Y JOIN RAS SOON

mportant Clues to Accomplices

ormer Employes of the Convicted Dynamiter Witnesses

tective Burns Declares He Will Hunt Gompers Out of Organized Labor—Los Angeles Grand Jury Views Case That Carried Death-Dealing Explosive.

ndianapolis, Ind., Dec. 15—Government cials, who are co-operating with District orney Miller in conducting the investi- ion of the dynamite conspiracy before federal grand jury, learned from two ees today the details of explosions in ch it is said others than the Mc- naras were implicated.

. A. Griffin, chief of police of Kansas y (Mo.), who had knowledge of five losions in Kansas City, was questioned ut certain facts which it is said have er been revealed. These explosions, directed against structures erected by n employing non-union men, occurred n 1908 to 1910. As not more than two them were confessedly the work of Mc- nigal, Chief Griffin's information was ed to ascertain who else might have troyed the property.

uch important testimony bearing on records taken from the headquarters the International Association of Bridge d Structural Iron Workers was also ob- ned from Miss Mary Dye, who went fore the grand jury. Up to a few years Miss Dye, now of Pittsburg, was con- ential secretary in the iron workers' adquarters, and she had to do with the respondence of J. J. McNamara, the retary-treasurer.

Mrs. Andrew J. Hull, the iron workers' mer bookkeeper, also visited the federal iding. Many hotel clerks from various rts of the country have been subpoenaed tell what they knew of the movements McManigal while he was on his dyna- ting expeditions. The hotel men are to questioned to corroborate McManigal's nfession, wherein he related visits to rtain towns with a suit case filled either th dynamite or nitro-glycerine.

ther Arrests Soon.

Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 15—Declaring that her arrests in the McNamara case may be pected soon and that attempts to bribe m and his men had been made, Detective illiam J. Burns made an address here day before 100 members of the National tal Trades Association. He stopped re on his way to Indianapolis, where will continue his investigations.

Burns made another attack on Samuel mpers, president of the American Fed- ation of Labor, declaring he would not se his attacks until Gompers is thrown t of organized labor.

ore Indictments Likely in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Dec. 15—A little package indictments numbering perhaps four, obably will be returned here next Tues- y or Wednesday against men living in lifornia, and suspected of complicity in tion-wide dynamite plots. This will end western section of the government in- tigation and will transfer the scene of activities to Indianapolis, where an- her grand jury is in session.

A canvass and leather case, ten inches nare and as tall as a small ice cream ezer, was shown the jury today. This e and others like it are said to have n used in carrying about the country namite used for various "jobs."

t was such a case that Ortie McManigal ried when, according to his own state- nt, he came west to blow up the Llew- yn iron works. McManigal was so ac- stomed to its presence that he gave it a porter, giving him also a dollar to e care of it.

OL. SAM WILL HAVE THEM ALL LOOK ALIKE

Ottawa, Dec. 17—Hon. Col. Hughes, min- ter of militia, is instituting a minor re- rm in his department in respect to mili- clothing. Under present conditions ere is no adequate system of securing iformity of color and quality in militia iforms. There are different shades of eens and scarlets, etc., and different tex- res in the regimental uniforms through- t the country.

Col. Hughes is now arranging for the anufacture in Canada by tender contract standard material, uniform in color and ality for regimental clothing. The manu- cture will be under the inspection of a chnical expert of the department.

Under the new system, military field ys will not reveal a large variety of color ades among the uniforms of participating giments where there should be but one ade.

USE HAWKER'S

Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry

It Will Cure Any Cough and Cold

Registered Number 1295.
None Genuine Without It.

THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., LTD.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

WANTED

WANTED— Third class teacher for School District No. 8, Long Island, District rated poor. Apply, stating salary, to Mortimore Breen, Rothesay, N. B. 10623-1-6

WANTED—A second class female teacher for District No. 8, Parish of Gordon, for the coming term. Apply to R. M. Gillespie, Birch Ridge, Victoria Co., N. B. 10546-12-30

WANTED — A second class female teacher, School District No. 2, Parish of Kingston. Apply, stating salary, to Bruce Nutter, Secretary, Urquharts P. O., Kings Co. 10543-12-20

WANTED—A second class female teacher for School District No. 10, Parish of Hampton. Apply, stating salary, to Jas. R. Henderson, Secretary, Nauwigewauk, Kings Co., N. B. 10547-12-20

WANTED—Maid for general housework in small family. Apply, Mrs. J. H. A. L. Fairweather, Rothesay 1677-tf-sw

WANTED—Second Class Female Teacher, Apply, stating salary to Jas. B. Duffy, North Forks, via Chipman, N. B. 1678-tf-s.w.

WANTED—A Second Class Female Teacher (Protestant) in District No. 5, Parish of Lorne, Victoria county, for coming term. State salary and apply to W. H. Miller, Secy to Trustees, Nictaw, Victoria county, N. B. 1676-tf-s.w.

WANTED—Salesmen, exclusive line, permanent, big earnings guaranteed, no experience, ten vacancies. Write Luke Bros. Limited, Montreal. 1-31-12

WANTED—A Third Class Teacher for district No. 3, parish of Perth, Victoria Co., N. B., (district rated poor) State salary wanted. Apply, John Allen, Sec. to Trustees. 9979-12-23. s.w.

WANTED—A girl for small family at Rothesay. Good wages. Apply, Mrs. Andrew Blair, Rothesay. s.w.

WANTED—An experienced housemaid, with references. Mrs. T. E. G. Armstrong, 27 Queen Square, St. John, sw

WANTED—By Sept. 6th, a girl for general house work in family of three. References required. Address, Mrs. W. J. Davidson, Rothesay. 1211-tf

AGENTS WANTED

RELIABLE man to canvass town and country districts; part time or steadily. Should average $25 weekly; outfit free. Our Trees will grow; there's a reason. Thos. W. Bowman & Son Co., Ltd., Ridgeville, Ont. 10520-12-30

RELIABLE representative wanted, to meet the tremendous demand for fruit trees throughout New Brunswick at present. We wish to secure three or four good men to represent us as local and general agents. The special interest taken in the fruit-growing business in New Brunswick offers exceptional opportunities for men of enterprise. We offer a permanent position and liberal pay to the right men. Stone & Wellington, Toronto, Ont. sw

FOR SALE

TIMBER—Separate cash bids received till Dec. 30th, for each lot heavily timbered farm, late Peter Chisholm, Stewarton. Subscriber not bound accept. Before cruising write Rev. F. W. Murray, Stanley. 9195-12-23-d-w

To Hunters and Trappers

Having large orders to fill and considering the advance in market prices, we are now paying from 20 p. c. to 25 p. c. above the quotations given in our November Price List for Raccoon, Skunk and Rats. Ship your furs to us and get the full benefit of the advance.

A. & E. PIERCE & CO.
500 St. Paul St., Montreal, P. Q.
The Largest Raw Fur Dealers in Canada

Elegant New Building, Superior Equipment, The Best Course of Training, Strong Staff of Specially Trained Teachers.

Result: Public Appreciation as shown by the fact that our fall classes are far larger than ever before in our 44 years' history.

Send today for Catalogue.

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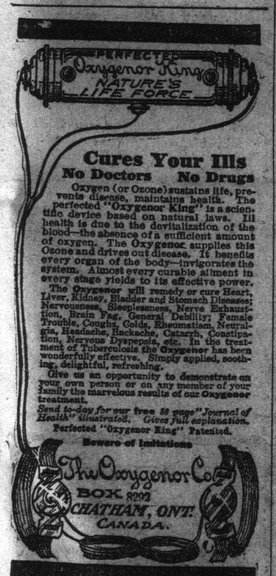
Principal



PROPOSALS WERE FEW.

"Yes," she said, "my proposals were few. For a week I was the furniture broker's 'sweet,' then the pastry-baker's 'tart'; the poulterer often called me his 'duck'; the fish man called me his twin 'soul.' I was the jeweler's 'pearl,' and the gardener's, 'daisy.' Bullock, the butcher, called me his 'lamb.' When the fruiterer was in a good mood he called me his 'peach' But you, dear," she said to the shoemaker, "came last, and you are my 'all.'"

MARINE JOURNAL

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

Thursday, Dec 14.

Schr Hazel Trabey, 145, Morrisey, New York, C M Kerrison.

Stmr Montfort, 4,126, Davidson, Antwerp direct, C P R.

Tug Pejbscot, 79, Swett, Rockland (Me), C M Kerrison.

Coastwise—Stmrs Connors Bros, 49, Warnock, Chance Harbor; Kingsville, 24, Mc Nulty, Musquash; schrs Linnie & Edna 20, Guptill, Grand Harbor; Virginian, 99 Graham, St Stephen.

Friday, Dec 15.

Coastwise—Sch Viola Pearl, 23, Wadlin, Beaver Harbor; tug Springhill, 90, Cook, with barge No 1, Wadman, in tow, and cld; str Ruby, Baker, Margaretville, and cld.

Saturday, Dec 16.

Str Waiwera, 3,640, Charman, Cardiff, J T Knight & Co.

Str Kwarra, 2,304, Symons, from New York, J T Knight & Co.

Str Querida, 690, Fitzpatrick, from Sydney (C B), R P & W F Starr, coal.

Str Calvin Austin, 2,853, Clark, Boston via Maine ports, W G Lee, mdse and pass.

Coastwise—Sch Forest Maid, Hatt, Beaver Harbor.

Sunday, Dec 17.

Str Hesperian, 6,317, Main, Liverpool via Halifax, Wm Thomson & Co.

Cleared.

Thursday, Dec 14.

Stmr Empress of Ireland, 8,028, Forster, Liverpool via Halifax, C P R.

Schr Arthur M Gibson, 296, Belyea, New York, J Willard Smith.

Coastwise—Tug Lord Kitchener, 110, St Andrews; schrs Emily, 59, Graham, Five Islands; Effie May, 61, Black, Riverside.

Friday, Dec 15.

Sch Margaret May Riley, Granville, New Haven, York & Sunbury Milling Co.

Coastwise—Sch Viola Pearl, Wadlin, Wilson's Beach; str Connors Bros, Warnock, Chnce Harbor.

Sailed.

Thursday, Dec 14.

Stmr Corsican, 7,296, Cook, Liverpool direct, Wm Thomson & Co.

Tug Pejebscot, 79, Swett, New York with lumber laden barges No 2, 430, Swett, City Island f o, and No 4, 421, Blair, City Island f o, C M Kerrison.

Friday, Dec 15.

Str Empress of Ireland, Forster, Liverpool via Halifax.

Saturday, Dec 16.

Str Manchester Shipper, Perry, Manchester via Halifax.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, Dec 14—Cld, stmr Royal George, Bristol.

Ard—Stmrs Uranium, Rotterdam; Numidian, Glasgow.

Victoria, B C, Dec 8—Ard, str Thor (Nor), San Diego.

Ard 14th—Strs Kumeric, McGill, for Yokohama (returned); Panama Maru (Jap), Ogato, Hong Kong, etc, for Tacoma.

Steamed 14th—Str Empress of India, Hong Kong via Yokohama, etc.

Weymouth, N S, Dec 11—In port, sch Lady of Avon, for West Indies (ldg lumber).

Halifax, Dec 17—Ard, str Hesperian, Liverpool.

Sld—Str Empress of Ireland, Liverpool.

BRITISH PORTS.

Browhead, Dec 14—Passed, stmr Tabasco, Halifax.

London, Dec 14—Ard, stmr Montreal, Montreal.

Plymouth, Dec 15—Ard, str Olympic, New York.

Liverpool, Dec 15—Ard, strs Dominion, Philadelphia; Cedric, New York.

Southampton, Dec 15—Ard, str Olympic, New York.

Liverpool, Dec 15—Ard, strs Manchester Importer, Montreal and Quebec; Michigan, Boston.

Browhead, Dec 15—Ard, str Megantic, Portland and Halifax.

Glasgow, Dec 13—Ard, str Athenia, McNeill, St John and Halifax.

Liverpool, Dec 17—Ard, strs Franconia, Boston; Megantic, Portland.

Glasgow, Dec 17—Ard, str Scotian, Boston.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Delaware Breakwater, Dec 14—Ard, schr Annie F Conlon, Philadelphia for Calais (Me).

New York, Dec 14—Ard, schr Seguin, Franklin (Me).

New London, Conn, Dec 14—Ard, schrs Alcaea, Elizabethport for Halifax; Crescent, St John.

Vineyard Haven, Dec 14—Ard, schrs Thomas H Lawrence, New York; Lavella, South Amboy; Laura C, Guttenburg (N J); Ladysmith, do; Silver Leaf, Edgewater (N J).

Rockland, Me, Dec 14—Sld, schrs Laura C Hall, New York; W S M Bentley, do; Annie P Chase, do; Abbie C Stubbs, do.

Boothbay Harbor, Dec 14—Sld, schrs Rebecca Moulton, New York; Seth W Smith, do.

New York, Dec 14—Ard, strs Oceanic, Southampton; President Lincoln, Hamburg

New York, Dec 15—Ard, strs Laurentic, Liverpool; Lusitania, do.

Boston, Dec 14—Ard, schs W H Waters, River Hebert; Florence B Melanson, Weymouth.

Cld—Schs Otis Miller, Parrsboro; Princess of Avon, Yarmouth; Valdare, Bear River; J Arthur Lord, St John.

Boothbay Harbor, Dec 14—Sld, sch Rebecca J Moulton, New York.

New London, Dec 14—Ard, schs Alcaea, Elizabethport for Halifax; Crescent, St John for New York.

Delaware Breakwater, Dec 14—Ard, sch Annie F Colon, Philadelphia for Calais.

Port Reading, Dec 14—Ard, sch Isaiah E Stetson, Hamilton, New York.

Portsmouth, Dec 14—Sld, sch Princess, Gloucester for Brighton (N S.)

Rockland, Dec 13—Sld, sch Roger Drury, St John.

Sld 14th—Schs Laura C Hall, New York; W S M Bentley, do; Abbie C Stubbs, do.

Vineyard Haven, Dec 14—Ard, schs Laura C, Guttenburg for Halifax; Ladysmith, do for do; Silver Leaf, Edgewater for St John.

Vineyard Haven, Dec 15—Ard, schs Percy C, Ship Harbor (N S); Willena Gertrude, St John; Nettie Shipman, do; G M Porter, Calais; Rebecca G Whidden, do.

New York, Dec 15—Ard, schs Jennie A Stubbs, St John; Hunter, do; Novelty, Halifax.

Portsmouth, Dec 15—Ard, schs Nellie Eaton, St John; Seth W Smith, Calais; Rebecca L Walls, Bangor.

Calais, Dec 15—Ard, sch Peter C Schultz, New York.

Jacksonville, Dec 15—Sld, str Nora, Dorchester (N B.)

New York, Dec 15—Sld, str Nanna, Hillsboro.

New York, Dec 17—Ard, str Edda, Hillsboro.

Sld—Bark Hector, St John; schs Georgia Pearl, Lavonia, Wanola, St John; Winnifred, Halifax.

Vineyard Haven, Dec 17—Sld, schs Percy C, New York; Normandy, New York.

DANGERS TO NAVIGATION.

Str Lapland (Belg) reports Nov 21, lat 45.57 N, lon 46.54 W, passed a large iceberg.

Str Rotterdam (Dutch) reports Nov 22, lat 40 53 N, lon 65.48 W, passed a barrel painted red, with white ends and marked "4" in black on the end.

Tug Conestoga reports Dec 8, Handkerchief lightship bearing ENE¾E (mag), about 1½ miles distant, saw a spar projecting about two feet out of water, apparently attached to submerged wreckage.

Light open ice and one berg was reported at Belle Isle Dec 9.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

Pennsylvania—Delaware River, northerly side—Buoy to be established about Jan 4, 1912, in 25 feet of water, to mark a shoal area close to the axis of the channel on Horseshoe West Group, lower range. Horseshoe lower buoy, 35, a third class tall type can—Horseshoe range east group rear lighthouse, 149½ deg true (SSE 1-16 E mag); Horseshoe range west group rear lighthouse, 273 1-3 deg true (W15-16N mag); Philadelphia City Hall tower, 356 deg true (N5-16E mag.)

Virginia—Seacoast—Illuminant of gas and whistling buoy changed Nov 23—The illuminant of False Cape gas and whistling buoy, No 4, was changed to acetylene, increasing its intensity, and height of light increased to 16 feet above water, without other change.

DISASTERS

London, Dec 14—Str Greystoke Castle, from London Dec 10 for Galveston, put into Falmouth today with machinery out of order.

CHARTERS.

The following charters are reported: Br str Glenesk, 21,000 qrs, Baltimore to Avonmouth or Rotterdam, 2s 9d, option Hamburg, 2s 10½ d. Jan 10. Nor ship Odderjas, 1,282 tons, Weymouth (N S) to Buenos Ayres or La Plata, lumber, $10 50.

REFUSED $10,000 FOR A SINGLE BLACK FOX

Interesting Reference to Unique Industry of Prince Edward Island—How They Are Raised—Big Profits.

There is an interesting reference to the black fox industry of Prince Edward Island in an article just published in the Belfast Evening Telegraph, whose editor was one of the party of English journalists who visited these provinces last summer. Mr. Baird, the proprietor of the Belfast Telegraph, who writes the article, says that in one instance the owner of a black fox farm on the island refused $10,000 for a single black fox.

A part of Mr. Baird's article follows here:

"The island has one industry that is absolutely unique, namely, the breeding of black foxes. The local conditions are peculiarly favorable to this new departure, and the immense returns which have been secured by the pioneers in it has sent a tide of excitement over the island, in all parts of which fox-breeding ranches are being created. Black fox breeding is here the counterpart of the real estate boom that is so conspicuous a feature of most towns and cities in the other provinces.

"In the London market the record price of £600 for a single skin has been paid, and this fox was bred in Prince Edward Island. For farms in which the soil and wooded shelter are advantageous, £1,000 is an average price, and in some cases £2,000 has been paid. The construction cost of a fox pen of the best type is about £300. The black fox is a burrowing animal, whose fur is of the most velvety description; in size it is somewhat more diminutive than the red fox of this country, whose sole utility seems to be as a provider of sport for huntsmen.

"These black foxes are so valuable that special precautions have to be adopted to prevent their escape. Around the pens a trench six feet and upwards in depth is dug. Stout planks well saturated in creosote are embedded in the soil to a depth of a further two feet. To these planks fine netting wire is securely affixed and stretched on poles, which extend from the bottom of the trench to a height of twelve feet above the level of the soil, and is then turned inwards at a right angle, so that whether a fox tries to escape by burrowing or by scrambling up the wire it is equally doomed to failure. In the mating season the animals are paired in beautiful kennels, to which a run is attached. They are separated before littering, so that the young may not suffer from attacks by the dog fox, which is usually savage with the cubs. When the time comes to put an end to the careers of those whose fur is in perfect condition they are segregated in a lethal chamber and painlessly put to death by chloroform; thus the fur is preserved in perfect condition. At Parkside Farm, to which we were driven, a new series of pens was in course of construction, and we saw the whole process. Later in the day we inspected the premier ranch in the whole dominion, which is owned by Frank Tuplin. There were more than 100 foxes on this farm, and for one of these, a magnificent specimen, Mr. Tuplin told me he had refused the record offer of £2,000. These little animals, though wild, know Mr. Tuplin's voice, and come from their hiding-places at his call, provided no noises are made by others. I had the good luck to have Mr. Tuplin himself as my companion, and I saw scores of these pretty, bright-eyed little animals at a distance of a few feet, and some even sat quietly while they were snapshotted."

BIRTHS

RAMSAY—At West St. John, Nov. 23, to the wife of Edward A. Ramsay, a daughter.

DEATHS

DOLAN—In this city, on the 12th inst., Mary, widow of John Dolan, leaving two sons and six daughters to mourn. (Boston papers please copy).

LOWREY—Suddenly, in Dorchester (Mass.), on Dec. 12, Ella Blanch, third daughter of Annie, and the late John Lowrey, leaving a mother and two sisters to mourn.

McELROY—At her late residence, 610 Main street, on the 12th inst., after a brief illness, Ellen, daughter of the late Thomas and Margaret McElroy, leaving one sister and one brother to mourn.

DONAHUE—In this city, on the 15th inst., John Donahue, in the 64th year of his age, leaving a wife, three sons, three daughters, one brother and one sister to mourn. (Boston papers please copy).

RED EVE

By H. RIDER HAGGARD

A Great Story of Chivalry and Mystery and Love in the Middle Ages

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Do you threaten me?" asked Sir John "Because, if so, you will do well to begone from this house of shame and woe lest you be borne out feet first. Nay, nay, I forgot," he added slowly, clasping his head in his hand, "you are my daughter's affianced, are you not, and will give her high place and many titles, and her son shall be called Clavering, that the old name may not die but be great in England, in France and in Italy. You must bide to marry her, lest that cuckoo Hugh de Cressi, that cuckoo with the sharp bill, should creep into my nest. I'll not be worsted by a stripling clad in merchant's cloth that slew my only son. Take not my words ill, noble Noyon, for I am over done with grief for the past and fear for the future. You must bide to marry her by fair means or by foul. Draw her from the sanctuary and marry her whether she say yea or nay. You have my leave, noble Noyon," and so speaking he fell prone upon the floor.

At first they thought that he was dead, but the chaplain Nicholas, who was a leech, bled him, and he came to himself again, although he still wandered in his talk and lay abed.

Then Acour and Nicholas took counsel together.

"What is to be done," said Sir Edmund "for I am on fire for this maid, and all her scorn and hate do but fan my flame? Moreover, she is now very rich, for that old hot-head cannot live long. His violent humors will kill him, and, as you know, Father, although I have great possessions, my costs are large and I have still greater debts. Lastly, shall de Noyon and his knights be worsted by a wool merchant's younger son, a mere prentice lad, and his henchman, a common archer of the fens. Show me how to get her, Nicholas, and I'll make an abbot of you yet. This sanctuary, now—will it hold? If we stormed the place and took her, would the Holy Father give us absolution, do you think."

"No, my Lord," answered the fox-faced Nicholas. "The Church is great because the Church is one, and what the priest does the Pope upholds, especially when that priest is no mean man. This holy monk, Sir Andrew Arnold, has reputation throughout Europe, and, though he seems so humble, because of his wisdom, is in the counsel of many great men whose fathers or grandfathers were guided by him long ago. Commit what crime you will, dip yourself to the lips in blood and you may find forgiveness, but touch not an ancient and acknowledged sanctuary of the Church, since for this offence there will be none."

"What then, Nicholas? Must I give up the chase and fly? To speak truth, I like not the look of things. Why has that lad twice called me traitor? Have any of my letters fallen into strange hands, think you? I have written several, and you know my mission here."

"It is possible, Lord; all things are possible, but I think not. I think that he only draws the bow at a hazard, which is more than Gray Dick does," he added with a chuckle. "These brute English hate us French, whom they know to be their masters in all that makes a man, and traitor to their fool king is the least of the words they throw at us."

"Well, priest, my mother was English, as my wife will be; therefore stay your tongue on that matter and tell me how I am to make her my wife," answered Acour haughtily.

The chaplain cringed and bowed, rubbing his thin hands together.

"I thought you wished to speak of the English, my Lord, otherwise I should not have ventured—but as to the Lady Eve, a thought comes to me. Why does she stay in sanctuary who herself has committed no crime? Is it not, such as her madness, because she would be out of reach of you and your endearments? Now, if she believed you gone far enough away, let us say to France, and knew that her father lay ill, why then"——and he paused.

"You mean that then she might come out of sanctuary of her own accord?"

"Yes, Lord, and we might set a spring to catch this bird so rare and shy, and though she'd flutter, flutter, flutter and peck, peck, peck, what could she do when you smoothed her plumage with your loving hand and a priest was waiting to say the word which should cause her to forget her doubts and that merchant bumpkin?"

"Ah! Nicholas, you have a good wit, and if all goes well you shall certainly be an abbot. But would her father, do you think?"——

"Lord, that beef eating knight is in such a rage that he would do anything. What did he say just before the stroke took him? That you were to marry her by fair means or by foul. Yes, and he told me an hour ago that if only he knew that she was your wife he would die happy. Oh! you have his warrant for anything you do to bring about this end, though in truth there is no need to tell him too much lest it should cause his good name to be aspersed by the vulgar, many of whom, it seems, love this Red Eve for her high spirit and are friends to the de Cressis, an open handed race who know how to bind folks to them. Listen how it must be done."

That day it was given out that Sir Edmund Acour, those of his knights who remained alive and all his following were about to leave for London and lay their cause before the King, having learned that Hugh de Cressi had gone thither to prejudice His Grace on his own behalf. Moreover, it was added that they would not return to Suffolk, but proposed when they found justice or the promise of it to take ship at Dover for France. Next morning accordingly they rode away from Blythburgh Manor and passed through Dunwich with much pomp, the citizens of that town, who were friends of the de Cressis, staring at them with no kind eye. Indeed, one of them as they crossed the market place, called to them to be careful not to meet Hugh de Cressi and Gray Dick upon their journey, lest there should be more midnight burials and men at arms turned into foot soldiers, whereat all about him laughed rudely.

But Acour did not laugh. He ground his teeth and said into the ear of Nicholas:

"Register this vow for me, priest, that in payment for that jest I'll sack and burn Dunwich when our army comes and give its men and children to the sword and its women to the soldiers."

"It shall be done, Lord," answered the chaplain, "and should your heart soften at the appointed time I'll put you in memory of this solemn oath."

At the great house of the Mayor of Dunwich Sir Edmund drew rein and demanded to see him. Presently this Mayor, a timid, uncertain looking man, came in his robes of office and asked anxiously what might be the cause of this message and why an armed band halted at his gate.

"For no ill purpose, Sir," answered Acour, "though little of justice have I found at your hands, who, therefore, must seek it at the court of my liege Lord, King Edward. All I ask of you is that you will cause this letter to be delivered safely to the lady Eve Clavering, who lies in sanctuary at the Preceptory of St. Mary and St. John. It is one of farewell, since it seems that this lady who was my affianced, by her own will and her father's, wishes to break troth, and I am not a man who needs an unwilling bride. I'd deliver it myself only that old knave, half priest and half knight, but neither good"—

"You'd best speak no ill of Sir Andrew Arnold here," said a voice in the crowd.

"Only the Master of the Preceptory," went on Acour, changing his tone somewhat, "might take fright and think I wished to violate his sanctuary if I came there with thirty spears at my back."

"And no fool either," said the voice, "seeing that they are French spears and his an English sanctuary."

"Therefore," continued Acour, "I pray you, deliver the letter. Perchance when we meet again, Master Mayor," he added, with a venomous glance of his dark eyes, "you will have some boon to ask of me and be sure I'll grant it—if I can."

Then without waiting for an answer, for the mob of sturdy fishermen, many of whom had served in the French wars, looked threatening, he and his following rode away through the Ipswich gate and out on to the moorlands beyond, which some of them knew but too well.

All the rest of that day they rode slowly, but when night came, having halted their horses at a farm and given it out that they meant to push on to Woodbridge, they turned up a bylane on the lonely heath and unseen by any made their way back through the darkness to a certain empty house in the marshes not far from Becclestown. This house, which was called Frog Hall, was part of Acour's estate and because of the ague prevalent there in autumn had been long untenanted, nor did any visit it at this season of the year, when no cattle grazed upon these salt marshes.

Here, then, he and his people lay hid, cursing their fortunes, since, notwithstanding the provisions which they had conveyed thither in secret, the place was icy cold in the bitter easterly winds that tore over it from the sea and so lonely that the Frenchmen swore that their comrades slain by Gray Dick haunted them at nights, bidding them prepare to join the number of the dead. Indeed had not Acour sworn that he would hang the first man who attempted to desert some of them would have left him to make the best of their way back to France, for always as they crouched by the smoking hearth they dreamed of Gray Dick and his terrible arrows.

Sir Edmund Acour's letter came safely into the hands of Eve, brought by the Mayor himself. It read thus:

"Lady:—You will no more of me so however much you should live to ask it. I will have no more of you. I go hang your merchant-lout, and afterward away to France, who wish to have done with your cold Suffolk, where you may buy my lands cheap if you will. Yet, should master Hugh de Cressi chance to escape me, I counsel you to marry him, for I can wish on you no worse fate, seeing what you will be, than to remember what you might have been. Meanwhile it is my duty as a Christian to tell you, in case you should desire to speak with him ere it be too late, that your father lies at the point of death from a sickness brought on by his grief at the slaying of his son and your cruel desertion of him, and calls for you in his ravings. May God forgive you all the evil that you have wrought, which, perhaps, is not done with yet, as I try to do. Unless fate should bring us together again, as for aught I know it may, I bid you farewell forever. Would that I had never seen your face, but well are you named Red Eve, who, like the false Helen in a story you have never heard, were born to bring brave men to their death. Again farewell.

"Who is this Helen?" asked Eve of Sir Andrew when the letter had been read.

"A fair Grecian, Daughter, over whom nations fought when the world was young, because of her beauty."

"Ah, well!! she did not make herself beautiful, did she, and, perchance, was more sinned against than sinning, since women having but one life to live must follow their own hearts. But this Helen has been dead a long while, so let her rest, if rest she may. And now it seems that Acour has gone and that my father lies very sick. What shall I do, return to him?"

"First I will make sure that the Frenchman has gone, and then we will see, Daughter."

So Sir Andrew sent out messengers who reported that it was true that Acour had ridden away to London to see the King and then sail from Dover. Also they said that no Frenchman were left at Blythburgh save those who would never leave the place again and that Sir John Clavering lay sick in his bed at the Manor.

"God fights for us!" said Sir Andrew, with a little laugh. "This Acour's greeting at Court may be warmer than he thinks, and, at the least, you and Dunwich are well rid of him. Though I had sooner that you stayed here, tomorrow, Daughter, you shall ride to Blythburgh, since should your father die, as I think he will ere long, it might grieve you in the after years to remember that you had bid him no farewell. If he recovers or is harsh with you it will be easy for you to seek sanctuary again."

CHAPTER VII.

The Love Philtre.

So it came about that on the morrow Eve and Sir Andrew, accompanied only by a single serving man, fearing no guile since it seemed certain that the Frenchmen were far away, rode across the moor to Blythburgh. At the manor house they found the drawbridge up and the watchman at the gate said that his orders were to admit none, for the Frenchmen being gone, there were but few to guard the place.

"What, good fellow," asked Eve, "not even the daughter of the house who has heard that her father lies so sick?"

"Aye, he lies sick, lady," the man replied, "but such are his orders. Yet if you will bide here a while I'll go and learn his mind."

So he went and returned presently, saying that Sir John commanded that his daughter was to be admitted, but that if Sir Andrew attempted to enter he should be driven back by force.

"Will you go in or will you return with me?" asked her companion of Eve.

"God's truth!" she answered, "am I one to run away from my father, however bad his humor? I'll go in and set my case before him, for after all he loves me in his own fashion and when he understands will, I think, relent."

"Your heart is your best guide, Daughter, and it would be an ill task for me to stand between sire and child. Enter then, for I am sure that the saints and your own innocence will protect you from all harm and at the worst you can come or send to me for help."

So they parted, and the bridge having been lowered, Eve walked boldly to her father's sleeping chamber, where she was told he lay. As she approached the door she met several of the household leaving it with scared faces, who scarcely stayed to salute her, among them being two servants of her dead brother John, men whom she had never liked, and a woman, the wife of one of them, whom she liked least of all.

Pushing open the door, which was shut behind her, she advanced toward Sir John, who was not, as she had thought, in bed, but standing, clad in a furred robe, by the hearth, on which burnt a fire. He watched her come, but said no word and the look of him frightened her somewhat.

"Father," she began, "I heard that you were sick and alone"——

"Aye," he broke in, "sick, very sick here," and he laid his hand upon his heart, "where grief strikes a man, and alone since you and your fellow have done my only son to death, murdered my guests and caused them to depart from so bloody a house."

Now Eve, who had come expecting to find her father at the point of death and was prepared to plead with him, at these violent words took fire as was her nature.

"You know well that you speak what is not true," she said. "You and your Frenchmen strove to burn us out of Middle Marsh; my brother John struck Hugh de Cressi as though he were a dog and used words toward him that no knave would bear, let alone one better born than we are. Moreover, afterward once he spared his life, and Gray Dick, standing alone against a crowd, did but use his skill to save us. Is it murder, then, to protect our honor and to save ourselves from death? And am I wrong to refuse to marry a fine French knave when I chance to love an honest man?"

"And, pray, am I your father, girl, that you dare to scold at me thus?" shouted Sir John, growing purple with wrath. "If I choose a husband for you, by what right do you refuse him, saying that you love a Dunwich shop boy? Down on your knees and beg my pardon, or you shall have the whipping you have earned."

Now Eve's black eyes glittered dangerously.

"Ill would it go with any man who dares to lay a hand upon me," she said, drawing herself up and grasping the dagger in her girdle. "Yes, very ill, even though he were my own father. Look at me and say am I one to threaten? Aye, and before you answer bear in mind that there are those at my call who can strike hard, and that among them I think you'll find the King of England."

She paused.

"What hellish plot is this that you hatch against me?" asked Sir John, with some note of doubt in his voice. "What have I to fear from my liege lord the King of England?"

"Only, sir, that you consort with and would wed me to one who, although you may not know it, has, I am told, much to fear from him, so much that I wonder that he has ridden to seek His Grace's presence. Well, you are ill and I am angered and together we are but as steel and flint, from the meeting of which comes fire that may burn us both. Therefore, since being better than I thought, you need me not and have only cruel words for greeting, I'll bid you farewell and get me back to those who are kindlier. God be with you and give you your health again."

"Ah!" said or rather snarled Sir John. "I thought as much and am ready for the trick. You'd win back to sanctuary, would you, and the company of that old wizard, Andrew Arnold, thence to make a mock of me? Well, not one step do you take upon that road while I live," and pushing past her he opened the door and shouted aloud.

Apparently the men and the women whom Eve had met in the passage were still waiting there, for instantly they all reappeared.

"Now, fellows," said Sir John, "and you, Jane Mell, take this rebellious girl of mine to the prisoners' chamber in the tower, whence I think she'll find it hard to fly to sanctuary, and there lock her fast, feeding her with the bread and water of affliction to tame her proud spirit and suffering none to go near her save this woman, Jane Mell. Stay, give me that bodkin which she wears lest she, who has learned bloody ways of late, should do some of you or herself a mischief."

(To be continued)

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