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**E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED**  
TORONTO, ONT.  
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

MADE IN CANADA

## Jocelin's Penance

### CHAPTER XXXII.

While the ransomed King, attended by his fellow-prisoners, in company with Abbot Samson, set foot on his native land (to King coming to his own again), in far-off Godstow a poor maid fought a losing fight; fluttering ineffectually in the net closing about her.

A few hours after the advent of John and Geoffrey at the Nunnery, Rosese was awakened by a light within her chamber, and started up in alarm to find the Princess Rosamund standing beside her couch, with a white robe over her arm, and a small open casket of jewels in her hand. She was smiling, though behind her smile lurked a menace.

"Awake," she cried, in gay accents, as she held up the gems that Rosese might note their sparkle. "Come, Lady de Cockfeld, the chapel is all alight and warm, as even is this waiting bridegroom."

"Bridegroom?" queried Rosese wonderingly, not yet fully awake.

"Yes, poppet, and thou must haste to robe thyself, for he says he'll give thee half an hour by the glass, and if thou dost not come to him then, he swears by all the saints in heaven to drag thee to the altar in the night rail, and marry thee so-will-a-will. So rise, Rosese, and by my troth, I'll set thee into my daughter that soon will be."

"Thy daughter, madam? What mean you?" Is De Clifford here?" and Rosese sprang from her couch in anger. "I told thee I'd not wed thy son!" and she stamped her bare foot as she pushed away the hand holding the bridal array.

"And I told thee, thou fool, that Geoffrey was to be thy lord," answered the Princess, in no way moved by Rosese's emotion, setting the jewels upon the girl's dressing table, and arranging her toilet utensils with a skillful hand. "Come, garb thee, for thoult be a bride."

"If thou saidst some time ago that Geoffrey was to be thy lord," answered the Princess, in no way moved by Rosese's emotion, setting the jewels upon the girl's dressing table, and arranging her toilet utensils with a skillful hand. "Come, garb thee, for thoult be a bride."

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thy plotting win; King Richard die by murderous hand, and John and Arthur follow him; there are still brave hearts in England who will not trust her sceptre to a pander's padding hand. Weary me no more, woman; I'll have none of thee or thine."

Rosamund sprang forward like a tigress, furious with rage, and shook the girl violently. "Thou art where thou standest. But, no, there is a better end for thee. By all fair means I have urged along our suit, and now, sweet virgin piece of purity, thou shalt pay most dearly for all thy faults and haughty airs. John sits with Geoffrey and a buffoon drinking and singing the songs of London's streets. As thou hast so coquetted with us, we'll let them brush off some of this bloom, and see if by the morning's sun thou wilt not beg for any child to marry thee. Come enter, Sister Isopel."

Thus called, the burly virgin came through the door; her face all ashen, leaning upon the horrified girl, while the Princess continued, smiling. "Now, Isopel, we'll take this pretty little to the lions." Rosese's white lips parted.

"Great God," she panted, "art thou a woman, and threatenest a maid with such monstrosity?" "Thou wilt not dare!" Then, raising from one malignant face to the other, and fully realizing their determination, she cried for help.

"Yea, cry the louder, that they may come to thee more surely, O thy maid," answered Rosamund.

"O Isopel, save me, Isopel!" entreated the girl. "Thou wilt not let such infamy be! Hate me, torture me; I'll not complain, but for the love of God's pure motherhood, let this not be done for the sake of womanhood."

"O think ye what you do! O thou, nine bitter enemy, forgive my bitter words. I'll wed thy son, and bow to thy decree. Come, put the wedding garb upon me; see, we'll deck the bride in bright array, and the poor maid began to arrange the bridal dress."

Isopel stepped aside with an aching look at the Princess, who frowned with a hateful shake of the head. And the two stood grimly by until Rosese had finished her work. "Now, I am ready for the bride," said she with a frightened glance. Rosamund spoke:

"Thou shalt dispense with it, as I, madam, for a season at least. They have tried me too far. Come, Isopel, let the elder women easily carried her down the dimly lit corridors of the apartments where the drunken men caroused, and thrust her late Geoffrey's bedchamber. As they turned away, Isopel laid her hand on the slender arm of the Princess—

"Madam," she said in a strained voice, "I have served thee well these many years, but this I cannot stand. Let me go back to Suffolk and take the wench, I'll soon dispose of her. A slip of wine, a bit of wassail, 'tis easy done. By God's true eyes, this is too damned a deed for me. Let us remove the maid ere they're aware of her. They carouse in the larger room, and the bedchamber is unlit." Rosamund laughed. She was in high good humor.

"Get thee to bed, gossip; thou art old, and the night groweth late. Tell our chaplain that he need not wait; the lady is not yet quite ready for the bridal. By thy rood, but thou art an ancient light of love to preach virtue to thy superior! Good-night; my husband on thee, sister, dear, and Rosamund paused to watch the nun go slowly away; then entering her own chamber, she made ready for bed, humming a gay French chanson.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

John, Geoffrey and Jocelin had just supped in the red tapestried room which opened on the Favorite's bedchamber. The Prince leaned upon the table at one end, with Geoffrey across from him, and Jocelin, late in hand, sat on a low stool by his side. The table was covered with food and flagons of wine, which Geoffrey and John had been endeavoring to empty, each trying to out-drink the other. John was becoming stupefied and sat huddled in his chair, a vacant smile on his face, his bloodshot eyes roving aimlessly about the room, his rich garments stained with the drippings of food and wine. Geoffrey was silent and morose. Wine never reddened his face or thickened his tongue.

Jocelin sat quiet and watchful, his strained ear catching every sound. No rustle of the tapestry, no squeak of rat in the wainscot escaped him; for, beneath his calm exterior, his keenness of the corridor, he had heard the Princess promise to Rosese speedily, and like Geoffrey, he sat waiting her coming.

The Prince babbled and forgot the songs he tried to sing, but he still

retained consciousness until Geoffrey pressed on him a cup of drugged wine which set at his place, and when John sank across the table oblivious to everything, the Favorite said:

"And now, Sir Fool, that he is well disposed of—God wot I wish the drug so potent that he should never wake! And if when I leave this chamber he were spirited away, and with Brother Simon's friendly aid thrown into a certain (the monk knows of), a Duke's waiting on it, sirrah!" Jocelin took up his lute and drew his hand lightly across its strings, making discordant sounds.

"The hour grows late," continued the bastard; "God's blood, these women are long in coming. Sing, thou fool, somewhat to pass the tedious time away. I'm all afire; it seems as if I should wait me." And Geoffrey rose and loosened his doublet, as he threw open one of the long, low windows. Jocelin's minor chords thrilled through the room. The arras swayed in the April breeze; the silver-bowed moon low-anchored in the sky gleamed through the giant elms outside; the tapers flared in the draught, sending uncertain shadows across the musician, who, cap and bells doffed, bent his grotesquely painted face over the lute, softly singing.

The afternoon of night! And my wee white whimpering hound Crouches at my feet in fear;—For in the thicket and in the fen, And with the blood of murdered men, The sickly pallid corpse-lights gleam Across the rosy mere.

Not by faint star eye blinks Above the dank, black earth; The bare branches creak in the breeze That's heavy with mist, like tears late shed.

For the missing lover, the murdered dead, And the wind wails by with shudder and shriek As if it knew what lay under the trees.

I know, and my wee white whimpering hound; I know, and the dank earth knows as well, For the sere grass reeks with thy traitor blood.

All poked from the sod by thy clutching hands— Ah now, what availeth thee title and lands? For thou liest out there all stiff and stark, And I shall stand where thou late hast stood.

Geoffrey called out roughly, with an irrepressible shudder—"Odds bodkins, fool, thou chooseth an horrid strain. Bah, the night grows chill!" and he turned to close the lattice. As he did so, a door beyond opened and a moorish cry came from his bedchamber. Geoffrey turned to Jocelin.

"Now get thee gone, fool. Dost not even know what is in yonder room?" (That Jocelin had discovered, "The fool's a very eel," he slipped away as still as a shadow," exclaimed the Favorite, staring about him heavily.

"Well, well, the sooner gone the better, for I am all aflame to teach a haughty wench to know her master."

"Art there, Rosese? Come forth! and sit upon my knee; there's wine left yet in the decanter, and the Prince sleeps; he cannot witness our endearments."

"What, dost thou, lady?" he continued, tauntingly; "or art thou bashful? Nay, my kisses shall ease thee of all shamefacedness, and thou shalt cool thy blushes in my rapturous tears. Come forth, sweet, and I'll reveal to thee all the joys of love." There was silence save for the breathing of the sleeping Prince.

"Alackaday," cried Geoffrey, in feigned contrition. "See, now, how I've bungled back, not chivalrously, mefears. By the rood, thou white-breasted swan, I'm not inclined to dally long, or play the suitor, so, madam, if thou'lt not come forth to feast mine eyes, I'll come and soon strip thee of thy modesty. Kisses are but the sweeter in the dark," and Geoffrey walked toward the dark doorway.

When Rosese was thrust into Geoffrey's chamber, she saw through the half-open door the sleeping Prince, the bulky form of Geoffrey at the easement, and a slender, motley-clad figure slipping silently toward her. On it came, quickly, warily through the half-darkness, without stirring it, a half-breath, and in a second a hand was on her arm; a well-known voice breathed in her ear—"Rosese!" and her heart gave a hopeful throb as she recognized Jocelin.

"Quick!" he whispered. "Hush! see behind the door." As she obeyed, he stole silently to the couch, and wrapped himself in its coverings, just as Geoffrey came striding in, pushing the door back impatiently, letting in a little light from the low burning tapers.

"Ah, minion," cried he, "Come now, no more feigned modesty; unwrap thee, sweet, and come forth," so saying, he bent over the bed to remove its covering. Jocelin, lying waiting there in the darkness, for a moment had the smell of fresh blood in his nostrils, a red mist swam before his eyes, while his heart sang within him, "I shall kill him, I shall kill him!" The bastard bent lower, impatiently twitching the coverlet aside. Then Jocelin sprang upward, clutched his throat and drove the dagger home, and Geoffrey, with a strange cry, fell across him—dead.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"He is dead, quite dead," he felt no compunction or horror at what he had done. The past months had been a time of apprenticeship to his deed. From the hour when, in Bradfield's hall, the bastard had been proffered Rosese, with time and favorable circumstances, it culminated.

As he passed in the doorway to look back into the room where his enemy lay, he murmured as one who breathes a perfect prayer—"Jubilate! The world is quit of thee, through me!"

Rosese sank into a chair, sobbing convulsively. Jocelin soothing her gently, brought wine from the disordered table; and when she was calm again, said:

"Dear lady, we are in God's hands, to whom we praise that He had brought low our enemy. So if it be His will, we shall walk safely from

this den of infamy. Come, wrap thee in my cloak, and speak not, no matter what betides."

The tapers guttered in their sconces; the atmosphere of the room reeked with wine; the drunken Prince snored; his head upon the table, as dead to the world, as his brother who lay yonder in the darkness, his licentious hand still grasping the covering, snatched but a moment since from his intended victim.

Brother Simon dozed on guard in the vestibule, but he started up as Rosese and Jocelin approached. "Benedicite, brother," said Jocelin. "Benedicite, fool," answered he, good-naturedly enough, though he was still drowsy.

(To be Continued.)

### AN INDIAN MARATHON.

Remarkable Speed and Endurance of a Noted Mohave Runner.

In the early days of Ehrenberg, Ariz., a man was frightfully burned by kerosene. There was no physician and no drug store in the town, and so a noted Mohave runner, who lived near by, was hastily engaged to run to Fort Yuma, a Government post directly across the Colorado River from the present town of Yuma.

The distance from Ehrenberg to Fort Yuma, as the crow flies, is sixty miles. By the shortest trail that the Indian could take it was at least seventy-five miles, and he had to swim the river once each way. The Indian was to get \$10 for the trip and \$10 additional if he returned in twenty-four hours. He prepared quickly for the undertaking and disappeared down the trail.

Within twenty-four hours he was back in Ehrenberg, bringing with him the packages of medicine for which he had been sent. Each package bore the labels of the Yuman dispensary. There was no living being along the trail between the two places from whom he could have obtained any assistance whatever. That Indian ran sixty miles in less than twenty-four hours over a barren, stony desert, interspersed with deep, dry cañons and ravines, in and out of which he was forced to climb, and in addition he swam the Colorado River twice.

When he got his \$20 he bought some of his favorite food, crawled into the shelter of some mesquite trees, ate and slept alternately for two days, and then reappeared in perfect condition.

A. M. Welles "Reminiscent Ramblings."

### LOOKING OLD TOO SOON

The Condition of Too Many Women and Too Many Girls.

Too many women and too many girls look old long before they should. Their faces become pale and drawn; wrinkles appear and their eyes lack brightness. Can this be wondered at when they so frequently have headaches, backaches and a general feeling of wretchedness and weakness?

In most cases it is the blood that is to blame. From one cause or another the blood has become thin and watery and it is a fact that anemia (bloodlessness) is more common than any other ailment.

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CHARACTER IN THE TEETH.

Dr. Harry A. Foster, prominent dentist of Omaha and for several terms member of the Nebraska Legislature, has worked out a new system of identification which he says will be a valuable addition to the Bertillon system. He has discovered by long study and many experiments that the rugae in the upper gums of all persons have characteristic appearances, and that no two persons have rugae alike or even nearly alike.

The rugae of the gums are the folds, grooves and ridges that occur in the hard part of the upper gum just back of the teeth. "No matter how long a man lives," says Dr. Foster, "and no matter how many teeth he has pulled out, he will always have the same rugae of that gum. Thumb prints are unsatisfactory as a means of identification, because thumbs may be peeled off or the skin can be worn smooth as was recently done in some notable cases, so that the identifying lines are lost, but this cannot be done in the case of the mouth."

Plaster casts of the gums can be readily made at practically no expense. All dentists have to make such casts when preparing to make a set of teeth for a patient. A modeling wax is used. It is pressed against the gum until an impression is taken. It can then be cooled and hardened in a minute by applying cold water. When this is removed plaster of paris is poured into the mould. A plaster cast, the exact likeness of the individual's upper jaw, results.

Dr. Foster says these could be readily made at police headquarters and filed away as a means of identifying noted rogues. He points out that they could be used to great advantage by insurance companies, as casts could be readily made of all persons insured. In many cases costly suits have been fought on account of lack of proper identity of an insured man who lost his life. Notably has this been so in cases of great fires in which insured persons were burned beyond identification.

"The thumbs would burn readily," says Dr. Foster. "The face is soon burned beyond recognition. Teeth have often been the means of identifying persons after a great fire. There are notable cases on record in which dentists have identified persons after great fires by referring to records and finding that they had put certain bridges and certain teeth into a mouth. But even this is never a dependable source of recognition. Why? Because in two months the teeth may change so that they can never be recognized. In two months, of two days for that matter, a man may have his teeth pulled, or he may have others set in. But never can he change the rugae in his mouth."

"Now then, the crowning feature is that this rugae would be the last to be destroyed. The mouth would be closed, and it would be necessary for the entire body to be consumed by flames before the rugae be destroyed in the mouth."

"For these reasons I believe a systematic taking of cast of individual rugae would be a great thing for insurance companies, for police work, for the army and navy to detect deserters and ex-criminals, and, perhaps for a great many other lines."

"No, this invention is nothing to me," said the doctor. "I can't make any money on it. It can't be copyrighted. I give it to the world and henceforth any one can use it. I have no way of getting a royalty on the idea. But it has been a pleasure to work it out. It has been a pleasure to make the various casts and study them with this system of identification in view from a scientific standpoint, certainly not from a financial standpoint for myself."

HOW IT GOES.

(Longville Leader.)

Patriotic Bellringer—How are you going to describe and comment on this affair?—

Mass Writer—I am going to tell all important facts and put the blame where it belongs.

Patriotic Bellringer—There; I knew all the time that you were utterly prejudiced against us.

NOT FAIR TO LOOK UPON.

(Judge.)

Traveler—Porter, have I time to kiss my wife good-by?

Porter—The lady in gray over there, sir?

Traveler—Yes.

Porter—You have time enough, all right.

"His music is so violent," complained the critic with a shudder. "Well, I suppose it is possible for even violent music to be composed," replied the jokesmith, making a note on his cuff.

BOOBIES, NOT SPIRITS.

(London Advertiser.)

Temperance officers were accused of packing bottles of whiskey in coffins and shipping them without proper labels into coffins for the bodies of spirits.

Blubb—Did you ever see such a drol-looking couple as that bride and groom? I wonder what ever prompted them to get married. Blubb—Maybe they are imbued with the idea that misery loves company.