

ST JOHN STAR MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1906.

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

On The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE TROUBLE IN BILLINGSWORTH WARD.
ABOUT a week after Brandon's memorable interview with Mary an incident occurred which changed everything and came very near terminating his career in the flower of youth. It also brought about a situation of affairs that showed the difference in the quality of these two persons thrown so marvelously together from their far distant stations at each end of the ladder of fortune in a way that reflected very little credit upon the one from the upper end. But before I tell you of that I will relate briefly one or two other matters that had a bearing upon what was done and the motives prompting it.

To begin with, Brandon had kept himself entirely away from the princess ever since the afternoon at the king's antechamber. The first day or so she sighed, but thought little of his absence; then she wept and, as usual, began to grow piqued and irritable.

What was left of her judgment told her it was better for them to remain apart, but her longing to see Brandon grew stronger as the prospect of it grew less, and she became angry that it could not be gratified. Jane was right; an unsatisfied desire with Mary was torture. Even her sense of the great distance between them had begun to fade, and when she so wished for him and he did not come their positions seemed to be reversed. At the end of the third day she sent for him to come to her rooms, but he by a mighty effort sent back a brief note saying that he could not and ought not to go. This, of course, threw Mary into a great passion, for she judged him by herself, a very common but dangerous method of judgment, and thought that if he felt at all as she did he would show pride to the winds and come to her, as she knew she would go to him if she could. It did not occur to her that Brandon knew himself well enough to be sure he never would go to New Spain if he allowed another grain of temptation to lead him into the same against him, but would remain in London to love hopelessly, to try to win a hopeless cause and end it all by placing his head upon the block.

It required all his strength even now to hold fast his determination to go to New Spain. He had reached his limit. He had a fund of that most useful of all wisdom, knowledge of self, and knew his limitations; a little matter concerning which he could not do more than go to his life in blissful ignorance.

Mary, who was no pet given to self-analysis than her pet linnets, did not appreciate Brandon's potent reasons and was in a flaming passion when she received his answer. Rage and humiliation completely smothered for the time her affection, and she said to herself over and over again: "I hate the low-born wretch. Oh, to think what I have permitted!" It seemed only too clear that she had been too quick to give, no very common fault, to a proud girl even though a mistake one.

As the days went by and Brandon did not come her anger cooled as usual, and again her heart began to ache, but her sense of injury grew stronger day by day and she thought she was beyond a doubt the most ill-used of women.

The negotiations for Mary's marriage with old Louis XII. of France were beginning to be an open secret about the court. The Duke de Longueville, who had been held by Henry for some time as a sort of hostage from the French king, had opened negotiations by inflaming the flickering passions of old Louis with descriptions of Mary's beauty. As there was a prospect of a new emperor soon and as the imperial head of late been making a most vehement buzzing in Henry's bonnet, he encouraged De Longueville and thought it would be a good time to purchase the help of France at the cost of his beautiful sister and a handsome dowry. Mary of course had not been consulted, and although she had coaxed her brother out of other marriage projects Henry had gone about as usual, but she herself had begun to share, notwithstanding her usual self-confidence.

She hated the thought of the marriage and dreaded it as she would death itself, though she said nothing to any one but Jane and was holding her forces in reserve for a grand attack. She was preparing the way by being very sweet and kind to Henry.

Now, all of this, coming upon the heels of her trouble with Brandon, made her most wretched indeed. For the first time in her life she began to feel suffering—that great broadener, in fact, of human character. Above all, there was an alarming sense of uncertainty in everything. She could hardly bring herself to believe that Brandon would really go to New Spain and that she would actually lose him, although she did not want him as yet—that is, as a prospective husband. Flashes of all sorts of wild schemes had begun to shoot through her anger and grief when she stared in the face the prospect of her double separation from him, her marriage to another and the countless miles of fathomless sea that would be between them. She could endure anything better than uncertainty. A menacing future is the keenest of all tortures for any of us to bear, but especially for a girl like Mary. Death itself is not so terrible as the fear of it.

Now, about this time there lived over in Billingsworth Ward, the worst part of London, a Jewish southsayer named Grouche. He was also an astrologer and had late grown into great fame as prophet of the future—a fortune

able predictions which had been fulfilled to the letter, and I really think the man had some wonderful powers. They said he was half Jew, half gypsy, and, if there is alchemy in the mixing of blood, that combination should surely produce something peculiar. The city folk were said to have visited him in great numbers, and, notwithstanding the priests and bishops, he deemed him as an imp of Satan and a follower of witchcraft, many fine people, including some court ladies, continued to flock to him in order to take a dangerous, inquisitive peep into the future.

Mary had long wanted to see this Grouche, at first out of mere curiosity, but Henry, who was very moral—with other people's consciences—would not think of permitting it. Two ladies, Lady Chesterfield and Lady Ormond, both good and virtuous women, had been detected in such a visit and had been disgraced and expelled from court in the most cruel manner by order of the king himself.

Now, added to Mary's old desire to see Grouche, came a longing to know the outcome of the present momentous complication of affairs that touched her so closely.

She could not wait for time to unfold itself and drop his budget of events as he traveled, but she must plunge ahead and know beforehand the outcome of the fates, an intrusion they usually resent. I need not tell you that was Mary's only object in going, for that her heart was as pure as a babe's, quite as chaste and almost as innocent. It is equally true that the reputation of persons who visited Grouche made his soothsaying an excuse. The thought of how wretched life would be with such a husband, and the thought of how wretched it would be with Brandon. Then came the wish that Brandon had been a prince, a great English noble, and then leaped up, all rainbow and hope, the hope that he might yet, by reason of his own great virtues, rise to all of these and become his wife.

But at the threshold of this fair castle came knocking the thought that perhaps he did not care for her and had gained her love by guile. Then she flushed with anger and swore to herself she hated him and hoped never to see his face again. And the castle faded and was wafted away to the realms of airy nothingness.

Ah, how people will sometimes lie to themselves and deceive themselves. So Mary wanted to see Grouche, first through curiosity, in itself a stronger motive than we give it credit for; second, to learn if she would be able to dissuade Henry from the French marriage and perhaps catch a hint how to do it, and last but by no means least, to discover the state of Brandon's heart toward her.

By this time the last named motive was strong enough to draw her forthwhither, although she would not acknowledge it, even to herself, and in truth hardly knew it, so full are we of things we know the state of Brandon's heart toward her.

So she determined to go to see Grouche secretly and was confident she would find the way to such a way that it would never be discovered. One morning I met Jane, who told me with troubled face that she and Mary were going to London to make some purchases, would lodge at Bridewell House and go over to Billingsworth that evening to consult Grouche, that she had taken the whim into the willful head, and Jane could not dissuade her.

She was all at Greenwich, and nobody at Bridewell, so Mary thought they could disguise themselves as orange girls and easily make the trip without any one being the wiser. It was then, as now, no safe matter for even a man to go unattended through the best part of London, and to see nothing of Billingsworth, that nest of water rats and cutthroats. But Mary did not realize the full danger of the trip and was, as usual, all too ready to take her chance.

She had threatened Jane with all sorts of vengeance if she divulged her secret, and Jane was miserable enough between her fears on either hand, for Mary, though the younger, held her in complete subjection. Despite her fear of Mary, Jane asked me to go to London and follow them at a distance, unknown to the princess. I was to be on duty that night at a dance given in honor of the French envoys who had just arrived, bringing with them commission of special ambassador to De Longueville to negotiate the treaty of marriage, and it was impossible for me to go. Mary was going partly to avoid this ball, and her willful persistence made Henry very angry. I regretted that I could not go, but I promised Jane I would send Brandon in my place, and he would see that the purpose of protection far better than I. I suggested that Brandon take with him a man, but Jane, who was in mortal fear of Mary, would not listen to it. So it was agreed that Brandon should meet Jane at a given place and learn the particulars, and this plan was carried out.

Brandon went up to London and saw Jane, and before the appointed time did himself behind a hedge near the private gate through which the girls intended to take their departure from Bridewell.

They would leave about dusk and return, so Mary said, before it grew dark. The citizens of London at that time paid very little attention to the law requiring them to hang out their lights, and when it was dark it was dark. In Scrooby was Brandon safely ensconced behind a clump of arbor vitae when whom should he see coming down the path toward the gate but his

the Duke of Buckingham. He was met by one of the Bridewell servants who was in attendance upon the princess.

"Yes, your grace, this is the gate," said the girl. "You can hide yourself and watch them as they go. They will pass out on this path. As I said, I do not know where they are going, I only overheard them say they would go out."



"Yes, your grace, this is the gate," said the girl just before dark. I am sure they go on some errand of gallantry, which your grace will soon learn, that at least no doubt.

He replied that he would take care of that. Brandon did not see where Buckingham hid himself, but soon the two innocent adventurers came down the path attired in the short skirts and bonnets of orange girls and let themselves out at the gate. Buckingham followed them, and Brandon quickly followed him. The girls passed through a little garden in the wall opposite Bridewell House and walked rapidly up Fleet ditch, climbed Ludgate hill, passed Paul's church, turned toward the river down Bunnet hill, to the left on Thames street, then on past the bridge, following Lower Thames street to the neighborhood of Fish street hill, where they took an alley leading up toward East Cheap to Grouche's house.

It was a brave thing for the girl to do, and Brandon was proud of her. He dwelt in her soft white breast. Aside from the real dangers, there was enough to deter any woman, I should have thought, from such a venture.

Jane wept all the way over, but Mary never flinched. These were great misadventures where one sank ankle deep, for no one paved the street at that time, strangely enough, preferring to pay the shillings fine per square yard for leaving it undone. At one place, Brandon told me, a load of hay blocked the streets, compelling them to squeeze between the houses and the hay. He could hardly believe the girls had passed that way, as he had not himself been able to keep them in view, but had sometimes followed them by watching Buckingham. He, however, kept as close as possible and presently saw them turn down Grouche's alley and enter his house.

Upon learning where they had stopped, Buckingham hurriedly took himself off, and Brandon waited for the girls to come out. It seemed a very long time that they were in the wretched place, and darkness had well descended when they emerged.

Mary soon noticed that a man was following them, and as she did not know who he was, she was greatly alarmed. The object of her journey had been accomplished now, so she stopped and said to herself: "I will keep her up and say she is following me." "Jane, some one is following us," she whispered.

"Yes," answered Jane, with an unconcern that surprised Mary, for she knew Jane was a coward from the top of her brown head to the tip of her little pink heels.

"Oh, if I had only taken your advice, Jane, and had never come to this wretched place. And to think, too, that I came here only to learn the worst! Shall we ever get home alive, do you think?"

The courtier, the man behind them taking less care to remain unseen than he did when coming. Mary's fears grew upon her as she heard his step and saw his form persistently following them, and she clutched Jane by the arm.

"It is all over with us, I know. I would give everything I have or ever expect to have on earth for Master Brandon at this moment!" She caught up the arm of the one person best able to defend her.

This was only too welcome an opportunity, and Jane said: "This is the worst of it, that I have not a sword. If we wait a few seconds, he will be here." And she called to him before Mary could interpose.

Now this disclosure operated in two ways. Brandon's presence was, it is true, just what Mary had so ardently wished for, but the danger and therefore the need was gone when she found that the man who was following them had no evil intent. Two thoughts quickly flashed through the girl's mind. She was angry with Brandon for having cheated her out of so many favors and for having slighted her love, as she had done in coming to see him, and worst of all, had been discovered by the very person from whom she was most anxious to hide it.

So she turned upon Jane angrily: "Jane Bolingbroke, you shall leave me as soon as we get back to Greenwich for this betrayal of my confidence."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAMPTON, Sept. 16.—The boy Lowry, on account of whose absence the supreme court had to be adjourned for several days, was found at the railway station last night, and quickly transferred to the jail by Deputy Sheriff Fred Freese, who will keep him in charge until the court sits on Tuesday next. He had been in St. John, at Model Farm, and other places to keep out of the way.

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RENFORTH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Closing Session Held Yesterday—Secretary Reported Successful Year—Average Attendance 52.

The closing session of Rensford Sunday School was held yesterday at which the following report of the secretary was submitted:

The organization of the Sunday School for the season was effected at a meeting held on the 28th of May and adjourned to the 3rd day of June.

The officers elected for the year were: Alex. Watson, Supt., and E. R. Chapman, Asst. Supt. and Secretary.

The first session of the school was held on the 4th of June and there have been sixteen sessions in all. The average attendance has been 52.

We have been especially favored with fine weather. In many cases the weather being fine at the hour of opening although rain may have fallen at some other time of the day.

The regular teachers have been: G. A. Henderson, Sen. Bible class; T. H. Somerville, young ladies' Bible class; R. M. Smith, young men's Bible class; T. H. Belyea, Boy's class; Miss Ingram, girls' intermediate; Miss Harrison, young girls' class; Mrs. Morton, Primary.

Miss Ethel Hannah and Mrs. E. C. Atkins have also acted as substitutes in the absence of regular teachers.

The attendance at the opening session was thirty-three as compared with twenty-nine last year. The attendance to-day is thirty-four. The average attendance is fifty-two as against thirty-five last year. Last year we had a total enrolment of eighty-eight scholars, teachers, officers and visitors in this year have one hundred and forty-eight.

The amount received from collections was on Sunday is \$28.07. Last year it was only \$16.67. We had a balance on hand at the present time is \$14.06.

The International lessons have been taught again this year and Brandon lesson pictures distributed to the primary and younger scholars.

At the close of the school a meeting of the officers and teachers was held and it was resolved to hand over to Rev. A. W. Daniels, the pastor of the church, the balance of cash on hand after paying outstanding bills.

LEWIS MORRISON HIMSELF AS MEMPHISTO.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 17.—The production of "Faust" was considered the acme of stage realism until Lewis Morrison decided to return to the stage in his creation of Memphis with a production of the play of the same name. Morrison is not a skilled actor, nor are his associates in the cast, but the result can be seen at the Opera House on Friday evening next with Lewis Morrison himself as Memphis. The production has called forth approval and admiration from the most prominent critics of the country.

EMPEROR NICHOLAS ON A CRUISE.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 17.—Emperor Nicholas, with the Empress and their children and Grand Duke Alexis started today on a cruise in Finnish waters. They are expected to return toward the end of the week.

Included in the emperor's suite are General Baron Fredericks, aide de camp to his majesty, and Admiral Brief, minister of marine, who declares the cruise is to be simply a pleasure trip.

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in Spanish gold has been unearthed on North Fox Island, off Grand Traverse Bay, in Lake Michigan. The gold is supposed to be booty stolen in Chicago in 1871, the year of the great fire.

WOMAN BRUTALLY MURDERED IN N. Y.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—One of the worst crimes with which the police have had to deal in many years was revealed by the finding yesterday of the body of a handsome woman, about twenty-five years of age, lying bruised and battered in a clump of bushes near the Pelham Road in the Bronx. Mrs. James Black who owns the property near where the body was discovered made the gruesome discovery as she was wandering about the place gathering wildflowers. An autopsy tonight showed that the woman had been criminally assaulted and pounded to death. There was every indication that she had fought desperately. The woman was today identified as Augusta Pfeffer, twenty-two years old, of a respectable German family who live near the place where the body was found.

Grand Furniture Sale

AT Bustin & Withers, New Store, 99 GERMAIN ST. Open Evenings.

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This kindling is worth about \$2.00 a load, but will be sold at \$1.50 to get it out of the way.

Smythe St. and 61 Charlotte St. and Market St. Telephone 676.

FREDERICK EXHIBITION.

SEPT. 21ST TO 27TH, '06.

Commencing Wednesday, 29th, there will be one fare rates, good going on the date of issue any time up to and including Wednesday, 21st, and good for return until the 28th.

On Friday, 22nd, there will be special low rates by regular trains, leaving St. John, 11:55; St. Andrews, 12:35; St. Stephen, 12:55; Yancoboro, 1:00; McAdam, 1:10; Cantabury, 1:30; From Presque Isle via Gibson branch, 1:35; Caribou, 2:25; Fort Fairfield, 2:30; Edmundston, 3:30; St. Leonard, 3:45; Grand Falls, 4:15; Plaster Rock, 4:30. These low rates will be good to return up to and including Monday, 25th.

On Friday, 22nd, passenger extra train will run from Houston at 8 a. m. to Gibson branch, leaving Moncton, 11:50 a. m. Rates from Houston, \$1.90; Debec, \$1.75; Woodstock and Newburg, \$1.50; Edmundston, \$1.30; St. Leonard, \$1.20; Grand Falls, \$1.15; Plaster Rock, \$1.10. These low rates will be good to return up to and including Monday, 25th.

On September 23rd, passenger extra train will leave Aroostook 7 a. m., due Fredericton 11:30 a. m. and low rate tickets will be on sale from points Aroostook to Hartland, Industrie, V. Andover, \$2.30; Bath, \$1.90; Florenceville, \$1.75; Hartland, \$1.60.

In addition to above there will be equally low rates from all other stations, and conductors will sell them at special rates. Further information can be had on application to local ticket agent.

SHOULD HAVE MORE BRITISH BORN EMIGRANTS.

OTTAWA, Sept. 17.—Sir Gilbert Parker addressed the members of the Ottawa Canadian Club yesterday on current Canadian topics. He reiterated his long known opinion in favor of the Chamberlain policy, a more vigorous effort to secure British-born emigrants for Canada in preference to taking the riffraff of continental Europe, and suggested that the government should do more for the encouragement of the latter by the acquisition of paintings of both the old and the modern masters. The states of Virginia, New South Wales, he said, annually appropriated \$75,000 or \$100,000 for the art galleries at Melbourne and Sydney.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

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