

commander-in-chief of all your fellow-citizens who may be able to assist us in time of war; I know how well this office belongs to you...

From Matilda's heart burst only one word—the name of Adolf. Trembling violently, she seized his hand, and looked steadfastly in his eyes...

For some little time a noise had been heard in the courtyard of the monastery, and it seemed as though a large crowd of people were gathered there...

"Flanders! the Lion! hail to our deliverer! hail!" Robert turned to the nun and said...

"Tell them that the golden knight, whom they demand to see, will appear among them in a few moments."

"Then he approached the sick knight, seized his yet feeble hand and said: 'Adolf van Nieuwland, my beloved Matilda will be your wife...'

While words of heartfelt gratitude flowed from Adolf's lips, Robert hastily approached Guy, and said: 'My dear brother, it is my wish that the marriage should take place as soon as possible...'

"After these words, he again drew near to Adolf, and kissed him on the cheek: 'Farewell, my son,' he said."

And pressing Matilda to his heart: 'Farewell, my darling Matilda. Weep no more for me: I am happy now that my fatherland is avenged; and I shall soon return again...'

He then embraced his brother Guy, William van Gulick, and some other knights, his especial friends. He pressed with deep emotion the hands of all the others, and exclaimed as he took his departure: 'Farewell, farewell all, noble sons of Flanders, my true brothers-in-arms...'

The land was still and at rest; trade and commerce flourished with renewed vigor; the wasted fields were sown with better hope of a bounteous harvest, and it seemed as though Flanders had acquired new life and new strength...

"Hail to the golden knight! victory! Hail to our deliverer!" They clasped their hands, they gathered the earth he trod, and kept it as a sacred relic...

Of the sixty thousand men whom Philip the Fair had sent to lay waste Flanders, only seven thousand succeeded in returning to France. Guy de St. Pol had gathered five thousand men at Lille, and hoped to march them safely to France...

and knights should receive honourable burial in the abbey of Groeningen, as appears from an ancient painting still to be seen in St. Michael's Church at Courtrai...

Besides the vessels of gold, costly stuffs, and rich armour, there were found on the battle-field more than seven hundred golden spurs, which knights alone had the privilege of wearing...

Every year in the month of July, the poor of Courtrai go from house to house begging for old clothes, which they sell in commemoration of the sale of the rich booty of 1302...

When tidings of this terrible defeat reached France, the whole court was filled with consternation and grief. Philip burst into a furious passion with Joanna of Navarre, whose evil counsels were the cause of all these disasters...

For a long time there were occasional battles and enterprises of lesser importance and of various success. At length Philip collected a third army to avenge the defeat of Courtrai. The command was given to Walter de Chastillon, and he was instructed on his arrival in Flanders, to take with him all the troops in garrison on the frontier...

Philip, one of the sons of the old Count of Flanders, had inherited the territories of Tyetta and Loreto in Italy. As soon as he heard of the French levy, he hastened to Flanders with his troops, and was appointed by his brothers to the chief command of the army...

The two armies soon met; for two days there were only some lesser actions, in one of which, however, Peter de Contreuil, one of the French generals, fell with his sons and many of his soldiers, Walter dared not stake all on a decisive battle...

This was framed at the French court, and contained many articles much to the disadvantage of the Flemings; but Philip the Fair hoped to obtain its acceptance by cunning. He liberated the old Count of Flanders, and allowed him to depart, on his word of honor that he would return to his prison in the following May...

The last months of the fourth year were closing in rapidly. Charles was busy preparing for the final examinations and incidentally to land the scholarship a fourth time—God willing! He was ambitious and he burned much midnight oil...

Two—three years passed swiftly on, and time, the gentle healer of great sorrows, set Charles' thoughts upon pleasanter ways. Mrs. Atherton also felt elated at the boy's progress and success. For three terms he had carried off the annual scholarship—not an easy task—and the faculty necessarily were proud of their student...

The king next resolved to attack Flanders on the side of Henegau, and marched towards Doornyk; but the very first day the Flemings had overtaken him. He was the less willing to accept battle, that he had received no tidings of his fleet; and in order to avoid an engagement, he broke up his camp in the night, and fled from place to place, closely pursued by the Flemings...

The action between the two fleets was fought on the 10th of August, 1304; it lasted two whole days from morning to night. The first day the Flemings had the advantage, and would certainly have gained a total victory, had not some of their ships been driven on a sand bank in the night. This gave the French an opportunity to attack...

Philip of Flanders had meanwhile sent forth his proclamation through the land, and gathered a valiant army around his standard; and with those he marched to give battle to the enemy. On the first day there was a partial engagement, in which one of the French generals was slain, with many of his men. The next day the Flemings stood drawn up eager for fight, and prepared for an impetuous attack; but the French were again panic-stricken, and fled to flight, leaving their camp a prey to the Flemings...

The Flemings marched against the enemy in two divisions, and at first took up a position about three leagues from the French camp; and they soon advanced to the Scarpe, a small river near Lille. The Flemings had not long been in the possession of the town of Lille, when they gained a total victory over the French...

that they gained the battle with little difficulty, burnt all the ships and even took the young Guy prisoner. John van Rensselaer, the valiant Zeelander, who was in garrison at Utrecht, wishing to leave the city, attempted to cross the river in a small barge. The barge was unhappily overladen; it sank in the middle of the stream, and the noble warrior was drowned...

When the news of the happy issue of the sea-fight reached the French camp, it was posted near Lille on the Peuvleberg. Advantageous as the position was, Philip quitted it; and it was immediately taken possession of by the Flemings. The later would no longer delay the action; the generals found it impossible to restrain their ardour, and so they drew them up in order for an attack...

William van Gulick the priest lost his life in this action. The Flemings were they until evening pillaging the king's tent, and annexing incredible spoil. They then returned to the Peuvleberg to refresh themselves; and finding nothing there, marched on to Lille. The day after they resumed their march homeward...

Fourteen days after this, Philip the Fair came again with a large army, and laid siege to Lille. The citizens closed their shops, and seized their weapons; and Philip of Flanders collected the troops of Courtrai, and marched them to Lille in a few days. When the king saw their numbers, he exclaimed: 'Methinks Flanders must spawn or rain soldiers...'

He risked no further defeat; but, after some attempts at evasion, proposed a peace, and meanwhile proclaimed a truce. It was long before both sides could agree upon the terms of the treaty. While it was pending, the old Count died in prison at Compiègne, and was soon followed by Joanna of Navarre, and men, and the peace was concluded, and the treaty signed by Philip the Fair and Philip of Flanders...

Robert de Bethune was received on his return to Flanders with surpassing magnificence, and publicly recognized as Count. He lived seventeen years after his liberation, upheld the honor and the renown of Flanders, and fell asleep in the Lord on the 18th September, 1322.

THE YEARS BETWEEN. A Novel by William J. Fischer. Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona and Other Stories," "The Toller and Other Poems," etc.

CHAPTER VII. DR. CHARLES MATHERS. The first weeks that followed Mrs. Mather's death were bitter ones for Charles. His young heart had always been a stranger to great sorrow. It had never been schooled in the deeper mysteries of life...

At the auditorium Charles was the cynosure of his eyes. He looked so manly in his black-silk gown and when he rose for the conferring of the degree and the Harvey Scholarship, the large packed room fairly thundered its volumes of applause...

Two months later Dr. Mather's set sail for Europe. Two people were at the station to see him off—Mrs. Atherton and Father Salvini. "Good bye, Charles!" the stout little woman cried after him as the train started out of Billington. "Be a good boy and write often and remember that you have a friend whose purse is always open to you!"

Two years passed quickly. One day in late November Mrs. Atherton and Father Salvini chanced to meet on one of the down-town streets. It was a cold, cheerless day, with heavy gray clouds in the skies overhead. Everywhere the crowds were hurrying along, anxious to reach their homes. It was the noon hour. Mrs. Atherton had a troubled look in her eyes and felt glad just then to have come across her good friend so

not full and to the point. And then, just thinking of it, one week more and I will have to write for the degree." "Yes, child, I know. But you have studied so faithfully all year, you don't need all this extra preparation." "But, Mrs. Atherton, I would so like to carry off the scholarship again."

"You have done so three times, Charles. Is not that sufficient?" "If it falls to my lot again just think of what it will mean to me." "Only a few paltry dollars as on the previous occasions."

"Ah, no! more than that. The winner of the scholarship in the final year is entitled to a year's post-graduate abroad. It is worth in round numbers about \$2,000. Is this not worth the effort?" "It is worth working for, Charles, certainly, but then it is not necessary in your case. If you should like a year or even a few years abroad I should be glad to help you. I do not mind advancing the expense of it all. It is only a pleasure and a very great one to serve you, but I don't like to see you working so hard. Take things a little easy and all the good things will come to you in time."

"Thank you, Mrs. Atherton, you are so kind. But think how good that year abroad would make me feel, knowing that I had earned it myself." "But come, Charles," interrupted the good woman, "close your books? You are tired, I know. Let's go down stairs for a cup of tea and then we will talk over the trip across the ocean." A pleasant smile stole into the student's face and made it really beautiful. Graduation night arrived in good time. The evening papers of the night previous had printed the names of the successful M. D.'s. In large black type one read that Charles Mather, aged twenty-four, was the successful winner of the Harvey Scholarship. There was also a note that he was the only man in the history of the school who had ever carried off the scholarship for four successive terms. The auditorium was packed to the doors. Thousands were anxious to see the young doctor who was destined to enter the halls of the great universities in Europe. Mrs. Atherton's heart beat with joy. It had only one regret. The dear woman could not help wishing that his mother might have been a witness to it all. That same regret also echoed in the boy's heart and humbly he accepted the congratulations of hundreds of his friends. Before he left his room that evening, Mrs. Atherton entered with a telegram. Nervously he opened and read it. "From Stanford!" he exclaimed as his eyes met Mrs. Atherton's. Then he read loudly: "Congratulations! May God be good to you."

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"Any news from Charles lately?" the priest asked, good-naturedly. "Yes, I had a long letter from him last evening. He is getting along nicely and has been appointed one of the resident-surgeons in one of the large London hospitals. He likes his work immensely, and of course during spare hours there are a thousand and one things for the stranger to see in old London. He likes everything so well I am afraid we will have a hard time coaxing him back to America."