shall love you."

"There is nothing else in the world of which I am so sure, Lily. What I wish to be as sure of is that you love me as I love you."

"I do not know, Lily, and yet I can guess. I am sure, sweet, that he wishes you to take my brother Geoffrey and leave me on one side."

"Then his wishes are not mine, Thomas; also, though duty be strong, it is not strong enough to force a woman to a marriage for which she has no liking. Yet it may prove strong enough to keep a woman from a marriage for which her heart pleads.

"No, Lily, the love itself is much, and though it should bring no fruit, still it is something to have won it forever and a day."

"It will never pass, Lily. They say that our first loves are the longest, and that which is sown in youth will flourish in our age. Listen, Lily. I have my place to make in the world, and it may take a time in the making, and I ask one promise of you, though perhaps it is a selfish thing to seek. I ask of you that you will be faithful to me, and, come fair weather or foul, will wed no other man till you know me dead."

"It is something to promise, Thomas, for with time come changes. Still I am so sure of myself that I promise—nay, I swear it. Of you I cannot be sure, but we must risk all upon a throw, and if we lose good-bye to happiness."

Then we talked on, and I cannot remember what we said, though these words I have written down remain in my mind, partly because of their own weight and in part because of all that came about in the after years.

And at last I knew that I must go, though we were sad enough at parting. So I took her in my arms and kissed her so closely that some blood from my wound ran down her white attire. But as we embraced I chanced to look up and saw a sight that frightened me enough, for there, not five paces from us, stood Squire

Bozard, Lily's father, watching all, and his face wore no smile.

He had been riding by a bridle path to the watering ford, and seeing a couple trespassing beneath the oaks dismounted from his horse to hunt them away. Not till he was quite near did he know whom he came to hunt, and then he stood still in astonishment. He was a short, stout man, with a red face and stern, gray eyes that seemed to be starting from his head with anger. For awhile he could not speak, but when he began at length the words came fast enough. All that he said I forget, but the upshot of it was that he desired to know what my business was with his daughter. I waited till he was out of breath, then answered him: Lily and I loved each other well and were plighting our troth.

"Is this so, daughter?" he asked. "It is so, my father," she answered boldly.

Then he broke out swearing. "You light mixx," he said, "you shall be whipped and kept cool on bread and water in your chamber. And for you, my half bred Spanish cockerel, know once and for all that this maid is for your betters. How dare you come wooing my daughter, you empty pillbox, who have not two silver pennies to rattle in your pouch! Go win fortune and a name before you dare to look up to such as she!"

"That is my desire, and I will do it, sir," I answered. "So, you apothecary's drudge, you will win name and place, will you? Well, long before that deed is done the maid shall be safely wedded to one who has them and who is not unknown to you. Daughter, say now that you have finished with him."

"I cannot say that, father," she replied, plucking at her robe. "If it is not your will that I should marry Thomas here, my duty is plain, and I may not wed him. But I am my own, and no duty can make me marry where I will not. While Thomas lives I am sworn to him and to no other man."

"At the least you have courage, hussy," said her father. "But listen now. Either you will marry where and when I wish or tramp it for your bread. Ungrateful girl, did I breed you to flaunt me in my face? Now for you, pillbox! I will teach you to come kissing honest men's daughters without their leave," and with a curse he rushed at me, stick aloft, to thrash me.

Then for the second time that day my quick blood boiled in me, and snatching up the Spaniard's sword that lay upon the grass beside me I held it at the point, for the game was changed, and I who had fought with cudgel against sword must now fight with sword against cudgel. And had it not been that Lily, with a quick cry of fear, struck my arm from beneath, causing the point of the sword to pass over his shoulder, I believe truly that I should then and there have pierced her father through and ended my days early with a noose about my neck.

"Are you mad?" she cried, "and do you think to win me by slaying my father? Throw down that sword, Thomas."

"As for winning you, it seems that there is small chance of it," I answered hotly, "but I tell you this—not for the sake of all the maids upon the earth will I stand to be beaten with a stick like a scullion."

"And there I do not blame you, lad," said her father, more kindly. "I see that you also have courage, which may serve you in good stead, and it was unworthy of me to call you 'pillbox' in my anger. Still, as I have said, the girl is not for you, so begone and forget her as best you may, and if you value your life never let me find you two kissing again. And know that tomorrow I will have a word with your father on this matter."

"I will go, since I must go," I answered, "but, sir, I still hope to live to call your daughter wife. Lily, farewell till these storms are overpast."

"Farewell, Thomas," she said, weeping. "Forget me not, and I will never forget my oath to you."

Then, taking Lily by the arm, her father led her away. I also went away—sad, but not altogether ill pleased, for now I knew that if I had won the father's anger I had also won the daughter's unalterable love, and love lasts longer than wrath, and here or hereafter will win its way at length. When I had gone a little distance, I remembered the Spaniard, who had been clean forgotten by me in all this love and war, and I turned to seek him and drag him to the stocks, which I should have done with joy and been glad to find some one on whom to wreak my wrongs. But when I came to the spot where I had left him I found that fate had befriended him by the hand of a fool, for there was no Spaniard, but only the village idiot, Billy Minns by name, who stood staring first at the tree to which the foreigner had been made fast and then at a piece of silver in his hand.

"Where is the man who was tied here, Billy?" I asked. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cold Bridle Bits. During the bitter cold weather in winter much suffering is thoughtlessly inflicted on horses by putting cold bridle bits into their mouths.

Scrofula on His Head. Which became a mass of corruption, spread so that it got into our little boy's eyes. The sores



Clarence D. Crockett spread over his neck and we thought would be blind. The doctors failed; we gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. Several bottles cured him after we had despaired of his ever getting well. He is now a bright and healthy child. D. M. CROCKETT, Jr., Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

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